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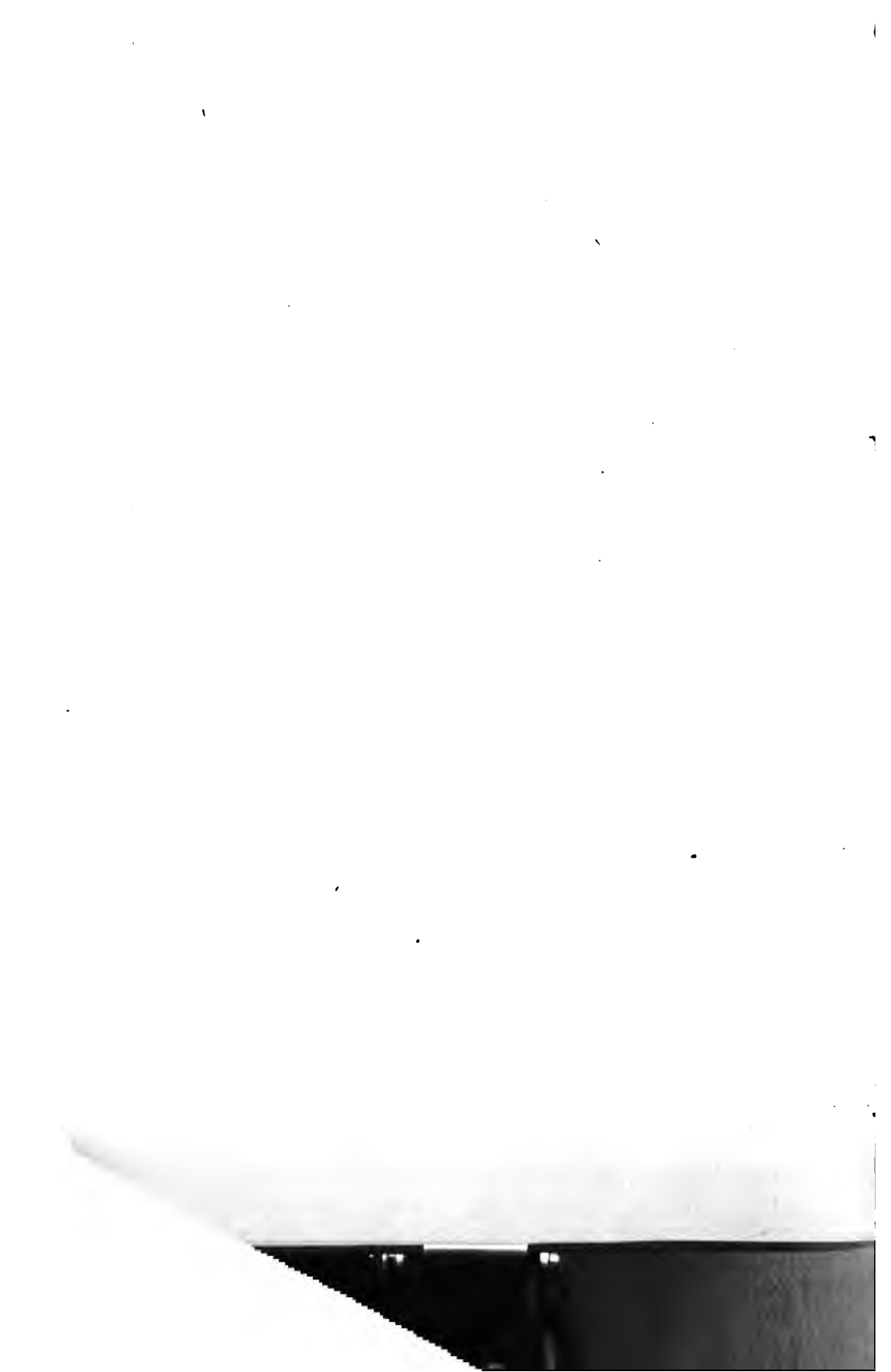

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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JULY, 1881.

JOHN JOHNSTON, OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

A Passage in Canadian History.

BY WM. KINGSFORD, OTTAWA.

THERE are many facts having a bearing upon history which should be preserved by those who learn them. For what is history but a generalization of several minor narratives turned into one main line of record. There is much in the lives of even the most commonplace which is useful under this aspect, and if care be taken in obtaining the facts correctly when these several records are grouped together, we have the means of honestly representing a past condition of events, and so profiting by their teaching. There is no particular lesson to be learned in the career of Mr. Johnston, useful and honourable as it was. But there is much in the opinion of the writer, worth perpetuating. He has accordingly thrown together the short narrative which follows from papers placed in his hands, which he believes contain only what is well founded and true: he trusts that it may obtain attention and be held of value by those who may read it. It may be a slight but it is certainly a positive contribution to history, as setting forth the early settlement of the town of Sault Ste. Marie, and being the forerunner of its present characteristic as a depôt of Indian trade. It is only a few years ago that it was the *ultima thule* of civilization. The Red River settlement, established by Lord Selkirk in 1821, was far removed from the Sault; indeed, at that date, it was supplied, as a rule, from the North by way of York on Hudson Bay, and the Nelson River,—the old canoe route by the Kaministiquia to the height of land, and by the Lakes Shebandowan and Kashabowie, and crossing the watershed by the waters which led to Rainy Lake and the Lake of the Woods—this route was known—but was not used as the ordinary means of communication with Fort Garry—

now Winnipeg. For Canada the Sault Ste Marie was, until the last few years, the end of civilization; and we proceed to give the life of one of its principal founders.

Mr. John Johnston was born in the North of Ireland of a family of high respectability. He held in his own right the estate of Craig, near Coleraine, not far from the Giant's Causeway. His father, a Civil Engineer, planned and executed the Water Works at Belfast. His mother was the sister of Lady Mary Saurin, wife of Bishop Saurin, Bishop of 'Dromore; her brother being at the time Attorney-General of Ireland. We cannot tell the precise period of his birth, but he was a young man when, in 1790, public attention in England was strongly directed to Canada. In 1774 what is known as the Quebec Acts were passed by the Imperial Parliament. One established the Province of Quebec with a Constitution and form of government; the second dealt with the revenue and the means of meeting its expenses. In the intervening period between the conquest and this date, the country had been governed in accordance with the letter of the royal proclamation, and some anxiety was felt as to its scope and power. The English settler required English liberty. The French Canadian, except with some rare exceptions, was literally without ideas of political freedom, and his own personal life was so trammelled that restraint was to him a normal condition of being. He looked with extreme suspicion on any change, and however much he felt the onerous nature of his old government, the distrust that he felt with regard to the new order of things led him to look with disfavour on the changes which had only in view the common advancement and prosperity of the whole people. The English settler, on the other hand, desired a continuance of the political iberty, imperfect as it was, viewed by modern theories, which he held as his birthright. In criminal law there was little divergence of thought. The French Canadian early saw the fairer and more liberal nature of the new system, even with its imperfections of that time. In the laws of property and government there was no concord. In the meantime the American Revolution had commenced, and ended with the loss of the old colonies. The Quebec Act, therefore, was looked upon unfavourably, and in 1791 the Canada Act was passed which divided the Provinces into Upper and Lower Canada, and remained in operation half a century. Lord Dorchester was the Governor, and no less a person than the Duke of Kent, then Colonel of the 7th Fusileers, arrived in Quebec in August of that year. As 90 years later we speak of the gracious and honoured lady now amongst us as the 'Princess,' her grandfather was at that date 'the Prince' doing his duty as an officer of the garrison.

No doubt a great impulse was given at home to any proposition to emigrate to Canada. Mr. Johnston was somewhere about twenty-one when the events we sketch were occurring, and, doubtless they had no little influence on his life,—for, in 1792, he arrived in the country. He was the bearer of letters of introduction to Lord Dorchester and became his guest, and thus obtained a passport into the best society of the place. It was under these favourable auspices that he became acquainted with some of the leading members of the North-West Company, and he received an invitation from them to visit their head-quarters in Montreal. These were the halcyon days of the North-West Company. The fur trade had completely recovered from the blow it received at the Conquest. Until 1755, or so, the west had been greatly under the control of the French in Canada, and the succeeding wars and the reverses which changed the fate of French Canada had caused it to languish. After the Conquest it fell into British hands, and for a time became greatly narrowed. The In-

dians had been taught to look with suspicion on the British. Their sympathies were entirely French, and hence they were disinclined to enter into new arrangements with the new comers. In a few years after the establishment of the new order of things the trade had re-established itself. It was, however, more the proceeding of individual effort than of an organized Company. There were to be met accordingly all the artifices of competition according to the scruples of those who practised them. There was the usual effort of traders to outbid each other. Liquor, which the French prohibited, had been introduced to the ruin of the Indian. The scenes which took place after the frequent orgies were marked by all the repellent features which accompany besotted and quarrelsome drunkenness, and in addition to this dark condition of the traffic, feuds broke out when rival traders met, ending not unfrequently in bloodshed. Two parties, representing opposite interests, crossing a common path, each had to trade in the heart of the wilderness, where law was unknown. Power fell often to those who in the pitched fight proved the strongest. To end a condition of affairs which, even in its commercial aspect, threatened only ruin, some merchants of Montreal, in 1783, entered into a partnership. A few years after, some of these partnerships were extended, and in 1787, the celebrated North-West Company was formed. It then consisted of twenty-three partners; but its staff of Agents, factors, clerks, guides, interpreters, and *voyageurs* amounted to 2000 persons.

The heads of this Company were in full ascendency when Mr. Johnston reached Canada. They affected a profuse hospitality, not merely aided by large resources, but they endeavoured to mark it by refinement and elegance. Their entertainments are alluded to by Washington Irving,* who as yet a stripling youth, 'sat at the hospitable boards of the "mighty North-Westers," the lords of the ascendent at Montreal, and gazed with wondering and inexperienced eye at the baronial wassailing, and listened with astonished ear to their talks of hardship and distress.' The names of the McTavishes, McGillivrays and the McKensies are still remembered, and representatives of their families are constantly to be met. In those days, the leading partners of the great North-West were among the magnates of Society, and it was in this *entourage* that Mr. Johnston was thrown when he had to determine the course of his future life.

It was under this influence that his mind was excited by the descriptions given of the Indian Trade, and he imagined that he saw in its lucrative enterprises a field for his exertions. He accordingly determined to visit Sault Ste Marie—a journey of a very different character to that taken by the modern traveller. The trader from Montreal now-a-days reaches Sarnia in twenty-four hours, and, taking a Beatty Steamer, reaches the Sault by nightfall—that is to say he makes the Sault in seventy-two hours. At that date the Ottawa was the channel of communication. The present generation see little realism in Moore's boat song of 'Row, Brothers, Row;' but at the date we speak of it described a well-known phase of voyageur life. Saint Anne's Rapid, now spanned by the Grand Trunk Bridge, was the first rapid met by the expedition on leaving Lachine. The course taken was to follow the Ottawa to the Matawan, which was ascended to its source, where the waters falling into Lake Huron were followed, and the passage to the Sault was then made in quiet water. The journey took several weeks. Arrived at Lake Superior, Mr. Johnston commenced 'prospecting' for a habitation. He finally selected La Pointe, on the south shore of Lake Superior, and he determined to es-

* 'Astoria,' chapter i. pp. 22-25.

tablish himself there to purchase furs and to pay for them by goods. He obtained his supplies at Montreal, from the mercantile houses there, among whom the then well-known Hebrew firm of David Davids & Co. prominently figured, and he settled himself down in this wilderness to live an Indian life, to trade in what the region produced, and to reap some of those profits which had so fired his imagination.

The Indian Chief who was all powerful in this region, was named Waubogieg (the White Fisher). His power extended, by all accounts, down to the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi. His wigwam was then at La Pointe. As the fairy tale says, this Chief had one lovely daughter, Oshagushkodawequa—the woman of the green mountain—and as a matter of course, the trader saw and loved. Mr. Johnston found doubtless, the solitude of his life not always pleasant. He had been accustomed to society, and hence he sighed for companionship. One fact, however, is evident, he was not looked upon as a *jeune homme à marier*. We can find here no trace of mature feminine scheming to obtain a *bon parti*. We leave out of sight the history of the courtship; but there can be little doubt, that when the Indian Chief received the proposition from the new comer, he looked upon it with some suspicion. The tradition is preserved in the family that the old chief recalled the fact that many white traders had visited the west and obtained young squaws as their wives, and had often deserted them and their children —leaving the whole behind, or brought them to civilization to treat them with cruelty and disregard. Steele's exquisitely told tale in the *Spectator* of Inkle and Yorice, we fear has had many a prototype. We have lying before us a speech of the chief, which we are assured has been preserved in the family, and is considered in every sense genuine.

'Young man, you have come across the great Salt Lake, and found your way to my country. You have told us that it is your intention to remain here and to open an honourable trade with us, giving us such goods as we require in exchange for our furs. You further say that you intend to enlarge your trade, and to enable you to do so, you will visit your native land and carry out your intentions. During your absence I will think over your proposal for my daughter, and if, when you return you are in the same mind, I will then decide as to your marriage.'

Accordingly, there was no alternative but patience. Mr. Johnston left La Pointe and returned to Ireland; he sold his estate of Craig, and with the money he received increased his operations. A year elapsed before he was back at Lake Superior, when his offer of marriage was again urged. The chief, it would seem, held that there was proof sufficient of fidelity, and his consent was given. The lady with the difficult name became Mrs. Johnston, bringing with her all the traditions of her ancient Indian lineage and birth, and there is every reason to think that no one of the parties, whose happiness was dependent on this connection, ever looked upon it but with fondness and trust.

Waubogieg, the Indian chief in question, was a man of no ordinary character. Like most of his race, his feelings and sympathies were with the French. The influence obtained by the French was remarkable; but it can be explained. The Jesuit priest on one hand went amongst them and taught them a religion adapted to their intellect. It was accompanied by a pageantry which the Indian love of display could appreciate. The objective side of Roman Catholicism, in its ceremonies and rites, must always be powerful to take the imagination of those who require to be led and controlled; while the philosophic arguments of Protestants exact seriousness,

sobriety of thought, and reflection to master and to accept. We can account for the success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey by that appeal to the imagination and feeling, and by inculcating the necessity of earnest prayer as something tangible and plain, and of making imperative the duty of singing, as an act of worship, hymns which partake much of the character of the Music Hall. A man will make an effort for his religion of this kind, which really involves little abnegation and self-sacrifice, and he is easily cheated into the belief that he is religious and devout. That religion which makes unselfish duty to your neighbour and forgiveness of injury a primary principle, must often appear too abstract and impossible, and too little emotional. The Jesuit, by the contrary course, obtained the full confidence of the tribes whom he placed in subjection to his rule. There was also another element in the popularity of the French. The *Coureur des bois* became in most cases a part of Indian life, he married a squaw and adopted the customs of the people. He sunk to their level and assumed their habits. The English traders, on the other hand, were, it is feared, more frequently guilty of conduct which awoke the chief's suspicion when his daughter was asked in marriage.

News in those days travelled slowly, but nevertheless they did travel, and the report reached Waubogieg that his old friends and allies were sorely pressed by the *Bostonnais* before Quebec. His duty was plain to him. He summoned his braves and prepared without delay to go to the assistance of his old friends and allies. He started and reached Quebec to take part in the final struggle and to see their power for ever broken. Thirty years had passed since that date, and he had learned in the interval to accept the new order of things.

Mr. Johnston's life passed quietly on. He found the Sault better adapted for his operations, and accordingly he moved there, and established the trade which has since increased to make the Sault the favourite place it now is. He lived there in a free hospitable way. His life was happy. He had in the course of time eight children; and his own leisure and what aid he could obtain, were given to the education of his four sons and four daughters. He was a Justice of the Peace, and he was living a useful patriarchal life, when the war of 1812 broke out.

One of the earliest plans which the genius of Brock had conceived, was the taking of Michillimackinac. This post which is situate in the Straits of Mackinaw, on the north of the great peninsula, dividing Lake Huron and Mackinaw, had been held during the war of Independence by an English garrison, and on the establishment of the boundary was surrendered to the United States. The fort was one of importance, for before the days of steam it commanded the entrance into Lake Michigan. On its transfer, a military post had been established on the Canadian island of Saint Joseph, over fifty miles to the north-east. Without delay, when war was declared, Brock directed Capt. Roberts, who was the commandant at St. Joseph, to take possession of Michillimackinac. On receiving his instructions, Roberts started the following morning, and the place which was feebly garrisoned capitulated without a blow. The surrender of Detroit by the Americans on August 16, 1812, made an effort to retake it impossible. But in 1814, the United States fitted out an expedition to regain it; but the station had been reinforced by the way of Nottawasaga in May. The garrison was even able to be aggressive, and a detachment was detailed for the purpose of attacking Prairied u Chien on the Mississippi, which was taken, and the gunboat which lay there was forced to descend the stream. Mackinaw was too important a position for the United States to have in an enemy's possession, and a force,

under the command of Lieut.-Col. Grogan, was sent to retake it, an event which had the most disastrous effect on Mr. Johnston's fortunes. Col. McDowall, who commanded the British garrison, felt that he had no ordinary task before him, and accordingly sent to Mr. Johnston an urgent appeal for assistance. The distance from St. Joseph's to the Sault is but trifling, and in quiet water is passed over by a canoe in a few hours. Col. McDowall's appeal to Mr. Johnston was to bring with him all the men at his command, and at this season he had a large force. Devoted to the mother country, to his mind there was only one course to which honour and duty pointed. He called his men together (about one hundred), as rapidly as possible, provisioned them, and armed them at his own cost, and embarking on two large *batteaux*, proceeded to Michillimackinac. The American commandant, no doubt fearing a proceeding of this character, or having received intelligence of the reinforcement, despatched two armed gunboats, with a force under Major Holmes to intercept it. There are two channels to the Sault, one now followed, which passes by the Neebish rapids and Lake George, bounded on the east by Sugar Island and the Saint Mary's river. The second channel leaves the Sault and passes to the west of Sugar Island, by Hay and Mud lakes; whatever the cause, the United States gunboats failed to intercept the relief. It is no unfair inference that Johnston's prudence suggested to him to take the more difficult and less known route—to the men of his party a matter of little moment. But to the United States commander, it was a serious necessity to follow the known channel. Mr. Johnston took with him his second son, George, and arrived safely at Mackinaw. His eldest son, a lieutenant in the navy, was then a prisoner at Cincinnati.

The United States expedition proceeded to the Sault. There was no force to oppose them. The powerless women and children could only look on while Major Holmes plundered Johnston Hall. As there was no fighting there was 'loot.' The memorandum placed in the hands of the writer runs to the effect that Major Holmes and his men took everything of value, plate, linen and wearing apparel, and plentifully supplied themselves with provisions. They tore up the floor to see what articles of value were concealed. The stores were filled with goods for distribution among the Indians, many of the bales not having been opened. Everything that was possible to put on board the gunboats was placed there. There was cloth of a finer description. Its ultimate destination was the United States flagship, 'Niagara,' where it was divided amongst the officers and men. On the arrival of the force, Mrs. Johnston and her children fled to the woods. She remained there while the enemy was in possession of the property, supporting herself on roots, and what she could obtain. Christie, in his History, relates that many of 'the buildings were reduced to ashes.' McMullen tells us that, in this raid, 'where there was not a single military man, all the horses and cattle were killed, and the provisions and garden stuff which could not be removed, destroyed.'

Major Holmes returned to join in the assault. It was made on the 4th of August; but it ignominiously failed—the expedition re-embarking, leaving 17 men dead on the shore — among them Major Holmes. His sword was taken from his side and presented to the second son of the unprotected household he had plundered.

The danger at Michilimackinac over, Mr. Johnston returned to the wreck of his property. His loss was considable. His trade had been extensive, and his private means, which were sufficiently ample, had obtained for him much of the luxury which refined wealth can command. In a few hours the whole had been irretrievably de-

stroyed. It was useless, however, to count the cost, the duty of the hour was to repair the injury. Mr. Johnston was in no way unequal to the occasion; with his old energy and ability he commenced his business. But the check it received, and the competition which arose, prevented it ever again taking its old form or attaining its former extent. At the close of the war Mr. Johnston applied for compensation for his losses, which must have been very heavy. He himself estimated his loss at many thousands of pounds. These war losses were one of the vexed questions of the day, and remained the source of trouble for years. It was Mr. Johnston's fortune never to obtain recognition. He received nothing. There is little doubt that this treatment preyed on his mind and impaired his health. His nature was exceedingly sensitive, and he could not but feel the ill requital of his services, and the injustice with which his claim for indemnity had been received.

But his usefulness was not yet a thing of the past. We cannot enter here into the difficulties which existed between the two rival Companies of the North-West and the Hudson's Bay Company. But when an amicable arrangement was made, he acted as a Commissioner in adjustment of the points in dispute, and greatly aided in the settlement secured in 1821, when a coalition of the two Companies was effected. He returned to Toronto, then York, where he was the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland. Subsequently, with Mrs. Johnston, he revisited the mother country, and his eldest daughter, Jane, a young girl of surpassing beauty, and of great sweetness of disposition, then twelve years of age, accompanied him. In England, both the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland were so charmed with her that they desired to adopt her and make her their heir. Mr. Johnston did not feel justified in accepting their offer. After a year's residence, he returned to Canada with his family against the wishes of his friends, who were desirous that his daughter should remain to complete her education. But he felt that her fortunes were in Canada, and hence, that her presence was called for there.

Mr. Johnston was always a man of strong religious convictions. So far as in him lay he had given a sound education to his children, and the Sunday had been observed at the Sault by such observances as he could command, he himself generally reading the service of the Church of England and a sermon or homily, and his room was open to all who saw fit to attend. When in England he engaged a clergyman to come out with him, but at Quebec, the new incumbent of Sault Ste Marie heard such accounts of what was then the Far West, that he declined proceeding there. Mr. Johnston had himself to carry on the duty of assembling with his family all who were willing to attend such ministrations as he could give. He was a man of sincere piety and of unblemished life, and well educated. He continued his course of duty till his death, which occurred in 1828, after an attack of typhoid fever. The family tradition is that the treatment he received on the conclusion of the war permanently affected his health and strength.

Of his children Louis, the eldest son, held the appointment of lieutenant in the navy, and served on board the *Queen Charlotte* at the period of the defeat of the British Squadron, by Commodore Perry, in which he was seriously wounded. He was taken prisoner and sent to Cincinnati, where, with several others he received severe treatment. His family assert that from this he never recovered. After the war he held an appointment in the Indian Department till his death. He was buried at Amherstburg with military honours. The eldest daughter, Jane, already spoken of as attracting great attention in England, became the wife of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft,

the United States Indian Agent at Sault Ste Marie, known as the author of the 'History of the Indians of North America,' published by the United States Government. The immense cost of this publication, $650,000, attracted considerable attention at the time; but the book is a valuable addition to Indian archeology. Mrs. Schoolcraft was a woman of culture, some of her fugitive poems being of a high order. The second daughter, Eliza, now seventy-eight years of age, never married, we believe, and is still living at the Sault. The third daughter married Archdeacon McMurray, of Niagara. At the time of her marriage, September, 1833, her husband was missionary to the Indians on the North Shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, being the first clergyman who performed that duty. She died at Niagara, in January, 1878. Maria, the youngest daughter, married James Laurence Schoolcraft, brother of her elder sister's husband. Both are dead.

The three sons of Mr. Johnston have also passed away, excepting John McDowall Johnston, who resides at the Sault, on the American shore.

CANADA.

BY F. S. SPENCE, TORONTO.

WE boast no volumed history, dry and long,
We envy none such storied lore of wrong;
A better, brighter record we can claim,
Our nation's tale of youthful might and fame:
Our right to honour, all the world can see
A country noble, worthy, grand and free.

A land a thousand leagues in length we own,
Dense-peopled countries, climes well-nigh unknown,
Alike where tideless, inland oceans shine,
Or wrathful tempests toss the restless brine,
Our dear Dominion's standard is unrolled;
The Maple wreath gleams on its flowing fold;
From east to west, from wave to farthest wave,
It vaunts its snowy pinions pure and brave.

It floats o'er all New Brunswick's pine-clad coast,
The store house of far nations' naval boast;
Prince Edward's wealthy wooded hills and dales,
And fair Acadia's fertile plains and vales,
Where, past rich banks in forest splendour dressed,
A mighty commerce borne on its broad breast,

The ocean river sweeps in stately pride
To meet the broad Atlantic's restless tide;
And peaceful fleets, with gleaming sails unfurled,
Speed on with bread to feed a waiting world.

Where old Quebec's high cliff of martial fame
Grows ruddy in the earliest Orient flame,
That hastes to crown his stern, defiant crest,
The strong Gibraltar of the ancient West.

Where fair Mount Royal rears his summit green,
Where dash the rushing torrents of Lachine,
Where Ottawa's proud legislative halls
Look o'er the rainbow-flashing Chaudiere Falls;
Where all of scenic beauty, wild and grand,
Meet in the Thousand Islands' fairy land.
Its pure white folds are hailed with loyal pride,
Where fair Ontario, fertile, wealthy, wide,—
From Thunder Bay's far rocky heights, to where
Toronto stands in steepled beauty rare—
Spreads its deep valleys, lovely lakes and hills,
And Nature's lavish hand its vastness fills—
From where Niagara's mighty thunders roar
To far Superior's silver shining shore—
Whose fruits enrich, whose lustrous landscapes please,
Girt by that glorious chain of inland seas,
Where smiling peace, and joy and plenty bless
The fairest, freest land that men possess.

And westward still it finds a welcome home,
Where wild Keewatin's hardy hunters roam.
And farther on, where fresh and fair and bright—
Just waking up to beauty, life and light,
In quick response to Labour's stern command—
The Prairie Province yields the virgin land,
A great, strange land, as yet but little known,
Till late, the home of wandering tribes alone,
With all its mighty rivers, wooded fells,
Majestic lakes, fair islets, lovely dells,
Now yielding up to patience, toil and pain,
The wondrous wealth of its most fertile plain.
And far beyond are boundless wilds, where still
Great herds of savage bison roam at will,
And countless leagues of richest soil invite
The coming tide of civilizing might.

And westward still where, towering to the skies,
In rocky ridge the mighty mountains rise,
And fling from crests forever wrapped in snow
An earlier twilight o'er the vale below.
An Arctic realm where Nature still and dead,
Lies lonely, lofty, desolate and dread:

Where eagle never soars nor vulture shrieks,
But silent glaciers sleep, and frozen peaks
And icy crags loom up, for Winter drear
Has reigned crowned king for countless cycles here.

And on, where steeper cliffs look toward the West,—
Where burst the torrents from the glacier's breast,
And through the chasm to join the distant tide
The new-born river bounds in foaming pride,
Leaps down the dizzy heights that bar its way
A roaring cataract of sparkling spray;
Rends the hard rock, the solid stone uptears,
And down the gorge the granite boulder bears.

Where waving woods once more their branches spread,
Once more the hardy settler toils for bread;
Where herds of cattle pasture in the dale;
Where diggers' huts gleam in the Fraser vale;
And Mammon's eager votaries crowd to drain
The golden life-blood from the quartz-rock vein;
Where crashing cradles rock, where crushers roar,
And force from flinty grists their yellow store.

And farther still where restless, rolling wide,
The proud Pacific heaves its hoary tide,
And flings the flashing surge his billows boast
Along that wealthy, wild, Columbian coast;
While wanton waves that sport and shout the while
Sweep through the Sound and round Vancouver's Isle.

All ours! The verdant vales, the fertile farms,
Or snow-clad mountains more majestic charms.
Alike o'er prairie plains and spreading seas
Fair floats the Beaver Banner to the breeze.

And falsehood foul is Slander's whispered tale,
That dares our Nation's noble name assail;
For they who this great heritage command,
In pride of strength and conscious virtue, stand;
No slave can tread our soil, no tyrant's frown
Can crush a yearning cry for pity down.
We boast the best and bravest blood that runs—
What were our sires of old? We are their sons,
And leal and faithful to our Queen, our laws,
Our country's weal and Freedom's holy cause.
Our bosoms glow with Honour's hallowed flame,
Our hearts beat high to Duty's sacred name,
And thrill with loyal pride, where floats above
The sacred symbol of the land we love.

Dear Canada, where'er we rove, we turn
To thee with longing hearts: our bosoms burn

To do thee honour. We will write thy name
Where it should stand—first on the roll of Fame.
That name has ever been the oppressor's bane,
Their watchword who would spurn his galling chain ;
And we, while God will give us heart and might,
Will jealous keep its fame unstained and bright,
And fervent pray, where'er our footsteps roam ;
'God bless our own fair, free Canadian home.'

ONLY A MILLION.*

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT MR. CAWLEY.

'LET me get a million and I shall be quite happy.' That was poor Samuel Cawley's cry. Poor?—yes, you will understand presently ; he had the million when he died. He had a moderately comfortable start in the world, thanks to the industry of his father, who left him a small steady-going business and the requisite knowledge to carry it on successfully. Samuel Cawley did carry it on successfully, and various political and commercial events operating in his favour enabled him to transform his moderate business into an extensive one. He was devoted to his work, and having the quickness to use the lucky events of the day advantageously, he found himself in a few years at the head of an establishment into which money seemed to flow of its own sweet will. At first he was humbly grateful, then he became excited, and next the craving to become a millionaire seized him. That craving fairly mastered him ; it was the mainspring of his every act and thought ; he had no hope, no care —almost no religion, above or outside that desire to possess a million. Everything prospered with him and his ambition was realized. One morning he found that he possessed a million ; and, singular as it may seem, he closed his books with a sigh of relief, satisfied!

But he was somewhat puzzled to discover after the first few days, which were occupied in self-congratulations, that he was not quite happy. There was something he wanted still, and what that something was he did not know. He opened his eyes, as i-were, for the first time upon life outt side his ledger. He had never had any real experience of youth, had never known play as a boy, or sport as a young man: the world of business had so completely absorbed him that the world of pleasure was unknown to him. Being still young—just turned forty—he determined to explore this strange world in search of that some-

* From advance sheets forwarded by the author in England.

thing which he still required to make him happy.

He left his business to take care of itself; that is, he spent a couple of hours daily in his office instead of ten or more as he had done formerly; and the two hours were sufficient to keep everything straight. He took a large house in the West End; he purchased an old mansion in Sussex with about a thousand acres attached, and abundant shooting and fishing also—unfortunately not having had any training in these sports, they afforded him no enjoyment. However, they would please his friends. The appointments of his town and country residences were perfect—that is as perfect as his servants would permit them to be. The cooking—when the cook was in good humour—was excellent; the wines were the best that money could obtain. Mr. Samuel Cawley was surrounded by troops of friends; he was put up at half-a-dozen clubs, blackballed by two—much to his astonishment—and accepted by the others; he found himself, in short, courted on all hands as a man of sterling worth—a man whom it was a privilege to know. He was amazed by his own popularity; he had never suspected that he possessed the qualities requisite to shine in society, until he found himself in society and shining with all the brilliancy of a newly discovered planet.

All this was very agreeable. After he had got over the awkwardness of his first appearance, he began to enjoy himself; he began to think the world of amusement a very good world indeed, and the people in it a kindly and sensible people, with few prejudices comparatively speaking, and most ready to recognise native talent—for had they not recognised him? He was the hero of the hour, and he was highly delighted to recognise himself in that character; ladies admired his taste in art (his portrait by an R. A. was soon in the Academy), and spoke of his sympathetic nature; gentlemen praised his possessions, and professed the most friendly envy of the gifts which Nature and Fortune had bestowed upon him. Cawley was gratified exceedingly; but he never thoroughly understood what a great man he was until, at a large dinner party (for which he provided), his health was proposed.

Then he saw himself in his true colours. He was not only a successful man (cheers—why, nobody knew, for there was nothing novel or striking in the observation; probably it was only meant as a sign of the universal worship of success); but he was a man endowed with the sublime philosophy which could recognise that there was something nobler in the world than mere success in money-getting (a bit of humbug cordially appreciated, and therefore cheered); a man who said to himself—'Enough, I shall enjoy life, and I shall help others to enjoy life, as we are doing at this moment, thanks to our generous host (more cheers), to what better, to what nobler purpose could a man devote himself? (Hear, hear—quite justifiable this time.) He was rendering a great moral service to the world, and the speaker did not doubt that the world looking on—especially the poorer classes, who were not privileged to share in these magnificent hospitalities, would learn a valuable lesson (still more cheers). In the glorious roll of British benefactors of their species the name of Samuel Cawley would go down to posterity as one of the brightest examples of how a true gentleman should live and help others to live, etc., etc., etc., and more and more cheers as the champagne circulated. It was quite settled that he was a great man who ought to live for ever in the flesh, but who assuredly would live for ever in the grateful memory of posterity.

Cawley was not a fool; and tumbling into his bed in the small hours of the morning, he said to himself, 'That is very nice; but of course we must take it all with large proportions of salt.' Nevertheless, he swallowed a

large quantity of what was very nice without any salt at all, and he was not in the least aware of the mistake.

He did do good, though: he subscribed liberally to miscellaneous charities; he helped many a poor wretch out of monetary scrapes (life or death to the wretch, but nothing at all to him, beyond the trouble of filling up a cheque); and he did not even turn his back upon poor relations. He had a troop of pensioners. But he had a weakness: he liked his benevolence to be recognised. He professed with becoming frankness that he did not want thanks; he was only too glad when a few pounds could help anybody; at the same time he liked people to be grateful. He liked to hear his own praises sung, and was inclined to look discontentedly upon those dolts who accepted his disclaimers literally and remained silent. He would even, to particular friends, report what he had been obliged to do for poor So-and-so, lamenting all the time that So-and-so should have been so unfortunate as to require his help, which he gave so cheerfully, or rather willingly, as So-and so was such a deserving fellow, only rather careless and extravagant. So-and-so, in fact, would never 'get on,' unless he altered his ways and acted according to Mr. Cawley's instructions. But poor fellow, he was a good creature, and the great Mr. Cawley felt obliged to give him the money to help him over his present strait, although Mr. Cawley fully expected that he would have to do the same thing again in a very short time. This confidence was repeated, in confidence of course, to Mr. Cawley's visitors, much to that gentleman's glorification, whilst poor So and-so found himself presently looked upon with pitying eyes by everybody, heard the goodness of Mr. Cawley hummed in his ears, until he became conscious that people were shrinking from him the more they buzzed round the millionaire, and he felt ready to curse Cawley instead of regarding him with honest gratitude.

That was Cawley's weakness; he had found the flourish of his chequebook apparently such a potent 'open sesame' to people's homes and hearts, that whilst really desirous of acting kindly he lost all sense of the necessity for the generous thought which is even more essential in the composition of kindness than the free hand; the one being the product of a good heart, the other of good fortune.

Surrounded by friends, his society eagerly sought by clever poor people and by dull rich people; the proprietor of an excellent estate and the master of a million, there seemed to be nothing left for Mr. Cawley to desire; and yet Mr. Cawley felt that there was something still wanting to complete his happiness. He began to be cynical and to quote the line, 'Man never is, but always to be blest.' He did not know where the line came from, and he did not care; it looked like a truth, and that was enough for him. He several times thought it would be the best thing for him to return to business, and to apply himself to the accumulation of another million, or to the losing of the million he possessed. But that was a very wild idea, and he easily reconciled himself to the theory that his hand was somewhat out of business, and his health would no longer endure hard work. He even thought of marriage. He examined various desirable objects in the marriage market; but being a man accustomed to making a good bargain, he turned away from the numerous available ladies offered for his inspection without making up his mind. Indeed he felt somewhat dissatisfied; his wealth and position were so clearly the main conditions of his acceptability. Of course it was unnecessary to indicate the absurdity of Mr. Cawley's dissatisfaction. He had some bitter thoughts, though; he felt that he was not in himself the great creature his flatterers would have him believe he was, and whilst the humour lasted he was somewhat disagreeable in his in-

tercourse with the flatterers. But flattery, administered in sufficient doses and with proper discretion, is sure to overcome and drown any self-discoveries; and there are always greedy or ambitious persons about who are ready to live by the proper supply of that article, or, at any rate, to help themselves forward by the use of it. Mr. Cawley withdrew from the matrimonial market, a little disgusted and annoyed, perhaps, but without resigning the idea of matrimony.

His friends, however, thought he had made up his mind never to wed, and the most distant relatives found their interest in their dear kinsman suddenly awakened in curious ways. He blossomed out again into the great Mr. Cawley, in his own eyes as he had been always in the eyes of others, and he decidedly liked the position much better than the one of doubt and bitterness into which his matrimonial speculation had betrayed him. From this time—without definitely deciding to do so—he cast away all doubt of himself; but he suspected everybody who came near him; he was pleased by the sound of his own praises, whilst he was filled with contempt for the persons who uttered them. He did not express that feeling, however, and he gave to those who in his estimation were likely to be influential friends, all the regard which he ought to have given to those who loved him.

He, however, had sense enough to make an attempt to escape from the jovialities of such a life, and having his place in Sussex, he proceeded thither.

His cousin, Ruth Hansford, was there to receive him.

'You have got everything very nice, Ruth,' he said, after he had gone over the place.

'Yes, Cawley, I wanted to make everything comfortable for you when you came. I have been so anxious to see you; and I am so glad that you are quite well.'

'That's all right,' he muttered irritably. 'I want something to eat.'

Ruth, who was a girl with large blue eyes and fair hair, looked at him with an expression which was so mingled that it would be difficult to describe it: there were regret, laughter, and astonishment, in it. At one moment she seemed ready to make fun of her friend; and at the next, to scoff at him; and again, she had an undefined desire to try and rouse him from his morbid self by dragging him along with her to the wild dissipation of a walk in the moonlight.

'Now, will you leave me alone, Ruth? I will tell you presently what I mean to do.'

He drew a long breath. 'You know what I mean to do? I am going to have a lot of people down here; I am going to have a lot of fun, and we are going to have all the people in the neighbourhood coming to us, and you must attend to that.'

'I am afraid it will be too much,' she said with an alarmed expression.

'Nonsense!' he cried, petulantly. 'You will be married some day; you will have to attend to these things, and the sooner you begin to learn the better. By-and-by you will thank me for being hard upon you—as I seem to be now.'

'Very well, I shall do as you tell me,' she said, bending her head, and there were tears in her eyes. He saw them, and suddenly caught her in his arms.

'Ruth, Ruth, what is this? Have I been unkind?'

She remained passive whilst he patted her on the head, and looked earnestly into her eyes. They remained silent for a moment—she not knowing how to answer; he not knowing how to say more. Then she dashed her hand across her eyes, and tried to draw back from him.

'No, Cawley, you are not unkind,' she said, meekly, 'but I am not well, and should like to go upstairs.'

'Certainly. You shall do as you please—I was only anxious to comfort you; but of course if you think it bet-

ter that you should be alone, I shall leave you.'

Ruth drew herself away from what was really intended to be only a fatherly embrace, but which had become to her the touch of a lover.

When she had gone, Cawley rose and looked at himself in the mirror, then, with a 'humph' not expressive of much admiration of his personal appearance, turned away and paced the floor with hands clasped behind him and head bowed.

'What on earth could she be crying for? I did not say anything to offend her—surely she could not object to my embraces!'

He paused there, for a curious thought presented itself to him. Whilst he had been flitting about in London society, seeking a suitable wife, he had never thought of this simple girl who had been living lonely in his country house. How admirably she had arranged everything, and how handsome she was. That had never occurred to him before. Could it be possible that after all the women that he had seen, he should find in his own home the one most suitable to be the companion of his life?

But this was nonsense: he had made up his mind never to marry, and he gave himself credit for being a man of resolution. He went out to the lawn and walked meditatively up and down, with Ruth's fair face flashing in his mind's eye.

CHAPTER II.

THE REASON WHY.

HAD he known the meaning of Ruth's tears he would not have been so calm. She had been indeed very lonely in this large house with few friends to visit or receive except the family of the Vicar, the Rev. John Ware. But his family was a large one and supplied her with society enough for her modest requirements. There were six young ladies, and a son, the youngest of the family, and about as mischievous a boy as could be found in the country. He was petted by his sisters, and still more petted by Ruth, with whom he professed to be desperately in love.

At the quiet evening gatherings at the Vicarage, Ruth met another person who became her friend; that was George Mowbray, a young surgeon, who had recently set up in practise in the village. He was a very calm young fellow but with a certain amount of humour in his conversation and ways which pleased the Vicar, and therefore he was as frequent a visitor as Ruth herself, and so they often met. His practice was still moderate, and he had plenty of time to talk to her about books and botany. In the latter science she was much interested; and by-and-by it came about that Ruth and the young Doctor would occasionally be found walking in the lanes studying the wild flowers which grew plentifully by the hedgerows.

The meetings were innocent of all thought of love on either side, and their conversation entirely related to the subjects of their study. The nearest approach to an expression of anything beyond friendship was when the Doctor sent her a Christmas card.

He meant nothing by it; and yet when he had written her name on the envelope he lingered over it, and when it was finished eyed it with an expression half critical and more than half tender. He repeated the name to himself, and the sound seemed to please him. He was smiling as he placed that simple card in the envelope. He did not expect that she would send him one, and yet he was disappointed when none came. He did receive a goodly number of letters and cards on Christmas morning, and he hastily turned them over, seeking the dainty penmanship which he knew well from the lists of plants and wild flowers which she had drawn up.

But he was perfectly calm as he proceeded to examine the contents of the envelopes before him. Somehow, his breakfast did not agree with him that morning, and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to have visited on the previous night an old lady who lived on a distant part of the weald, and who was always comforted by his appearance, although her ailment was one which he knew could not be cured.

When Ruth saw the card which the Doctor had sent her, there was a momentary flush on her cheeks, her eyes brightened, and she examined it with much more attention than she gave to any of the others which she had received. The design was a very simple one, only a forget-me-not resting by the side of a Christmas rose. There was no inscription on the card.

For the first time the thought flashed upon her that her feeling towards George Mowbray was that of very warm friendship indeed; and when she met him at the Vicarage on the following evening, the flush again appeared upon her cheeks, and her bright blue eyes sparkled as she shook hands with him.

Then came the early spring, and the walks in the lanes—botany and new books being still the subject of conversation—and each seeming to the other to have no thought of anything else.

Suddenly Dr. Mowbray was summoned away from the village, and a young college friend of his came to take charge of his small practice during his absence.

Ruth asked the Vicar why Dr. Mowbray had gone away so suddenly.

'Poor fellow!' was the answer; 'he has met with severe losses. His mother is dead; she possessed a little money; and that was taken from her by one who was very dear to her. The blow killed her.'

Ruth's expression was one of pity and distress.

'But will not Dr. Mowbray find the man and punish him?'

The Vicar shook his head.

'No; he will not seek him even. This man is his brother, and this leaves poor Mowbray without the slender support he had to enable him to work on here until his merits were recognised, and secured the reward they deserve.'

She went home that evening thinking much about George Mowbray, and her heart full of pity—pity so intense that it was more than akin to love. In such a mood she had an earnest desire to help him in some way. How could she help him except by sympathy? She could give him that, but if she could have given him practical aid, that would have made the sympathy perfect. She was vaguely conjuring up all sorts of dismal pictures of poverty and hardship; and it occurred to her that she might ask her cousin Cawley to do something for him. She shrank from that idea, however, knowing how Cawley would patronise the young doctor, and how the latter would resent such patronage.

So she pitied him, and wondered what he was to do, and by the end of the third day she was anxious to learn when he would return, in order that she might offer him all she had to give—her sympathy. Her inquiries at the Vicarage about his movements were constant, but always made so simply that the Vicar suspected nothing. The girls, however, began to smile, and at length young Ware, suddenly starting up from a book with which he had been lounging on the couch in the drawing-room, cried out before the whole family:

'I say, Ruth, look here, I am getting jealous!'

'Jealous of what, you foolish boy?' she said, smiling and blushing.

'Oh, you know,' he answered, sulkily; 'and I know.'

Happily the Vicar was present, and checked the boy.

'What is this rudeness, sir?' he said, sternly; 'leave the room.'

The boy rebelled against the commands of his sisters, but he never dared to disobey his father. As he moved towards the door, Ruth took his hand kindly, but he snatched it away, and dug his knuckles into his eyes as if to hide his tears.

'Why, Bob is crying, papa,' said one of the girls as she hurried after him.

The Vicar was amazed at this singular conduct of his son; but he was an easy-going man in most domestic affairs, and except some flagrant wrong was committed allowed his children to have pretty much their own way.

'I am afraid Bob's stomach is out of order,' he said, practically; 'you had better give him some castor oil, Cissy.'

Ruth, who understood what Bob was hinting at, made her excuses and got away as early as possible to the lonely house of her cousin.

Would he come back, or would this distress and shame drive him away from the place altogether? It was not of her cousin she was thinking.

Dr. Mowbray returned, a very pale man, and looking much older than he did when he went away. But there was a steadiness in his eyes and a firmness about the lips which indicated that, if he suffered much, he was determined to keep his pain within doors. He spoke to no one of his loss, or of the bitter degradation which he felt in thinking of his brother and the wrong he had done.

His first meeting with Ruth was as quiet as if he had never left the place; she thought there was a symptom of reserve in his manner when he touched her hand. Formerly he smiled when they shook hands; now he was quite grave, and gave her the conventional salutations in a conventional manner. They did walk through the lane which led towards the Vicarage; and they did speak of plants and flowers; but there was certainly constraint in his manner.

As the days passed she became conscious that he was trying to avoid her. At first her pride bade her turn away from him and forget him, and for a little while she followed the dictates of her pride. But from her window one day she saw him passing along the road with shoulders bent as if beneath some burden that was too heavy to bear, and pride was thrown away.

The day was foggy; the afternoon was dark; and the doctor sitting in his consulting room dreaming whilst apparently engaged in the study of some scientific work, was roused by the announcement of a visitor.

'Show him in,' he said, wearedly.

'But it's not a "him," sir, it's a "her,"' said the stout middle-aged lady who acted as his housekeeper and general servant.

'Very well: I can see the lady.'

His visitor was dressed in black, and a thick veil covered her face; but he knew at once who it was, and starting hastily from his seat, exclaimed:

'Miss Hansford!'

She threw back the veil at once, and replied quickly:

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, I have come to ask your advice.'

'Are you ill?' he inquired hastily.

'No; but there is a friend of mine who is ill, and I wish you to tell me what may be done for him.'

The two stood regarding each other—she with a perfectly expressionless face, he with an earnestly inquiring gaze, and even the shadow of a frown upon his brow. But the shadow cleared away and he placed a chair for his visitor.

'I shall be happy to attend to anything you have to say, Miss Hansford: but it would have been more satisfactory if your friend had come himself. I gather from what you have said that it is a gentleman about whom you wish to speak.'

'Yes, Dr. Mowbray, it would have been better had he spoken for himself; but his chief illness seems to be that he cannot speak for himself; and so,

without his leave I have come to speak for him.'

'Is it a case of melancholia?'

'I think so.'

'Then I had better see him at once,' he said, half rising from his chair.

'First let me tell you the symptoms, sir. He is suffering from great mental distress, and it appears to cause him the greatest pain whenever anyone attempts to win his confidence. Even I do not possess his confidence—although I am here to consult with you as to what may be done to help him. He avoids his friends; he will not enter into any cheerful society; and his whole effort appears to be to conquer his grief by hard work.'

'An excellent remedy for such a state of mind,' said Mowbray, watching her closely.

'But then the benefit of the hard work is spoilt by his solitary broodings, and out of these no one appears to have the power to rouse him. Do you think anything can be done for him?'

There was a pause. The Doctor rested his elbow on the table and his brow on his hand; with the fingers of the other hand he beat a monotonous tattoo on the book he had been reading. At length:

'The case is not a very unusual one; there is evidently a greatly disturbed mental condition combined with some power of will—or obstinacy it might be called—which induces your friend to make an effort to fight through his trouble, whatever it may be, without bothering anybody.'

'It *is* obstinacy, for in the course he is adopting he is causing more pain to those who—those who respect him than he would do were he to give them the greatest trouble in the world. If he would only speak out he would make us all happy by placing it in our power to do something to comfort him.'

She spoke earnestly, and there was a sweet cadence in her tone which thrilled the man who pretended to be listening to her with professional stoicism. Another pause, and then he turned to her with such a white, wearied-looking face, that the faint smile upon it seemed to render the expression the more sad.

'You are very kind, Miss Hansford, and your friend is very grateful to you.'

'Do you know him, then?' she inquired, with a startled look.

He seemed to fling all reserve, all hesitation, from him in the instant, and, seizing her hands, he said in a low, passionate tone:

'Yes, I know him—I am that patient, and you are the physician!'

She had started to her feet, but made no effort to withdraw her hands from him. Her eyes expressed joy mingled with doubt, as if the first impulse had been to throw herself into his arms and cry, for she knew now that he loved her. But she checked herself and drew back a little. He instantly released her—she had not altogether wished him to do that; but she was much agitated, and scarcely knew how to act.

'I have offended you,' he said sadly, as he too rose from his chair; 'please forgive me. It is a kind of madness that possesses me. So many things have pressed hardly upon me, and I have never been able to relieve myself by boring my friends with my affairs. Do not be angry with a piece of absurdity—but you have been like sunlight to me.'

She seemed to make a great effort to speak calmly, and she did look straight into his sad face.

'You must think me very bold in coming here to speak to you of yourself; but I acted as I thought a sincere friend ought to do. I see that I have done no good.'

'A friend and not do good?' he exclaimed with a slight laugh. 'You have done good: you have banished some wild dreams which haunted me in spite of myself; and you have extinguished a will-o'-the-wisp of a hope

which might have ruined me. Allow me to see you home.'

There was no confession; indeed they were uncomfortably formal on the way to the house. But, when they stood at the door, he held her two hands again, and gazing into her earnest blue eyes, the temptation to kiss her was so strong that he hurriedly turned away.

That was why her conduct was so strange when Cawley arrived.

CHAPTER III.

MR. CAWLEY IS SURPRISED.

THE plan which he had roughly sketched for his life at Cedar Lodge was fairly carried out by Mr. Cawley. He had troops of visitors from London, and many of the families residing in the neighbourhood helped to enliven his evenings. His days were spent in irritable inquiries about the arrangements for dinner, or in solitary wanderings across the weald.

But as he had tired of the festivities in London, he also grew weary of this superficial country life. It was not country life; it was only the town and the votaries of fashion carried into the midst of green fields. He was glad to see his guests; he was still more glad when they departed. It was not exactly selfishness which actuated him; it was simply that he had diverged from the course to which he had become accustomed, and had attempted to follow another of which he knew nothing. He began to think that a life of pleasure was much harder than a life of real work. He had spent his money freely; the people who came to him were known as clever people, as very intellectual people, and on the whole had been very kind to him. They had been most indulgent to his shortcomings in those graces of which people who have long lived in 'Society' are possessed. Still there was something unsatisfactory to himself.

One morning he saw his last guest depart, and he saw before him a whole week without any dinner engagements. For the first hour the prospect seemed to be a dull one; during the next hour, he felt as if he had been suddenly released from some self-imposed thraldom; he immediately went to his room and put on the old office coat which had served him many years, sat down in his easy-chair, and gleefully gasped—'I am free!' It was such a refreshing sensation to feel that he could now dress as he liked, and do as he liked, without any fear of incurring covert smiles at his ignorance, or of discovering that he had committed some gross blunder in manners, that he thereupon came to a resolution. He would have no more guests: no more dinner parties; and instead of dining at a quarter to eight, he would return to the good habits of his father and dine at one o'clock. Then he would look after the home-farm, and, if he could manage it, he would try to hold a plough himself. It was quite clear to him that his nervous system was out of order, and this was the way to set it right.

He held manfully to his resolution; but it was somewhat awkward for Ruth that wherever he went, or whatever he had to do, he required her to be with him. She attended cheerfully, and was often amused by his violent efforts to imitate the horny-handed sons of labour, in hacking wood, or in carrying hay or straw to the stables. The ploughing was a complete failure. The plough would not go straight for him, and he made such zigzags that his servants groaned. He blamed the horses, then he blamed the plough; at last he blamed himself, and withdrew from the shafts in disgust.

'You are laughing at me, Ruth,' he said, taking her arm and walking towards the house; 'but you might pity me a little. Everybody says I am the

most fortunate man in the world, and upon my soul I begin to think I am the most miserable.'

'Are you not a little like the spoilt child who cried for the moon?' she queried archly.

'That is just it—I am crying for the moon. Come into my room, and I will tell you what the moon is.'

They went into the library, the walls of which were lined with the uncut volumes of the best works in modern and ancient literature.

'Sit down, Ruth. I am going to speak to you very seriously as soon as I recover breath.'

Ruth took the chair with no other impression about the serious subject of conversation than that he was going to give her directions for another dinner party. He took a strange method of trying to recover his breath; instead of sitting down, he paced to and fro uneasily, at intervals glancing furtively at his quiet companion, occasionally halting as if about to speak, and then starting off again on his parade.

'Well, Cawley, I thought you had something very serious to say to me,' she observed, after waiting some time.

He stopped as abruptly as a horse suddenly pulled up by a strong hand.

'Yes, Ruth, it is serious—at least to me.'

There was something so peculiar in his tone—it was so unusually low, and so unlike the resolute tone in which he was accustomed to speak—that she turned and looked at him. His back was towards her, and he seemed to find something of unusual interest in the title of 'Macaulay's History of England' on the backs of the volumes at which he was gazing intently.

'Is there anything wrong?' she inquired in surprise, 'and can I help you?'

'Yes, there is much wrong, and you can help me if you will.'

'Then tell me what it is, and it will give me more comfort than you can imagine to feel that I am able to do something for you.'

He turned his head very slowly and gazed at her with such a keen expression in his eyes that she felt as if he were trying to penetrate her innermost thought. Then with a sudden jerk he moved towards her, and stood behind her chair.

He seemed to be afraid to meet her eyes; but he made an effort to speak in a cool, practical way.

'You would be glad to be able to do something for me—and you shall be glad, for I believe that it is in your power to make the rest of my days happy.'

This was such a singular speech coming from a man like Cawley, that Ruth did not know whether to laugh at it or to ask him if he were ill. However, she only said quietly, 'I wish you would tell me what you mean, Cawley; you are not like yourself to-day.'

'Ruth,' he said, leaning his hand upon her shoulder, 'can you not guess what I mean? I am not a—not a very old fellow. You were left as a legacy to me, and you have been very useful to me. But of course some day you will be wanting to go away, and I want to prevent that.'

Whilst he was speaking Ruth slowly rose from her chair, her eyes opening wide in wonder as he proceeded.

'I have no thought of leaving you, Cawley,' she answered in a low voice, for she was beginning to understand him.

'Not just now, I dare say, but by-and-by the thought and the wish will come.' Then abruptly changing his tone as if angry with himself: 'Confound it, Ruth, I am a man of business and don't know how to make love. I'll put it in my own way—I want you to be my wife, that's all!'

The declaration was so sudden that Ruth was startled by it. She was, however, in her own way as prompt as Cawley himself. She took his hand frankly.

'I know you would not make a joke of such a serious subject; but if you

had desired to drive me away from the house you could not have adopted a better plan than that of making such a proposal. I like you very much—very, very much, Cawley, but not in the way you wish.'

He dropped her hand; the answer had been plain, and the subject was not one which he felt disposed to argue about. He walked to the window, and as he looked out upon the lawn and rich grounds which might be all hers if she pleased, he could not help a slight feeling of bitterness in thinking that, with all his wealth, he could not obtain the hand of the only woman he had ever really cared for.

He wheeled sharply round.

'Is there anyone else?' he asked, and there was a harsh note in his voice.

It was a difficult question for Ruth to answer, for the image of Mowbray's pale face seemed to rise before her. She had been obliged to own the truth to herself that if he had put the question she could have answered him; but she could not answer her cousin. Her eyes were turned upon the floor, and her head drooped a little as she replied honestly,

'Yes.'

Cawley stood for a minute as if dumb-stricken, as much surprised by the directness of the reply as by the fact which it conveyed. So this timid young creature, whose isolation from the world he had been lamenting, had been consoling herself with a lover; and, no doubt, that was why she had been perfectly content to remain at Cedar Lodge. At first he was inclined to be angry; he was disappointed; but presently he became calm.

'Who is the man, Ruth?' he inquired, and there was no harshness in his voice now.

'I would rather you didn't ask that,' she said, awkwardly; 'the matter is known only to myself and now to you. He knows nothing.'

'Do you wish him to know? If he is the right sort of fellow, I don't see why you should conceal his name from me. Come now, make a clean breast of it. Who is he? what is he? where does he live?'

He was again excited, and advanced to her as if he would force the secret from her.

'I cannot tell you,' was her firm response, as she moved towards the door.

'Very well, I shall say nothing more at present; but I warn you that if he does not satisfy me, you and I will not be long friends.'

Ruth felt that if she remained any longer in the room the emotion which he had roused would overcome her, and she would begin to sob.

'I don't think there will ever be any necessity to tell you more than I have told you now.'

Cawley's eyes sparkled as a hope rose within him that this was some sentimental fancy that would soon pass away.

'Don't you think there is something ridiculous in this mystery, Ruth? If anything is to come of it, you know that you must speak to me. But there, let it rest. I shall know all in time. Will you tell Harris to get out the waggonet?'

She was glad of the opportunity to escape from the room.

'Now I understand why she did not like me to embrace her—she was thinking of that fellow, whoever he is. She has managed it slyly, and I don't like it. She would not have refused to tell me if there had not been some good reason for her silence; but she'll get over it, and then I can speak again.'

Although he maintained an appearance of calmness, the chagrin he felt worked within him, and whilst he was being driven across the weald at as rapid a pace as he could induce Harris to urge the horse to, Ruth's conduct developed itself into a serious offence.

A long circuit brought him into a lane lined on either side by thick hedges from which at intervals sprang

clumps of May, now budding and even at this time, perfuming the atmosphere. On one side was a ditch, and on the banks of it grew many wild flowers and long grass. The drive had refreshed him, and he had got into a better humour.

After all, why should he be selfish? Why should he attempt to force a girl's will? He did not know that in certain natures love is always selfish; indeed, until within a few days he always thought of the thing called love as the mere folly of youth. His idea had been that such affairs should be arranged on a plain, practical business basis: thus, here is a house and furnish it as you please; here are your servants; here are your horses and carriages, and you can have as much as you like for your milliner and dressmaker; you can have as much pocket-money as you please.

What more, in the name of all that was sensible, could a woman desire?

He had never read a novel, because all novels were trash and corrupted the mind; people were fools enough without being educated to become bigger fools. He had never had the time to engage in the absurd amusement of flirtation; indeed, he didn't know the the meaning of the word. Once he had found a clerk in his office who had been most diligent and useful suddenly change in all his ways—not exactly neglecting his duties, but blundering so in them that Cawley had been obliged to speak to him privately. The poor fellow had been very quiet, and could give no satisfactory answer about the change, and impulsively resigned his situation. Cawley was certainly a strict master, but he was a just one; he told the young man he would give him a month's holiday, and if at the end of that time he persisted in his resignation he would accept it. During the month he learned that the young man had been what is called 'jilted,' and he instantly set him down as a —— fool.

At the end of the month the young man resumed his situation and was apparently contented.

Cawley put the question to himself, Was he as silly as that young fellow whom he had called a fool?

He was answered immediately.

Turning a bend of the road he saw two figures close by the hedge, a man on one knee holding something up to a girl and looking earnestly in her face which was bent close to his.

Mowbray and Ruth.

To his mind there could only be one interpretation of the position of the two notwithstanding the publicity of the place. The fact was that the Doctor was simply dilating upon one of the plants which he had gathered, and Ruth was interested.

Cawley bent forward and snatched the reins from Harris, pulling the horse up with a sudden jerk.

'Turn, go round the other way,' he said gruffly.

His command was obeyed. Whatever petty passion there was in the man's nature had been aroused. He knew Mowbray to be penniless and to be related to a man who had committed forgery, which was in his eyes even a more heinous offence than murder itself. The thought that Ruth could cast him and his wealth aside for such a man drove him mad, and he was in a furious passion when he reached home. The roundabout way he had taken delayed him much, and Ruth was in the house before him.

She had come into the hall to meet him, but he passed her without a word and went to the library. He could not speak to her, he would write.

Seated at his desk he seized his pen and wrote hastily. He commenced without any date or form of address:

'I have seen you and your lover together. I thought I could have looked upon such a sight and remained calm. I misunderstood myself. I shall say nothing about him further than that I think he has done you wrong, and should have considered his own position before he gained your affection.

'As it is, I must ask you to find another home for yourself, and I will make a suitable provision for you. I cannot see you again.

'SAMUEL CAWLEY.'

Poor Mr. Cawley, although he was writhing with strange pain whilst he wrote, did not even now understand that the phrase 'winning affection' is a false one; there is no such thing; love which is the highest form of affection comes without seeking, and takes possession of us whether we will or no.

He rang the bell and a servant entered.

'Take this to Miss Hansford at once.' It was a peculiarity in Mr. Cawley's manner that he rarely said 'Please' or 'Thank you' to a servant.

The moment he had sent away the letter his misery increased tenfold. He sat down; then sprang to his feet and paced the room uneasily. Should he call the servant back and destroy the note? He ought to wait until he had time to think the matter over coolly.

Nearly an hour passed in this restless mood, and he could stand it no longer. He went down to the drawing-room; she was not there. He went to her own room, knocked, but there was no answer. He opened the door; she was not there. He hastily summoned a servant, and on inquiring where Miss Hansford was, learned that she had left the house about half-an-hour ago.

'Do you know where she was going?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Did she say when she would return?'

'No, sir.'

Cawley examined her room and found everything in much confusion. On the dressing-table was an envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open; the sheet of paper within bore only these words:—

'I obey. Good-bye.

'RUTH.'

His first feeling was one of shame and regret, but there followed a tide of indignation that she should have been so ready to take him at his word and go without seeing him.

'It is Mowbray who has done this,' he muttered bitterly.

But despite his vexation, he was anxious to know what had become of her, and at once guessed where she had taken refuge. He was about to despatch a note to the Vicar when that gentleman arrived. Ruth was at the Vicarage and was to remain there until her arrangements for the future could be made. The Vicar saw that it was no time to preach to Mr. Cawley about the harshness of his conduct; he simply assured him that Ruth was safe and took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

THE sudden appearance of Ruth at the Vicarage in a state of much agitation created great commotion in that quiet establishment. Mrs. Ware took her upstairs, and in a little while learned the whole story of her love for Dr. Mowbray and of her cousin's conduct.

Mrs. Ware was a sensible woman, and whilst making excuses for Mr. Cawley, contrived to soothe her guest by those delicate suggestions of compromises which might lead to future happiness only perceptible by the keen eyes of a woman. She persuaded her that the best thing she could do was to take a long rest, and in the morning she would be able to discuss the affairs of the future. Ruth was so weary and distressed by all that had happened within such a short period, that she yielded to all her kind hostess suggested.

Then Mrs. Ware rejoined her husband, and after a long conversation with him he put on his hat and proceeded to Cedar Lodge. He had not

been able to accomplish all that he had intended to do; but he was resolved that on the following morning he would tell Mr. Cawley very plainly that he had been most unkind to his cousin. Up to a late hour that evening, the good-natured Vicar half-expected, or hoped, that Mr. Cawley would come to him for some information about Ruth, if not to ask her to return to the house which had been so long her home.

But he put out his lights and went to bed without having received the visit he had looked for.

Dr. Mowbray made an early call at the Vicarage next day to see one of the young ladies who was suffering from a slight cold which she had magnified into a severe attack of bronchitis. Then he heard something about the rupture between Ruth and her cousin—not much, certainly, for the girls had been told nothing more than that Miss Hansford was to stay with them for a few days. But this was enough to make the young doctor seek a full explanation from the Vicar. To the latter, the position was an awkward one; he did not know how much of his information he was at liberty to repeat—especially to Mowbray. He discovered an excellent way out of the difficulty.

'Ahem! I think, Mowbray, you should see Miss Hansford in your professional capacity. She is really very ill and requires advice. Then as her friend, I have no doubt she will give you all the particulars which you require, and which—well, in fact—which I feel some reluctance to give without her sanction. I will ask Mrs. Ware to inform her that you are here.'

'Thank you. I am anxious to see her, whether she will make me her confidant or not.'

The Vicar went in search of his wife. In a few minutes Mrs. Ware appeared, and after a formal greeting, conducted the Doctor to a parlour overlooking the garden; she was brisk in manner, and her expression distinctly suggested that she was very sanguine as to the result of this visit. There are few women, whatever may be their age, who do not take an interest in a love affair.

Ruth was seated in a large easy chair beside a comfortable fire. She was dressed in black, and this rendered the pallor of her face the more noticeable, but a slight flush for a moment suffused it when Mowbray advanced to her. She rose, extending her hand, which he seized with more eagerness than would be requisite if he only intended to feel her pulse.

'Pray be seated, Miss Hansford. I see that you are very weak, and you must not task your strength.'

Smiling faintly, she resumed her seat. He arranged the cushions behind her with the tenderness of a mother nursing a loved child; then he drew back and knew that his own pulse quickened with pleasure at sight of the expression of gratitude on the pale face.

'You must not think that I am very ill, Dr. Mowbray. It is only—only a little weakness due to much excitement last night. Will you not be seated?' she added abruptly.

The Doctor took a chair, and his earnest eyes examined her closely. Although no word had yet been spoken to suggest anything between them more than the ordinary relationship of doctor and patient, both were conscious that an important crisis in their lives was at hand. He saw that she hesitated to explain to him fully the nature of her trouble; and he hesitated to attempt to win the secret from her. But that the cause of the breach between her and her cousin was a serious one, he could easily divine from the effect it had upon her.

'I may tell you,' he said gently, 'that I know something of what has happened. You have left Mr. Cawley's house owing to some misunderstanding between you; but surely it can be explained away? Mr. Cawley is a gentleman of sound sense, and

would not, I am sure, cause you unnecessary distress.'

She turned her head aside; and her lips trembled slightly; she could not tell why Mr. Cawley had acted as if he had very little sound sense indeed.

'I am afraid that reconciliation is impossible,' she answered, without looking round. 'Even if Mr. Cawley were to ask me, I could not return to his house.'

'Then what are your plans for the future? Have you any relative to protect you?'

'None' (this with a slight sob).

'Any friends, then?'

'None save the Vicar and his wife. You know that I have scarcely stirred beyond the village since I was sixteen, and have, therefore, had few opportunities of making such friends as I might ask to help me in my present position.'

The Doctor himself grew pale now, and it was evident by his blanched lips and the slight tremor of his hands that he was greatly agitated. At length he bent towards her, and his voice was very low and earnest as he spoke.

'Miss Hansford, I am going to say something that will startle you, and perhaps add to your distress. Shall I risk doing so? Do you think you are strong enough to hear me?'

'Go on,' she faltered.

'It is very little that I have to say. Some three years ago I met a lady whose face and character roused sentiments which had long lain dormant under the pressure of severe work and much privation. I was poor then, and I am not much richer now. I understood the lady to be the probable heiress of a large fortune, and I resolved to stifle those feelings which had so suddenly sprung into life. We frequently met, however, and I was too weak to deny myself the happiness of speaking to her and of being near her. The thought of her helped me through many severe trials. You know that the lady is yourself, Miss Hansford; your position is altered now, and I may therefore tell you that I love you. —Have I offended you?'

She had started at the sound of those words which always thrill the hearts of men and women. For answer she placed her hand in his. He bent over her and kissed her.

The Vicar and his wife were not at all surprised when the engagement of Ruth and Dr. Mowbray was made known to them, for they had long seen what the lovers had been afraid to own to themselves. The Vicar decided that Mr. Cawley should at once be informed of the matter; and again hurried to Cedar Lodge, to find for a second time that he could not fulfil his mission.

At the door was a brougham, and in the hall he found Dr. Walpole (the most popular physician of the district) drawing on his gloves and giving instructions to two servants who were listening with an expression of terror on their faces.

'Good morning, Mr. Ware,' said the great physician, condescendingly. 'I am afraid we have a bad case here. Our friend Mr. Cawley has passed a very restless night, and is now in a state of delirium. The indications are those of small-pox. I have left one of my men with him, and have telegraphed to London for properly qualified nurses. Hope you are well at home. Excuse me, I am very busy—good morning.' And the pompous gentleman entered his carriage and drove away.

The diagnosis proved to be correct: an epidemic of small-pox had been for some time raging in the county, and it had seized Mr. Cawley in its most virulent form. Nurses came and went; the servants fled in terror from the plague, and the milionaire was left almost alone. As the delirium slowly subsided he was vaguely conscious of shadows flitting around his bed; when the crisis had passed and he awakened, as from a long and horrible dream, he saw a slender figure, dressed in black,

standing beside him, and tenderly moistening his feverish lips with some liquid. Behind this figure was that of a tall man who was watching him intently.

'Ruth—Mowbray,' said the invalid, feebly. And then, after a long pause, 'What does it all mean?'

'You may speak,' whispered Mowbray to Ruth; 'I believe he is saved.'

'You have been very ill, Cawley,' said the gentle voice which he had thought he would never hear again; 'but you will soon be well now.'

He closed his swollen eyes, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of this strange dream; then he fell into a natural sleep. His attendants were no shadows now; and as he slowly recovered he learned bit by bit how when he had been deserted by nearly everyone else, Ruth and Mowbray had nursed him throughout his terrible illness.

On a bright June morning, when the air was perfumed with roses, the bells in the tower of the old parish church rang out a merry wedding peal, and Ruth, in bride's attire, advanced to the altar where Dr. Mowbray waited. The Vicar was in his place ready to make his two friends man and wife. A gentleman whose face was deeply pitted by small-pox was brought up to the altar in a wheel-chair, and gave away the bride. When the bride and bridegroom were stepping into the carriage, he shook hands with the man, he kissed the lady, muttering, 'God bless you, my child! May your life be long and happy! I am happy now.'

And it was the first time that Mr. Cawley had been really happy. His illness had proved a blessing to himself, to Ruth, and to George Mowbray.

NIAGARA.

From the French of Louis Honoré Frechette.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

MAJESTIC moves the mighty stream and slow,
Till from that false calm's semblance, suddenly,
Wild and with echoes shaking earth and sky,
The huge tide plunges in the abyss below,
—It is the cataract! from whose thunderous ire
The wild birds flee in terror far away—
From that dread gulf when with her scarf of fire
The rainbow sits above the torrent's sway!
Earth quakes, for sudden that vast arching dome
Of green is changed to hills of snow-white foam,
That seethe and boil and bound in tameless pride.
Yet this Thy work, O God, Thy law fulfils,
And while it shakes the everlasting hills,
It spares the straw that floats upon its tide.

FOR FATHER'S SAKE.

LET us take a look at one of our large and busy cities, across the water. What a sound of ceaseless activity comes from all sides. Everything is stirring. What dense clouds of heavy black smoke come from those tall, narrow, gaunt chimneys, that stand up so high above the busy factories. They seem in their perpendicular majesty, soot-crowned, to glory in their tallness, and narrowness and gauntness. They seem to rejoice in being able to flood the pure air above with their black miasma. They revel in their supremacy over the humbler chimneys which only reach half-way out of the murky cloud that shrouds the city.

Far up, above the cloud of smoke and dust, that seems like an evil demon to brood over the city, rivalling even the black chimneys in height, stands the church spire. How majestically it lifts its graceful figure above the noise, and tumult, and defilements of earth. Ever pointing upwards, with that reverent aspiration toward things not of earth, with which the whole of the noble gothic pile seems instinct. Not pointing us with the stoney finger of a faultless symmetry, to the perfect ideal of earthly beauty like the temples of Athens, not pointing with the cold correctness of Greece, but in a truer, nobler, higher way, plain enough for the dullest to comprehend, it points straight to heaven, —an imperfect emblem of that God-given philanthropy—Christianity.

High up above us, just where the spire springs from the solid masonry of the tower, are seen the huge dials of the great clock. How large everything looks now that we are standing just under it How long the hands are that stretch across its face. What a pendulum, and what weights the clock must have. And what weary work it must be to wind it up every week. We seldom realize its size, or think of this, when on our way to business we glance hurriedly at the silent, though tireless timekeeper of the city.

But come! it is getting dark, and the noises in the streets are growing fainter. We have something else to look at besides the great Church. Come into this narrow street, black with filth. In the small upper room of a crazy, tumble-down dwelling, surrounded by poverty, are two children. They are alone. The figure of a little boy, wasted with consumption, is lying on a straw mattrass on the floor in the corner of the room. Beside the poor little fellow sits his sister. She is a few years older than he, and is dressed in a soiled and ragged frock. The sick child asks for a drink. His sister gives him a taste of the tepid unwholesome water of the city; more calculated to poison than to refresh. But there is nothing else to give him. 'Sadie,' he says, after he had eagerly swallowed the few drops, 'what time is it?' 'It's near eight, and father's not home yet,' she replies. 'Come here and sit beside me, Sadie.' She sits down beside him, and takes one of his thin wasted hands in her own little palm. 'Oh, Jim, I'm afraid father will be drunk again, when he does come,' she says sadly. 'Yes, and it's Friday night too.' There is silence for some time in the room, close with the unwholesome odour of sickness, and bare with the poverty of a drunkard's home. It seems to grow darker without, for the little figures are lost in the deep sha-

dow. At last the little fellow breaks the silence, almost as oppressive as the gloom, and speaks in a hurried, anxious tone. 'Oh Sadie, the clock will run down to-night, and father 'll be too drunk to wind it.' 'Yes Jim, so it will, what shall we do—if mother was only alive.' 'Couldn't you tell somebody?' Jim asks. 'Oh no, no, I'd have to tell WHY Father couldn't wind it, and no one cares enough for him to do it for him.' 'But Sadie, perhaps father's not drunk, he always keeps sober on clock nights.'

Poor children, their father has charge of the clock in that magnificent Church we were admiring only a short time ago. He must wind it up every Friday night. Though an inveterate drinker, the wretched man has sense enough to keep sober for the two hours he is engaged in winding the clock every week. Indeed, it is about the only time he is sober. It is now past his usual time for being home, and he is not in yet, and it is 'clock night' too. It is getting later, and the poor little things are speaking of the clock again.

'Could we wind it up, Jim?' she inquires. 'If I were a man *I* could, Sadie,' says little Jim, with great seriousness. 'But there is eight hundred pounds for the clock alone, and fifteen hundred for the "striking," and they've each got to be pulled up about a hundred feet,' he adds, despairingly. 'But Jim, the whole clock won't run down to-night,' she says. Jim tells her that he remembered father once saying that the 'striking' ran down at twelve o'clock on Friday nights, but that the clock itself would go on till morning. 'Oh Jim, if they don't hear the clock all night, father will be discharged, and then——. The clock must be made to strike somehow, or poor father will be discharged.' Jim does not contradict her. But the darkness is too deep to show the anxious look on his pale face.

The children speak to each other again, and their tones show the earnestness of a steady resolve. They will not let their miserable father be discharged. But how will they do it? Nothing more is said now, but they wait to see if their father will come home.

It has struck midnight, and the old clock has laboured through the twelve strokes in an uncertain voice, as if exhausted with the long week's work, and the heavy weight just reaches the floor. But the hands will silently point to a few more hours yet.

What does it matter to the sleeping city if the few hours snatched from the cares of the day are silent? Who, of all the busy thousands that look up at the clock from the noisy street in the day, will care if the hours are not rung to-night? The drowsy city will not miss the bell; the midnight reveller would not heed it if it did ring; the night-watchman may not even notice it; the stealthy robber will be glad of its silence; the busy workers of the night have no time to notice whether it rings or not; and the sick count the minutes for hours, and the hours as years; who cares if one bell in the city is silent for one night in the year? The child does not think of all this? The clock *must* strike somehow or father will be discharged! Mistaken though she be, the hand of Duty seems to point out her difficult path; and led on by a love too pure and holy for her degraded father, she will attempt the herculean task. The clock *shall* strike to-night, somehow,——

Drops of rain are falling from the ragged clouds, that are hurrying by, overhead, and the moon just shows through the cloud-rifts, in uncertain and almost ghastly gleams. Look at the church now, black and gigantic in the darkness. A little figure stands at the great door, far down under the clock. She is alone; poor Jim cannot leave his wretched bed, though his brave little heart longs to try. She reaches up and puts the large key in the iron-studded door. With a ner-

vous and determined wrench, that makes her heart throb, she turns the heavy lock back and presses the door open. She hurries inside and pushes the door shut with childish fear, to keep out the night, and the rain, and the dull, chilling, white moonlight, that comes and goes so like a spectre. She stumbles up the dark stairs to the gallery, but the long, narrow windows let the white spectre look in at her again. She reaches the door leading to the tower. How loud and fearful her own footsteps sound, for she has left the matting on the gallery stairs, and how ominously still everything else seems. She puts the smaller key in the door that looms tall and black before her, and again resolutely turns the key. The lock moves more easily, but it seems to groan. She pulls the door open, but starts back. The black darkness seems to pour out. The damp odour of the tower smells like a vault. She pauses a moment in terror, and shudders at the gloom before her. Christian facing the lions in the path had to face real, tangible dangers, that could be seen and encountered. But the nameless dread of the haunted darkness is chilling, depressing, awful to the lonely child. Yet the path of duty, mistaken though it be, leads into the black darkness before her. Guided by the hand of Love, she must face it. She dare not close this door, she cannot shut herself in with this dark, shivering, cold fear. She leaves the door wide open, and, almost closing her eyes, she hurries up the steep steps in the tower,—ever and anon looking back at the streak of light that hovers like a ghost at the door where the pale spectre without meets the black spirit of the place. Up, up, up, the tower seems to be higher, and the stairs steeper and longer than when she came here with her father. She reaches the first turn of the stairs, and is in utter darkness. The sound of a mouse, far down below appals her, but the stillness appals her more. Will she never reach the top? Panting, frightened, exhausted, she at length reaches the last turn of the stairs, and sees a dull streak of light from one of the narrow lancet windows, heavily crossed with slats. She hears the clock, but it does not seem to tick as she had remembered; every beat sounds like the stroke of a sledge on an anvil. It shouts; 'Go back! go back!' She climbs on, and stands trembling and alone by the huge clock as the hands on the great dials away above outside point to a quarter to one. She goes round and examines the small dials inside, used for setting the clock, by the dull light of the window. There is a chime of bells in the tower on the next floor above her, but the ropes are all fastened to handles down here beside the clock. She gropes her way round to where the handles of the chime stand in their high wooden frame, grim, like some instrument of torture—a relic of the dark and blood-stained days of the Marian persecutions. They are too high for her to reach, but she knows where the old music-books are kept. She drags two of the larger books out, and placing them under the lowest handle brings it just within her grasp. A sigh of relief; father may be saved now.

But a new difficulty presents itself. How can she tell when the hour comes? The little inside dials are round at the other side of the clock. She sinks down on the books, with her hand pressed to her forehead. She cannot watch the dials and then grope her way round to the bell. She dare not ring it a second after the exact time. She is in despair of saving her father, even though she has braved the darkness and gloom. She presses her hands tighter on her forehead. Oh, my dear little child, may God help you, for no human aid is near?

Yes, she brightens up. She will succeed at last. She hurries round to the little dials again. In two minutes she will have to ring. She remembers, when here with her father,

how he showed her that the hands of great clocks like these do not move steadily like the hands of our watches. She remembers her father showing her how the hands of this clock move in half-minute jumps. Thirty beats of the pendulum, and the fans of the clock spin round, while the great hands move instantaneously over a half-minute on the dials, and remain quiet till the next half-minute has been measured out by the pendulum. Going back again, and mounting her impromptu platform of books, she grasps the handle of the bell with both hands, while the beating of her heart shakes her whole body. Slowly the pendulum counts out its thirty, the fans released, spin round, beating the air like the wings of a bat, and the hands have moved half a minute nearer the hour. She has three half-minutes yet to count. Holding her breath, her hands clasped tightly around the lever above her head, she counts the beats and waits the flapping of the fans. Another! How slowly the pendulum swings. It seems to take a whole minute between its very beats. Only one more minute to wait. The fans turn again! Half a minute to the hour! How very, very slow the pendulum seems to go now. What crowding thoughts! Can the clock be nearly run down, too, that it goes so slow? Will she be able to ring the bell? The knocker may be too heavy for her to raise. A hundred thoughts of hope and fear seem well nigh to render her dizzy. The city is fast asleep, yet she can only think of the million ears listening for the bell—waiting to detect her father in the failure of his duty. Twenty-eight! on the pendulum, a pause—twenty-nine! agony—now or never—thirty! The fans drowsily flap round. The hands of the clock spring to the hour. With one thought for her father, by a convulsive effort, she throws her whole weight on the handle. Down it comes, and the great bell in the darkness above her booms out one! Thank God the hour is struck at last. She clings to the handle for several seconds before she can let it go. She sinks down upon the books, her whole strength exhausted by the mental and physical strain. But the hour has been struck. One o'clock rung out in the night to the dark sky. One o'clock! oh, city of luxury and toil. One o'clock! oh, men of business and pleasure. One o'clock! oh, sleeping thousands. One o'clock! drunken father. One o'clock! poor dying Jim lying alone, eagerly listening for the welcome sound. One o'clock! oh, God in Heaven, rung in darkness and alone by the hand of one of Thy children. The harsh sound dies away on earth, and is gone; but lives among the harmonies of Heaven—is heard above the song of the holy cherubim and seraphim, as it floats in through the pearly gates which are not 'shut at all by day,' till it reaches the great white throne.

The first few minutes fly rapidly away in the excitement she feels. What did it matter that the sound was a little muffled, for the poor child had unconsciously held the knocker against the bell as she clung to the handle. What did it matter, that the smallest bell of the whole chime was rung. What matter, that the hour was rung by the trembling hand of a weak child. What matter,—the work was done! The duty had been fulfilled, and her father had not been disgraced. She goes round and crouches where she can see the small dials. How soon the first quarter passes, but when at length the half hour comes, it seems a long time since she rang the bell. She is calm and quiet now, and a feeling of peace, and of duty performed, comes over her. But the time drags on again. It seems more like a week since the hour was chimed.

Oh, kind reader, stop and think. What resources in herself can a child at her age have to make the weary hours pass? In a church tower, surrounded by strange objects, distorted

and huge in the gloom. Alone!—She crouches where she can catch sight of the dials, while the rain beats in gusts against the tower, and the wind whistles cold and shrill through the open belfry above her, making the bells hum in discordant monotone. We cannot realize her feelings, sitting comfortably in our homes. We cannot, till we, alone, with all her dread, have gone and tolled the hour, to save a drunken father from disgrace.

The hands creep on towards two. Anxiety again comes upon her, and drives away the happy peace of mind. Her heart beats violently as before, and she holds her breath to count, that there may be no mistake. The pendulum ticks on with aggravating slowness, as before. Twenty-eight,—twenty-nine,—thirty! Two o'clock is boomed out to an unconscious city by the iron-tongued monitor above her. With a sigh of relief, she brushes the cold perspiration from her forehead. Two o'clock has been rung, but the hour of watching has told on her, and the bell had to be rung twice. Little Jim, away in his poor room, lying close by the open window to listen, is the only one, perhaps, who has watched the hour through, and longed for the bell to sound. Another long, long, weary hour, slow and tedious, and three is tolled by that childish hand. One more age rolls over, and, with scarcely any strength left, four is struck. The work grows heavier as her strength goes, and the long watches between seem to lengthen into years. Will it ever be five? Each of the quarters seem to go as slowly as the first hour itself did. Five o'clock comes at last. Rousing herself to the heavy task by a strong effort, she rings, one—two—three—the handle seems almost immoveable—four, only one more stroke with the heavy lever—five; the last stroke is almost muffled, as fainting yet clinging desperately to the handle she falls forward. May God give her strength—five o'clock has been chimed. An early straggler may, perhaps, have heard it, or the busy worker extinguishing the street lamps far down below.

One bell in a chime is not hard to ring, at least not to us, but think of only a child, weakened by a tedious night of watching, unnerved by anxiety, without help, in the church tower, ringing the slow hours all through the night. No wonder she dreads six to come. The hands have begun to approach the awful hour, when, hark! an uncertain footstep is heard. The child is too frightened to cry out. The heavy tread comes slowly up, and a wretched man, scarcely fully sobered, with bleared eyes and shaking hand, crawls up and looks anxiously and fearfully around. Over there, in that dark corner, its damp shawl pulled tightly around it, shivering in the cold, grey, dripping morning, with blue eyes dimmed with tears, gazing intently on the dials; its little hands clasped tightly together, he sees his little Sadie.

Who shall describe the meeting of father and child? He who deserved so little; she who had done so much. No one save the old clock saw the long, tight embrace, that pressed the blood from his shaking hands. Only the turning wheels heard the promise he made her there. Only the dials she had watched so patiently saw them kneel together in the dark corner.

Yes, six o'clock is rung out to the busy city again; people are out, stores are opening, carts are rattling along the streets. The hum of life begins again to be heard, as the father carries a little tired figure along the fast-filling thoroughfare. The world goes on as usual. The hour is rung with a deeper tone and a firmer stroke, but no one notices the difference. The old clock works on the same, and yet not the same; it does not ring the hours as it used; at least, not to everybody. Three, out of the busy multitude of that vast city, gathered together in the small room

in that noisome street, hear its tones fraught with a new meaning. The bell speaks to Sadie of a reclaimed father. It speaks to the poor father of his little daughter's love.

Let us not say it was no matter if the old clock had been silent for one night in the year. It did matter; though the father's neglect of duty might never have been discovered. The child acted from the highest, purest, yes, holiest motive,—unselfish love.

Never does the father enter the tower on 'clock nights' without remembering his dear little child, in all that loneliness and cold, putting forth her utmost strength, gladly sacrificing herself to shield him, without any hope of reward save that of success in the undertaking and the inestimable possession of a good conscience towards God and man.

REMOVED.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

'Blind and deaf that we are: Oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at least so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!'—*Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.'*

OUT of the foregone silence whose place is hidden
In the dark backward of time, a strong swift stream
Flows, and is heard not of man, whose thoughts, unchidden,
Dream, and heed not the vision within the dream,
Or the manifold voices calling, and hands that hold,
Till the voices are dumb, and the hands that he loved are cold.

The slow rain falls on the grave that the winds blow over,
Yet the sweet, still face beneath heeds not, nor hears,
Though the drops that fall be wrung from thy heart, fond lover,—
Tears, and the rain are one to her who hath done with tears,
In the land where the twilight reigns, and the shadows be,
And the soundless river of time sinks into the Silent Sea.

There the heart is at rest from the anguish of hope's delaying,—
Lips that spoke not, and hands too busy for love's warm press;
The sad curved eyelids rise not for all thy praying,—
The clinging hands, unclasped, fall loose from love's caress,
And the tender mouth smiles on in a calm so strange
Thy passionate kisses change not—nought shall change.

The slow rain falls on the grave that the winds blow over,
And the long grass waves, and anon the sun shines bright,
And the mould is sweet with the smell of the blossoming clover,
And the winter follows the spring as the day the night;
But the days return no more when thou couldst make,
For one, the whole world blossom for thy love's sake.

EMULATION AS AN ELEMENT IN POETRY.

A Literary Note.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

IN a previous number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY I attempted to estimate the effect that passing events exercise upon the mind and works of poets, and illustrated these tendencies by a detailed analysis of the 'Idylls of the King.' In the present short paper I propose to consider one of the many elements that go to make up the poetic nature. We learn upon the best authority that the poet is born—

'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.'

Nor would it be uninstructive to attempt to trace and differentiate the effects of the different passions upon poetic and ordinary natures. The present small contribution to a great subject was suggested by observing the curious fate of Scott's beautiful description of the Trosachs in 'The Lady of the Lake.' Suggested itself by a passage in Milton (which was possibly due in part to a description in Boccaccio), it has been outdone by Wordsworth in one of his most magnificent passages. Wordsworth's own description in turn served as a model to Tennyson and to James Russell Lowell. I shall come to this part of my subject presently, but, before doing so I would suggest a few thoughts on the part that Emulation has played as a poetic motive power.

Potent, to some extent, in all periods of poetic growth, Emulation is never so powerful as it is in the earliest periods. Keats has compared human life to a large mansion of many apartments; the first is the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber; the second the Chamber of Maiden Thought, in which, as the soul lingers, the light becomes gradually extiguished, and the soul begins to feel the 'Burden of the Mystery.' And as in human life, so in the growth of poetic stature there is an infant or thoughtless period, during which Emulation, or, as we should rather call it in this case, Imitation, is of paramount importance in the formation of style. The imitation is often indirect, unconscious, but still it is imitation. As a good illustration of which I will take the last verse of Tennyson's poem 'To ——' (published in 1830). [I must apologize to my readers for my frequency of quotation; but notes like these are useless unless profusely illustrated.]

'Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,
Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightning speed;
Like that strange angel which of old,
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood still
In the dim tract of Penuel.'

Here there is only one word that betrays the source of inspiration; but who can doubt that from the fourth line onwards the youthful Tennyson is attempting to catch the inimitable movement of the last part of Keats'

'Sonnet' on Chapman's Homer,

'Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look at each other with a mild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.'

Of course, as thought is 'more and more' in the poet, direct imitation becomes less and less; still there are many expressions and passages, especially in the Greek and Roman masterpieces, that have been the source of frequent imitation, rising even to Emulation, by mature poets. Tennyson, I need hardly say, is a mosaic of classical recollections such as when he uses Virgil's

'Dixit: et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,'

in the following lines of 'The Princess,

'She turned: the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation.'

Æschylus' famous ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα must have had a crowd of imitators, though I can only recall at the moment Keble's 'many-twinkling smile of ocean,' and 'the innumerable laughter of the sea,' of the 'Epic of Hades.' Horace's

'Deliberata morte ferocior
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho,'

written of Cleopatra, was most certainly in the mind of Shakespeare, if only as a recollection of school days, when he wrote

'My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me.'—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

So, too, Tennyson wrote to the same effect,

'I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever! Lying robed and crown'd
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

And Cowper probably had Horace in his mind when describing the death of Boadicea—

'She, with all a monarch's pride,' &c.

I will not tire my readers with further illustrations of this point. It will be sufficient to say that the influence of the great classics upon the early style of poets can hardly be over-estimated. The manner of a young poet is necessarily to a great extent built up out of that of his predecessors, and until the time has come when he feels the consciousness of something specially his own that he has to give the world, his highest poetical efforts are little better than *tours de force*, written in the style of any poet under whose influence he has lately fallen. But as I have said before, the part of poetic emulation does not end here, There are certain 'commonplaces' or topics that are the property of poets, whether Epic, Lyric or Elegiac, and these once called into being are constantly reappearing. In this case the thought is immaterial, and the excellence of the poet lies in the perfection of workmanship with which he handles his subject. I know not who it was who first compared the ocean swayed by the moon to the lover and his mistress, but the idea has been, perhaps, as fruitful as any other in poetry. Here are a few instances of the use to which this comparison has been put. I will start with Shakespeare:—

'He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes.'
— *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Coleridge's lines on the subject in the 'Ancient Mariner' are perhaps the most perfect of all—

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently,
Up to the Moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

In Bailey's 'Festus' the same figure reappears in Helen's song—

'Thine eye was glassed in mine
As the moon is in the sea,
And its shine was on the brine—
Rosalie!
The rose hath lost its red,
And the star is in the sea,
And the briny tear is shed—
Rosalie!'

Such an idea could not escape Tennyson, and we find it in his 'Dream of Fair Women :—'

'Once, like the moon, I made
The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.'

Even after these passages one can appreciate the beauty of James Russell Lowell's lines,

'And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making its waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon's silver feet,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou, its guardian moon, didst rise.

'And now, how e'er its waves above
May toss and seem unceaseful,
One strong, eternal law of Love,
With guidance sure and peaceful,
As calm and natural as breath,
Moves its great depths through life and death.'

I will now turn to the group of passages, the similarity, between some of which has, I believe, never been pointed out, but which led me originally to put these few notes together on the subject of poetic Emulation. The passages are interesting not only for their intrinsic beauty, but for the curious exemplification they give of the transmission of ideas, as well as for the capital illustration that they afford of the different styles of their authors. The idea of comparing the labouring hand of Nature to the works of human architecture must have often struck poets, but it was never so fully brought out before, as by Sir Walter Scott in his description of the Trosachs. In the passage of Milton, that was in Scott's mind when he wrote his description, the idea is not present. Still it will be interesting to have all the passages before us. We need not begin with 'The Decameron' as, though it was possibly Milton's original, there is nothing in it of sufficient account to merit quotation. Milton's description of Paradise (P. L. iv. 236, &c.) is as follows :—

'To tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispéd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
* * * * *
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fable true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.'

Such was the passage that was apparently in Scott's mind as he wrote the famous description that appears in 'The Lady of the Lake' (1810)*—

'The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.
Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child;
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;

* This is the date of publication, that of writing was during the summer of 1809, when Sir Walter was in the midst of the Trosachs. He has a very similar description in Rokeby II. 8.

The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.'
—(Canto I., 12, 13.)

Unhappily for Sir Walter, his magnificent description attracted the attention of a genius of mightier mould, and, in 1814, it appeared in 'The Excursion' (Book II.), at once etherialized and transformed. But we must give to Scott, at least, the merit of suggesting the following passage :—

'A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified: on them, and on the coves
And mountains-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rock and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little vale, a dwelling place of man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude.'

Such a passage as this could not fail of imitators, and has found two at least. In 1827-8 the Poet Laureate was writing his 'Lover's Tale'—a poem interesting if only as a work in which the student of literature can trace the different styles that contributed to form that unique medium of elegance and thought, which is the most perfect part of Tennyson's poetic work—his style. The following passage comes from the first part of the 'Lover's Tale' :—

'The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags:
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had look'd down on us; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me,
High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and last,
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.'

Few critics would be inclined to claim for this passage any high merit in itself. Whatever beauty, however, it possesses belongs to Wordsworth rather than to Tennyson. In the last passage which I shall quote, the writer has made the idea thoroughly his own. The origin of the passage is clear enough, but it is quite worthy of a place by the side of Scott and Wordsworth. It comes from the 'Vision of Sir Laun-

fal' (1848) by J. Russell Lowell, and very happily describes the work of a severe American winter:—

'Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams.
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesque of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He caught the nodding bullrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice:
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
By the elfin builders of the frost.'

I cannot conclude these jottings without noting a further part that is played by the poetic motive power of Emulation. We have seen that, as Imitation, it determines the form that the poet's earliest efforts at expression take; and, further, that in the imagery and expression of even mature poetry Emulation has an important part. It remains to be noticed that in some poets it is, after all, the main motive power. If we may believe Ovid, his poems were the mere outcome of the love of poetic expression. Whatever he wrote, he tells us, fell into verse. In his 'In Memoriam' the Laureate compares himself to the linnet—

'I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.'

And notwithstanding the fact that these 'short swallow-flights of song' bear unmistakable signs of the labour of the file we may believe him. For 'In Memoriam' was the inspired utterance of the spiritual hopes and fears of its time; to this fact is to be attributed alike its immense prestige in the past and its sensibly lessened hold upon the present age.

But in the case of such poets as Virgil and Milton we have to look for some other motive power than the inspiration of a burdened heart. Such a motive power we find in Emulation, in the wish inspired by the masterpieces of other poets to produce something the world will not willingly let die. With this master-force, if it is to be effective, other things must co-operate. Poetical sensibility, a well stored mind, practice in verse, are all necessary to give form to the poet's words. But in such cases the motive power is to be found in Emulation.

THE BATTLE-CALL OF THE ANTICHRIST.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.—St. John xix. 34.

A SHADOW of the coming reign of peace
Falls heavy on my spirit: soon He comes
To end my hard-won mastery on earth,
And mock me with His pity from His throne!
And never more
Shall human suffering pain the Son of Man,

Whose brightness tortured me in paradise,*
And now whose sorrow solaces in hell.
But I'll not fret myself before my time,
And, while my sway endures, I'll hound my slaves
To wield the spear
And stab the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

Rouse, tyrant trembling for a blood-bought crown!
The smouldering flame that threatens thine own house
Hurl at another's; lead thy people on
With flaring lights of glory to their bane:
Ever the spear
Draws drops of anguish from His hated side!

Aspiring statesman, bide thy time to break
The trustful slumber of a rival race
With sudden summons; buy historic fame—
Shunning the grim face of thy creature, War—
With others' blood;
For human blood flowed in the veins of Christ.

Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
Pass from defensive to defiant strife
And urge the war of races, till you leave
A heritage of hatred to your sons;
For motherland,
Piercing His soul who 'came not to destroy.'

Yoke victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Trampling the pride of nations, conqueror!
Let thy maimed warriors writhe alone; for thou
Art scorn of God† for His vile images,
And scorn of mine
For Him who pleads for them at God's right hand!

Why stay to rest thee—fiends disdain to rest—
Why dream of rest in thy predestined course?
Why shrink to win a deathless name by death?
Are sighs of orphans heard in the acclaim
Of multitudes?
Do hosts in triumph reck the grief of Christ

Wake, silent trump of holy discord! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down!
Smite for the love of graceless babes unborn!
Clash, rival crosses; mock the Crucified!
Blaze, fires of death!
I will accept the incense that He loathes.

Poets sublime, that sway the souls of men,
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs,
And wrath and glory and the pride of race:
Let rhymsters mumble of love, pity, peace;
Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to His heart.

And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained
Its fiery essence in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide.
To arms! to arms!
When Christ was dead, the spear-point drew His blood.

Sound, trump and drum and fife and clarion,
Sound to the rhythmic march of myriads,
With Christian benedictions on their pride,
And beauty's smile upon their waving plumes.
In pomp march on
To wound the wearied spirit of your Christ.

Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war!
Where Michael strove with Satan mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies,
And not this earthly death! Nathless, I crave
Large heaps of slain—
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him.

Dear is the murderer's dagger; dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ; dearest the spear
That stabs Him ceaselessly—each human wound
Another thrust,
To feast my memory upon in hell.

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* It is not wholly by a verse-monger's license that the Antichrist is depicted here as an arch-fiend. Several early Christian writers believed him to be Satan himself, incarnate or otherwise. Jerome described him as the son of the devil; so did Origen, who added that he was 'the counterpart of Christ.' In the Jewish-Christian 'Ascensio Vatis Isaiæ,' according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 'the angel Berial, prince of this world, identical with Sammael or Satan, and representing Antichrist, is said to descend in the last days.'—*F. B. C.*

† '*Son lo sdegno di Dio; nessun mi tocchi!*'—ALFIERI, of Napoleon.

AMATEUR SOLDIERS AND PERMANENT PROTECTORS.

BY MACHAON.

IF an extensive landed proprietor had, twenty or thirty years ago, commenced the erection of a large mansion on his estate, but had never brought it to completion; if he had periodically summoned the aid of a skilful builder, and requested him to report the condition of the structure and enumerate the operations and materials necessary for its completion, and if, after paying for the report, he had responded to it with an indignant assurance that it was not a castle he wanted, but the skeleton of a house that might some day be habitable, the behaviour of this proprietor would very much resemble that of our Governments in the matter of the Militia system. Scientific military men are brought from the Imperial Army, and placed in command of our battalions. They review the raw levies, hastily thrown together to make a show, but finding them imperfect in their drill, poorly equipped and inadequately remunerated, they report accordingly, and suggest remedies for existing evils. Such reports do not seem to arrest the attention of the ruling powers, and civilians, generally, are inclined to treat them with derision. The comments made by one leading journal on the last report sent in, a very able one, was to the effect that the reforms suggested might do very well for a military nation, which we were not, and that the expense involved in carrying them out would be far beyond our means or requirements. Nor was such sentiment unreasonable. We have never received anything like value for the expenditure that has been made on our present system of military defence. We are obliged to acknowledge that the safety we enjoy does not depend on this system, but on the improbability of our being involved in war. Amongst our population we have excellent material for soldiers—plenty of muscle, abundance of patriotism and unquestionable bravery—but soldiers who will be steady under fire cannot be made by two weeks' drill every second year. In actual warfare seasoned men are also required; and those youths, particularly in city regiments, who have engaged in military training as a calisthenic exercise, or a social amusement, would find, if called into active service, that they could not long hold out against the shocks and privations of a campaign. This was abundantly verified by the results of the expedition to Ridgeway, although it was brief in duration and accomplished in the pleasant weather of the early summer. Predatory raids, such as that which our volunteers then went forth to resist, seem to be the only hostile attacks from abroad which we have any reason to apprehend; and in view of this fact many are of opinion that it is not consistent with good government to keep up at a heavy annual expense a nominally large but really inefficient military force. Whilst our present relations with England exist, it could happen only by her action that we should be embroiled in a contest with a foreign enemy. But the policy of England has long been against any great war, and the petty ones in which she thinks proper to engage on

the remote points of the Empire cannot directly affect us. Should any of the great Powers challenge her, as France challenged Germany, she would, of course, have to fight: but this is a very improbable contingency considering, amongst other things, her maritime supremacy. None of these Powers could annoy us much by land save the United States and, perhaps, Russia. The latter might, at the commencement of hostilities, disembark a few troops, under cover of its Pacific Squadron, amongst the settlers and aborigines of British Columbia. But our eastern coast would be so well protected by British cruisers, and, additionally, in the winter season by ice, that it would be almost impossible for a hostile fleet to land troops numerous enough to penetrate far into the interior. It is, then, only from our powerful but peaceable neighbour, the United States, that a land attack of any importance could be dreaded. Such an attack is not by any means likely to occur; but should unhappily a quarrel arise between that great nation and our mother-country what would our thirty or forty thousand inexperienced troops avail against the masses that could be poured over our border at a thousand points? The United States could with ease bring against us twelve men for every one that we could put into the field, and should it be announced in that country that Grant or Sherman required men to invade Canada, an army of three or four hundred thousand might be enrolled within a few weeks. After our experience of the civil war, it would be absurd to imagine that the contingent which England could spare and transport to our aid would avail in repelling the attack. No doubt there are many who will say, as many have said before, 'Never mind; we drove the Yankees back in the last American war, and we can do so again.' But things are in a very different position now from what they were in those days. Since then our population has certainly increased, but what are four, or even five millions, to fifty millions? The United States have proved themselves to be a strong military Power, and the never-ceasing influx of emigration from Germany is tending to make the country still more military in its character. Facilities for the concentration of troops now exist which were scarcely dreamed of in the War of 1812. But it is a consolation to know that nothing save a very grave cause could now precipitate the United States into a war with England, as both nations could not fail to suffer in consequence, commercially and otherwise, almost beyond computation.

What have we actually received in return for our heavy expenditure on the Militia? Doubtless that expenditure has fostered a loyal, a patriotic and a military spirit amongst our people. It has improved the *physique* and the bearing of many of our young men. It has established a frame-work for defensive purposes, incomplete indeed, but which may eventually be filled up should the necessity of so doing arise. It has supplied guards of honour and escorts for distinguished persons. It has provided a force for police purposes which has been useful on four occasions, at least; namely, during two Fenian incursions; on the occurrence of a riot among engineers at Belleville; and when employed to warn off a pair of professional pugilists who were anxious to fight on Canadian soil. The sentimental and æsthetic benefits mentioned above are duly appreciated, but might, perhaps, be more cheaply secured. Omitting these, the conclusion to which we may reasonably come is that it is as a peace-preserving force that the Canadian Militia, for many years past, has proved itself most valuable. The question then naturally arises—could not an efficient force which would perform most of the duties now discharged by peace-officers, and yet possessing a thorough military organiza-

tion and training, be established and maintained at a cost no greater than is involved in our present unsatisfactory expenditure for military purposes? A reply in the affirmative may be justified from considering that a smaller number of men would be required for the necessities of the country, and that those who should be in its pay might have their services utilized in discharging duties which are now performed by civil officers who receive a large amount of the public money. To speak briefly, the sort of a military force best adapted to the wants of the Dominion would be one which, though thoroughly trained, armed and equipped as soldiers are, would yet be ordinarily engaged in the discharge of police duties.

At present there are in Europe two organizations of this class which have proved themselves admirably adapted to the purposes for which they were intended. These are the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the *Guardia Civil* of Spain. In many particulars these two bodies resemble each other. Each is armed, clothed and drilled in military style; each has a mounted arm of the service; each demands a good education and a high character on the part of candidates for admission to the force; and each discharges the duties of peace-officers in the small towns and rural districts of their respective countries. But if Canada were seeking a model on which to establish a similar force for herself, it would appear that the Civil Guard of Spain would be the proper one to select. The chief reason for this preference is that this force is even more military in its character than the Irish one. The latter is certainly drilled in military fashion, but has no direct communication or relation with the army. The Spanish Guards, being chiefly recruited from the best class of men in the line, being subject to military law, having at their head a distinguished military man who has seen actual service, and being occasionally called upon to act in masses with the troops, possess more of the characteristics of soldiers. It must also be borne in mind that the Irish force is trained and fitted to act in a country whose condition, socially and politically, is a very exceptional one. It may be interesting briefly to examine some particulars connected with the organization and functions of the *Guardia Civil*, and in doing so the reader will perceive how closely the requirements of Spain resemble those of our own country, and how invaluable such a body of men would be in our own rural districts. The original members of the force having been military men, the sons of these, who have served faithfully, are educated at the expense of the State, and trained as cadets in a college connected with the force. These, when duly prepared, are admitted into the ranks. Well-educated volunteers from the army are, under certain conditions, received also. No person is eligible as a candidate for admission who has ever been tried for a criminal offence, or who has even been the defendant in a civil action. The original standard of height was 5 ft. 8 in., but it is now somewhat lower, and no one is accepted under the age of twenty-two or over that of forty-five. The men act in bodies as soldiers and in pairs as policemen. They also assume the duties of detectives, but are not allowed to resort to anything like mean *espionage*. The foot-guard carries a Remington rifle, and sometimes a revolver; the mounted guard, a carbine, sword and revolver. Both live in barracks, which are models of cleanliness and good order, and their wives, if they have any, are allowed to live with them. A *Cartilla*, or short code of instruction, is drawn up for the use and guidance of the corps. The first part relates to the general duties of its members, and commences with the important notification that 'Honour must be the chief object of the Civil Guard.' Then follow admonitions and

directions, as the case may demand, on the subjects of *prestige*, *morale*, personal cleanliness, good behaviour, rudeness of speech, respect for the uniform, faithfulness, calmness, dignity, gentleness, protection of the afflicted, rescue of those in danger of burning or drowning, acceptance of rewards, modes of salutation, avoidance of nicknames, respectful manners towards civil and military authorities, courtesy towards ladies, the watching of suspected characters, conduct towards wounded or otherwise injured persons, impropriety of listening to private conversations, with other particulars as to the guard's duty in relation to the civil authorities. The second part of his instructions refers to service on the highway. Thickets, taverns, etc., must be searched for suspected characters, if any are around. Patrol duty must be performed by pairs of guards, ten or twelve paces apart, the pairs not observing a particular hour for their patrol, and seldom returning by the same road. Gipsies must be watched. The owners of broken down conveyances, and other unfortunate travellers must be assisted and directed. The blind, dumb, lame and destitute requiring shelter must be cared for. Assistance and protection may be given to road-makers, and an escort provided for conveyances carrying valuables. A watch must be kept lest any one should injure any landmarks, roads or bridges. Boats may be impressed for public use. By the third part of the code the guard is taught how he is to act in case of fires, earthquakes and tempests. He is told his duty as regards protecting trees, crops and vineyards. The fourth section regulates his conduct in relation to passports. The fifth points out how he must act towards those who carry unlawful weapons. The sixth prescribes what is to be done for the preservation of game, and briefly summarizes the law concerning hunting and fishing. The seventh section treats of deserters from the army and from ships. The eighth relates to smuggling. The ninth enumerates games which are unlawful, and directs the guards to stop them at once. The tenth explains how he is to conduct himself in the escort of prisoners, whether on foot or in a conveyance; and informs him that if he allows any such to escape he shall himself be considered as the prisoner's substitute, *and must suffer his sentence.* As regards the control and organization of the force, it is in charge of the Minister of War. An army general must always be at its head. Fifteen mounted men, at least, and a company of foot-guards form a command (*commandancia*), under a commandant, and two to five commands under a higher officer form a sub-division, or battalion, which is called a *tercio.* The force is composed of approved soldiers of two years' service, discharged soldiers of good character, and cadets. It has given the greatest satisfaction to the country. Since its organization, cases of wounding and assassination are much less frequent, and brigandage has almost disappeared.

Any one who has taken the trouble to read the above sketch of the duties which the Spanish Civil Guard has to perform must be struck with the similarity of these to the service which would be demanded from a similar force in Canada. Who can deny that we want, scattered abroad through the country, *patterns of courtesy, honour, self-respect and correct morals?* Who that has ever witnessed a conflagration in a country district unprovided with the ordinary appliances for extinguishing fires, would not wish for the presence of an aiding and directing power on such occasions? Who that has lived in an unincorporated village and had his rest perpetually broken by a chorus of barking curs, the vocal melodies of the worshippers of Bacchus, the tin-pans, horns and horse-fiddles whose sounds give *éclat* to the nuptials of a neighbour; or who has from year to year been regularly deprived of his choicest tree-fruits and melons when

they were just fit to be placed on the table, would not recognise the benefits to be derived from the vigilance of a well-ordered force whose duty it would be to preserve the peace and vindicate the law? Due precautions and interference might save the life of many destitute, or perhaps dissipated, wanderers who perish on our roads in winter, and of numbers of thoughtless youths who break through the ice, or, in summer, are drowned while bathing. To say nothing of the well-being of the settlers in the townships, how much might the Government have saved in expenses for the administration of justice if a dozen members of a Guard similar in character to the Spanish one had been stationed in Biddulph during the last ten years! The services of such functionaries, too, could be made available in a number of ways. The sergeants might, in rural districts, be employed as assessors, *school and general census enumerators*, registrars of vital statistics, and collectors of municipal taxes. As country constables are, when wanted, usually engaged in their ordinary occupations, which sometimes take them a considerable distance from home, it would be a great convenience to magistrates and coroners if they could always calculate on the prompt assistance of intelligent members of a police force. These could also take the places, without extra expense, of the tipstaffs now employed in the county Assize Courts. It would be their business to take cognizance of broken bridges and culverts, and dangerous holes in the roads, and compel the pathmasters to attend to these, as well as to the extermination of thistles and other noxious weeds. They would prosecute in case of furious driving and other offences against the Road Acts. They would attend at country fairs to keep order and protect the property of exhibitors, and add to the comfort of the people in many other ways. In domiciling a body of such men it would be well to observe the system adopted in the case of the Irish Constabulary, whose barracks, in the form of neat cottages or snug houses, are scattered over the country at the most suitable points. In our case much stable accommodation might not be required, as the proportion of mounted men to foot-guards, in the old settled districts at least, would not be large. For stabling, portions of our numerous drill sheds might be made suitable.

A very important advantage connected with the organization and maintenance of a force of Dominion Civil Guards, similar in character to the Spanish corps, would be that if the Government wished a portion of our available militia to be thoroughly drilled, the existence of such a body of men would afford great facilities for the attainment of this object. A nucleus, and a very efficient one too, would already be formed for a larger military force if, unfortunately, we should have any need for such. To the Dominion Guards might be intrusted the militia rolls, and they could be empowered to compel a certain proportion of those liable to service to go through a course of drill at stated times. Volunteer companies, if it were thought proper that such should still be encouraged, might also avail themselves of their assistance. One-half of the Guards stationed throughout a large district, say a union of counties or an electoral division, might go into camp for a week or two in the beginning of June, and the other half towards the end of September; and the drilled members of the militia might, by acting with them, attain a knowledge of, at least, battalion movements. As regards the formation of the force the material for a beginning would have to be sought, in part, amongst discharged soldiers of good character and education, young enough to attend to their duties satisfactorily. As the terms of service in the British army are now much shorter than formerly, many eligible men could be obtained who would gladly accept of

such a position as we could offer them with a prospect of promotion. Well trained and otherwise suitable members of the active militia might also be admitted, and, afterwards, undrilled recruits. Perhaps even from the first some of the commissioned officers might be selected from the graduates of our Military School. The Spanish Civil Guards retain the military titles for their officers and men, and perhaps it might be well to follow their example. The relations of such a force to the active and sedentary militia, and the propriety of reducing the numbers of the former force receiving pay, on the establishment of a smaller but more efficient and trustworthy military body, would require to be very carefully considered.

The expense connected with establishing and maintaining a Dominion Civil Guard would form an objection sure to be raised. At present we pay between $600,000 and $700,000 annually for the support of our militia system. Out of the cities, does there exist a really efficient battalion? Even in the cities, has the volunteer system been a success? Have we not witnessed, albeit in distinguished city corps, private feuds, envy, suspicion, jealousy and disaffection—all of these being factors tending to inefficency? Under the volunteer system *the bond of duty is not sufficiently strong, nor is personal responsibility sufficiently realized.* An organization such as has been described could be depended upon, and would be a benefit to the country, even if it implied a reduced expenditure for militia purposes, in order to give it a fair chance of success. But as a large number of the services which the Guards would render *have already to be paid for* in addition to militia expenditure, and as their presence and vigilance would *repress crime and thus decrease the expense of prosecutions*, the cost of supporting such force might be actually much smaller than would at first sight be imagined. Many of the duties of these men would be of a municipal character, and, therefore, the counties might reasonably be expected to contribute something to the support of those who were stationed within their respective limits. The experiment of establishing such a force might at first be made on a small scale in some of the most populous or less peaceful localities, and its numbers could, if expedient, afterwards be augmented. When the Civil Guard was first established in Spain, 5,000 men were enrolled. It was found so well adapted to the necessities of the country that 20,000 now wear its honoured uniform. It is maintained on economical principles. The staff comprises four officers, whose united annual salaries amount to $4,920. The approximate pay of service-officers is—captains, $660; lieutenants, $485; ensigns, $420; sergeants, $195.60; corporals, $178.20. There are two grades of privates whose pay is, respectively, about $160.40 and $140 *per annum.* The Guards on joining have to purchase their uniforms, but are supplied with arms and appointments. The mounted men are provided also with horses, forage and saddlery, and their pay is five per cent. higher than that of the foot-guards. There exists a laudable *esprit de corps* amongst the men, and the service is regarded by all classes as a very respectable one. The officers insist on the observance of personal neatness, the code of instructions mentioning even the cleaning and paring of the nails! The men are not permitted to frequent taverns or make companions of low characters. They are allowed in bodies to take a part in the public receptions of foreign potentates and in other military spectacles and demonstrations. Nor are they more distinguished for their courtesy, suavity, forbearance and imposing appearance than for their resolution and daring. As regards their number, this is, in proportion to the population, rather in excess of what our necessities would demand. By the last census the popu-

lation of Spain amounted to 16,301,-851. According to this there would be one member of the Guard to about 815 of the people. As many parts of the Dominion are either not at all or very sparsely inhabited, and as a local police force already exists in the North-West, the proportion of one member of a similar Guard to 2,000 of the population might, for a time, serve our purpose. Such a force, strengthened by a reserve of 6,000 thoroughly drilled and equipped members of the active militia, would be quite competent to resist any horde of Fenian raiders that would venture across the border, or quell the most serious *émeute* likely to arise amongst our own people. We really need a rural police; for many necessary police duties are never performed. Both political parties, whilst deprecating a standing army, agree that we ought to have something in the shape of a military force. By establishing and maintaining such a Civil Guard as Spain possesses, we may have at once a superior peace-preserving organization and the easily-developed germ of an actual army.

ON THE LATE DISASTER IN LONDON, ONTARIO.

BY GARET NOEL, TORONTO.

WE will not rise and come away;
We will not cease our sorrowings;
Nor leave the hand of cold decay
To steal amongst our precious things.
How shall we drink this bitter cup,
And take life's daily burden up?

This way they past, their lips were pale,
Their sad eyes fixed in sudden dread,
They had such haste they might not veil
Their troubled sight before they fled,
Nor leave us greeting: let us wait,
We will be patient at Death's gate.

He hath them all, true hearts and sweet
That brought us comfort on life's way,
The clinging hands, the tiny feet,
We jealous guarded from the fray,
Lest earth should bring them sudden pain:
See how our labour was in vain.

Oh let us in, oh let us in,
We will come gently and be still,
We will not bring our outward din
Thy grey and ghastly courts to fill,
But only walk with quiet pace
Until we meet them face to face.

We would but *know* if they're at rest,
But hope they suffered not much pain,
But see the smile we loved the best
Dawn on their palid lips again :—
There were some words of idle fret
We fain would ask them to forget.

We have their old remember'd deeds,
Their tones, their laughter, tricks of speech;
They fell from thee as idle weeds,
When thou didst bear them out of reach;
And sitting in our mute despair,
We shape us ghosts of empty air.

We cannot turn and walk alone,
We cannot stand up in the light,
And meet new joys beneath the sun
While *they* are wrapt in endless night;
Life's glaring splendour lies around,
We would be quiet underground.

They would arise and grant us room,
And whisper low, true hearts and kind,
That would not leave us in the gloom,
Nor linger in the light behind;
And with their kisses on our lips
We too would sink into eclipse.

Is life at best so glad a thing
That we must needs be tutor'd so?
Doth not each day its sadness bring,
And link itself to further woe?
Did we forget and laugh too loud,
That so Death met us with his shroud?

Vain, vain, they will not hear us speak,
We shall not move them with our trust
They turn from us, and with cold cheek
Sink down and mix them with the dust.
Is there a hope, a joy behind?—
Oh, teach us, we are sorrow blind.

MOSES AND THE RED SEA.

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DID Moses cross the Red Sea? The question is not whether a great deliverance of the Israelites did or did not take place; nor is it asked whether the Bible is true or false; but the point is: Assuming the correctness of the Scriptural narrative of the Exodus, are we right in saying that Israel under Moses crossed the Red Sea?

In Exodus xiii. and xiv., and in Numbers xxxiii. 3–9, the Israelites are said to have started from Rameses, pitched in Succoth for the first halting place, in Etham for their second, thence, by Pi-hahiroth before Baal-zephon, 'between Migdol and the sea,' for their third station, thence through the wilderness of Etham to Marah and Elim. Is the sea here mentioned the one known as the 'Red Sea?' The answer to the question proposed depends upon our ability to fix the position of these places on the map of Egypt. Here, for the information of those who wish to know what literature to consult, in forming conclusions on the subject, it may be stated that we meet with a host of authorities, some on mere names of places, and some on the Exodus itself, amongst them being Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Josephus, Hengstenberg, Burckhardt, Niebuhr, Lepsius, Robinson, Stanley, Rowlands, Olin, McDonald, Wilson, Dr. Beke, R. Payne Smith, Unruh and Schleiden, the Septuagint, etc. To follow the details of the routes marked out by such of these writers as treat of the Exodus would be a toilsome and fruitless effort, especially when one of them, the Rev. Donald McDonald, a writer in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' says of the spot where the crossing took place: 'There are not, in fact, sufficient materials to settle it one way or the other.' —Imp. Bib. Dict. i. 70. Yet, to ascertain the fact of the crossing of the Red Sea, the starting point and the various stations must be fixed. Strange to say, by almost all the writers mentioned, the only point assumed as fixed is the one here questioned; and every locality is arranged to accord with that assumption. By tracing the places, we may find whether the assumption is warranted.

Where, then, was Rameses? Dr. George Smith, the author of a work entitled 'The Hebrew People,' says it is uncertain whether, by Rameses, we are to understand a district or a store-city so called. Dr. Lepsius, partly, at least, from the fact that at Aboo Kesheyd a statue was found bearing the name of Rameses, puts that city in the Wady Toumilât, a water-course or valley running from Pi-Beseth, or Bubastis, to Birket Timsah, or the Crocodile Lakes; and he identifies it with Heroopolis. Robinson puts it at the west end of Wady Toumilât. Others put it near On, or Heliopolis, or near old Cairo or Babylon. The location of it in that vicinity is made in order to comply with the narrative, which makes the interviews of Moses and Pharaoh take place near the residence of the Sovereign, this being assumed as Memphis. (Exod. xii. 42.) Memphis is chosen as the supposed residence of Pharaoh at the time of the Exodus for the following rea-

sons: Avaris, or Auaris, another supposed residence of Pharaoh, supposed to be on the Bubastic branch of the Nile, could not be Zoan on the Tanitic branch. Though it might be Silae or Salahiyeh, it was possibly Heroopolis or Pithom. This being supposed to be in Goshen, the Sovereign's presence there would remove him from the scene of the plagues; and it could not, therefore, be his home. Besides, an objection is made to Auaris as the royal residence at the time of the Exodus, from its being the summer residence, and because the time of the Exodus is supposed not to suit that, though, in fact, the Exodus took place on the 15th of Abib, or about the end of March or beginning of April, while the Egyptian harvest was in March, and the simoom blew in May. Of course, the location of Succoth must be decided by that of Rameses, and by the place of crossing, as well as by the time spent in passing from one place to the other. The actual point of crossing has been supposed by some to be Suez; by Dr. Beke, to be at the Gulf of Akabah, and by others at Râs Atâkah, a place forty-five miles farther down, or at a spot called in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' Clysma, and by Keith Johnston, Clymsa, in the vale of Bedea.

On the map of the route of Israel, accompanying the article 'Rameses,' in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii., 743, Rameses is placed on the east bank of the Nile, south of Babylon, and opposite Memphis. Succoth is situated to the east of On, or Heliopolis, near Birket el Hadj, 'the Pool of the Pilgrims,' the ancient *Scenæ Veteranorum*. Goshen lies along the eastern shore of the Bubastic or Pelusiac branch of the Nile, with Pithom, or Heroopolis, about midway from the extremities of this branch, Pi-Beseth being farther north. The field of Zoan lies between the Pelusiac and Tanitic branches of the Nile, with the city of Zoan-Tanis, the modern Sân, at the extreme north of the Tanitic branch, near Lake Menzaleh. Migdol lies south-west of Etham, and in a direct line north-east of the ridge called Jebel Atâkah, though, in the article 'Migdol,' the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' locates Migdol near Pelusium in the north, and says, 'there seems no reason to suppose the existence of more than one Egyptian town of the name of Migdol.' The same article also says: 'The materials for judging are so scanty that it is scarcely possible either to defend or oppose, with anything like convincing arguments, the opinion that another Migdol possibly existed.' Baal-Zephon is near Suez, and Pi-hahiroth is at the south-east of Atâkah. Opposite the latter place lies Râs Musa, or the headland of Moses, with the wilderness of Etham and Shur stretching away to the north. The passage across the sea is marked to Râs Musa.

To notice the arguments for and against the identification of each of these places would involve one in almost interminable discussion of details, where the balance of opinion is decided by probabilities which often seem to writers on this subject great or small, as they do or do not favour the craving or antipathy of the several writers for the prodigies of miracle. Suez is rejected because it is not wide enough to contain the army, nor deep enough to meet the supposed necessities of a miracle. On this subject, it is interesting to notice how differently the several writers accept this term 'miracle.' One brands others as Rationalists because they lean to hypotheses which do not involve a violation of the laws of nature. Another says: 'The essence of the miracle consists in the attestation of the Divine presence with his messenger by the time and circumstances of an act which may, nevertheless, be in itself an application of what we call the laws of nature to a particular case.' In the 'Bible Educator,' i. 156, the Rev. J. P. Norris, Canon of Bristol, says: 'The in-

spired narrative distinctly states that *natural* agency was employed to accomplish the divine purpose. And yet the result was no less distinctly miraculous; for these natural agents were placed at the command of Moses.' That is, one writer takes the miraculous to lie in the nature of the act, and another puts it in what may be called the accidents of the act.

The difficulties of the more southern locality seem to be great enough to warrant the belief in a miracle, and lend their countenance to traditional names in favour of that as the precise locality of the passage. But all is confessedly uncertain. Rameses is located to accord with the assumption that Memphis was the royal residence where Moses met Pharaoh. Memphis is so considered, partly because Auaris is supposed to be identical with a place inconveniently situated to meet the necessities of the case and the season, and partly on the authority of the Greek historians, while Zoan is rejected on want of evidence that, in Ps. lxxviii. 12, the town is alluded to at all. Succoth is located to suit Rameses, and so on, while everything is arranged on the ground that the one fixed point is the crossing of the Red Sea.

Certainty, or even strong probability, can be gained only by geographical exploration, aided by philology, and by a careful examination of the Hebrew and Septuagint Scriptures. Has any one investigated the localities where the events of the Exodus might be traced? Has he found on the scattered and broken monuments of Egypt any records which may bring order and certainty out of the confusion and guess-work? Unfortunately, the Egyptians seem to have had the habit of either not recording their national calamities, or mutilating and destroying the records of them, thus rendering almost futile all attempt to trace them.

Yet of many Egyptian explorers, one man, Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey, has spent twenty years in the examination of that old land; and the results of his work are given us in a book, issued by Lee & Shephard, of Boston, and entitled 'The True Story of the Exodus.' So important are the conclusions of this author, that the opinion of the learned in regard to them must be awaited with more than ordinary interest. Meanwhile, it may be well to see what Dr. Brugsch-Bey has to say on the matter.

First, it is important to notice that wherever the term 'Red Sea' occurs in the English version of the Old Testament, except in one passage, so far as I can ascertain, the Hebrew gives the words *Yam-Souph*, 'the Sea of Weeds' or 'reeds,' instead of 'Red Sea.' The exception is in Numb. xxi. 14, where the word *Yam* does not occur, and where the margin gives another reading from that in the text. In every one of the twenty-two passages consulted, except three, the Septuagint uses the terms equivalent to 'Red Sea,' to translate the Hebrew 'Sea of Weeds.' The exceptions are Numb. xxi. 14, where the word Zoob occurs; Jeremiah, in the English version, xlix. 21, in the LXX., xxix. 21, where the equivalent of 'Sea' without 'Red' is used; and in Judges xi. 16, where the equivalents of 'Sea of Siph' occur. Various reasons are assigned for naming this sea 'Red,' by the Greeks. It is said to be derived from a King Erythrus, or from the colour of the subjacent sandstone or coral. It is also said that the inhabitants of the eastern coast called it *Yam-Edom*, Edom meaning 'red;' and when the Greeks translated *Yam-Edom*, they used the equivalents of 'Red Sea,' so handing down the name to us through the Septuagint. The question to be solved is: When the writers of the Old Testament used the term *Yam-Souph*, did they mean the sea now called 'Red'? Whatever induced the writers of the Septuagint to translate the Hebrew by 'Red Sea,' we have been led to adopt their meaning rather than that of the Hebrew original, literally

rendered. The fact that no weeds are found at the spot where the passage of the Israelites is marked on the map in the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' has puzzled the defenders of that supposed place of crossing; and some writers imagine the branching forms of coral said to exist there to be the 'weeds' or 'reeds' referred to. That sedge, reeds or weeds abound in the Red Sea is as confidently asserted in general terms by some, Gesenius, for example, as it is denied, with reference to the locality of the supposed crossing of Moses, by others. If the sea is not called 'Sea of Weeds' from the existence of such weeds in it, but because of the branching coral which may resemble weeds, it is strange that the Rabbinical writers do not use the word *Souph* to represent coral, but rather the term *Almûg*. Had *Souph* ever signified coral, from its resemblance to weeds, no doubt the lexicographers would have found traces of its use with that signification. That they have not argues that, when the term was first used, it referred to some place where actual weeds and not coral were common. So far, therefore, as a return from translations, comments and traditions to the original Scriptures is concerned, we are not compelled by the word, as it stands, to accept what has been regarded as the one fixed fact in the discussion, provided that sufficient evidence is produced to convince us that, by *Yam-Souph*, some other place was really meant.

What, now, were Dr. Brugsch-Bey's facilities for tracing the residence, route, and halting-places of the fugitives? To what conclusions does he come? By what arguments does he support these conclusions? These points must occupy the remainder of this paper.

To say nothing of the value to Dr. Brugsch-Bey of the labours of his numerous predecessors in this field, it should be remembered that he was a companion of Mariette-Bey, and was in the employ of the Khedive Ismaël I., as explorer, commander of an expedition, and delegate to the International Congress of Orientalists, in 1874. What learning, energy, and fidelity this implies may be imagined. He spent twenty years in travel and research throughout Egypt, thereby almost restoring the lost records of the designations of towns in that country, his list of certified names amounting to over 3,600. He has, it is said, verified, in the main, the chronological tables of Manetho, a point of great importance in deciding the royal residence. Of his spirit, one may judge by his own language. He repudiates the charge of attacking 'the statements of Holy Scripture,' in the words 'from which may God preserve me,' and says: 'Far from lessening the authority and the weight of the Books on which our religion is founded, the results at which the author of this memoir has arrived—thanks to the authentic indications of the monuments—will serve, on the contrary, as testimonies to establish the supreme veracity of the Sacred Scriptures, and to prove the antiquity of their origin and of their sources.' So much for Dr. Brugsch-Bey's qualifications.

What, now, are his conclusions? Those which immediately concern us may be gathered from his map. The Pelusiac branch of the Nile has disappeared, being traced only by ruined cities once flourishing on its banks. The land of Goshen lies to the north-east of the Delta. Rameses lies to the north of this. Succoth lies to the east of Rameses, Etham to the south-east of Succoth, Migdol a little north of east from Etham, Pihahiroth north-east of Migdol, Baal-zephon farther east, the *Yam-Souph*, identified with Milton's 'Serbonian Bog,' ('Par. Lost,' ii. 592-594,) lying south of the road passing between Pihahiroth and Baal-zephon. The wilderness of Etham lies south of Pihahiroth, and Elim is south of Marah, at Heroopolis, east and north of Suez. Thus, according to Dr. Brugsch-Bey, the Red Sea is not

crossed at all; but all the localities are accounted for in a direction wholly different from that which is commonly supposed to have been taken. A conclusion which so completely contradicts the traditions of the past, even if we do remember that Josephus (Ant. ii. 16) speaks of Jews in his day who rejected the accuracy of the narrative of the crossing of the Red Sea, and partly on that very account, demands most careful investigation. What evidence, then, has Dr. Brugsch-Bey to offer for the identification of Goshen? In the Arabian nome, one of the forty-two divisions of Egypt so-called by the Greeks, is a town named by the Copts *Qous* (Coos), and by the Arabs *Fuqous*. This he identifies as the city of Phacoussa, or Phacoussan, which the Greeks (Pliny, v. 9) put as the chief city of the Arabian nome. The Egyptian monumental lists give this place the name Gosem, which suggests at once the 'Gesem of Arabia,' of the Septuagint, in Genesis xiv. 10, and other passages, used to translate the Hebrew *Erets Goshen*. The Article 'Goshen,' in the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' written by the editor, says: 'The district itself is nowhere circumstantially described, or even definitely indicated in Scripture;' and of two cities, Pithom and Rameses, by which its location might be tested, it says: 'the site of neither is certainly known.' Of Zoan, another city by which the location of Goshen may be fixed, the same article says: 'we want the materials for determining with any certainty the precise city in which either Joseph ruled with one Pharaoh, or Moses negotiated with another. On such a subject conjecture may be hazarded, and disputes renewed ever so frequently.'

The map of the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' makes Goshen extend along the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, from south of 30° to some distance south of the parallel of 31°, thus including the territory adjacent to Memphis. The question here arises: Has Dr. Brugsch-Bey found any clue to the cities before named, so that the limits of Goshen may be reasonably determined? On his map, Goshen does not reach farther south than 30°30′, and extends up to 31°. What says he of the cities named? Let us begin with Pithom. On the sandy banks of the Pelusiac, lay a district or nome, the eighth in the enumeration of such nomes, which is designated on the inscriptions 'the point of the east.' The name of the district was Suko or Sukot, and its chief town was called Pi-tom, 'the town of the sun-god Tom.' This is situated in the nome called Sethroites. The latter word is, according to Brugsch-Bey, the Greek rendering of the Egyptian word Set-ro-hatu, 'the region of the river-mouths.' The city Pitom, of the monumental lists, answers to the classical Heracleopolis Parva, and does not lie where the map of the 'Imp. Bib. Dict.' puts it, southwest of the Wady Toumilât. Semitic and classical names generally translate the Egyptian terms into their equivalents; and, as Herakles represented the Sun, Heracleopolis just translates Pi-thom, the city of the Sun.

On the Tanitic branch of the Nile, in a section of country inhabited by foreigners, a section denominated Ta Mazor, 'the fortified land,' the land of fortresses or 'khetams,' from which the Hebrew name for Egypt, Mazor or Misraim, is derived, lay a gorgeous city, the key of Egypt. Here Ramessu held his court and built his fortifications, and the city Zoan was known henceforth as Pi-Ramessu, 'the city of Ramses.' On the plains before the city, armies practised their military manœuvres. At its harbours landed the ships and their crews. Riches and delights were found in it. From it went forth military expeditions. Here King Ramessu-Miamun was worshipped as a god, the god of war. From this city, Zoan-Tanis, or Pi-Ramses, a road led to Pithom, a distance of twenty-two Roman miles. A vast sandy plain, now called San, and covered with ruins of columns,

sphinxes, stelæ and stones of buildings, still show its site; and the inscriptions give it the name of Sokhot Zoan, 'the plain of Zoan,' the very name spoken of in Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43, as the site of the miracles of Moses and of God. Near here, at Zor, dwelt the warrior priests, called, in the Egyptian language, Khar-toh, evidently the original of the Hebrew Khartumim, the name of the magicians who encountered Moses only to find their highest skill defeated. Here the papyri locate the mighty works in stone and brick, to complete which the workmen were overburdened. From this city ran a military road, along which an expedition under Thutmes III., 1600 B.C., set out for an attack on Canaan. Hither Rameses II. repaired, after a victory over the Khetians. Here 'the Ramessids loved to reside, in order to receive foreign embassies, and to give orders to the functionaries of their court.' Everything answers to the demands of the scriptural narrative, which speaks of the departure from Rameses. Here, then, and not near Memphis, does Dr. Brugsch-Bey believe we must locate the starting point of the Exodus. A question arises now: Are there any traces of the residence of a foreign or Semitic population in this neighbourhood? Have the names of places or offices in Hebrew any trace of an Egyptian origin? Have the Egyptian names any traces of a Semitic or Hebrew origin? These would be results likely to arise from a long residence in any neighbourhood of a foreign population. If the time should ever come when English-speaking people should be driven from the Province of Quebec, and antiquarians should turn up the signs of merchants and the remnants of literature, in this use of words he would find not a few evidences of English influence on the French, even though all direct evidence of their former presence should disappear. 'Shope de Seconde Main,' 'Stim-bote,' &c., would reveal that the English had been here. Are there any such traces in Egypt? The word Khartumim has already been noticed, as has, also, Mizraim from Mazor. The marshes, rich in water-plants, now known as Birket Menzaleh, were formerly known by a name common to all such waters in that neighbourhood, Sufi, or with the Egyptian article prefixed, Pa-Sufi. In the similarity of both sound and sense to the Hebrew Souf, can we fail to trace the residence of a Semitic race? In the name of the district of Pithom, Sukot, who fails to recognise the Hebrew and scriptural plural Succoth from Sucah, a booth or tent, especially when the place so called in Egyptian was a place of meadows where wandering tribes pitched their temporary residences? In the Sethroitic nome, another place bears the name of Maktol or Magdol. When the Egyptians wrote this word, they put before it the sign of a wall. This was needed, in order to explain its meaning, it being a foreign word, a Hebrew, Semitic term for 'town' or 'fortress,' Migdol. The northern fortress was also called by the natives Samut; and its site is marked by 'the heaps of rubbish at Tell-es-Samut on the eastern side of Lake Menzaleh.' To the north-east was another place of defence, called by the Egyptians Anbu, 'the wall.' The Greeks named it, after their fashion of translating the native terms, 'to Gerrhon,' or in the plural, 'ta Gerrha,' meaning 'fences' or 'enclosures.' To this same place the Hebrews gave the name 'Shur,' also meaning 'a wall.' The adjacent desert is called, in Ex. xv. 22, 'the wilderness of Shur,' and in Numb. xxxiii. 8, 'the wilderness of Etham.' This word 'Etham,' the Hebrew rendering of the Egyptian Khetam, another word for 'fortress,' represents several places in Egypt. One such place lay at the mouth of the Pelusiac; another is often accompanied, in the Egyptian texts, by the remark, 'which is situate in the Province of Zor,' or Tanis-Ramses. On the monument of

Sethos I., at Karnak, is a drawing of this latter Etham. It is on both banks of the Pelusiac. Behind these double fortresses lies a town called, in Egyptian, Tabenet. They were connected by a bridge called, in the Arabic, Qanthareh or Kantara. Herodotus (ii. 30) (*ἐν Δαφνῃσι τῇσι Πελουσίῃσι.*) calls by the plural name Daphnae two such fortresses on opposite banks of the Pelusiac. To-day, the ruins of two such places in the very position described are found, and the name given to them is Tell-Defenneh, or the hillock of Defenneh. Near by is a place called Guisr-el-Qanthareh, 'the dike of the bridge.' The interest of all this lies not so much in the discovery of Semitic influence on the names of this locality as in the identification of a place leading out of Egypt to more eastern lands. In the similarity of the places described by names so much alike as Tabenet, Daphnae and Defenneh, and in the coincidence of the occurrence of a word Qanthareh in the very neighbourhood where the object signified by that word, a bridge, once stood, seems to settle the locality of the Etham of the Bible narrative. Much more might be said to prove the former presence of a powerful Semitic influence on this particular part of Egypt. Enough has been said, however, to show that, so far as Dr. Brugsch-Bey's investigations are trustworthy, the evidence is in favour of this northern locality as the home of the Hebrews, and not a part more to the south.

But, are there evidences of a road running between the places Ramses, Succoth, Etham, and Migdol, the location of which Dr. Brugsch-Bey claims to have determined? Read the following letter, from a papyrus in the British Museum, written more than 3,000 years ago, by an Egyptian who pursued from Ramses two fugitive domestics:—

'Thus I set out from the hall of the royal palace on the 9th day of the 3rd month of summer, towards evening, in pursuit of the two domestics. Then I arrived at the barrier of Sukot on the 10th day of the same month. I was informed that they had decided to go by the southern route. On the 12th day I arrived at Khetam. There I received news that the grooms who came from the country [the lagoons of Suf said] that the fugitives had got beyond the region of the Wall to the north of the Migdol of King Seti Meneptah.'

Here, then, was a road from the place whence Moses started, to places of the same name as those at which he halted, at exactly the same distances as those of the Bible narrative, and travelled for the same purpose as that which animated the hosts of Egypt in the days of Israel.

Tradition, assuming the crossing of the Red Sea as its one settled fact, finds itself hopelessly baffled in determining the halting-places of Moses, as well as his starting-point. So far, Dr. Brugsch-Bey has, by his geographical and philological investigations, rendered his view of the route in the highest degree probable.

But, other names must be traced. After leaving Migdol, the Israelites passed on from 'before Pi-hahiroth' to Baal zephon, whence, after the disaster to their foes, they turned to the wilderness of Shur, to Marah, and to Elim.

Have these places been identified? Khirot means gulfs of weeds and water-plants. Pi-hahiroth means the entrance to such gulfs. To trace this place, we must remember that formerly a narrow slip of land ran from Anbu, or Gerrhon, or Shur, as it was variously called, along the borders of the Mediterranean and the gulfs of weeds known to the Egyptians as the Khirot, to the Greeks as the Serbonian lake, and in the Hebrew as the Sea of Souph, or weeds. Baal-zephon, a Semitic rendering of the Egyptian name Amon, the bird-catching god of the lagoons, the 'Lord of the North,' to whom the Egyptian inscriptions give

the title 'Lord of the Khirot,' or gulfs of papyrus plants, is found in a papyrus in the British Museum as Baalizapouna. The Greeks called this god Zeus Kasios, from the name Hazi, or Hazion, 'the land of the asylum.' Baal-zephon, then, seems to have been a sanctuary, or asylum, erected at the end of that dangerous, narrow path which, amidst the sand-hills, skirted the muddy and often sand-covered lagoons, in whose 'wonderful depth,' (Diodor. Sic. i. 30) whole armies had, on several occasions, been swallowed up, while Pi-hahiroth was the entrance to that dangerous path. Here, then, by the 'sea,' while the Israelites appeared to be hemmed in by the Mediterranean, the lagoons, or Sea of Souph, and the wilderness, the wind drove back the waves till, in the morning's calm, the waters returned and covered the hosts struggling amid the treacherous mud of the 'Serbonian bog.'

Once arrived at the asylum of Baalizapouna, or Baal zephon, the Hebrews had a choice of two roads, one leading straight on to the country of the Philistines, where war would surely await them, and another southward into and through the wilderness of Shur and Etham, to the bitter lakes of Marah and the halting place of Elim, with its palm-trees. This corresponds exactly to the demands of the Bible account of the deflection from the ordinary route, and of the reasons for making it.

After having traced the route as marked by Dr. Brugsch-Bey, and noticed the strange uncertainty of every locality referred to by previous writers, except, perhaps, Unruh and Schleiden, to whose general accuracy Brugsch-Bey bears willing testimony, it seems as if only two great questions need a positive answer; for, assuming them to have been answered, every other condition of the Scriptural story seems to be met. These questions are: Does chronology point to the time of Moses as the time when Zoan-Rameses was the royal residence, and did the Hebrew writers of the Scriptures, by the term *Yam-Souph*, mean the body of water we call the Red Sea?

No record on stone or papyrus gives the slightest definite allusion to the Israelites; and, so far as known, only one reference to Moses is found. On a record of the time of Ramses II., a place is mentioned as lying in central Egypt, with the name T-en-Moshé, 'the island,' or 'river-bank of Moses.' It lay on the eastern side of the river, and the name conveyed to the Romans the impression that it alluded to the Muses. It was not far from Tell-el-Amarna, the modern name for Khuaten, the capital of the monotheistic, and therefore, at that time, heretic, king Khunaten. Yet all the evidence points to the time of Ramses II., as that of the oppression. Then, a domestic ferment, foreigners, and evil-disposed subjects are dimly referred to in the records. The Hebrews, in Ex. i. 11, are said to have built for Pharoah 'Pithom and Raamses.' Of Ramses II., Dr. Brugsch-Bey says: 'that the Pharoah we have named was the founder of the City of Ramses is so strongly demonstrated by the evidence of the Egyptian records, both on stone and papyrus, that only want of intelligence and mental blindness can deny it.' But, speaking of Abydus and Heliopolis, he also says: 'Yet neither these nor other cities formed his permanent abode. On the eastern frontier of Egypt, in the lowlands of the Delta, in Zoān-Tanis, was the proper royal residence of the Pharoah.' 'Ramessu transferred his court to Zoān.' ('True Story of the Exodus,' p. 175.) 'Zoān —— became henceforward the especial capital of the empire.' Zoān, then, in the time of Moses, under Mineptah I. about B. C. 1350, a date nearer our own times by nearly a century and a half than the date of our common chronology, was not a mere summer resort of a king whose capital was at Memphis, but was the capital itself. Hence the starting-point of the Exodus fixed.

The question whether the Scripture writers used the word *Yam-Souph* of what we know as the Red Sea is not answered by the use of the term after the publication of the Septuagint, which perpetuated to Jew and Gentile a rendering based, as is probable, on a misconception of the reference in the word *souph*. But the usage of the term in the Bible itself must decide how the writers of the Bible employed it. In Ex. x. 19 a west wind is said to have taken the locusts and cast them into the Red Sea. Now, from the quarter in which the royal residence was situated, to what we know as the Red Sea, a west wind could not convey the locusts, but would take them by an almost direct line to the 'Serbonian bog,' on the borders of the Mediterranean. To carry the locusts to the Red Sea, a wind would need to blow from a quarter north of north-west. The allusion to the avoidance of the way of the Philistines in chap. xiii. 18, answers exactly to the route described by Dr. Brugsch-Bey. The account in chap. xv. 4, 5, describes the sinking in a morass better than a walking on a solid sea-bottom. 'The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone'—Ex. xv. 5. The conditions of ver. 22, are accurately met by the route of Dr. Brugsch-Bey, better then by the popularly supposed route. The same may be said of chap. xxiii. 31. The allusion in Numb. xiv. 25, does not demand the interpretation usually given to *Yam-Souph*. The reference in Numb. xxi. 14, is not certainly to the sea, as *Yam* does not occur; and if the reference were certain, it would not necessarily imply the 'Red Sea' as we understand it. The same remarks apply to the following passages—Deut. i. 40; xi. 4; Josh. ii. 10; iv. 23; xxiv. 6; Judg. xi. 16; Nehem. ix. 9; Ps. cvi. 7, 9, 22; cxxxvi. 13, 15; Jerem. xlix. 21. Indeed, on the latter passage, the marginal note in our reference Bibles is 'Weedy Sea.' No reason exists why a similar marginal note should not be placed opposite every such passage. By Numb. xxxiii. 10, 11, as compared with Ex. xvi. 1, where the wilderness of Sin is put between Elim and Sinai, it would at first seem strange if the Israelites retraced their steps from Elim to the neighbourhood of the Serbonian Lake, only to return immediately to the country between Elim and Sinai, even if Elim is put at the more northerly point accepted by Dr. Brugsch-Bey. Hence, the encampment 'by the Red Sea,' is usually put at Taiyibeh, though, like all other locations of places on the old hypothesis, without any foundation of certainty. The narrative in Numb. xxxiii., seems to put no encampments between Elim and the Red Sea, and none between the Red Sea and the wilderness of Sin. This, even on Dr. Brugsch-Bey's hypothesis, would involve a journey over the breadth of a degree of latitude between each two encampments for the first day's travel after leaving Elim, and much more for the second. Of course, what is here said, demands our recollection of the fact that Marah and Elim, as located by Dr. Brugsch-Bey, differ from the Marah and Elim of other writers. On the map of Israel's wanderings in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii. p. 1088, Marah is put, on the authority of Burckhardt, at Ain Hawârah, though this is opposed by Tischendorf and Lepsius, and though even Stanley says that 'neither the Tawarah Arabs, nor the inhabitants of Suez, nor the monks of the convent, so far as we could learn, had ever heard of it.' Even the supposition of the permanence of miraculous effects on the water, to account for its present lack of bitterness, has been resorted to, to give this place a claim to be recognised as the scriptural Marah. Of Elim, the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary' says: 'Authorities still differ as to the precise spot where this delightful encampment is to be sought.' Dr. Brugsch-Bey identifies Marah with the bitter lakes north of

Suez, and Elim with the Egyptian Aa-lim or Tent lim, 'fish-town,' not far south of these lakes.

The account in Ex. xvi. 1, however, puts the arrival of the Israelites at the wilderness of Sin 'on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt,' thus rendering it certain that many days were spent in wandering in the wilderness between the points mentioned. What seems then, at first sight, from the account in Numbers, to be a weak spot in Dr. Brugsch-Bey's view proves, on examination of Exodus xv. and xvi., to be a very strong point in his favour.

Thus, from an examination of every passage noticed in the Old Testament, no use of the word, and no geographical allusions demand that *Yam-Souph* should be rendered 'Red Sea,' as the Septuagint translators have done, and as tradition from the time of the Septuagint has led the Christian world to do, while several passages allude to circumstances which could arise in the Serbonian bog rather than in what we call the Red Sea. Before concluding, it may not be out of place here to notice that the expressions 'passed through the midst of the sea,' and 'to the midst of the sea,' in Numb. xxxiii. 8, and Gen. xiv. 22, 23, 27, favour Dr. Brugsch-Bey quite as much as they do the popular view. The common use of the Hebrew words 'in the midst,' is met by the exit of the Israelites along the passage which, at Mount Casius, divides the Serbonian Lake or sea into two parts, and leads southward to the wilderness, thereby avoiding the 'way of the Philistines,' quite as fully as it is met by the common supposition. The popular impression too, that the east wind produced such an elevation of the waters that they formed a double line of wall on the right and left of the people, becomes modified upon examination. That the notion of a wall was taken metaphorically as a defence from attacks or inroads, rather than literally, has already been seen from what was said about Migdol and Shur. On comparing the Septuagint with the Hebrew, we find that the Greek translation favours the view of a double wall, literally taken, by repeating the word for wall, while the Hebrew uses it but once, as if by this single use of it, and in the singular number, too, to indicate a metaphorical rather than a literal signification. It seems, then, to favor the idea that the sea became a defence on both sides of the Israelites, to prevent any flank movement against them by the pursuing army. A reference to the map of Dr. Brugsch-Bey, will show how accurately this view is carried out by his theory. That this is the correct view of the wall made by the sea, appears from the note of the 'Speaker's Commentary' on Ex. xiv. 22, where this very explanation is given.*

If Dr. Brugsch-Bey has not made out his case, it will be interesting to discover what the learned have to present against his arguments.

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* In reference to the popular impression of mountains hemming the Hebrews in, the Bible does not say 'mountains,' but 'wilderness'—Ex. xiv. 3. The impression has been created by Josephus, who speaks of a ridge of mountains or precipices obstructing their way. The very confident statement of the Rev. Mr. Rowlands, in the 'Imperial Bible Dictionary,' ii. 628, that the term 'wilderness,' 'always denotes' a 'wild mountainous region,' is not borne out by facts. The word 'Hammidbar,' wilderness, comes from Dabar, to lead, and means, first, pastures, and then waste places, or deserts, and has no relation to the Hebrew 'Har,' mountain, which comes from 'Harar,' to swell. It does not, therefore, necessarily imply a mountainous region; and is rather helpful to Dr. Brugsch-Bey's view, than otherwise.

MANHOOD—A PORTRAIT.

BY G., CHATHAM.

A STALWART form, a manly port,
A fearless brow, an eye of truth,
A step as free as that of youth,
A presence fit for camp or court:

A knee a child would love to climb,
A face a woman needs must trust,
Quite free from guile and clean from lust,
Nor marred, though nobly marked by time:

An arm on which may safely lean,
The aged man, the timid maid,
And yet which well may make afraid
The rude, the cowardly, the mean:

A kindly speech, a cordial voice;
A smile so quick, so warm, so bright,
It speaks a nature full of light;
A laugh as merry as a boy's:

A generous though a prudent hand,
Which never yet hath sent the poor
Uncheered, unaided, from his door,
Fit to caress as to command:

A mind of broad and rigorous scope,
A penetration quick and keen,
An insight into things unseen,
A liberal dower of Faith and Hope:

A restless, strong, impetuous will,
Eager to do and dare the worst,
Emulous ever to be first,
Attaining, yet aspiring still:

A spirit, pure and fine and true
As ever dwelt in human form,
A love, as deep, as fond, as warm,
As ever loving woman knew.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Author of 'Venetian Life,' 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' etc.

I.

EVERY loyal American, who went abroad during the first years of our great war, felt bound to make himself some excuse for turning his back on his country in the hour of her trouble. But when Owen Elmore sailed, no one else seemed to think that he needed excuse. All his friends said it was the best thing for him to do; that he could have leisure and quiet over there, and would be able to go on with his work.

At the risk of giving a farcical effect to my narrative, I am obliged to confess that the work of which Elmore's friends spoke was a projected history of Venice. So many literary Americans have projected such a work that it may now fairly be regarded as a national enterprise. Elmore was too obscure to have been announced, in the usual way, by the newspapers, as having this design; but it was well known in his town that he was collecting materials when his professorship in the small inland college with which he was connected lapsed through the enlistment of nearly all the students. The president became colonel of the college regiment; and in parting with Elmore, while their boys waited on the campus without, he had said: 'Now, Elmore, you must go on with your history of Venice. Go to Venice and collect your materials on the spot. We're coming through this all right. Mr. Seward puts it at sixty days, but I'll give them six months to lay down their arms, and we shall want you back at the end of the year. Don't you have any compunctions about going. I know how you feel; but it is perfectly right for you to keep out of it. Good-bye.' They wrung each other's hands for the last time—the president fell at Fort Donelson; but now Elmore followed him to the door, and when he appeared there one of the boyish captains shouted, 'Three cheers for Professor Elmore!' and the president called for the tiger, and led it, whirling his cap round his head.

Elmore went back to his study, sick at heart. It grieved him that even these had not thought that he should go to the war, and that his inward struggle on that point had been idle so far as others were concerned. He had been quite earnest in the matter; he had once almost volunteered as a private soldier: he had consulted his doctor, who sternly discouraged him. He would have been truly glad of any accident that forced him into the ranks; but, as he used afterward to say, it was not his idea of soldiership to enlist for the hospital. At the distance of five hundred miles from the scene of hostilities, it was absurd to enter the Home Guard; and, after all, there were, even at first, some selfish people who went into the army, and some unselfish people who kept out of it. Elmore's bronchitis was a disorder which active service would

undoubtedly have aggravated; as it was, he made a last effort to be of use to our Government as a bearer of despatches. Failing such an appointment, he submitted to expatriation as he best could; and in Italy he fought for our cause against the English, whom he found everywhere all but in arms against us.

He sailed, in fine, with a very fair conscience.

'I should be perfectly at ease,' he said to his wife, as the steamer dropped smoothly down to Sandy Hook, 'if I were sure that I was not glad to be getting away.'

'You are *not* glad,' she answered.

'I don't know, I don't know,' he said, with the weak persistence of a man willing that his wife should persuade him against his convictions; 'I wish that I felt certain of it.'

'You are too sick to go to the war; nobody expected you to go.'

'I know that, and I can't say that I like it. As for being too sick, perhaps it's the part of a man to go if he dies on the way to the field. It would encourage the others,' he added, smiling faintly.

She ignored the tint from Voltaire in replying:

'Nonsense! It would do no good at all; at any rate, it's too late now.'

'Yes, it's too late now.'

The sea-sickness which shortly followed formed a diversion from his accusing thoughts. Each day of the voyage removed them further, and with the preoccupations of his first days in Europe, his travel to Italy, and his preparations for a long sojourn in Venice, they had softened to a pensive sense of self-sacrifice, which took a warmer or a cooler tinge according as the news from home was good or bad.

II.

He lost no time in going to work in the Marcian Library, and he early applied to the Austrian authorities for leave to have transcripts made in the archives. The permission was negotiated by the American consul (then a young painter of the name of Ferris), who reported a mechanical facility on the part of the authorities—as if, he said, they were used to obliging American historians of Venice. The foreign tyranny which cast a pathetic glamour over the romantic city had certainly not appeared to grudge such publicity as Elmore wished to give her heroic memories, though it was then at its most repressive period, and formed a check upon the whole life of the place. The tears were hardly yet dry in the despairing eyes that had seen the French fleet sail away from the Lido after Solferino, without firing a shot in behalf of Venice; but Lombardy, the Duchies, the Sicilies, had all passed to Sardinia, and the Pope alone represented the old order of native despotism in Italy. At Venice the Germans seemed tranquilly awaiting the change which should destroy their system with the rest; and in the meantime there had occurred one of those impressive pauses, as notable in the lives of nations as of men, when, after the occurrence of great events, the forces of action and endurance seem to be gathering themselves against the stress of the future. The quiet was almost consciously a truce, and not a peace; and this local calm had drawn into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally heightened the charm of the place. It was a refuge for many exiled potentates and pretenders; the gondolier pointed out on the Grand Canal the palaces of the Count of Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, and the Infante of Spain; and one met these fallen princes in the squares and streets bowing with distinct courtesy to any that chose to salute them. Every evening the Piazza San Marco was filled with the white coats of the Austrian officers, promenading to the exquisite military music which has ceased there for ever; the patrol clanked through the footways at all hours of the night,

and the lagoon heard the cry of the sentinel from fort to fort, and from gun-boat to gun-boat. Through all this, the demonstration of the patriots went on, silent, ceaseless, implacable, anulling every alien effort at gayety, depopulating the theatres, and desolating the ancient holidays.

There was something very fine in this as a spectacle, Elmore said to his young wife; and he had to admire the austere self-denial of a people who would not suffer their tyrants to see them happy; but they secretly owned to each other that it was fatiguing. Soon after coming to Venice, they had made some acquaintance among the Italians through Mr. Ferris, and had early learned that the condition of knowing Venetians was not to know Austrians. It was easy and natural for them to submit, theoretically. As Americans, they must respond to any impulse for freedom, and certainly they could have no sympathy with such a system as that of Austria. By whatever was sacred in our own war upon slavery, they were bound to abhor oppression in every form. But it was hard to make the application of their hatred to the amiable-looking people whom they saw everywhere around them in the quality of tyrants, especially when their Venetian friends confessed that personally they liked the Austrians. Besides, if the whole truth must be told, the Elmores found that their friendship with the Italians was not always of the most penetrating sort, though it had a superficial intensity that for a while gave the effect of lasting cordiality. The Elmores were not quite able to decide whether the pause of feeling at which they arrived was through their own defect or not. Much was to be laid to the difference of race, religion and education; but something, they feared, to the personal vapidity of acquaintances whose meridional liveliness made them yawn, and in whose society they did not always find compensation for the sacrifices they made for it.

'But it is right,' said Elmore. 'It would be a sort of treason to associate with the Austrians. We owe it to the Venetians to let them see that our feelings are with them.'

'Yes,' said his wife, pensively.

'And it is better for us, as Americans abroad, during this war, to be retired.'

'Well, we are retired,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'Yes, there is no doubt of that,' he returned.

They laughed, and made what they could out of chance American acquaintances at the *cafés*. Elmore had his history to occupy him, and doubtless he could not understand how heavy the time hung upon his wife's hands. They went often to the theatre, and every evening they went to the Piazza, and ate an ice at Florian's. This was certainly amusement; and routine was so pleasant to his scholarly temperament that he enjoyed merely that. He made a point of admitting his wife as much as possible into his intellectual life; he read her his notes as fast as he made them, and he consulted her upon the management of his theme, which, as his research extended he found so vast that he was forced to decide upon a much lighter treatment than he had at first intended. He had resolved upon a history which should be presented in a series of biographical studies, and he was so much interested in this conclusion, and so charmed with the advantages of the form as they developed themselves, that he began to lose the sense of social dulness, and ceased to imagine it in his wife.

A sort of indolence of the sensibilities, in fact, enabled him to endure *ennui* that made her frantic, and he was often deeply bored without knowing it at the time, or without a reasoned suffering. He suffered as a child suffers, simply, almost ignorantly: it was upon reflection that his nerves began to quiver with retroactive anguish. He was also able to

idealize the situation when his wife no longer even wished to do so. His fancy cast a poetry about these Venetian friends, whose conversation displayed the occasional sparkle of Ollendorff-English on a dark ground of lagoon-Italian, and whose vivid smiling and gesticulation she wearied herself in hospitable efforts to outdo. To his eyes their historic past clothed them with its interest, and the long patience of their hope and hatred under foreign rule ennobled them, while to hers they were too often only tiresome visitors, whose powers of silence and of eloquence were alike to be dreaded. It did not console her as it did her husband to reflect that they probably bored the Italians as much in their turn. When a young man, very sympathetic for literature and the Americans, spent an evening, as it seemed to her, in crying nothing but '*Per Bacco!*' she owned that she liked better his oppressor, who once came by chance in the figure of a young lieutenant, and who unbuckled his wife, as he called his sword, and, putting her in a corner, sat up on a chair in the middle of the room and sang like a bird, and then told ghost-stories. The songs were out of Heine and they reminded her of her girlish enthusiasm for German. Elmore was troubled at the lieutenant's visit, and feared it would cost them all their Italian friends; but she said boldly that she did not care, and she never even tried to believe that the life they saw in Venice was comparable to that of their little college town at home, with its teas and picnics, and simple, easy, social gaieties. There she had been a power in her way, she had entertained, and had helped to make some matches: but the Venetians ate nothing, and as for young people, they never saw each other but by stealth, and their matches were made by their parents on a money basis. She could not adapt herself to this foreign life; it puzzled her, and her husband's conformity seemed to estrange them, as far as it went. It took away her spirit, and she grew listless and dull. Even the history began to lose its interest in her eyes: she doubted if the annals of such a people as she saw about her could ever be popular.

There were other things to make them melancholy in their exile. The war at home was going badly, where it was going at all. The letters now never spoke of any term to it; they expressed rather the dogged patience of the time when it seemed as if there could be no end, and indicated that the country had settled into shape about it, and was pushing forward its other affairs as if the war did not exist. Mrs. Elmore felt that the America which she had left had ceased to be. The letters were almost less a pleasure than a pain, but she always tore them open and read them with eager unhappiness. There were miserable intervals of days and even weeks when no letters came, and when the Reuter telegrams in the *Gazette* of Venice dribbled their vitriolic news of Northern disaster through a few words or lines, and *Galignani's* long columns were filled with the hostile exultation and prophecy of the London press.

III.

They had passed eighteen months of this sort of life in Venice when one day a letter dropped into it which sent a thousand ripples over its stagnant surface. Mrs. Elmore read it first to herself, with gasps and cries of pleasure and astonishment, which did not divert her husband from the perusal of some notes he had made the day before, and had brought to the breakfast-table with the intention of amusing her. When she flattened it out over his notes, and exacted his attention, he turned an unwilling and lack-lustre eye upon it; then he looked up at her.

'Did you expect she would come?' he asked, in ill-masked dismay.

'I don't suppose they had any idea

of it at first. When Sue wrote me that Lily had been studying too hard, and had to be taken out of school, I said that I wished she could come over and pay us a visit. But I don't believe they dreamed of letting her—Sue says so—till the Mortons' coming seemed too good a chance to be lost. I am so glad of it, Owen! You know how much they have always done me: and here is a chance now to pay a little of it back.'

'What in the world shall we do with her?' he asked.

'Do? Everything! Why, Owen,' she urged, with pathetic recognition of his coldness, 'she is Susy Stevens's own sister!'

'Oh, yes—yes,' he admitted.

'And it was Susy who brought us together!'

'Why, of course.'

'And oughtn't you to be glad of the opportunity?'

'I *am* glad—*very* glad.'

'It will be a relief to you instead of a care. She's such a bright, intelligent girl, that we can both sympathize with your work, and you won't have to go round with me all the time, and I can matronize her myself.

'I see, I see,' Elmore replied, with scarcely abated seriousness. 'Perhaps, if she is coming here for her health, she won't need much matronizing.'

'Oh, pshaw! she'll be well enough for *that*. She's overdone a little at school. I shall take good care of her I can tell you; and I shall make her have a real good time. It's quite flattering of Susy to trust her to us, so far away, and I shall write and tell her we both think so.'

'Yes,' said Elmore, 'it's a fearful responsibility.'

There are instances of the persistence of husbands in certain moods or points of view on which even wheedling has no effect. The wise woman perceives that in these cases she must trust entirely to the softening influences of time, and as much as possible she changes the subject; or, if this is impossible, she may hope something from presenting a still worse aspect of the affair. Mrs. Elmore said, in lifting the letter from the table:

'If she sailed on the 3rd, in the *City of Timbuctoo*, she will be at Queenstown on the 12th or 13th, and we shall have a letter from her by Wednesday, saying when she will be at Genoa. That's as far as the Mortons can bring her, and there's where we must meet her.'

'Meet her in Genoa! How?'

'By going there for her,' replied Mrs. Elmore, as if this were the simplest thing in the world. 'I have never seen Genoa.'

Elmore now tacitly abandoned himself to his fate. His wife continued:

'I needn't take anything. Merely run on, and right back.'

'When must we go?' he asked.

'I don't know yet; but we shall have a letter to-morrow. Don't worry on my account, Owen. Her coming won't be a bit of care to me. It will give me something to do and to think about, and it will be a pleasure all the time to know that it's for Susy Stevens. And I shall like the companionship.'

Elmore looked at his wife in surprise, for it had not occurred to him before that with his company she could desire any other companionship. He desired none but hers; and when he was about his work he often thought of her. He supposed that at these moments she thought of him, and found society, as he did, in such thoughts. But he was not a jealous or exacting man, and he said nothing. His treatment of the approaching visit from Susy Stevens's sister had not been enthusiastic, but a spark had kindled his imagination, and it burned warmer and brighter as the days went by. He found a charm in the thought of having this fresh young life here in his charge, and of teaching the girl to live into the great and beautiful history of the city: there was still much of

the schoolmaster in him, and he intended to make her sojourn an education to her; and, as a literary man, he hoped for novel effects from her mind upon material which he was, above all, trying to set in a new light before himself.

When the time had arrived for them to go and meet Miss Mayhew at Genoa, he was more than reconciled to the necessity. But, at the last moment, Mrs. Elmore had one of her old attacks. What these attacks were I find myself unable to specify, but as every lady has an old attack of some kind, I may safely leave their precise nature to conjecture. It is enough that they were of a nervous character, that they were accompanied with headache, and that they prostrated her for several days. During their continuance she required the active sympathy and constant presence of her husband, whose devotion was then exemplary, and brought up long arrears of indebtedness in that way.

'Well, what shall we do?' he asked, as he sank into a chair beside the lounge on which Mrs. Elmore lay, her eyes closed, and a slice of lemon placed on each of her throbbing temples with the effect of some new sort of blinders. 'Shall I go alone for her?'

She gave his hand the kind of convulsive clutch that signified, 'Impossible for you to leave me.'

He reflected.

'The Mortons will be pushing on to Leghorn, and somebody *must* meet her. How would it do for Mr. Hoskins to go?'

Mrs. Elmore responded with a clutch tantamount to 'Horrors! How could you think of such a thing?'

'Well, then, he said, 'the only thing we can do is to send a *valet de place* for her. We can send old Cazzi. He's the incarnation of respectability; five francs a day and his expenses will buy all the virtues of him. She'll come as safely with him as with me.'

Mrs. Elmore had applied a vividly thoughtful pressure to her husband's hand; she now released it in token of assent, and he rose.

'But don't be gone long,' she whispered.

On his way to the *café* which Cazzi frequented, Elmore fell in with the consul.

By this time a change had taken place in the consular office. Mr. Ferris, some months before, had suddenly thrown up his charge and gone home; and after the customary interval of ship-chandler, the California sculptor, Hoskins, had arrived out, with his commission in his pocket, and had set up his allegorical figure of The Pacific Slope in the room where Ferris had painted his too metaphysical conception of a Venetian Priest. Mrs. Elmore had never liked Ferris; she thought him cynical and opinionated, and she believed that he had not behaved quite well toward a young American lady,—a Miss Vervain, who had staid awhile in Venice with her mother. She was glad to have him go; but she could not admire Mr. Hoskins, who, however good-natured, was too hopelessly Western. He had had part of one foot shot away in the nine months' service, and walked with a limp that did him honour; and he knew as much of a consul's business as any of the authors or artists with whom it is the tradition to fill that office at Venice. Besides, he was at least a fellow-American, and Elmore could not forbear telling him the trouble he was in: a young girl coming from their town in America as far as Genoa with friends, and expecting to be met there by the Elmores, with whom she was to pass some months; Mrs. Elmore utterly prostrated by one of her old attacks, and he unable to leave her, or to take her with him to Genoa; the friends with whom Miss Mayhew travelled unable to bring her to Venice; she, of course, unable to come alone. The case deepened and darkened in Elmore's view as he unfolded it.

'Why,' cried the consul, sympathetically, 'if I could leave my post, I'd go.'

'O, thank you!' cried Elmore, eagerly, remembering his wife. 'I couldn't think of letting you.'

'Look here!' said the consul, taking an official letter, with the seal broken, from his pocket. 'This is the first time I couldn't have left my post without distinct advantage to the public interests, since I have been here. But with this letter from Turin, telling me to be on the look out for the *Alabama*, I couldn't go to Genoa, even to meet a young lady. The Austrians have never recognised the rebels as belligerents: if she enters the port of Venice, all I've got to do is to require the deposit of her papers with me, and then I should like to see her get out again. I should like to capture her. Of course, I don't mean Miss Mayhew,' said the consul, recognising the double sense in which his language could be taken.

'It would be a great thing for you,' said Elmore,—'a *great* thing.'

'Yes, it would set me up in my own eyes, and stop that infernal clatter inside about going over and taking a hand again.'

'Yes,' Elmore assented, with a twinge of the old shame. 'I didn't know you had it, too.'

'If I could capture the *Alabama*, I could afford to let the other fellows fight it out.'

'I congratulate you with all my heart,' said Elmore, sadly, and he walked in silence beside the consul.

'Well,' said the latter, with a laugh at Elmore's pensive rapture, 'I'm as much obliged to you as if I had captured her. I'll go up to the Piazza with you and see Cazzi.'

The affair was easily arranged; Cazzi was made to feel, by the consul's intervention, that the shield of American sovereignty had been extended over the young girl whom he was to escort from Genoa, and two days later he arrived with her. Mrs. Elmore's attack was now passing off, and she was well enough to receive Miss Mayhew, half-recumbent on the sofa, where she had been prone till her arrival. It was pretty to see her fond greeting of the girl, and her joy in her presence as they sat down for the first long talk; and Elmore realized, even in his dreamy withdrawal, how much the bright, active spirit of his wife had suffered merely in the restriction of her English. Now, it was not only English they spoke, but that American variety of the language of which I hope we shall grow less and less ashamed; and not only this, but their parlance was characterized by local turns and accents which all came welcomely back to Mrs. Elmore, together with those still more intimate inflections which belonged to her own particular circle of friends in the little town of Patmos, New York. Lily Mayhew was, of course, not of her own set, being five or six years younger; but women, more easily than men, ignore the disparities of age between themselves and their juniors, and, in Susy Stevens's absence, it seemed a sort of tribute to her to establish her sister in the affection which Mrs. Elmore had so long cherished. Their friendship had been of such a thoroughly trusted sort on both sides that Mrs. Stevens (the memorably brilliant Sue Mayhew in her girlish days) had felt perfectly free to act upon Mrs. Elmore's invitation to let Lily come out to her; and here the child was, as much at home as if she had just walked into Mrs. Elmore's parlour out of her sister's house in Patmos.

IV.

They briefly dispatched the facts relating to Miss Mayhew's voyage and her journey to Genoa, and came as quickly as they could to all those things which Mrs. Elmore was thirsting to learn about the town and its people.

'Is it much changed? I suppose it is,' she sighed. 'The war changes everything.'

'Oh, you don't notice the war much,'

said Miss Mayhew. 'But Patmos *is* gay,—perfectly delightful. We've got one of the camps there now; and such times as the girls have with the officers! We have lots of fun getting up things for the Sanitary. Hops on the parade-ground at the camp, and going out to see the prisoners—you never saw such a place.'

'The prisoners?' murmured Mrs. Elmore.

'Why, yes!' cried Lily, with a gay laugh. 'Didn't you know that we had a prison-camp, too? Some of the Southerners look real nice. I pitied them,' she added, with unabated gaiety.

'Your sister wrote to me,' said Mrs. Elmore; 'but I couldn't realize it, I suppose, and so I forgot it.'

'Yes,' pursued Lily, 'and Frank Halsey's in command. You would never know by the way he walks that he had a cork leg. Of course he can't dance, though, poor fellow. He's pale, and he's perfectly fascinating. So's Dick Burton, with his empty sleeve; he's one of the recruiting officers, and there's nobody so popular with the girls. You can't think how funny it is, Professor Elmore, to see the old college buildings used for barracks. Dick says it's much livelier than it was when he was a student there.'

'I suppose it must be,' dreamily assented the professor. 'Does he find plenty of volunteers?'

'Well, you know,' the young girl exclaimed, 'that the old style of volunteering is all over.'

'No, I didn't know it.'

'Yes. It's the bounties now that they rely upon, and they do say that it will come to the draft very soon. Some of the young men have gone to Canada. But everybody despises *them*. Oh, Mrs. Elmore, I should think you'd be so glad to have the professor off here, and honourably out of the way!'

'I'm *dis*honourably out of the way; I can never forgive myself for not going to the war,' said Elmore.

'Why, how ridiculous!' cried Lily. 'Nobody feels that way about it *now*! As Dick Burton says, we've come down to business. I tell you, when you see arms and legs off in every direction, and women going about in black, you don't feel that it's such a romantic thing any more. There are mighty few engagements now, Mrs. Elmore, when a regiment sets off; no presentation of revolvers in the town hall; and some of the widows have got married again; and that I don't think *is* right. But what can they do, poor things? You remember Tom Friar's widow, Mrs. Elmore?'

'Tom Friar's *widow*! Is Tom Friar *dead*?'

'Why, of course! One of the first. I think it was Ball's Bluff. Well, she's married. But she married his cousin, and, as Dick Burton says, that isn't so bad. Isn't it awful, Mrs. Clapp's losing *all* her boys—all five of them? It does seem to bear too hard on some families. And then, when you see every one of those six Armstrongs going through without a scratch!'

'I suppose,' said Elmore, 'that business is at a stand-still. The streets must look rather dreary."

'*Business* at a stand-still!' exclaimed Lily. 'What *has* Sue been writing you all this time? Why, there never was such prosperity in Patmos before! Everybody is making money, and people that you wouldn't hardly speak to a year ago are giving parties and inviting the old college families. You ought to see the residences and business blocks going up all over the place. I don't suppose you would know Patmos now. You remember George Fenton, Mrs. Elmore?'

'Mr. Haskell's clerk?'

'Yes. Well, he's made a fortune out of an army contract; and he's going to marry — the engagement came out just before I left—Bella Stearns.'

At these words Mrs. Elmore sat upright,—the only posture in which the fact could be imagined. 'Lily!'

'Oh! I can tell you these are gay times in America,' triumphed the

young girl. She now put her hand to her mouth and hid a yawn.

'You're sleepy,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'Well, you know the way to your room. You'll find everything ready there, and I shall let you go alone. You shall commence being at home at once.'

'Yes, I am sleepy,' assented Lily; and she promptly made her good-nights and vanished; though a keener eye than Elmore's might have seen that her promptness had a colour—or say light—of hesitation in it.

But he only walked up and down the room, after she was gone, in unheedful distress.

'Gay times in America! Good heavens! Is the child utterly heartless, Celia, or is she merely obtuse?'

'She certainly isn't at all like Sue,' sighed Mrs. Elmore, who had not had time to formulate Lily's defence. 'But she's excited now, and a little off her balance. She'll be different to-morrow. Besides, all America seems changed, and the people with it. We shouldn't have noticed it if we had stayed there, but we feel it after this absence.'

'I never realized it before, as I did from her babble! The letters have told us the same thing, but they were like the histories of other times. Camps, prisoners, barracks, mutilation, widowhood, death, sudden gains, social upheavals—it is the old, hideous story of war come true of our day and country. It's terrible!'

'She will miss the excitement,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'I don't know exactly what we shall do with her. Of course, she can't expect the attentions she's been used to in Patmos, with those young men.'

Elmore stopped, and stared at his wife.

'What do you mean, Celia?'

'We don't go into society at all, and she doesn't speak Italian. How shall we amuse her?'

'Well, upon my word, I don't know that we're obliged to provide her amusement! Let her amuse herself. Let her take up some branch of study, or of—of—research, and get something besides "fun" into her head, if possible.' He spoke boldly, but his wife's question had unnerved him, for he had a soft heart, and liked people about him to be happy. 'We can show her the objects of interest. And there are the theatres,' he added.

'Yes, that is true,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'We can both go about with her. I will just peep in at her now, and see if she has everything she wants.' She rose from her sofa and went to Lily's room, whence she did not return for nearly three-quarters of an hour. By this time Elmore had got out his notes, and, in their transcription and classification, had fallen into forgetfulnes of his troubles. His wife closed the door behind her, and said, in a low voice, little above a whisper, as she sank very quietly into a chair:

'Well, it has all come out, Owen.'

'What has all come out?' he asked, looking up stupidly.

'I knew that she had something on her mind, by the way she acted. And you saw her give me that look as she went out?'

'No—no, I didn't. What look was it? She looked sleepy.'

'She looked terribly, terribly excited, and as if she would like to say something to me. That was the reason I said I would let her go to her room alone.'

'Oh!'

'Of course she would have felt awfully if I had gone straight off with her. So I waited. It *may* never come to anything in the world, and I don't suppose it will; but it's quite enough to account for everything you saw in her.'

'I didn't see anything in her—that was the difficulty. But what is it, Celia? You know how I hate these delays.'

'Why I'm not sure that I need tell you, Owen; and yet I suppose I

had better. It will be safer,' said Mrs. Elmore, nursing her mystery to the last, enjoying it for its own sake, and dreading it for its effect upon her husband. 'I suppose you will think your troubles are beginning pretty early,' she suggested.

'Is it a trouble?'

'Well, I don't know that it is. If it comes to the very worst, I dare say that every one wouldn't call it a trouble.'

Elmore threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of endurance.

'What would the worst be?'

'Why it's no use even to discuss that, for it's perfectly absurd to suppose that it could ever come to that. But the case,' added Mrs. Elmore, perceiving that further delay was only further suffering for her husband, and that any fact would now probably fall far short of his apprehensions, 'is simply this, and I don't know that it amounts to anything; but at Peschiera, just before the train started, she looked out of the window, and saw a splendid officer walking up and down and smoking; and before she could draw back he must have seen her, for he threw away his cigar instantly, and got into the same compartment. He talked awhile in German with an old gentleman who was there, and then he spoke in Italian with Cazzi; and afterward, when he heard her speaking English with Cazzi, he joined in, I don't know how he came to join in at first, and she doesn't, either; but it seems that he knew some English, and he began speaking. He was very tall and handsome and distinguished looking, and a *perfect* gentleman in his manners; and she says that she saw Cazzi looking rather queer, but he didn't say anything, and so she kept on talking. She told him at once that she was an American, and that she was coming here to stay with friends; and, as he was very curious about America, she told him all she could think of. It did her good to talk about home, for she had been feeling a little blue at being so far away from everybody. Now, *I* don't see any harm in it; do you, Owen?'

'It isn't according to the custom here; but we needn't care for that. Of course it was imprudent.'

'Of course,' Mrs. Elmore admitted. 'The officer was very polite; and when he found that she was from America, it turned out that he was a *great* sympathiser with the North, and that he had a brother in our army. Don't you think that was nice?'

'Probably some mere soldier of fortune, with no heart in the cause,' said Elmore.

'And very likely he had no brother there, as I told Lily. He told her he was coming to Padua; but when they reached Padua, he came right on to Venice. That shows you couldn't place any dependence upon what he said. He said he expected to be put under arrest for it; but he didn't care,—he was coming. Do you believe they'll put him under arrest?'

'I dont' know—I don't know,' said Elmore, in a voice of grief and apprehension, which might well have seemed anxiety for the officer's liberty.

'I told her it was one of his jokes. He was very funny, and kept her laughing the whole way, with his broken English and his witty little remarks. She says he's just dying to go to America. Who do you suppose it can be, Owen?'

'How should I know? We've no acquaintance among the Austrians,' groaned Elmore.

'That's what I told Lily. She's no idea of the state of things here, and she was quite horrified. But she says he was a perfect gentleman in everything. He belongs to the engineer corps,—that's one of the highest branches of the service, he told her,—and he gave her his card.'

'Gave her his card!'

Mrs. Elmore had it in the hand which she had been keeping in her pocket, and she now suddenly produced it; and Elmore read the name

and address of Ernst von Ehrhardt, Captain of the Royal-Imperial Engineers, Peschiera.

'She says she knows he wanted hers, but she didn't offer to give it to him; and he didn't ask her where she was going, or anything.'

'He knew that he could get her address from Cazzi for ten soldi as soon as her back was turned,' said Elmore, cynically. 'What then?'

'Why he said—and this is the only really bold thing he *did* do—that he must see her again, and that he should stay over a day in Venice in hopes of meeting her at the theatre or somewhere.'

'It's a piece of high-handed impudence!' cried Elmore. 'Now, Celia, you see what these people are! Do you wonder that the Italians hate them!'

'You have often said they only hate their system.'

'The Austrians are part of their system. He thinks he can take any liberty with us because he is an Austrian officer! Lily must not stir out of the house to-morrow.'

'She will be too tired to do so,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'And if he molests us further, I will appeal to the Consul.' Elmore began to walk up and down the room again.

'Well, I don't know whether you could call it *molesting*, exactly,' suggested Mrs. Elmore.

'What do you mean, Celia? Do you suppose that she — she —encouraged this officer?'

'Owen! It was all in the simplicity and innocence of her heart!'

'Well, then, that she wishes to see him again?'

'Certainly not! But that's no reason why we should be rude about it.'

'Rude about it? How? Is simply avoiding him rudeness? Is proposing to protect ourselves from his impertinence rudeness?'

'No. And if you can't see the matter for yourself, Owen, I don't know how any one is to make you.'

'Why, Celia, one would think that you approved of this man's behaviour, —that *you* wished her to meet him again! You understand what the consequences would be if we received this officer. You know how all the Venetians would drop us, and we should have no acquaintance here outside of the army.'

'Who has asked you to receive him, Owen? And as for the Italians dropping us, that doesn't frighten me. But what could he do if he did meet her again? She needn't look at him. She says he is very intelligent, and that he has read a great many English books, though he doesn't speak it very well, and that he knows more about the war than she does! But of course she won't go out to-morrow. All that I hate is that we should seem to be frightened into staying at home.'

'She needn't stay in on his account. You said she would be too tired to go out.'

'I see by the scattering way you talk, Owen, that your mind isn't on the subject, and that you are anxious to get back to your work. I won't keep you.'

'Celia, Celia! Be fair, now!' cried Elmore. 'You know very well that I'm only too deeply interested in this matter, and that I'm not likely to get back to my work to-night, at least. What is it you wish me to do?'

Mrs. Elmore considered awhile.

'I don't wish you to do anything,' she returned, placably. 'Of course, you're perfectly right in not choosing to let an acquaintance begun in that way go any further. We shouldn't at home, and we sha'n't here. But I don't wish you to think that Lily has been imprudent, under the circumstances. She doesn't know that it was anything out of the way, but she happened to do the best that any one could. Of course it was very exciting and very romantic; girls like such things, and there's no reason they shouldn't. We must manage,' added Mrs. Elmore, 'so that she shall

see that we appreciate her conduct, and trust in her entirely. I wouldn't do anything to wound her pride or self-confidence. I would rather send her out alone to-morrow.'

'Of course,' said Elmore.

'And if I were with her when she met him, I believe I should leave it entirely to her how to behave.'

'Well,' said Elmore, 'you're not likely to be put to the test. He'll hardly force his way into the house, and she isn't going out.'

'No,' said Mrs. Elmore. She added, after a silence: 'I'm trying to think whether I've ever seen him in Venice; he's here often. But there are so many tall officers with fair complexions and English beards. I *should* like to know how he looks! She said he was very aristocratic-looking.'

'Yes, it's a fine type,' said Elmore. 'They're all nobles, I believe.'

'But after all, they're no better looking than our boys, who come up out of nothing.'

'Ours are Americans,' said Elmore.

'And they are the best husbands, as I told Lily.'

Elmore looked at his wife, as she turned dreamily to leave the room; but, since the conversation had taken this impersonal turn, he would not say anything to change its complexion. A conjecture, vaguely taking shape in his mind, resolved itself to nothing again, and left him with only the ache of something unascertained.

V.

In the morning Lily came to breakfast as blooming as a rose. The sense of her simple, fresh, wholesome loveliness might have pierced even the indifference of a man to whom there was but one pretty woman in the world, and who had lived since their marriage as if his wife had absorbed her whole sex into herself: this deep, unconscious constancy was a noble trait in him, but is not so rare in men as women would have us believe. For Elmore, Miss Mayhew merely pervaded the place in her finer way, as the flowers on the table did, as the sweet butter, the new eggs, and the morning's French bread did; he looked at her with a perfect serene ignorance of her piquant face, her beautiful eyes and abundant hair, and her trim, straight figure. But his wife exulted in every particular of her charm, and was as generously glad of it as if it were her own; as women are when they are sure that the charm of others has no designs.

The ladies twittered and laughed together, and as he was a man without small talk, he soon dropped out of the conversation into a reverie, from which he found himself presently extracted by a question from his wife.

'We had better go in a gondola, hadn't we, Owen?' She seemed to be, as she put this, trying to look something into him.

He, on his part, tried his best to make out her meaning, but failed. He simply asked:

'Where? Are you going out?'

'Yes. Lily has some shopping she must do. I think we can get it at Pazienti's, in San Polo.'

Again she tried to pierce him with her meaning. It seemed to him a sudden advance from the position she had taken the night before in regard to Miss Mayhew's not going out; but he could not understand his wife's look, and he feared to misinterpret if he opposed her going. He decided that she wished him for some reason to oppose the gondola, so he said:

'I think you had better walk, if Lily isn't too tired.'

'Oh, I'm not tired at all!' she cried.

'I can go with you in that direction, on my way to the library,' he added.

'Well, that will be very nice,' said Mrs. Elmore, discontinuing her look, and leaving her husband with an uneasy sense of wantonly assumed responsibility.

'She can step into the Frari a mo-

ment and see those tombs,' he said. 'I think it will amuse her.'

Lily broke into a clear laugh.

'Is that the way you amuse yourselves in Venice?' she asked; and Mrs. Elmore hastened to re-assure her.

'That's the way Mr. Elmore amuses himself. You know his history makes every bit of the past fascinating to him.'

'Oh, yes, that history! Everybody is looking out for that,' said Lily.

'Is it possible,' said Elmore, with a pensive sarcasm, in which an agreeable sense of flattery lurked, 'that people still remember me and my history?'

'Yes, indeed?' cried Miss Mayhew, 'Frank Halsey was talking about it the night before I left. He couldn't seem to understand why I should be coming to you at Venice, because he said it was a history of Florence you were writing. It isn't, is it? You must be getting pretty near the end of it, Professor Elmore.'

'I'm getting pretty near the beginning,' said Elmore, sadly.

'It must be hard writing histories; they're so awfully hard to read,' said Lily, innocently. 'Does it interest you?' she asked, with unaffected compassion.

'Yes,' he said, 'far more than it will ever interest anybody else.'

'Oh, I don't believe that!' she cried, sweetly, seizing the occasion to get in a little compliment.

Mrs. Elmore sat silent, while things were thus going against Miss Mayhew, and perhaps she was then meditating the stroke by which she restored the balance to her own favour as soon as she saw her husband alone after breakfast. 'Well, Owen,' she said, 'you have done it now.'

'Done what?' he demanded.

'Oh, nothing, perhaps!' she answered, while she got on her things for the walk with unusual gravity; and, with the consciousness of unknown guilt depressing him, he followed the ladies upon their errand, subdued, distraught, but gradually forgetting his sin, as he forgot everything but his history. His wife hated to see him so miserable, and whispered at the shop-door where they parted: Don't be troubled, Owen. I didn't mean anything.'

'By what?'

'Oh, if you've forgotten, never mind!' she cried, and she and Miss Mayhew disappeared within.

It was two hours later when he next saw them, after he had found the passage which would enable him to go on with his work for the rest of the day at home. He was fitting his key into the house-door when he happened to look up the little street toward the bridge that led into it, and there, defined against the sky on the level of the bridge, he saw Mrs. Elmore and Miss Mayhew receiving the adieux of a distinguished-looking man in the Austrian uniform. The officer had brought his heels together in the conventional manner, and, with his cap in his right hand while his left rested on the hilt of his sword and pressed it down, he was bowing from the hips. Once, twice, and he was gone.

The ladies came down the *calle* with rapid steps and flushed faces, and Elmore let them in. His wife whispered, as she brushed by his elbow:

'I want to speak with you instantly, Owen.—Well, now!' she added, when they were alone in their own room, and she had shut the door. 'What do you say now?'

'What do *I* say now, Celia,' retorted Elmore, with just indignation. 'It seems to me that it is for *you* to say something—or nothing.'

'Why, you brought it on us.'

Elmore merely glanced at his wife, and did not speak, for this passed all force of language.

'Didn't you see me looking at you when I spoke of going out in a gondola, at breakfast?'

'Yes.'

'What did you suppose I meant?'

'I didn't know.'

'When I was trying to make you understand that if we took a gondola we could go and come without being seen! Lily had to do her shopping. But if you chose to run off on some interpretation of your own, was I to blame, I should like to know? No, indeed! You won't get me to admit it, Owen!'

Elmore continued inarticulate, but he made a low, miserable sibillation between his set teeth.

'Such presumption, such perfect audacity, I never saw in my life!' cried Mrs. Elmore, fleetly changing the subject in her own mind, and leaving her husband to follow her as he could. 'It was outrageous!'

Her words were strong, but she did not really look affronted; and it is hard to tell what sort of liberty it is that affronts a woman. It seems to depend a great deal upon the person who takes the liberty.

'That was the man, I suppose,' said Elmore, quietly.

'Yes, Owen,' answered his wife, with beautiful candour, 'it was.' Seeing that he remained unaffected by her display of this virtue, she added: 'Don't you think he was very handsome?'

'I couldn't judge at such a distance.'

'Well, he is perfectly splendid. And I don't want you to think he was disrespectful at all. He wasn't. He was everything that was delicate and deferential.'

'Did you ask him to walk home with you?'

Mrs. Elmore remained speechless for some moments. Then she drew a long breath, and said, firmly;

'If you won't interrupt me with gratuitous insults, Owen, I will tell you all about it, and then perhaps you will be ready to do me justice. I ask nothing more.' She waited for his contrition, but proceeded without it in a somewhat meeker strain: 'Lily couldn't get her things at Pazienti's, and we had to go to the Merceria for them. Then, of course, the nearest way home was through St. Mark's Square. I made Lily go on the Florian side, so as to avoid the officers who were sitting at the Quadri, and we had got through the Square and past San Moisè, as far as the Stadt Gratz. I had never thought of how the officers frequented the Stadt Gratz, but there we met a most magnificent creature, and I had just said, "What a splendid officer!" when she gave a sort of stop and he gave a sort of stop and bowed very low, and she whispered, "It's my officer." I didn't dream of his joining us, and I don't think he did, at first; but after he took a second look at Lily, it really seemed as if he couldn't help it. He asked if he might join us, and I didn't say anything.'

'Didn't say anything!'

'*No!* How could I refuse, in so many words? And I was frightened and confused, any way. He asked if we were going to the music in the Giardini Pubblici; and I said no, that Miss Mayhew was not going into society in Venice, but was merely here for her health. That's all there is of it. Now do you blame me, Owen?'

'No.'

'Do you blame her?'

'No.'

'Well, I don't see how *he* was to blame,' she said.

'The transaction was a little irregular, but it was highly creditable to all parties concerned.'

Mrs. Elmore grew still meeker under this irony. Indignation and censure she would have known how to meet; but his quiet perplexed her. She did not know what might not be coming.

'Lily scarcely spoke to him,' she pursued, 'and I was very cold. I spoke to him in German.'

'Is German a particularly repellent tongue?'

'No. But I was determined he should get no hold upon us. He was very polite and very respectful, as I said, but I didn't give him an atom of encouragement; I saw that he was dy-

ing to be asked to call, but I parted from him very stiffly.'

'Is it possible?'

'Owen, what *is* there so wrong about it all? He's clearly fascinated with her; and as the matter stood he had no hope of seeing her or speaking with her except on the street. Perhaps he didn't know it was wrong—or didn't realize it.'

'I dare say.'

'What else could the poor fellow have done? There he was! He had stayed over a day, and laid himself open to arrest, on the bare chance—one in a hundred—of seeing Lily: and when he did see her, what was he to do?'

'Obviously, to join her and walk home with her.'

'You are too bad, Owen! Suppose it had been one of our own poor boys? He *looked* like an American.'

'He didn't behave like one. One of "our own poor boys," as you call them, would have been as far as possible from thrusting himself upon you. He would have had too much reverence for you, too-much self-respect, too much pride.'

'What has pride to do with such things, my dear? I think he acted very naturally. He acted upon impulse. I'm sure you're always crying out against the restraints and conventionalities between young people, over here; and now, when a European *does* do a simple, unaffecting thing ——'

Elmore made a gesture of impatience.

'This fellow has presumed upon your being Americans—on your ignorance of the customs here—to take a liberty that he would not have dreamed of taking with Italian or German ladies. He has shown himself no gentleman.'

'Now, there you are very much mistaken, Owen. That's what I thought when Lily first told me about his speaking to her in the cars, and I was very much prejudiced against him; but when I saw him to-day, I must say I felt that I had been wrong. He *is* a gentleman; but—he is desperate.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Elmore, shrinking a little under her husband's sarcastic tone. 'Why, Owen,' she pleaded, 'can't you see anything romantic in it?'

'I see nothing but a vulgar impertinence in it. I see it from his standpoint as an adventure, to be bragged of and laughed over at the mess-table and the *café*. I'm going to put a stop to it.'

Mrs. Elmore looked daunted and a little bewildered. 'Well, Owen,' she said, 'I put the affair entirely in your hands.'

Elmore never could decide upon just what theory his wife had acted; he had to rest upon the fact, already known to him, of her perfect truth and conscientiousness, and his perception that even in a good woman the passion for manœuvering and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery. He now saw her quelled and submissive; but he was by no means sure that she looked at the affair as he did, or that she voluntarily acquiesced.

'All that I ask is that you won't do anything that you'll regret afterward. And as for putting a stop to it, I fancy it's put a stop to already. He's going back to Peschiera this afternoon, and that'll probably be the last of him.'

'Very well,' said Elmore, 'if that is the last of him, I ask nothing better. I certainly have no wish to take any steps in the matter.'

But he went out of the house very unhappy and greatly perplexed. He thought at first of going to the Stadt Gratz, where Captain Ehrhardt was probably staying for the tap of Vienna beer peculiar to that hostelry, and of inquiring him out, and requesting him to discontinue his attentions; but this course, upon reflection, was less high-handed than comported with his present mood, and he turned aside to seek advice

of his Consul. He found Mr. Hoskins in the best humour for backing his quarrel. He had just received a second despatch from Turin, stating that the rumour of the approaching visit of the *Alabama* was unfounded; and he was thus left with a force of unexpended belligerence on his hands which he was glad to contribute to the defence of Mr. Elmore's family from the pursuit of this Austrian officer.

'This is a very simple affair, Mr. Elmore,'—he usually said 'Elmore,' but in his haughty frame of mind, he naturally threw something more of state into their intercourse—'a very simple affair, fortunately. All that I have to do is to call on the military governor, and state the facts of the case, and this fellow will get his orders quietly and *definitively*. This war has sapped our influence in Europe,—there's no doubt of it; but I think it's a pity if an American family living in this city can't be safe from molestation; and if it can't, I want to know the reason why.'

This language was very acceptable to Elmore, and he thanked the consul. At the same time he felt his own resentment moderated, and he said:

'I'm willing to let the matter rest, if he goes away this afternoon.'

'Oh, of course,' Hoskins assented, 'if he clears out, that's the end of it. I'll look in to-morrow, and see how you're getting along.'

'Don't—don't give them the impression that I've profited by your kindness,' suggested Elmore, at parting.

'You haven't yet. I only hope you may have the chance.'

'Thank you; I don't think I do.'

Elmore took a long walk, and returned home tranquillized and clarified as to the situation. Since it could be terminated without difficulty and without scandal, in the way Hoskins had explained, he was not unwilling to see a certain poetry in it. He could not repress a degree of sympathy with the bold young fellow who had overstepped the conventional proprieties in the ardour of a romantic impulse, and could see how this very boldness, while it had a terror, would have a charm for a young girl. There was no necessity, except for the purpose of holding Mrs. Elmore in check, to look at it in an ugly light. Perhaps the officer had inferred from Lily's innocent frankness of manner that this sort of approach was permissible with Americans, and was not amusing himself with the adventure, but was in love in earnest. Elmore could allow himself this view of a case which he had so completely in his own hands; and he was sensible of a sort of pleasure in the novel responsibility thrown upon him. Few men at his age were called upon to stand in the place of a parent to a young girl, to intervene in her affairs, and to decide who was and who was not a proper person to pretend to her acquaintance.

Feeling so secure in his right, he rebelled against the restraint he had proposed to himself, and at dinner he invited the ladies to go to the opera with him. He chose to show himself in public with them, and to check any impression that they were without due protection. As usual, the pit was full of officers, and between the acts they all rose, as usual, and faced the boxes, which they perused through their *lorgnettes* till the bell rang for the curtain to rise. But Mrs. Elmore, having touched his arm to attract his notice, instructed him, by a slow turning of her head, that Captain Ehrhardt was not there. After that he undoubtedly breathed freer, and, in the relaxation from his sense of bravado, he enjoyed the last acts of the opera more than the first. Miss Mayhew showed no disappointment; and she bore herself with so much grace and dignity, and yet so evidently impressed every one with her beauty, that he was proud of having her in charge. He began himself to see that she was pretty.

VI.

The next day was Sunday, and in going to church they missed a call from Hoskins, whom Elmore felt bound to visit the following morning on his way to the library, and inform of his belief that the enemy had quitted Venice, and that the whole affair was probably at an end. He was strengthened in this opinion by Mrs. Elmore's fear that she might have been colder than she supposed; she hoped that she had not hurt the poor young fellow's feelings, and now that he was gone, and safely out of the way, Elmore hoped so too.

On his return from the library, his wife met him with an air of mystery before which his heart sank.

'Owen,' she said, 'Lily has a letter.'

'Not bad news from home, Celia!'

'No; a letter which she wishes to show you. It has just come. As I don't wish to influence you, I would rather not be present.'

Mrs. Elmore slipped out of the room, and Miss Mayhew glided gravely in, holding an open note in her hand, and looking into Elmore's eyes with a a certain unfathomable candour, of which she had the secret.

'Here,' she said, 'is a letter which I think you ought to see at once, Professor;' and she gave him the note with an air of unconcern, which he afterward recalled without being able to determine whether it was real indifference or only the calm resulting from the transfer of the whole responsibility to him. She stood looking at him while he read:

'Miss,

'In this evening I am just arrived from Venise, hours afterwards I have had the fortune to see you and to speake with you—and to favorite me of your gentil acquaintanceship at rail-away. I never forgeet the moments I have seen you. Your pretty and nice figure had attached my heard so much, that I deserted in the hopiness to see you at Venise. And I was so lukely to speak with you cut too short, and in the possibility to understand all. I wish to go also in this Sonday to Venise, but I am sory that I cannot, beaucause I must feeled now the consequences of the desertation. Pray Miss to agree the assurance of my lov, and perhaps I will be so lukely to receive a notice from you Miss if I can hop a little (hapiness) sympathie. Très humble

'E. von Ehrhardt.'

Elmore was not destitute of the national sense of humour; but he read this letter not only without amusement at its English, but with intense bitterness and renewed alarm. It appeared to him that the willingness of the ladies to put the affair in his hands had not strongly manifested itself till it had quite passed their own control, and had become a most embarrassing difficulty—when, in fact, it was no longer a merit in them to confide it to him. In the resentment of that moment, his suspicions even accused his wife of desiring, from idle curiosity and sentiment, the accidental meeting which had resulted in this fresh aggression.

'Why did you show me this letter?' he asked, harshly.

'Mrs. Elmore told me to do so,' Lily answered.

'Did *you* wish me to see it?'

'I don't suppose I *wished* you to see it; I thought you ought to see it.'

Elmore felt himself relenting a little.

'What do you want done about it?' he asked, more gently.

'That is what I wished you to tell me,' replied the girl.

'I can't tell you what you wish me to do, but I can tell you this, Miss Mayhew: this man's behaviour is totally irregular. He would not think of writing to an Italian or German girl in this way. If he desired to—to—pay attention to her, he would write to her father.'

'Yes, that's what Mrs. Elmore said. She said she supposed he must think it was the American way.'

'Mrs. Elmore——' began her husband; but he arrested himself there; and said, 'Very well. I want to know what I am to do. I want your full and explicit authority before I act. We will dismiss the fact of irregularity. We will suppose that it is fit and becoming for a gentleman who has

twice met a young lady by accident—or once by accident and once by his own insistence—to write to her. Do you wish to continue the correspondence?'

'No.'

Elmore looked into the eyes which dwelt full upon him, and though they were clear as the windows of heaven, he hesitated.

'I must do what you *say*, no matter what you mean, you know?'

'I mean what I say.'

'Perhaps,' he suggested, 'you would prefer to return him this letter with a few lines on your card.'

'No, I should like him to know that I have shown it to you. I should think it a liberty for an American to write to me in that way after such a short acquaintance, and I don't see why I should tolerate it from a foreigner, though I suppose their customs *are* different.'

'Then you wish me to write to him.'

'Yes.'

'And make an end of the matter, once for all?'

'Yes.'

'Very well, then.'

Elmore sat down at once, and wrote:

'SIR: Miss Mayhew has handed me your note of yesterday, and begs me to express her very great surprise that you should have ventured to address her. She desires me also to add that you will consider at an end whatever acquaintance you suppose yourself to have formed with her.

'Your obedient servant,

'OWEN ELMORE.'

He handed the note to Lily. 'Yes, that will do,' she said, in a low, steady voice. She drew a deep breath, and, laying the letter softly down, went out of the room into Mrs. Elmore's.

Elmore had not had time to kindle his sealing-wax when his wife appeared swiftly upon the scene.

'I want to see what you have written, Owen,' she said.

'Don't talk to me, Celia,' he replied, thrusting the wax into the candle-light. 'You have put this affair entirely in my hands, and Lily approves of what I have written. I am sick of the thing, and I don't want any more talk about it.'

'I *must* see it,' said Mrs. Elmore, with finality, and possessed herself of the note. She ran it through, and then flung it on the table and herself into a chair, while the tears started to her eyes. 'What a cold, cutting, merciless letter!' she cried.

'I hope he will think so,' said Elmore, gathering it up from the table, and sealing it up securely in its envelope.

'You're not going to *send* it!' exclaimed his wife.

'Yes, I am.'

'I didn't suppose you could be so heartless.'

'Very well, then, I *won't* send it,' said Elmore; 'I put the affair into your hands. What are you going to do about it?'

'Nonsense!'

'On the contrary, I'm perfectly serious. I don't see why you shouldn't manage the business. The gentleman is an acquaintance of yours. *I* don't know him.' Elmore rose and put his hands in his pockets. 'What do you intend to do? Do you like this clandestine sort of thing to go on? I dare say the fellow only wishes to amuse himself by a flirtation with a pretty American. But the question is whether you wish him to do so. I'm willing to lay his conduct to a misunderstanding of our customs, and to suppose that he thinks this is the way Americans do. I take the matter at its best; he speaks to Lily on the train without an introduction, he joins you in your walk without invitation; he writes to her without leave, and proposes to get up a correspondence. It is all perfectly right and proper, and will appear so to Lily's friends when they hear of it. But I'm curious to know how you're going to manage the sequel. Do you wish the affair to go on, and how long do you wish it to go on?'

'You know very well that I don't wish it to go on.'

'Then you wish it broken off?'

'Of course I do.'

'How?'

'I think there is such a thing as acting kindly and considerately. I don't see anything in Captain Ehrhardt's conduct that calls for savage treatment,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'You would like to have him stopped, but stopped gradually. Well, I don't wish to be savage, either, and I will act upon any suggestion of yours. I want Lily's people to feel that we managed not only wisely but humanely in checking a man who was resolved to force his acquaintance upon her.'

Mrs. Elmore thought a long while. Then she said:

'Why, of course, Owen, you're right about it. There is no other way. There couldn't be any kindness in checking him gradually. But I wish,' she added, sorrowfully, 'that he had not been such a *complete* goose; and then we could have done something with him.'

'I am obliged to him for the perfection which you regret, my dear. If he had been less complete, he would have been much harder to manage.'

Well," said Mrs. Elmore, rising, 'I shall always say that he meant well. But send the letter.'

Her husband did not wait for a second bidding. He carried it himself to the general post-office that there might be no mistake and no delay about it; and a man who believed that he had a feeling and tender heart experienced a barbarous joy in the infliction of this pitiless snub. I do not say that it would not have been different if he had trusted at all in the sincerity of Captain Ehrhardt's passion; but he was glad to discredit it. A misgiving to the other effect would have complicated the matter. But now he was perfectly free to disembarrass himself of a trouble which had so seriously threatened his peace. He was responsible to Miss Mayhew's family, and Mrs. Elmore herself could not say, then or afterward, that there was any other way open to him. I will contend that his motives were wholly unselfish. No doubt a sense of personal annoyance, of offended decorum, of wounded respectability, qualified the zeal for Miss Mayhew's good which prompted him. He was still a young and inexperienced man, confronted with a strange perplexity; he did the best he could, and I suppose it was the best that could be done. At any rate, he had no regrets, and he went even gayly about the work of interesting Miss Mayhew in the monuments and memories of the city.

Since the decisive blow had been struck, the ladies seemed to share his relief. The pursuit of Captain Ehrhardt, while it flattered, might well have alarmed, and the loss of a not unpleasant excitement was made good by a sense of perfect security. Whatever repining Miss Mayhew indulged was secret, or confided solely to Mrs. Elmore. To Elmore himself she appeared in better spirits than at first, or at least in a more equable frame of mind. To be sure, he did not notice very particularly. He took her to the places and told her the things that she ought to be interested in, and he conceived a better opinion of her mind from the quick intelligence with which she entered into his own feelings in regard to them, though he never could see any evidence of the over-study for which she had been taken from school. He made her, like Mrs. Elmore, the partner of his historical researches; he read his notes to both of them now; and when his wife was prevented from accompanying him, he went with Lily alone to visit the scenes of such events as his researches concerned, and to fill his mind with the local colour which he believed would give life and character to his studies of the past. They also went often to the theatre; and, though Lily could not understand the plays, she professed to be entertained, and she

had a grateful appreciation of all his efforts in her behalf that amply repaid him. He grew fond of her society; he took a childish pleasure in having people in the streets turn and glance at the handsome girl by his side, of whose beauty and stylishness he became aware through the admiration looked over the shoulders of the Austrians, and openly spoken by the Italian populace. It did not occur to him that she might not enjoy the growth of their acquaintance in equal degree, that she fatigued herself with the appreciation of the memorable and the beautiful, and that she found these long rambles rather dull. He was a man of little conversation; and, unless Mrs. Elmore was of the company, Miss Mayhew pursued his pleasures for the most part in silence. One evening, at the end of the week, his wife asked:

'Why do you always take Lily through the Piazza on the side farthest from where the officers sit? Are you afraid of her meeting Captain Ehrhardt?'

'Oh, no! I consider the Ehrhardt business settled. But you know the Italians never walk on the officers' side.'

'You are not an Italian. What do you gain by flattering them up? I should think you might suppose a young girl had some curiosity.'

'I do; and I do everything I can to gratify her curiosity. I went to San Pietro di Castello to-day, to show her where the Brides of Venice were stolen.'

'The oldest and dirtiest part of the city! What could the child care for the Brides of Venice? Now do be reasonable, Owen!'

'It's a romantic story. I thought girls liked such things—everything about getting married.'

'And that's the reason you took her yesterday to show her the Bucentaur that the Doges wedded the Adriatic in! Well, what was your idea in going with her to the Cemetery of San Michele?'

'I thought she would be interested. I had never been there before myself, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to verify a passage I was at work on. We always show people the cemetery at home.'

'That was considerate. And why did you go to Canarregio on Wednesday?'

'I wished her to see the statue of Sior Antonio Rioba; you know it was the Venetian Pasquino in the Revolution of '48 ——'

'Charming!'

'And the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place.'

'Delightful!'

'And—and—the house of Tintoretto,' faltered Elmore.

'Delicious! She cares so much for Tintoretto! And you've been with her to the Jewish burying ground at the Lido, and the Spanish synagogue in the Ghetto, and the fish-market at the Rialto, and you've shown her the house of Othello and the house of Desdemona, and the prisons in the ducal palace; and three nights you've taken us to the Piazza as soon as the Austrian band stopped playing, and all the interesting promenading was over, and those stuffy old Italians began to come to the *cafés*. Well, I can tell you that's no way to amuse a young girl. We must do something for her, or she will die. She has come here from a country where girls have always had the best time in the world, and where the times are livelier now than they ever were, with all the excitement of the war going on; and here she is dropped down in the midst of this absolute deadness: no calls, no picnics, no parties, no dances—nothing! We must do something for her.'

'Shall we give her a ball?' asked Elmore, looking around the pretty little apartment.

'There's nothing going on among the Italians. But you might get us invited to the German Casino.'

'I dare say. But I will not do that,' he replied.

'Then we could go to the Luogotenenza, to the receptions. Mr. Hoskins could call with us, and they would send us cards.'

'That would make us simply odious to the Venetians, and our house would be thronged with officers. What I've seen of them doesn't make me particularly anxious for the honour of their further acquaintance.'

'Well, I don't ask you to do any of these things,' said Mrs. Elmore, who had, perhaps, mentioned them with the intention of insisting upon an abated claim. 'But I think you might go and dine at one of the hotels—at the Danieli—instead of that Italian restaurant; and then Lily could see somebody at the *table d'hôte*, and not simply perish of despair.'

'I—I didn't suppose it was as bad as that,' said Elmore.

'Why, of course, she hasn't said anything—she's far too well-bred for that; but I can tell from my own feelings how she must suffer, I have you Owen,' she said tenderly, 'but Lily has nobody. She has gone through this Ehrhardt business so well that I think we ought to do all we can to divert her mind.'

'Well, now, Celia, you see the difficulty of our position—the nature of the responsibility we have assumed. How are we possibly, here in Venice, to divert the mind of a young lady fresh from the parties and picnics of Patmos?'

'We can go and dine at the Danieli,' replied Mrs. Elmore.

'Very well. Let us go then. But she will learn no Italian there. She will hear nothing but English from the travellers and bad French from the waiters; while at our restaurant—'

'Pshaw!' cried Mrs. Elmore. 'What does Lily care for Italian? I'm sure I never want to hear another word of it.'

At this desperate admission, Elmore quite gave way; he went to the Danieli the next morning, and arranged to begin dining there that day. There is no denying that Miss Mayhew showed an enthusiasm in prospect of the change that even the sight of the pillar to which Foscarini was hanged head downward for treason to the Republic had not evoked. She made herself look very pretty, and she was visibly an impression at the *table d'hôte* when she sat down there. Elmore had found places opposite an elderly lady and quite a young gentleman, of English speech, but of not very English effect otherwise, who bowed to Lily in acknowledgment of some former meeting. The old lady said, 'So you've reached Venice at last? I'm very pleased for your sake,' as if, at some point of the progress thither, she had been privy to anxieties of Lily about arriving at her destination; and, in fact, they had been in the same hotels at Marseilles and Genoa. The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked at Lily throughout the dinner, and seemed to take his eyes from her only when she glanced at him; then he dropped his gaze to his neglected plate and blushed. When they left the table, he made haste to join the Elmores in the reading-room, where he contrived with creditable skill, to get Lily apart from them for the examination of an illustrated newspaper, at which neither of them looked; they remained chatting and laughing over it in entire irrelevancy till the lady rose and said: 'Herbert, Herbert! I am ready to go now,' upon which he did not seem at all so, but went submissively.

'Who are those people, Lily?' asked Mrs. Elmore, as they walked toward Florian's for their after-dinner coffee. The Austrian band was playing in the centre of the Piazza, and the tall, blond German officers promenaded back and forth with dark Hungarian women, who looked each like a princess of her race. The lights glittered upon them, and on the groups spread fan-wise out into the Piazza before the *cafés;* the scene seemed to shake and waver in the splendour like something painted.

'Oh, their name is Andersen, or something like that; and they're from Heligoland, or some such place. I saw them first in Paris, but we didn't speak till we got to Marseilles. That's his aunt; they're English subjects someway; and he's got an appointment in the civil service—I think he called it—in India, and he doesn't want to go; and I told him he ought to go to America. That's what I tell all these Europeans.'

'It's the best advice for them,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'They don't seem in any great haste to act upon it,' laughed Miss Mayhew. 'Who was the red-faced young man that seemed to know you, and stared so?'

'That's an English artist who is staying here. He has a curious name—Rose-Black; and he is the most impudent and pushing man in the world. I wouldn't introduce him, because I saw he was just dying for it.'

Miss Mayhew laughed, as she laughed at everything, not because she was amused, but because she was happy; this child-like gaiety of heart was great part of her charm.

Elmore had quieted his scruples as a good Venetian by coming inside of the *café* while the band played, instead of sitting outside with the bad patriots; but he put the ladies next the window, and so they were not altogether sacrificed to his sympathy with the *dimostrazione*.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SERENE is yon deep blue expanse above—
Bright symbol of the tranquil human mind—
The hurricane well passed; now calm, resigned,
And shining with the universal love.
Low down upon that placid brow of heaven,
A floating cloud, as if it sought a star,
By music-loving summer winds up-driven,
Appears—a white-winged thought blown from afar.
Transcendent thought! with thee in gloomy fears,
We mourning sink into the vale of tears,
Forsaking not the sorrow of thy night;
Or joyful follow in thy glorious lead,
To wander with thee through the starry mead,
Companions of thy glory, of thy light.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY JASPER H. PRESTON, MONTREAL.

THIS is a subject which at no distant day is sure to command more attention in this country than it has hitherto received. It is viewed with anxious apprehension by the writers and thinkers of the British Australasian colonies, who foresee the gradual invasion of the Pacific Islands by emigrants from China, who are already found there in great numbers. In Australia and New Zealand they are regarded with a jealousy and dread which assume the form of contempt, but the dread especially is not the less real on that account. In California, the Chinese question has been the cause of much trouble, and is certain to attain to more dangerous proportions, if the last treaty between China and the United States should not have the effect of assuaging the wrath of the democracy of the Golden State. The two parties at variance in this matter are the buyers of labour and the sellers of labour. Philanthropists and lovers of peace benevolently insist that the working men and their employers, instead of considering themselves natural enemies as they now do, ought to be the closest friends and allies, the prosperity of the one class being the prosperity of the other, and their interests being identical. But there is an unavoidable antagonism between the man who wishes to dispose of an article, whether goods or work, and the man who desires to purchase that article; and this is a state of things which has always existed and will continue to exist, in all human probability, under any conceivable circumstances. The antagonism of capital and labour, one of the difficult problems of the age, is yet unsolved, and is apparently unsolvable, but it may be modified and regulated, in the course of time, of which there is sore need. Strikes and lockouts will not secure that object, though they show the need of it. In the long struggle of centuries, labour was always beaten in the fight. As far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth, the English labourer could earn twice as much of the necessaries of life with his week's wages as he could in the first half of the present century. Such is the testimony of Hallam, the most accurate of historians; and the fact is corroborated by more recent writers. During this period, particularly in the latter portion of it, the wealth of the country increased to a vast extent, and manufacturers and traders accumulated immense fortunes, while the working-man became poorer and poorer, as, after a short interval of prosperity, he still remains. We do not wish to see the working-man of this continent reduced to the same abject condition by being forced by their employers, as in Europe, or by the competition of Chinese cheap labour, to accept 'starvation wages' for their work. This would neither be justice nor a wise policy, however much one class of the community might be pecuniary gainers by it. Nor would the working-men of America long submit to the evil, for they have the *ultima ratio* of force and numbers on their side, and their outbreaks in California, however reprehensible, prove that they are prepared to use the advantage that these possess. The two main elements of industry and business are capital and labour, and

labour has hitherto taken to itself more than the lion's share of the profit of what is the joint product of both. This course cannot be persevered in, or worse will come of it in the end; likely a war of races, preceded by a new version of the Sicilian vespers.

But besides all this, the introduction of Chinese cheap labour would arrest or retard European immigration to this Continent, which would derive the increase of its population from a race physically and mentally inferior to that from which it has hitherto been supplied. It has been the boast of America that it is the poor man's country, but it has the further claim to praise, of being the country in which the poor man may become rich, or at all events, be relieved from the pressure of poverty prevailing in Europe among his class. The tendency of Chinese immigration is to bring down the working men's earnings to the European standard, a consummation which is neither desirable nor to be attained without a contest which, as I have intimated, would be attended with deplorable consequences. That the Chinese who have come, and are likely to come to America, are, in physical development, inferior to the European races, is unquestionable, although the Chinaman is endowed with remarkable powers of enduring continuous toil and privation. He can live and work on food which, in quality and quantity, is wholly inadequate to sustain the strength and vigour of the workingman of European origin. But the same comparison holds as between the ass and the horse, yet no one denies that the horse is the superior and more valuable animal of the two.

Apart, however, from this phase of the question, we have to consider other consequences of a preponderance of the Chinese race in any part of the Continent. This may be regarded as a somewhat chimerical speculation, but the history of the world records more extraordinary revolutions in human affairs. If a Roman citizen of the era of the Antonines, had been told that Scythian chiefs or military adventurers, members of barbarous tribes which the Romans still despised, and had not yet learned to fear, would sit on the throne of Augustus and Trajan, we may imagine the contemptuous anger and incredulity with which the prediction would have been received. Nevertheless, the event came to pass. Heretofore, the Chinese Government and governing class have been strongly averse to emigration, and the numerous Chinese inhabitants of Borneo and other Pacific Islands, must have surreptitiously left their country, by evading the vigilance of the authorities. But the policy maintained on this head can no longer be enforced, owing to the intrusion of foreigners and foreign trade into China. The country is overpeopled in various districts throughout its vast extent, the means of subsistence, especially by the poorer classes, are hard to win, and if the floodgates of emigration are once freely opened, the exodus will probably be such as has not been known since the hordes of Central Asia, in the early Christian period, precipitated themselves on Europe, and finally destroyed the Western Empire. Many of these emigrants would naturally seek the islands of the Pacific, but their main objective point would be the American Continent. Landing on the North American coast, they would spread over the land, from Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland. They would get possession of the labour-market, and it has been well remarked that those who do the work of the world will govern the world. I speak seriously, when I say that, judging from the experience of the past, it is within the bounds of possibility that, by the action of the ballot-box, future generations may see 'Ah Sing' sitting in the Presidential chair in the White House at Washington, as the head of the state. Let us consider who and what

these Chinese are. They are supposed to number from one-fourth to one-third of the population of the globe. Wherever they dwell they retain their own religion, habits and manners, which, from ignorance and conceit, they place immeasurably above those of the Europeans with whom they come in contact. Freedom is unknown to them, for among them everything is regulated by old hereditary laws and customs, from which they never depart. Education, if not universal, is general, but scarcely of much more value than speech is to parrots. Their civilization, such as it has been, is effete and worn out, and their intellect is of a low order, being confined to cunning, which we are told is the wisdom of the weak. They have the talent of imitation, but do not possess the inventive faculty. They never add to the little they will consent to learn. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Jesuits taught their statesmen and scholars some of the European arts and sciences, as then known; but the Chinese attempted no improvement on what they had acquired, except by mingling European science with their own crude and foolish notions. Lord Elgin, an observant and intelligent diplomatist, informs us that the many high officials with whom he had to deal in framing a treaty between England and China, appeared to him to be little better than grown-up children.

We must not forget that there are four hundred millions of the Chinese race, and that if emigration on a large scale once begins, they could pour into this Continent in such multitudes, male and female, as would check, if not wholly arrest, European immigration, particularly as Chinese cheap labour would leave the labour market in their hands, and in which Europeans could not compete with them. Worst of all, these extraordinary people would degrade or destroy the Christian civilization of America, by the substitution or admixture with it of their own inferior civilization, of which they are so proud, and to which they cling with great tenacity. The recent introduction of Chinese labourers into British Columbia brings this subject home to the people of Canada; and the opinions expressed by the representatives of that Province in the Dominion Parliament leaves little room to doubt that their celestial visitors are as unwelcome there as they are in Australia and California. And no wonder; for the Chinese are only birds of passage, while the white labourers would become permanent settlers, which is what British Columbia of all things wants. This, I suspect, is a loss for which even the construction of the Pacific Railway will scarcely be a sufficient compensation to that far-off member of the Dominion.

I expect that I shall be accused of illiberality in consequence of the views I have advanced on this question; but though I call myself a Liberal, I have no respect for the cant of Liberalism, which is more prevalent in these days than it should be. Much has been said about the sacred character of treaties, and the duty of the American Government to fulfil the engagements into which it has entered with China. All true; treaties should be religiously observed; but if prejudicial to the public welfare, they ought not to have been made, and, above all, they ought not to be prolonged or renewed.

SORROWS AND SOLACES OF AN EYE-GLASS.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON, B. A.

SHORT-SIGHT is one of those minor trials which win too little sympathy from the ungalled majority. This may be partly owing to the ludicrous embarrassments and mistakes arising from it; but it is more largely due to the inability of long-sighted people to understand the nature of the affliction. It is not altogether like normal sight dimmed by twilight, for when an object comes within a certain distance, varying according to the degree of the disorder, the short-sighted person can see it quite as plainly as anybody else. The minute features of an object, which, when quite within his range, he can see perhaps more distinctly than ordinary mortals, become blurred and then invisible to him at an incredibly small distance beyond his range. If suffering from a medium degree of myopia, he may dine opposite three ladies of somewhat similar ages and complexions, and, if he has not used his glass, be unable to distinguish one from another after dinner. Yet he could tell whether they were dark or fair, or perhaps could guess their ages within ten or a dozen years; and he might risk a nod to an acquaintance at the farthest corner of the same table, whom he has identified by a peculiar coat or the peculiar outlines of his figure. He can, moreover, read smaller print, and in a dimmer light, than most people.

Such apparently inconsistent qualities of his vision puzzle his acquaintances, who are sometimes tempted to doubt his infirmity altogether, or even to fancy themselves insulted by his occasional failures to recognise them. They seldom take the trouble to consider that, if he has no glasses on when he passes them by, he is practically blind until they come fully within his ken, which extends from one to six paces at the most. He may *guess* their identity a few feet before he is sure of it; but he may have made too many laughable and humiliating mistakes by acting on a mere guess. In most cases, it is they who really 'cut' him, for, looking in his face at *their* usual distance, and fancying his eyes have met theirs and not seeing any preliminary signs of recognition, they peevishly look in front of them. Very possibly, a side-glance shows them that he has half turned, or started, or looked wistfully at them at the last moment (that is the *first* moment he has recognised them); but, before he has had time to bow, they are past him, their heads stiffer than before. From their point of view, this staring after snubbing is adding insult to injury.

If he has had his glass or glasses on, it never strikes them that, with this aid, he sees somewhat worse than they do, and that even they themselves are liable to oversight. They treat him as they would an Argus, who had sighted and slighted them with magnifying glasses upon all his eyes. They would as soon forgive a man who, they know, knows that they have injured him.

Of course, such misunderstandings are much more common among ignorant and ill-bred than among educated and well-bred persons, and in small

towns than in large cities. To suspect one of dropping your acquaintance from pride or contempt argues a lack of healthy self-respect on your part: to suspect him of doing so causelessly argues that you think him a fool, or are one yourself; to suspect him of doing so from some unknown and unguessed motive argues that you think somebody has been indulging in the cheap excitement of lying about you—a form of dissipation that is still more rife, I fear, in peaceful villages, than in wicked towns.

Many mistakes of short-sighted people would evoke pity if they did not excite laughter. The following incidents I can vouch for. A myopic Irishman, passing three gentlemen in Nassau street, Dublin, mistook one of them for a friend of his, named Keys, whom the passer-by resembled somewhat in face and figure and dress. 'Halloa, Keys!' exclaimed the myope, turning and slapping the stranger familiarly on the back. The three pedestrians wheeled round and eyed him superciliously. They were Englishmen, probably officers of the garrison, certainly of the order of 'swells.' 'Keys of what?' asked the one addressed: 'Keys of a lunatic asylum?' The blunderer stuttered an explanation and turned away—indignant but crushed.

The same Irishman, visiting Halifax, Nova Scotia, for the second time, saluted a stranger who, he fancied, was a resident of the place whose acquaintance he had made the summer before. 'How do you do, Mr. H.?' he said, at the same time shaking hands. On this occasion he met no rebuff, but was informed civilly enough that he was mistaken in his man. Half-an-hour afterwards he came upon the genuine Mr. H., as he supposed, in another street. 'Do you know,' he said, extending his hand, 'I have just mistaken another fellow for you.' 'You mistook me for another fellow before, you mean!' answered the very stranger he had spoken to half-an-hour earlier!

The social disadvantages of short-sight are increased by the adoption of a single eye-glass. To raise one's glass as a stranger approaches, apparently seems rude to many people. Young women sometimes blush under the infliction; even matrons seem to think that this vitreous instrument possesses a magic power, not possessed by spectacles or healthy eyes, of magnifying freckles, of penetrating the thickest veil, and detecting their powder or their rouge, or the flaws in their apparel. There certainly is a rude way of staring with a glass, as there is a rude way of staring with the naked eye; but if the innocent offender had not used his glass, the comer might have turned out to be an acquaintance and have been ignored. Again, in company, a short-sighted guest may be uncertain whether a speaker is addressing him or the person next to him. He has then to run the risk either of blundering or—if he raise his glass to see the direction of the speaker's eyes—of being again thought rude. It happens accordingly that, though the wearer of spectacles or double glasses may gaze intermittently at a person half an evening without being noticed, the wearer of a single glass who only glanced at the same individual half-a-dozen times, with the most legitimate of objects, is sometimes charged with basely staring that individual out of countenance.

In the United States, the woes of the single eye-glass are more pitiable than elsewhere. Here the public are mainly familiarized with it through its use by Dundreary and other scenic fops; and its habitual wearer is *ipso facto* set down as a dandy by about nine-tenths of the sovereign people. He is constantly forced to choose between Scylla and Charybdis. Introduced to an untravelled American lady, he must either look at her tolerably often through his odious 'quizzing-

glass,' or else, when he next meets her, confirm her suspicion of his foppery by utterly failing to recognise her. For people are everywhere too liable to overlook the plain fact that, after a single conversation between a short-sighted person with, and a long-sighted person without, a 'quizzing-glass,' the former is much less likely to recollect the latter's face than the latter is to recollect the former's, when they may meet a second time. Supposing that they talked for half-an-hour at a few feet's distance, and that the former used his glass for an average proportion of the time, he has seen the other's features for hardly five minutes, while the latter has seen his for thirty.

There are other objections to a single glass, besides the misunderstandings it may cause, and the prejudices it may arouse. It is hard to hold in extreme heat and extreme cold—the one induces perspiration, the other numbs the muscles of the eye-brow. People with prominent eyes never hold a single glass without grimacing. In most people it produces permanent wrinkles, or changes the natural curves of one or both brows. In a life-time it creates a difference in power between the more and the less used eye, varying from a fraction of a degree to two or three degrees. In some cases it has entirely destroyed the sight of an eye; in others it is said to have impaired the reasoning powers.

You cannot judge distances with one eye. It is an angle whose sides extend from your eyes to the point on which they are fixed that enables you to do so. The acuter this angle, the farther the object appears, and *vice-versâ*. Now this angle does not exist when one eye only is aided by a glass, for the unassisted eye is so far behind its companion in power that it is practically sightless for the nonce. This defect of the single glass is sometimes felt by its patrons when they are in strange places, and there are no familiar objects about, whose known magnitude may help them to conjecture distances. But it is more noticeable in the case of moving objects. When both eyes are observing a ball in the air, the angle of which the middle of the ball is the vertex, and the eyes the extremities of the base, changes with the changing distance, rendering the observer's consecutive estimates of the ball's position comparatively correct. But a person watching an approaching ball with one eye has only the increasing size of the ball to guide his estimate of its distance; and this is not enough, even if he knows the true size of the ball, to enable him to tell its position to an inch or two when it is actually within his grasp. Hence some people, who play such games as croquet or billiards (where the ball is stationary before it is struck) better with a single than a double glass, discard the former for the latter when playing cricket or rackets, in which they have to strike at balls in motion. Others who ordinarily use the single glass, prefer even their unassisted eyes to its deceptive aid in games of the latter description.

It seems apposite to mention here that a friend of mine once overheard a lady charging him with wearing a glass only for appearance (!), because he played lawn tennis *without* it. His doing so, in truth, rather indicated that his infirmity was real; for had it been pretended, he would doubtless have worn a piece of ordinary glass instead of a piece of decidedly concave glass. As the former would not have impaired his power of judging distance or affected his sight in any other way, he would have had no reason for discontinuing the sham when doing so was most likely to attract notice.

A double glass, being, as a rule, worn much more constantly than a single one, extends the wearer's facilities for observation. He is more apt to become familiar with the outward peculiarities of his neighbours; to be a critic of architecture, dress, and decorations; to learn to distinguish be-

tween similar trees and ferns and flowers, beast and birds, and insects.

Why, then, not assist both eyes at once, and let them work together as Nature intended them to do? Why seek an ally that is so treacherous and has so many enemies as the single glass? Simply because its patrons—at least those whose brows are so formed as to favour its use and to obviate contortions and the premature growth of wrinkles—find its merits outweigh its defects.

In the first place, it fits more closely to the eye than the double glass possibly can. Hence, on an average, quite as much of the horizon is visible at a glance through the former as through the latter instruments, for, while its range is more contracted at one side, owing to the obstruction of the nose, at the other side it covers a large space that would be uncovered by a double glass. From the same cause, the single glass becomes useful in clouds of dust, enabling its wearer to keep one eye open. Again, the single glass is steady and free from that vibratory motion which, often unperceived except by its effect, seriously mars the usefulness of the double glass, especially in a wind or when the wearer has suddenly moved his head. That one eye can see almost, if not quite, as well as two anybody, with or without glasses, can ascertain for himself by shutting one eye. The strain on the sight is not so constant when you wear a single glass as when you wear a double one. From the greater ease and quickness with which it can be dropped, you will not keep it nearly so long in your eye. You can bring it into action in a second, and can drop it without raising your hand. At elections, and on other imaginable occasions, this facility might prove specially valuable by preventing the glass being broken in your eye.is It certainly a favourite threat with loafers and small boys to smash your —— glass or glasses. The same comparative merit of the single glass makes it the easier to wipe. Lastly, when you really have occasion to cut an acquaintance, a single eye-glass makes you some slight amends for the many wanton 'cuts' you may have been falsely accused of. Artistically used, it conveys to your late friend the assurance that he is both seen and ignored; it steadies your facial nerves throughout the ordeal; it adds to your calmness and to his embarrassment; it makes you look cool and makes him feel chilled.

On these conveniences, actual and possible, to its wearer the defence of the maligned 'quizzing-glass' must rest. Only fops or fools can really think that any fancied superiority in point of 'style' or 'form' is at all an equivalent for the decided, if ignorant, prejudices existing against it and the frequent misconceptions it creates.

On the whole, spectacles seem the most sensible and satisfactory aids to short-sight. They are steadier and fit closer than double glasses. Few young myopes who, undeterred by 'The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green,' are philosophical enough to disregard a slight appearance of seriousness or austerity, will regret adopting 'gig-lamps.' On some noses the double, on some eyes the single, eye-glass is heavily handicapped; but nearly everybody can wear spectacles.

EVENING.

BY H. KAY COLEMAN.

NOW the quiet evening shadows
Shed around a holy calm,
Holding wrapped in mysteries' shackles
Wondrous thoughts of the 'I am' :—
Thoughts, beyond a full expression,
Thoughts, which soar, we scarce know where,
Filling with a fond emotion,
Bidding farther fly dull care.

Slowly now in matchless splendour
Twinkling sentinels appear,
And the graceful elm-tree shadows,
In the moonlight, fringe the mere.
As we gaze with reverence kindled
On Ontaro's placid breast,
Well we know the wild wave's Ruler
Giveth His beloved rest.

Gentle stream, whose tiny ripples
Half their melody forego,
Art thou fearful lest thy babbling
Should disturb the lull below ?
Balmy zephyrs blow but gently,—
Come with just the faintest breath,
Lest the forest leaves should flutter
And the evening calm meet death.

Hearts are full, but lips are speechless ;
Hands are clasped, eyes turned on high.
Oh, to live, that like this day-time
Still and peaceful we may die !
May resign the glare and glamour,
With the race of life well run,
As the golden-tinted hill-tops
In the West at set of sun !

PORT HOPE.

THE WELFARE OF CANADA.

BY WM. CANNIFF, M. D., TORONTO.

A REVIEW of political parties in a magazine ostensibly from a neutral stand-point, it might be expected, would be free from that strong language and imputation of corrupt and impure motive which too often disgrace newspaper party articles. Moreover, if we wish to elevate the tone and soften the asperities of party conflict, those who profess to look upon the parties from a higher plane —from a national point of view— should set an example of moderation in tone and exhibit some of that charity which always becomes a preacher, especially a preacher of a new doctrine. In criticizing the 'Review of Political Parties in Canada,' by Mr. Wm. Norris, a difficulty is met with in the style adopted, which, although it may be after a high model, makes it hard to understand exactly what the writer means, and it is a style which may lead one to express directly opposite views in the course of the same article.

Mr. Norris commences by telling us that the two parties in Canada are kept divided, 'not by principle, but by tendencies, and love of office, and that these tendencies had their origin many years ago, and are the legacies inherited from the American Revolution.' In the following paragraph we are informed that after Responsible Government was conceded the tendency toward Britain and British Institutions was the programme upon which the Conservative party was founded. It does seem strange that tendencies inherited from the last century should only lead to the formation of a programme near the middle of the present century; and still more remarkable, that the U. E. Loyalists of 1776 should not before this have manifested a tendency toward Britain and British Institutions. Now is it not a fact, as any student of Canadian history must know, that it was attachment to Britain and British Institutions that made them U. E. Loyalists, made them the pioneers of Western Canada, and the fathers of the Dominion? Except a few rebels in 1837, and the Americans, who from time to time came into the country, all Canadians, all British Canadians, at least, professed the same attachment to the mother land. Even to-day, if the number of those opposed to British connection were added up, they could not be counted by the hundred out of the four million or more in the Dominion.

We are gravely told that 'it strikes the ordinary observer, that the programme of the Conservative party is finished.' Well, we should like to know what Mr. Norris calls an ordinary observer. Is he one with an artificial eye, or one who is short-sighted, or long-sighted, or is he a candidate for the Blind Asylum? Then, the uninformed toiling slaves of Canada have to learn that it was a fatuous dread of the United States, which, with a desire for office, led to the adoption by the Conservative party of the National Policy. However, this policy, Mr. Norris makes known, 'is successful and will be maintained . . . The industries and manufactures founded on the faith of the National Policy being per-

manent, will be the means of preserving it in the future.' Now, with all humility it is submitted, that an ordinary observer with his two eyes in a normal condition would conclude, if he thought as well as saw, that a party which had created such a policy, would find its natural function in maintaining it, and protecting it against a party pledged to an opposite policy. Mr. Norris is no ordinary observer, if he thinks that the Conservative party, which, after taking part in securing Confederation, has, under the leadership of Sir J. A. Macdonald, devoted itself to working out the problem of Canadian national life, and promoting its growth and development, will not, as time passes on, find work almost, if not quite, as important as the creation of a National Policy, and the construction of a National Railway. It is very generous to say, that 'we have received from the Conservative party all we could expect and more;' but the writer quite fails as a political Seer, in supposing that 'the Conservative party, like its chief, is drawing to the close of its existence.' Principles do not die when a teacher passes away or goes off the stage, and the Conservative party will not perish, so long as we call this country the Dominion of Canada.

The remarks made by Mr. Norris, with respect to Sir J. A. Macdonald, manifest a feeling of bitterness and want of charity, which unfits one for a calm and impartial review of Parties. And, from one posing self-complacently as a Canadian *par excellence*, a better spirit might have been expected. How does Mr. Norris know that Sir J. A. Macdonald, had been 'approached before he was appointed on the High Joint Commission' to treat at Washington, and is it just and honourable, or unjust and dishonourable, to say that 'it is possible that he (Sir John) had the promise of his K. C. B-ship in his pocket before he left Canada?' Mr. Norris is in favour of the National Policy; but he will not allow that Sir John Macdonald deserves any thanks for its introduction. He says, Sir John never anticipated the success at the polls which he met with. 'With his usual cynicism, he placed his reliance on the differences and jealousies of the people of the different nationalities . . . . Pocket and patriotism combined made it the winning card.' Now that may sound nice to Mr. Norris, but it has no meaning in view of the facts fresh in the minds of the people. What, in the name of common sense, was it, if not the contention for a Canadian National Policy by the Conservatives, under the leadership of Sir J. A. Macdonald, which carried the elections in 1878? It was because the differences and jealousies of the people were forgotten in the overwhelming demand for such a National Policy. Those who know best can affirm that Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party did anticipate success. A more inappropriate epithet could not be applied than that of cynic to Sir J. A. Macdonald. Mr. Norris has got Sir John and Mr. Blake so mixed up, in his efforts to disparage one and give the other a character and purpose he does not possess, that he forgets the plain facts of yesterday. In pursuance of this course towards these two gentlemen, he insults the intelligence of the people of Canada, by hazarding the statement that the previous character of Sir John Macdonald 'leads any one to think that the good of Canada was no tthe object of the National Policy;' and in support of this absurd statement, he refers to Sir John's course with respect to the Supreme Court, as if the one had anything to do with the other. After this we may cease to be surprised at the statement that 'the success of the National Policy deterred Sir J. A. Macdonald from repealing the Supreme Court Act,' and then in the following sentence, 'that it is probable that next Session we shall find him putting this threat into effect.' According to Mr. Norris's logic, as the National Policy is successful, Sir John was deterred, and as it will continue to be

successful, he will not be deterred, but put his threat (?) into execution.

We are told that 'it is not to be denied, that the Pacific Railway has been instigated by the Imperial Government.' How any one with a knowledge of Canadian events since Confederation can make such a statement passes understanding. And it would be a real curiosity to see one Englishman to whom it is a constant source of irritation to have to travel over the American Union Pacific. Surely we have a right to know who 'those people' are, who 'talk about the time when they will have an all-way route through our territory, at the expense of the Canadians.'

Mr. Norris goes in wildly for Independence, but a crowned King at Ottawa would spoil it all. Republicans will, no doubt, rejoice to hear that the air of North America is not good for Monarchs. But it does not seem to be the air after all, for it appears that when three great questions are settled in England, as all good Republicans wish, 'probably in twenty years, the Monarchy will not last long.' This is all very startling, and will cause the Royal family sleepless nights; but what has it to do with political parties in Canada?

In his review of the Reform party, referring to the late Senator Brown, Mr. Norris sagely asserts that 'it is an evil thing for a party, for its leader to be a foreigner.' Is not this Canadianism run mad? A little further on we are informed, regretfully, that the influence of the *Globe* is still immense, and that it may keep the Reform party out of power for the next twenty years; but on the other hand, in the next paragraph, we have it stated that the class represented by Mr. Mowat and Mr. Gordon Brown have passed their last days; and there is 'nothing to dread in this old remnant of Toryism,' the *Globe*.

The Reform party, it seems, according to Mr. Norris, is made up of two classes—fossilized Tories, and men of American proclivities. The latter are to be feared; they are dangerous to the usefulness of the Liberal party, because they secretly favour Annexation, but have not the moral courage openly to advocate that measure. We are left in doubt as to why they are dangerous, whether it is because they are Annexationists, or because they have not the moral courage to advocate it openly. After claiming that they have a right to discuss the benefits they think Canada would derive from the Union with the United States, a right which no body denies, Mr. Norris invites these timid people, and all Annexationists, to act the hypocrite. He tells them that Annexation cannot be attained directly, 'they are losing their time and delaying the success of the national cause.' They must first be satisfied with Independence, as 'it surely helps toward their aim, if they only take the right way to attain it.' If this is the programme, the cause of Independence will indeed be a failure. There are many Canadians who believe that some time in the future, when Canada shall have sufficiently grown and developed its resources, it will, like the ripe fruit, drop into Independence. But the admission that Independence is to be, or may be, a stepping-stone to Annexation, will prevent all thoughtful and true Canadians from supporting a scheme which might, not to say would, lead to national extinction. Probably the Liberals with American proclivities will not accept the invitation to pull in the same boat with Mr. Norris, for he states after all that 'Annexation directly is possible, as we have only to consult ourselves, the Americans and England.'

Mr. Norris has a liking for Mr. Blake, although 'hitherto he has not shown that strength of character so necessary in a leader.' It is true that he opposes the National Policy, which is a mystery to Mr. Norris; but that is nothing. He was fortunate in his having shirked a party vote in the Letellier affair, according to Mr. Norris's ethics.

True, again, Mr. Blake talks of Imperial Federation; but at the request of Mr. Norris, he is to relinquish this, as well as his hostility to the National Policy and the Syndicate contract; for does not Mr. Norris say, that 'the people will not tolerate disturbing either!' Mr. Blake has sounded a note; it is something about 'subjects of subjects,' and thereupon his utterance as a party leader, in and out of Parliament, about the National Policy and the Syndicate, have been untrue. He meant all the time just the opposite to what he said. And so he is to take the banner from the falling Conservative Chieftain, and lead on the supporters of the National Policy and the Syndicate contract to Independence, and then to Annexation. How charmingly consistent all this is!

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the 'Review,' is the outburst about the dishonour and degradation of being Colonists. A new fact has been discovered, 'the history of a colony cannot be anything but contemptible.' It is declared that 'the present generation of Canadians will be despised in a generation or two hence.' Well, perhaps some of them will be; but that hardly justifies one in distorting history. We need not go farther than the United States to find the people who are proud to trace, back their lineage to anti-Revolutionary times, and who delight to recall the events of their colonial life. All Americans look back with pleasure upon their colonial history, as the grown man looks back upon his life prior to maturity. It is sad that Canadian colonists are 'a grade just above the coolie;' and 'so much the worse, we do not feel our chains,' because we are ignorant and degraded like the slaves of the South before Emancipation. Now, all this would be inexpressibly sad if it were not extremely silly. In view of the fact that we legislate as we please, irrespective of the wishes of England; that the National Policy is inimical to British trade; and that the London *Times*, the adherents of the Manchester School, and many public men in England have repeatedly told us, that we are at liberty to sever the colonial tie when we please, this sort of writing will, by many, be regarded as unintelligible.

We do not propose in this article to discuss the Future of Canada, not that we think it inexpedient; but from want of space and leisure. Much, however, can be said in support of the view held by Sir Francis Hincks, that it is undesirable to do so. The growth and development of the Dominion is most probably as rapid as is consistent with the stability of our institutions. Precocity in natural life is as likely to be followed by early death, or a want of manly vigour at maturity, as in the individual man. The person who is ashamed of being a Colonist is like the irrepressible youth, who runs away from home before he is able to take care of himself. By all means, however, let every one who thinks he has a mission preach immediate Independence or Annexation; but it is to be hoped that the few who wish for national extinction will not take Mr. Norris's advice, and say they only mean Independence. While we would give Annexationists every opportunity to parade their arguments in its favour, we take the liberty of presenting the views of one who having prophesied that it must come to pass loses no opportunity of showing that his prophecy must or ought to come true. Professor Goldwin Smith has done what he could to indoctrinate Canadians with a belief in such manifest destiny, and we cannot be accused of giving the opinion of one hostile thereto, if we quote from his writings. Sir Francis Hincks, in the *Fortnightly Review*, produces statements made by Prof. Smith in the *Bystander* for 1880, concerning the United States, which are submitted for the consideration of the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, especially those in favour of Annexation, either directly or by way of premature Independence. It will be seen that the

United States is not such a delectable country that Canadians should on any account allow their autonomy to be imperilled, by listening to any cry, or to such dulcet strains as a 'Continental Policy,' or 'Commercial Union.' Canada can prosper and become a great Northern nation without such a scientific frontier. The following are the quotations from the *Bystander*, culled by Sir Francis Hincks, to which I have referred:—

'But there is a greater peril than the Irish element, or even the foreign element generally, as the best citizens begin already to see. It is faction, which, unless it can be arrested in its fell career, will soon threaten the very life of the Republic. . . . That government by faction will in the end ruin self-government, is the lesson which all free communities, if they would save themselves from anarchy, must learn. . . . A national conflict once in every four years for that office, 'the Presidency,' and the enormous patronage now annexed to it, must bring everything that is bad in the nation to the top, and will end in a domination of scoundrels. . . . Where is the security against the foulest malpractices on the part of a faction, which feels itself tottering, but has still a majority in the House? Disastrous experience shews that it is not to be found in the morality of party. . . . To all thinking men the perilous tendencies of the elective Presidency, must have been revealed in a glaring light. . . . For our own part, we never can treat the subject of a Presidential election, or of any party contest in such a community as the United States, without repeating that we hold these conflicts to be the greatest of evils, and fraught with danger to the stability of the Republic; that we deny the necessity of party government, and of organized parties altogether; that we do not believe in the usefulness of an elective Presidency . . . The country is plunged into all the turmoil and bitterness of an unarmed civil war. The commonwealth is divided into two hostile camps; rancorous and anti-social passions are excited; the moral atmosphere is darkened with calumny; bribery and corruption, with all their fatal effects on national character, are rife on both sides; commerce quakes; business is interrupted; a legion of roughs is poured into Indiana, and for some days that State is in peril of a murderous affray.' And after Garfield's election, Mr. Goldwin Smith says, 'Again we are constrained to ask how the political character of any nation can withstand forever the virus of evil passion and corruption which these vast faction fights infuse?'

ODE TO NATURE.

BY C. E. M.

WHEN I was yet a gay and careless child,
Thy spell hung o'er me like a beauteous dream;
And as I strayed where the tall beeches wild
Threw tremblingly-dark shadows on the stream
I felt I loved thee: though my fancy caught
No words to music thy weird awfulness,

Or win into vague being filmy thought,
That men might sing in sunny after-time.
O Love of Loves! come, bless
The yearning soul that pineth overwrought,
As thou did'st me, in life's ecstatic prime.

From passing year to year I loved thee more,
As love in age exceedeth love in youth;
I learned the secrets of thy hidden lore;
The thousand forms of thy eternal truth—
Quaint palaces of some old-fabled Pan—
Would haunt me with their magic flitting hues,
Which never yet were limned by skill of man,
Since first that happy slave of Beauty's power,
A passionéd recluse,
Fain wandered where the moss-rimmed streamlet ran,
And rioting in wealth, pourtrayed thy dower.

The crowning glory of our human kind
In thine abiding glory seemeth dim;
The cycles roll their course nor shalt thou find
The scattered dust of yonder sculptured limb:
The story will have vanished past recall,
How some unknown with cunning hand and brain
Graved it upon the Parthenon's fair wall,
And leaped in madding joy as all the throng,
With heaven-sent refrain
Defied decay to cast her mouldering pall
Upon the wizard outlines of their song.

Ye worship Beauty! See how soon she dies
That trusts herself to marble monument!
As soon shall fade yon scene, a nation's prize
Whose features pale with Time's rude ravage blent.
What though the artist with diviner hand
Secured his work against corruption's taint?
He shall be mocked by his ungrateful land
When Beauty new-born dawns on new-born race.
O Nature, no restraint
Of human life or Art doth check thy wand,
Or mar the fairy shapings of its trace.

Montreal.

ROUND THE TABLE.

'REMINISCENCES,' BY CARLYLE.

I ASK permission to offer a few words in defence of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' and their publication by Mr. Froude, from the general condemnation which appears to have been passed on them. The idea seems to have arisen that Carlyle was an ill-natured man, with a bad word for all and sundry. Let any one read the book from end to end, and he will find this very far indeed from being the case. True it is, no doubt, that Carlyle was ready enough to express contempt or dislike for what displeased him, and this he did in the Carlylese dialect, which gives it greater apparent force. You take up a paper and you find extracts from the 'Reminiscences,' which convey a partial idea of the general tenor of the book. You laugh at a caricature of Carlyle's matter and manner in *Punch*, or where not. Every jackass must have his kick at the dead lion. But we want to be something better than jackasses. We want to feel the same respect for Magnus Leo dead that we felt for him living. And I think we may. By far the greater part of the 'Reminiscences' consists of most loving, generous, untiring admiration of the character of Carlyle's father, of his wife, of Edward Irving. So far is this carried that it strikes you as just a little too perfunctory, just a little overdone. But, if the reader becomes sometimes rather wearied, Carlyle himself never wearies in this lavish pouring out of praise. Nearly the same may be said with respect to Jeffrey, and at almost equal length. The same in the case of Southey, of whom the laudation is unstinted; so much so as to be worthy of particular mention. Not much less of Wordsworth. And all through the book will be found minor instances of the same kind. Can this be the work of an ill-natured man? Then you may remark that, although Carlyle, unless he was more fortunate than the rest of us, must have met with disgraceful conduct or evil deeds, he never once, if my memory does not deceive me, speaks of anything of the kind. His censures are limited to personal and intellectual characteristics. Nor did he grumble at the tardy recognition of his powers, or at the small gains which they brought him. He takes that and the poverty, which was long his lot, very simply and philosophically.

I have not the least desire to misrepresent the fact. I think that this will be found to be a fair estimate of the 'Reminiscences,' taken generally. It would seem that Carlyle was moved by an irresistible impulse to set down the whole truth at all times. He did not write with honey and oil only, but had gall and vinegar at command when they were called for. And why not? If we want to hear of his great love and admiration for some persons, do we not also want to have our belief in his sincerity strengthened by his disgust—we will say disgust—at what turns his stomach in other persons? It is the same with inanimate things. If he chances to inhabit a house in which all the work has been scamped, his wrath is kindled in just the same way, and is expressed in the same pungent style.

What Carlyle says himself is this:—'Perhaps nobody but myself will ever read this—but that is not infallibly certain—and, even in regard to myself, the one possible profit of such a thing is that it be not false or incorrect in any point, but correspond to the fact in all.'

May we not gratify ourselves then with the thought that we have in no wise lost a great man, as those who are only too ready to fasten their barbs on his memory would have us think, but have him still in his entirety. And may it not be that Mr. Froude, more especially as he knew the man, was wholly unprepared for the disapprobation with which the publication of the 'Reminiscences' has been visited?

D. F.

BOOK REVIEWS.

French Men of Letters. By MAURICE MAURIS. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series, No. 60. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This little volume contains a mixture of biography, criticism, and personal reminiscences concerning De Musset, Gautier, Hugo and other well-known French authors. M. Mauris worshipped most of them at a distance before he made their acquaintance in the flesh, and his sensations when first seeing one of them are those of the hero-worshipper brought suddenly face to face with his ideal man. We sympathise with the hesitation he feels at the garden gate of Victor Hugo's place of exile, and the unusual sensations by which he is unable to speak to the great poet at first. But when the same symptoms are gone through, with more or less intensity, on the first meeting with other and smaller men, our objections are aroused. Why the atmosphere of Dumas fils' study should, even in his absence, 'seem pervaded with the presence of a superior being' is not very clear to us. M. Mauris having exhausted the emotions to be derived from his furniture sees the man himself, 'a blond creole' 'who seems like a prophet in a frock-coat,' and who 'offers to women the enticement of a mystery.'

This admiration is very Parisian, as are the arguments in defence of DeMusset's life against the strictures of Henry James and other 'Saxon' critics. Our author sees nothing morbid in the state of mind which rejected every profession because 'man is too narrow as he is for me to consent to become a specialist.' To alternate between 'feverish exaltation induced by early literary successes' and periods of depression marked by low debauchery, drinking and gambling brought on by so-called love-disappointments is to M. Mauris only a proof of the 'fineness of feeling which is the pleasure and pain of a poetic nature.' The 'Saxon' nature finds something repulsive in the poet's agonizing over one woman, winning her, losing her (each step in his affections duly chronicled in immortal verse) and straightway beginning the round afresh with lover No. 2.

His poems, 'La Nuit de Mai' and 'La Nuit de Décembre' show how short a round of months took him from one depth of despair to another. All this is to M. Mauris 'the longing need of a great wounded heart to drown its sorrow in the billows of new emotions . . . . a love not of *a* woman, but *the* woman.' Without claiming an undue fineness of perception a 'Saxon' critic may see something very different from 'charity in the highest degree' in the following anecdote:—De Musset coming home from the theatre saw an aged organ-grinder in the bitter snowy night grinding away obstinately at his instrument of torture. He went home, but turned back at the door, found the man, and gave him money. Very truthfully he based his action on a motive of refined selfishness, not the highest charity, as his biographer would have us believe,—'Unless I go back and give him something his music will haunt me all night like the demon of remorse.'

Very amusingly French are some of the terms of expression made use of. Here is a meeting between a father and son. 'He strained Gérard to his breast and two large tears rolled down his cheeks. *He pointed to Heaven.* Gérard understood and wept; *the mother had died in Silesia!*' This was a most expressive gesture. Gérard de Nerval (the strained one) afterwards translated 'Faust,' at the age of eighteen, so exquisitely that Goethe expressed to Eckermann his wonder and admiration. 'I no longer like "Faust" in German. This translation has invested my original words with a new fire.' We are glad to hear that his highly-coloured report was not set afloat by De Nerval himself, who appears to have been a modest young man and blushed at his friend's eulogies; as well he might if they often resembled this specimen.

It appears that Octave Feuillet made a great mistake in life. Instead of imitating De Musset and 'drowning the emotions' of one love affair in the surging waves of another, he—married. 'She'—(the abominable wife)—reminds M. Mauris 'of a parasite feeding upon a goodly tree.' One feels that this was too bad, and one seeks further particulars. 'She seldom leaves him.' This is hard, but what more? 'She is too homely to satisfy a heart so enamoured of ideal beauty.' One feels sympathetic, but doubts if this is sufficient ground for calling her 'his conjugal misery.' Ah! here is *the* charge, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, 'she is talented and goodnatured enough, but has never furnished him with a character for one of his plays or romances!' A parasite indeed!

Perhaps the life of Alphonse Daudet is the most amusing. He was so short-sighted that he once threw pieces of bread to a gentleman in a heavy fur coat at the Jardin des Plantes, whom he mistook for a bear! He dressed eccentrically, and once, when very poor, during an interview with the Duke de Morny the lining of his hat, by which he was holding it, came out and the hat fell to the ground; an incident well worthy, for its power to shake the soul, to be recorded in the life of any modern French poet. Once he was arrested with Belot, his *collaborateur* in a play then being written for the Vaudeville, by an over-officious gendarme, who overheard the following conversation in one of the parks apropos of the yet doubtful death of the heroine:

'I don't want her to die,' exclaimed Belot, excitedly.

'But why not?' Daudet rejoined. 'She *must*.'

We notice several Americanisms and errors in the translation. For instance, De Musset's school surroundings were enough to '*vitiate*' the meekest boy, but we will be merciful, and admit that these errors are not numerous enough to 'vitiate' a very interesting little volume.

A Question. The Idyll of a Picture by his friend Alma Tadema, related by GEORGE EBERS. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

Alma Tadema has achieved singular success in his delineations of the life and manners of those times which, with convenient generality, we term 'classic.' His figures are not models swathed in blankets, and he has more than one back-scene to his theatre, unlike the old painters of such subjects with their eternal temple fronts. There is air as well as sunlight in his broad courtyards, and the marble of their pavements reflects in sheen and glimmer the gleaming brass of the tripod whence the scented blue smoke is slowly curling up among the folds of the heavy fringed curtains. At times we would fain believe that the doctrine of metempsychosis is true, and that M. Tadema is using up afresh a number of sketches he accumulated during previous stages of his existence.

One of his pictures represents a marble bench with the long line of the blue Mediterranean just visible above it, and beyond that the outline of the clear Grecian hills;—on the seat are a damsel, and a youth who props his reclining figure on one elbow and looks up into his companion's face inquiringly. Herr Ebers has chosen this as the motive for the present little love tale, and has produced quite a pleasant idyll of old times, unburdened by the excessive erudition which he displays in some other of his works. Indeed there is one episode of the two little sucking pigs, which get changed on their way to the temple of Venus, that is quite amusing. Where a tale is written in this way to illustrate a picture, there should, however, be no discrepancy, and we must point out that the 'rose bush' of Herr Ebers is on the painter's canvas a very palpable oleander.

An Egyptian Princess, by GEORG EBERS. Translated from the German by Eleanor Grove, 2 vols. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

The historical novel has undergone some curious changes even within our own recollection. The hardiest romancers tried to establish a sort of masonic understanding with their readers, as who should say, 'Look here,—we grant that this never *did* happen, but it might have occurred and, if you will only allow that, we on our part will try and not offend against probabilities *too* glaringly.' Skilled writers thrust their actual historical characters, their Louis XI, or Cœur de

Lion, into the background, and filled the greater part of the picture with their imaginary Quentin Durwards and Ivanhoes. The chances of shocking history were thus diminished, and the representation of manners and customs became the most trying part of the author's task.

But now the historical novel has fallen into the hands of the German scholar, and the Professor of Jena scorns to ask for quarter or to evade a difficulty. Such great Kings as Amasis, Crœsus, Cambyses, are the prominent characters in his tale, and not one of them can so much as scratch his nose without the authority of a footnote which enumerates the different Egyptian authors who have written on the irritable complaints affecting the Egyptian proboscis, the peculiar spells calculated to allay such local symptoms, and which gives reference to all the wall-paintings on the tombs of Thebes, in which there occurs a representation of an ancient Theban with his hand anywhere within easy rubbing distance of his nose. In the presence of such encyclopædic knowledge the critic is abashed. He would probably have passed over the nose-scratching episode without demanding any authority for it; but since he finds his author so well armed in the details he does not care to provoke, by an attack on more important points, the deluge of erudition which the Professor doubtless conceals about his person for the express purpose of overwhelming any rash raiser of objections. No doubt the critic is presumed to know, *ex-officio*, all that has ever been published about the worship of Ra or the Hyksos dynasty. But of what avail is this against a Jena Professor, who visits Egypt personally, and keeps papyri of his own discovery, as it were, in ambush, wherewith to confound the unwary? Luckily, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, another German scientist has been on the war-path after Herr Ebers, and our righteous soul is pacified at finding out that the novelist has to confess that when he made mimosas and bananas nod their leafy heads by the Nile of the Pharoahs, he was nodding himself. This reminds us of another historical novel, the scene of which was laid in Babylon in the days of Belshazzar, and in which a wearied traveller was made to repose on beds of the softest moss by the wayside within a day's journey of that marvellous city. If our recollection is correct, he was attacked there by some loose lions that infested the neighbourhood and, naturally, rescued in due course by the hero, a young Jew of prodigious strength, learning and ability. But the incident is implanted firmly in our memory from the fact that then, for the first time, our youthful mind received the shock of learning that all which appeared in print was not reliable. One of our seniors had pencilled on the margin, with scornful admiration marks, 'Moss on the plains of Babylon!' This seemed to us little short of sacrilege, there being so distinctly biblical a flavour to the tale and the moss being such a necessary adjunct, as conducive to that soft snooze which acted as shoeing-horn to the lions. Still, under all our sympathy with the author (whose story was really an exciting one) there was plainly perceptible to our youthful consciousness the fact that the critic had hit a blot. From that stage to the furtive production of one's own lead pencil stump was a question of degree alone; the critic had cut his first milk-tooth, and the full set of canines and incisors followed in due course.

Herr Ebers carries *his* characters to Babylon, so that he gives us sketches of Persian as well as Egyptian life, and throws the ubiquitous Greek into the bargain. Aristomachus the Spartan succeeds the Athenian Phanes in command of the Grecian mercenaries of King Amasis, and the scene opens with a visit which the two pay to Rhodope, in her island home on the Nile. The young Athenian bounds lightly from the boat, 'the Spartan following with a heavier, firmer tread.' We should put this down to his greater age, were we not told in the next sentence that Aristomachus 'had a wooden leg.' There is something very naïve in this, and we must remember next time we want to flatter any one who has lost a leg to congratulate him on the firmness of his gait. Candour compels us to admit that this is about the only passage in the book which suggests any ludicrous image,—the rest of the tale, with the Persian embassy which fetches away Nitetis to marry Cambyses, her reception and sad fate at Babylon, and the invasion of Egypt which ensues, is fairly interesting, glows with purple and gold and really presents a vast body of information upon the antiquities of the people of the East at a period of great wealth and luxuriousness of living.

A Dictionary of English Phrases, with illustrative sentences. By KWONG KI CHIU. New York: A. S. BARNES & Co.

This work is not only interesting as a curiosity of cosmopolitan scholarship, but it supplies a place hitherto unfilled, as its 935 octavo pages contain more than 6000 phrases, colloquialisms, idioms and slang expressions. In the latter capacity it is a new and completely modernized edition of that scarce and curious book, the 'Slang Dictionary,' while as a lexicon of vernacular idioms and expressions it contains a full and most suggestive collection of those more racy and colloquial forms of speech which the tendency of all classical languages to diverge into mere dialects is introducing into the stream of the accepted literary English. To all authors, editors, and public speakers this work will be serviceable. Mr. Kwong shows considerable humour in his explanations of various popular phrases. There is also a good collection of English proverbs, a valuable and amusing list of Chinese sayings and maxims, and a sketch of Chinese Chronology and History, and of the Philosophic Ethics of Confucius. Many technical legal phrases are clearly and briefly explained; in a word, this very comprehensive work cannot fail to be of use to professional men as well as to the general public.

We give a few instances—one from 'Idiomatic Phrases:'

'BOX THE COMPASS,' TO.—1. To name all the points of the compass in their order. 2. To hold all the different beliefs or theories, in succession.

1. He cannot *box the compass*—he cannot say the names of the points of the compass in their order. 2. He has *boxed* the professional *compass*—He has successively tried all the professions.

Then from 'Colloquial Phrases,' we extract this:'

'IN THE SUDS,' TO BE,—To be in turmoil or difficulty.

Her children are all sick of scarlet fever, and she is *in the suds*. She is in difficulty.

Next comes the 'Slang Dictionary' phrases, *e. g.*

SPOONS,—the condition of two persons who are deeply in love.

UP TO THE HUB,—as far as possible, or to the extent.

These three separate distinctions of phrases are followed by four others, each of a separate class of forms of expression. We have but space to quote one or two of the Chinese Proverbs:

'*He has Budha's mouth and a snake's heart.*' '*Do all that is possible and leave the result with God.*' '*He who hath musk will of necessity exhale fragrance, and will not need to scatter the musk in the wind.*' '*Opening the mouth is not as safe as keeping it shut.*' '*The husband sings and the wife accompanies.*' '*The year fears the autumn as the month fears the full moon.*' '*The noble man can bear with others.*'

THE PROPOSED CANADIAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS.

THOUGH many will question the utility of the project, no one will doubt the motive which prompts His Excellency the Governor-General in seeking to establish a Canadian Academy of Letters. The success which has attended his initiation of the Academy of Arts may well lead Lord Lorne to further enterprise in the field of native literature. But His Excellency must be aware of the essential difference between the institution which he and the Princess have so happily founded and that which he now proposes to found. It is a difference which in England has hitherto interposed serious ob-

stacles in the way of originating a Literary Academy, though the one devoted to Art has had a long and notable career. Art in England, we must remember, however, is said to have flourished in spite of the Royal Academy, and painters have become famous, not by the grace of that institution but by that of their gifts. In France, too, it is notorious that public homage is more often, and we believe deservedly, paid to men who are not academicians than to those who are. It is true that, in the case of M. Fréchette, the laurel wreath of *l' Académie Français* made the author and his work first known to those beyond the immediate circle of his friends; but the notice of Victor Hugo or of Matthew Arnold would perhaps have accomplished as much. It was the critique of the *North British Review*, and not the prize of an academy, that secured Heavysege his honours, and won for him the recognition of the *littérateurs* of the time. It may be that with a Canadian Academy in existence, our native writers will be ensured the meed of praise which is their due, and will become independent of the precarious award of the foreign critic. Should this be the result of Lord Lorne's efforts we shall be the first to hail it. But let us make sure, if we can, of this probability, and at the same time of the wisdom of the experiment, should it be found practicable. The ultimate judges of merit, it will be admitted, are the public, and the academic distinctions conferred upon a writer can only be of worth when spontaneously endorsed by the public estimate. In the Art Academy certain men have been named as Associates, but to carry weight the nominations must be *visé* by the public. This is secured by the appraisement placed upon the artist's work at the Annual Exhibition. But how can this be done in the case of our native writers? As you cannot exhibit a literary production in the way you display a picture, there can be no means of being distinctly notified of the public judgment. This difficulty then presents itself: Will the public consent to transfer to the Academy the right to the mark of its approbation and the seal of its favour, and if so, in the dearth of literary criticism in the public journals on Canadian work, and of all critical estimates from outside, will it trust the judgment of a coterie of native professionals, however reputable and select? Another pertinent inquiry here suggests itself. What is likely to be the effect upon Canadian literature of such an incorporation? It may, and doubtless will, stimulate our writers to more strenuous effort and to higher achievement. This, of course, in itself will be a gain. It may, moreover, increase the number of those who are devoting themselves to literary pursuits—perhaps a doubtful gain. But in what manner and to what degree will it influence the public? Will it remind the masses of the intellectual poverty of the life they lead? Will it awaken their intellectual sympathies and arouse their mental aspirations? But more practically, will it give to patriotism what it now gives to freebooting? Will it perceptibly favour Canadian publications over those that hail from abroad? These are queries that naturally present themselves in considering His Excellency's project, and others might be propounded equally grave. There would doubtless be a gain in drawing our *littérateurs* and scientists closer together, and in forming a guild of representative men of letters, who, if they accomplished nothing more, might educate our people to recognize literature as a profession, and secure to those engaged in it the awards that are its due. To take with the public, however, the scheme must be more than a cordial for the literary heart, and must have some motive for its object in the direction of public culture and national advancement. The Academy, moreover, must be a stream, and not a tank. If it is to commend itself to public favour, its influence must be felt, and it must place itself loyally and helpfully at the service of the nation. As to the writers themselves, we may say that the official door to fame is not the most inviting; but until literary criticism opens that of the public journal, it may be the only avenue to gratify the 'sovereign passion.' In this respect the Academy might not be without advantage. Of what further benefit the project would be, we shall know better when we have the details of His Excellency's scheme.

THE PRESS BANQUET TO MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M. A.

THERE would seem to be an especial fitness in preserving in these pages some record of the complimentary dinner given by the Press Association of the Province, on the 3rd ultimo, to Mr. Goldwin Smith. To that gentleman the CANADIAN MONTHLY owes much, not only for invaluable literary services rendered it, but for substantial aid of another kind which was instrumental in calling the publication into existence, and which contributed to the nurture of its early life. But apart from the debt which this magazine, with many other Canadian literary enterprises, owes to Mr. Smith's practical beneficence, there are circumstances connected with the recent Press banquet which call for notice here, and suggest the propriety of at least placing on record Mr. Goldwin Smith's address on the occasion, with its dignified and eminently discreet allusion to the matter to which we refer. The occasion which called forth the demonstration, we need hardly say to our readers, was the departure for a year's sojourn in Europe of the distinguished gentleman in whose honor the banquet was given. This circumstance, and the bringing to a close a literary enterprise of the highest value to the profession, in which Mr. Goldwin Smith had been engaged, very naturally suggested the time as opportune to pay a deserved compliment to a member of the press who had placed his pen and his pre-eminent talents at its service, and had brought it so much honour. Commendable as was the suggestion, and heartily and spontaneously as it was acted upon, a once dominant journal, having no living sympathy with the country's culture, and infected with malicious hatred of the gentleman the press desired to pay respect to, sought to prevent or to give a sinister character to the demonstration, an effort which, as our readers know, signally failed in its purpose and brought discomfiture on the few who derided the project. Such unexampled discourtesy and so outrageous a defiance of public sentiment could, of course, have no other result than to further the success of the banquet, which came off with every manifestation of enthusiasm and with a zest stimulated by fervent abhorrence of the unprofessional tactics of the newspaper in question.

From these preliminary words our readers outside the Province will more clearly understand the references, in the speech of Mr. Goldwin Smith, to newspaper tyranny, and will better appreciate the remarks that fell from the guest of the evening on the growth of independent opinion in the country and the importance of maintaining and extending its expression. And it is to such objects, the repression of journalistic intolerance, and the securing of the amplest liberty of thought and speech in the Dominion, that Mr. Goldwin Smith's pen and talents have been earnestly and assiduously devoted. In the performance of this, the highest service a public writer can render to his country, Mr. Smith has had to meet, from the source already referred to, the most implacable hostility and a continuous misrepresentation of his actions and motives of the most pestilent and untruthful character. Fighting or 'living it down,' in so far as he was himself the victim of this journalistic narrowness and malignity, he has also, in the general interest, plied the axe at the fungous roots of all such intolerance as would desolate the country rather than permit difference of opinion to exist, and which would deport to some New World Siberia all who demurred to the political sentiment of the country being ruled from the urn of the past. In this good work, we need scarcely say, Mr. Smith has had the sympathy and encouragement not only of journalists who place patriotism above party, and can divine between spurious and genuine loyalty to the country, but of the large and increasing portion of the community whose national aspirations are moulded upon the progressive political thought of the time, and who, above all things, respects manly utterance and the courageous defence of what may seem to be unpalatable opinions.

The Press Banquet to Mr. Goldwin

Smith may be taken as an evidence of sympathy with that gentleman, in what he has had to suffer in fighting the battle of freedom of speech, and as a tribute to the man himself for what he has brought to journalism, and the impulse he has given to all that is highest and best in literary achievement and endeavour. Before his audience, and with such a record of service as he has done the country, he could well say as he said at the banquet,—'I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruit of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study, and among statesmen.' Such service might well receive the acknowledgement it obtained, and the source of it be credited with the high and disinterested motives which had called it forth. That Mr. Smith may enjoy his trip to the motherland and soon return to carry on the great work his genius and rare endowments admirably fit him for accomplishing, we are sure every reader of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, with ourselves, earnestly desires.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S SPEECH.*

LIKE almost all who are present, I am a member of a fraternity the business of which is to express sentiment with the pen rather than with the tongue. My friend Mr. Bunting, I think, is the only gentleman present whose business it is to express sentiment by both. Few and simple words, however, gentlemen, will suffice to convey to you my heartfelt gratitude for this kind manifestation of your good will. You are members of my own profession. Before you, in your presence, and under your notice, I have done whatever I have done in Canada, and you are best qualified to judge whether I have tried to keep the path of honour. There are, perhaps, circumstances in my own case, to which I need not specially advert, which render this tribute of your esteem and sympathy doubly precious. Whatever tempests, henceforth, may assail my literary barque, I shall feel comforted by your support and approbation. Do not, however, for a moment imagine that I misunderstand the tribute you have offered. I know perfectly well that it is one of personal esteem only, and that it has nothing whatever of a political character. It denotes, not any agreement of opinion, but merely your belief that as a journalist I have tried to do my duty, and to bring credit and not discredit upon my profession. The Press Association which does me the honour to entertain me to-night is a non-political association. Around this table are gentlemen of all opinions, with some of whom I have the honour to disagree on almost all important subjects. Here is the Tory lion lying down—I was going to say with the Grit lamb—with the Grit tiger—while the lamb of independent journalism remains unhurt between them. Gentlemen, I hope that this evening's meeting is something much better than a tribute to any particular individual. I hope it is a manifestation of the fraternity of the press. I hope its meaning is that, amidst all our political differences, and all the conflicts into which daily, weekly, and monthly we are hurried, we are still members of a brotherhood, we are still an honourable and powerful profession, which has its own rules, its own courtesies, privileges and duties—a profession which will uphold and protect its members in the fair and conscientious exercise of their calling, which will honour those who bring it credit and withhold honour from those who bring it discredit. My friend the chairman, in proposing my health, and the various gentlemen whose letters have been read, have said of me some very kind things—things which, in fact, are too kind, which, if taken literally, modesty would forbid me to receive; but I take them as expressions not so much of approbation as of kindness; and translating them out of the language of praise into the language of good will, I, with much thankfulness, accept them. I will go further than that, and say that I accept them, supposing they are applied, not to what I have done, but to what I have tried to do, not to my performance but to my endeavour. I may say that I have brought to Canadian journalism the best I had, the fruits of a life spent, to a great extent, in political and historical study and among statesmen. I trust, too, that, as a writer, I have tried to recognise the bond that unites us as journalists and literary men, and that I have never uttered a word of discourtesy to anybody who has observed the commonest rules of courtesy to me. Nor

* In preparing this address for the CANADIAN MONTHLY, I have not only revised it, but slightly expanded it in parts, preserving, however, its original form and tenor.—G.S.

have I ever consciously violated towards those who would themselves observe them the established rules of the profession, such as that which protects the writers of unsigned articles, not libellous or otherwise criminal, from personal attack. Of course, if you are assailed by ruffianism, whether on the street or in the press, you must defend yourself, otherwise ruffianism would have everything its own way. I trust that I have also done the little that was in my power to help forward the growth of our national literature without distinction of opinion or party. Something has been said of my attention to style. I have tried to remember that I was before the public, and have endeavoured to turn my work out in such a shape that it might not be wholly discreditable to the Canadian press. But it is almost useless to put into our transitory productions, which are read to-day and thrown aside to-morrow, the labour requisite in the preparation of a work of literary art. Even a monthly, reviewing current events up to date, though it may not be written inconsiderately, must be written fast. After all, the great secret of style in a journalist is to make up your mind distinctly what you have to say, to say it, and to have done with it. Amongst the various arrows that have been discharged, there is one which is a little galling. I have been kindly represented as fancying I have a mission to elevate the tone of the Canadian press. Now I cordially abhor all missions, and I am sure it never entered my mind to undertake anything so ambitious as to elevate the tone of the public press. I have quite enough to do in elevating my own tone. I have stood a zealous and devoted soldier in the ranks of more than one great cause. It is my pride and my happiness to think I have done so, but I have also shared the excitement, sometimes the over-excitement, of the fray. I am conscious that, in the hour of conflict, I have written many things which in a cooler mood would have been modified or expunged; and if I were to try to elevate any one's tone my sins would rise in judgment against me. The chairman and the writers of the letters have, I repeat, spoken words regarding me which are too kind. It is here, however, if anywhere, that I must look for sympathy and approbation, for I am a journalist or nothing. There are people who say that to be a journalist and to be nothing are things not incompatible. I have candid friends who say, 'Why do you go into journalism? You ought to write a book; the only way to make yourself immortal and to become a benefactor to society is to write a book.' Well, considering the ponderous contents of our bookstores, and the voluminous catalogues which bookworms, such as I am, receive, perhaps the title of a benefactor of society might be claimed, in a modest way, by the man who does not write a book. I suppose it may be true that, as a student, I did set out in life to write a book. I suppose that was my manifest destiny, but, like other manifest destinies, it was not fulfilled. I was taken away from my college early in life, became mixed up with public men, and was at length drawn into the press. So I became a journalist, and a journalist I have remained; though I came to Canada not with the slightest intention of going on the press, least of all on the political press, which for some time, in fact, I steadfastly eschewed. I thought only of making a home for myself among my relatives; but I was drawn in by the current of national life which began to flow after Confederation in the intellectual as well as in the political sphere. I do not complain of my lot. It is perfectly true that the works of a journalist are ephemeral; they go into the nether world of old files and are forgotten. But does not the same fate befall a good many books? Look at the back shelves of any great library. What a necropolis of the immortals is there! There, amidst inviolate dust and cobwebs which are never disturbed, sleep great masters of the civil law who were once as gods for their wisdom. There sleep the authors of many a system of philosophy which now has no disciples. There sleep the authors of many a system of science which has been superseded a hundred times by the advance of modern thought. The fact is, that to be immortal you must not only have an undying genius, but an undecaying subject. Shakespeare, Homer, Cervantes, had undecaying subjects, but some doubt whether even they are now what they were to their contemporaries. We all wish to survive our ashes in a certain sense, but not to one in millions is it given to be really immortalized by literature. We may all hope to survive in the lasting effects of an honest life, and to no one, perhaps, is a better chance

of immortality of this kind given than to the journalist who honestly uses his powers in the service of truth and justice. After all, how can an exact line be drawn between the journal and the pamphlet, or between the pamphlet and the book? Burke was a pamphleteer, and Addison, when he wrote on politics, as in his *Whig Freeholder*, was a journalist. If you look at the works of Harrington, Hobbes, or Locke, or at those of any other great political writer, what are they but the current thought of the time worked up into a permanent shape? And it is we, the journalists, that have the largest share in making the current political thought of the time. Writing an editorial is, as you know, not the easiest matter in the world; there are many who think they can do it until they try. The writer of an editorial is not producing an immortal work, but he is trying to produce a distinct effect at the time, and to do that he must be master of an art. He must be able to give his work a certain unity, form and finish, and although he cannot introduce an unlimited quantity of learning and information without appearing pedantic, yet all he has read and knows will tell in the way of enrichment and illustration, and will add to the effectiveness as well as to the literary excellence of his articles. I remember sitting at a table in London beside the editor of a leading journal. He said: 'I am in distress; I have lost one of my regular writers.' I did not know much about journalism at the time, so I remarked: 'I suppose you will have to get another.' He replied: 'Get another! I will have to get three, and I will be surprised if at the end of a year one of these three writers does as well as the writer I have lost.' One is tempted, perhaps, to magnify one's own calling, but I should say that the power of journalism, great as it is, is still on the increase. The real debate has been transferred from assemblies, deliberative no longer, to the press, and the assembly does little more than record the conclusion. What we have to fear, in fact, is not that the press should be wanting in power, but that its independence may be impaired. Sinister influences may get behind it, and, under the mask of impartial criticism, use its organ for the purpose of falsifying public opinion in their own interest and in furtherance of their own designs. This is one of the great dangers at once of the press and of society at the present day. I hope I may truly say that in any dealings which I have had with the press of Canada my object has always been to increase its independence and make it entirely free to serve the people. It will hardly become me to take a position outside of the profession, and try to estimate its progress since I have known the country. I landed in Canada fifteen years ago, and since that time two things have taken place encouraging and creditable to our profession. Unless I am very much mistaken, the local press has gained very much in force. One cannot say that centralization is absolutely bad, or that decentralization is absolutely good. There are times when a nation requires a strong force, impulsive or controlling at its centre; but, as a general rule, decentralization is a mark of high civilization; and I know of nothing more salutary to a country, I know of no better guarantee of a country's political future than the existence of multiplied centres of opinion. Assuredly the existence of a strong local press has had a most beneficial effect upon the politics of England. In former days *The Times* exercised an absolute controlling power in England. It is still a powerful paper, and its circulation is as great as ever, but its influence is now balanced and limited, to the great advantage of the country. That our metropolitan press has not fallen back, while the local press has been advancing, or lost its due share of power, the new buildings on King Street are a proof which speaks to all. With this increase of the force of the local press has naturally grown independence of opinion. I do not think there can be any mistake about that. Liberty of thought is the palladium of our profession. Talk of treason; what treason can be greater than that of the journalist who strikes at the principle of liberty of opinion—the very principle in which the press itself has its being? How would the world advance if new opinion was to be killed in the bud? What journalist has not seen the treasonable paradox of one day become the open question of the next day and the accepted truth of the day after? No doubt some people will say it is absurd to doubt the existence of perfect liberty of opinion in these days. But there are more ways than one in which liberty of opinion may be restrained. Times, no doubt, have changed for the better. It is no longer as it was,

when a person who differed from you on a point in theology could visit your house, remove you from the bosom of your family to a gaol, and at last burn you alive in a public square. Those days have gone by, and if anybody were to attempt anything of that kind on King Street now, the police would, no doubt, interfere. Still there are such things as attempts to prevent a man from exercising his right to express his opinion freely on public questions; there is such a thing still as press persecution, though the inquisition is now no more: there is such a thing as hounding a man down. The presence of members of the press, of all parties and shades of opinion around this table, is a pledge of their resolution to be true to the great principle of the profession, and however they may be divided on other points, to unite in guarding liberty of thought. It is a a pledge of their determination that the press shall be open, and that no one shall be excluded from it or hunted out of it merely for daring to disagree with somebody else, so long as he does not otherwise make any dishonourable use of his pen. Sometimes it is necessary, when public rights and privileges are assailed, to fight for them. Fighting is not the most agreeable part of life. Very often, when merely your private rights are assailed, you would, rather than enter into a contest, hold intercourse with books in your library, or repose upon some classic shore; but when the interests public rights are bound up with private interests, it is not open to you to decline the struggle. Hampden, we know, was no needy demagogue. He had broad lands, a pleasant manor-house, books upon his shelves, friends whose society he loved, and, no doubt, had anybody overcharged him in the ordinary way thirty shillings, he would have paid this money rather than have a dispute; but when tyranny took him by the throat and said, 'Pay me that thirty shillings,' he said 'no,' and fought. Liberty of opinion is at least as well worth fighting for as self-taxation: it is the salt of all other liberties. If it perish all other liberties will perish, too, make what laws and statutes in favour of freedom you will. When a man publishes heterodox views you have a right to scrutinize his motives, and if you find that he has interested motives you have a right to say so. But if on fair scrutiny you find that he can have no interested motives, that he is seeking no political prize, that he can have no pecuniary object, the fair conclusion is that he advocates the views he entertains because he believes they are good for the community. In such a case, wherever else he may meet with obloquy and and discouragement, he has a right to protection from those who live by the freedom of the press. Gentlemen, I trust this meeting will not be the last gathering of the kind. It has often occurred to me—though as a new comer I felt that it was hardly proper for me to interfere in the matter—that the members of the press should be brought together in some friendly manner, and made more conscious of the fact that we belong to a common profession, and that it is the interest and duty of us all to uphold those rules, decencies, and courtesies which give our profession respectability in the eyes of the world, and attract to it honourable and cultivated men. If the black flag is to be hoisted, if all rules of courtesy are to be broken; if a writer who will not fall into line at the bidding of some dominant organ is to be treated as an outlaw; if the power of the press is to be used for the purpose of gratifying personal or commercial malice towards those from whom we differ, the profession will be sought only by men who have no character to lose. Gentlemen, again I thank you. Be assured once more that this tribute is not misunderstood. I do not believe that any political meaning attaches to it, or that by reason of it the community need allow itself to be convulsed with the fear of any change. The immediate occasion of it is my departure for—I was going to say—home. I will not, however, say home, though I love England well, though my ties there are still unbroken, and though the members of my party there always receive me with cordiality, and have given me, even since I have settled here, the strongest proofs they could give of their unabated confidence, so that you need not imagine that I was thrown upon the Canadian press a political outcast. No Canadian has a deeper interest in England than I have, or loves her more heartily than I do. Yet I will not say I am going home, because I think a man's home is where is lot is cast, where he intends to spend his life, and where his interests and duties are. Therefore I must call this country my home. Let me say, too, as I hope with truth I may, that

Canada has no more loyal citizen, none whose welfare is more entirely bound up with hers, who is more ready on all occasions to uphold her rights and honour. In whatever I have done or written, however great my errors may have been, I have, at least, had no end in view but the good of the Canadian people. Truer service cannot be rendered them than by upholding the freedom of their Press. There is no disloyalty or treason in my heart, and nobody who has done me the honour to be present this evening need fear that his character as a patriotic citizen will receive a stain.* Gentlemen, this kind expression of your sympathy will waft me over with happy feelings to the old land, and will make me look forward with pleasure to the day of my return.

* I have added these words. Let me further say that if any one who, in contravention of a dictatorial edict, dared to show his kind feeling towards a brother journalist, should ever be reproached with breach of his duty as a citizen for having done so, I am ready to furnish such an account of the origin of these charges, and of the proceedings of their authors, as I believe will satisfy my friends and all to whom they may think it necessary to explain their conduct. The main motive throughout has not been political, but commercial. The object has been to drive from the Press an independent journalist, and one who, it was feared, might become the founder of an independent journal. In truth, political antagonism, when genuine and arising from principle, though it may vent itself in language unjustifiably strong, seldom descends to the use of poisoned weapons. If my name has been brought, to an unseemly extent, before the public in connection with political questions, the fault is not mine; it is theirs who have thought fit to treat me as out of the pale of literary courtesy and systematically to violate in my case the rule which protects the writer of unsigned articles from personal attack.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THEN AND NOW.

TO M. E. M., LOUISBURG, PA.

LADY, in the Land of Fairie,
In those regions light and airy,
Legends tell us there are many
Beauteous creatures, fair as any
Houri that the Moslems bend to;
Those who bravely put an end to
Their existence in the battle
'Gainst the Gaiour, amid the rattle
And roar of musketry and guns;
And that sometimes elfin creatures
Borrow mortal forms and features.
Now a glorious damsel seeming,
Now a young Apollo dreaming,
Or, perchance, in childlike guise,
Looking wierd from infant eyes,
Causing mothers oft to wonder,
Oft to gaze, and pause and ponder
What hath changed their little ones.
Have I seen this Land of Fairie,
Have I trod those castles airy,
Upbuilded by fair Fancy's fingers
In the Elf Land far away?
Where the sloping sunbeam lingers
Out beyond the dying day—
Have I seen it? You shall say.

From the Northland, I, a dreamer,
Lured by Fancy, subtle schemer,
Like some wight of ages olden,
Tranced, enraptured by the golden
Harmonies of Circe's Isle
Southward sped by lake, o'er river,
Past the teeming fields that ever
In their harvest plenty smile;
Through the sombre mountain gorges
By the valleys, by the forges,
Out beyond the Alleghany,
In the vale of Susquehanna.
There awhile entranced I stayed me,
Tell me, Lady, what delayed me;
Elfin Sprite or Nature smiling,
Thought and purpose still beguiling,
Smiling from the tasseled corn,
Smiling from the hills unshorn,
In the storied river smiling,
Luring back to days of yore,
Hinting much of Gertrude whiling
For her playmate by the shore,
Deftly linking Fact and Fancy
In a net of rare romance,—a
Tissue wrought of quaint devices
That ever dreamy youth entices.
Methought I gazed upon a scene
Of beauty, like an Angel's dream,
And first the primal forest stood
And laved its boughs within the flood

That sparkling held its devious way
And dashed the lithe-limbed deer with spray.
Within the shadow of the trees,
Unruffled by the upland breeze,
The supple Indian's frail canoe,
Before the guiding paddle flew,
Until the signal smoke revealed
The expected resting-place, concealed
By many a tangled branch, and there
With leaning, listening, eager air,
And hand upraised, all graceful stood
The bright-eyed Hebe of the wood.
Then, silent, to the sloping marge,
Like arrow, shot the forest barge,
And lightly, on the pebbled shore
The chieftain sprang—his journey o'er,
And vanished with that sylvan scene
As some fair figment of a dream.
All now was changed. I stood beside
The self-same stream at eventide,
Gone was the forest that of yore
Had fringed with green the silent shore,
The Indian, with his frail canoe
And tawny bride, had vanished too;
But all adown that pleasant stream
Were orchards gay and meadows green,
And sunny harvest's golden store
Flushed largess. Towns and hamlets o'er
Which clust'ring trees kept watch and ward
Looked joyous forth. The surest guard
Of Freedom in the freeman's land,
I saw the guardian College stand;
For History's lessons, if you'll read 'em
Teach 'Knowledge is the price of Freedom.'
On hill, in valley, everywhere,
Eye never gazed on scene more fair;
It seems as if Dame Nature had
In frolic moment showered her glad
Rich treasures forth, with lavish hand,
O'er all that smiling summer land,
Vying with Tempe's classic vale,
Or Aidenn hymned in poet's tale.
So Past and Present, gloom and glance,
The watchward of the age 'Advance.'

Brantford. **M. J. K.**

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: 'I have none. I am the daughter of a Methodist minister.'

'Beef,' said a butcher, 'has never been so high since the cow jumped over the moon.'

'What is that dog barking at?' asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. 'Why,' said a bystander 'he sees another puppy in your boots.'

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, 'Wal, no, not for damages: I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs.'

A punster was once thrust into a closet, with a threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantaneously he cried, 'Opun the door.'

'Are dose bells ringing for fire?' inquired Simon of Tiberius. 'No, indeed,' answered Tibe: 'dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water.'

A servant girl broke a lamp-chimney. On being reproved, she said sulkily, 'Well, I don't care; everybody knows that a lamp-chimney always breaks the first time it is used!'

At the complimentary dinner given by the Atalanta Boat Club of New York to Edward Hanlan, the champion sculler, the toast of the evening was—'Edward Hanlan, the noblest Rowman of them all.'

Rector's wife, severely:—'Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?' *Tommy:* 'Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what be I to do when I meet the parson himself?'

P. T. Barnum once exhibited an alleged gorilla, which a visitor declared not to be a gorilla, for the reason that it had a tail. 'That,' rejoined the eminent showman, 'has nothing to do with it. The tail is sewed on.'

The builder of a church in a London suburb recently, on returning thanks for the toast of his health which had been proposed, remarked with much candour, 'I fancy I am more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'

'Tobaccy wanst saved my life,' said Paddy Blake, an inveterate smoker. 'How was that?' inquired his companion. 'Oh, ye see I was diggin' a well, and came up for a good smoke; and, while I was up, the well caved in!'

George Eliot did not care a great deal for jokes, but she always relished one that referred to one of her own volumes. It is the well-known story about an ignorant English bookseller who put up the notice: 'Mill on the Floss; Ditto on Political Economy.'

Dr. Thomas Chalmers was a very bad writer. He used to write home to his parents, but when his letters arrived there they could not be read. His mother used to say 'Never mind, just let them lie tae oor Tam comes hame, and he'll read them to us himsel.'

'This isn't a menagerie,' sharply observed an irascible deacon to a man who was trying to force a passage through the crowd at a church doorway. 'No, I presume not,' returned the stranger, 'or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance.'

A lady once requested Rowland Hill to examine her son as a candidate for the ministry, remarking, 'I am sure he has a talent, but it is hid in a napkin.' At the close of the interview with the young man, Mr. Hill said, 'Well, madam, I have shaken the napkin, and I cannot find the talent.'

Clergyman's wife, who takes great interest in her industrial school: 'Jane Brown, I'm sorry to hear from your mistress that you are not diligent at your needle-work. Now, do you know who it is that finds work for idle hands to do?' *Jane Brown*, artfully thinking to propitiate:—'If you please, 'm, you do, 'm.'

Scene—Parlour of a Scotch inn; two acquaintances are in hot discussion over the merits of their respective pastors. Remarks one, 'In fact, George, yer minister's jist an auld wife.' Rejoins the other, 'Weel, so is yer grannie, Peter; an' av heard ye say ye belived there wusnae a mair sensible wummun in the world.'

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle, of New York, sent recently the following toast to a social gathering:—

'Our Public Schools,—may their influence spread
Until statesmen use grammar and dunces are dead;
Until no one dare say, in this land of the free,
He "done" for he "did;" or its "her" for it's "she."'

As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet. 'What is the matter?' she exclaimed. 'Oh, the train's broke in two,' replies a gentleman who sat in the next seat. 'I should say so,' the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. 'Did they s'pose a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?'

A fashionable Chicago lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in the Halifax was the matter with the coffee. 'I don't know,' she said, bursting into tears; 'I've biled them 'ar beans for a hull hour, and they ain't no softer now than they was when I fust put 'em in the pot!'

A distinquished London dean was not equal to his opportunities when he performed the marriage ceremony for an eminent scientific professor. The dean should have asked the groom, 'Do you take this anthropoid to be your co-ordinate, to love with your nerve-centres, to cherish with your whole cellular tissue, until a final molecular disturbance shall resolve its organism into its primitive atoms?'

A two-foot rule was given to a labourer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The labourer, not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time, returned. 'Noo, Mick,' asked the plater, 'what size is the plate?' 'Well,' replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, 'its the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand from here to there, bar a finger.'

In an English church, a clergyman recently gave notice that parents desiring to have their children christened must bring them to the church before 3 P.M. The clerk, who happened to be very deaf, thinking the pastor was giving notice of the new hymn-books which were to be adopted, immediately added with perfect solemnity, 'And those who have not got any can be supplied in the vestry immediately after service, at sixpence each.'

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY WM. M'DONNELL, JUNR.

When thou art lightly moving in the dance
To music's soft entrancing tone,
When thou art flashing back the meaning glance,
I am alone.

I look out on the vasty arch of night,
The calm of that cerulean sea
With beauteous starry millions so bedight,
Is not for me.

My heart swells up within, I sadly turn
From earth to those far realms above,
Compassionate with closest kinship burn
Their eyes of love.

Stay! if to fashion's fitful play constrained.
Thy soul will lose its wings to soar:
And gifts divine, once lost, are gained,
Loved one! *no more.*

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1881.

THE MACE AND ITS USE.

BY THE HON. CHARLES CLARKE, M.P.P.,

Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

WHO is He? What is It? Such are the queries which flash through the minds of thousands who look, for the first time, with curiosity rather than with awe, upon the Serjeant-at-Arms and his Mace, in the Dominion House of Commons, and the Ontario Legislative Assembly. They see a remnant of mediævalism borne by a distinguished looking personage in solemn black and irreproachable white tie, wearing a dress sword and lavender gloves, an odd cross between the Past and Present, and supposed, in some unaccountable manner, to form a link between the throne and the people, and wonder what it all means, whence the custom came, and why it is kept up. That the serjeant is a constable of a higher order than that of the ordinary tipstaff; that his mace is his rather unwieldy and not very formidable badge of office; that he appears to be on good terms with himself and everybody else, and especially with himself; that he possesses enormous powers in going where and doing what, on the floor of the House, his fancy dictates; and that his position is a very enviable one, are the thoughts passing through the mind of every stranger in the gallery, partly wrong and partly right, but natural under the circumstances, as the impressions of sight-seers frequently are. To give a more definite idea of the mace and its uses, rather than that of its custodian and bearer, is the object of the writer, and in doing this he will make only such passing reference to the serjeant and his duties, as may be necessary to the elucidation of his subject.

The origin of the mace is an antiquarian enigma. That it was originally more than an emblem of power is undoubted. Like the sceptre, which to a certain extent it displaces, and of

which it is now a representative, it was employed as a weapon in its early history, and may have had an Oriental birth-place. Both found their prototypes in a more humble symbol of authority. The sculptures at Perseopolis represent a Persian monarch carrying a wooden staff, nearly the height of a man, studded with gold nails. At the period of the date of the Sabines, kings, as an ensign of their dignity, bore a long staff—the *skeptron* of the Greeks. The Hebrew word *shevet* is variously translated as 'rod,' 'staff,' 'sceptre.' Homer tells how kings employed their sceptres in the infliction of punishment. The rod, or staff, used originally as a means of coercion and engine of power, was then borne as a token of superiority, and ultimately came to be regarded as an emblem of royalty. It was viewed with superstitious reverence, was sacred and holy in the eyes of the multitude, and none was so solemnly bound as he who touched it while taking an oath. Jove swore as frequently by his sceptre as by Heaven or the river Styx. Hebrew poetry abounds in allusions to 'the strong rods,' the sceptres of them that rule. To break or rule with a rod of iron was synonymous, in ancient times, with a rough exercise of earthly or heavenly power. The staff of Jacob, the rod of Moses, the divining rods of the magicians, were but material representatives of more than ordinary control over men and things, and were viewed by mankind with a faith inspired by dread. The bishop's crook of to-day is a surviving relic of the ancient rod, but has lost the potency of its predecessor. The baton of the marshal, of the musical conductor, of the fugleman, of the drum-major, of the policeman, of the village constable, are symbols, more or less humble, of authority, and as significant—in their way—of power, as the jewelled sceptre of the proudest monarch, the blackthorn shillelagh of Brian Boru, or the upraised umbrella of King Coffee himself. They had, like the sceptre or the mace, their original in the Israelitish rod or its predecessor, and are as significant of that control which produces order, and tell of that power behind the throne which insists upon and is able to enforce obedience.

The mace (from *massue* or *masse*, a club) was a favourite weapon of the Middle Ages, assuming various forms, as the fancy of the workman or owner suggested. It is described by several writers as the successor of the *baston* of the eleventh century, which was an iron-tipped staff or simply a wooden bludgeon or knotted club, as depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, and represented there as being carried by William, Duke of Normandy, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Scandinavia, in its knotted clubs, may have furnished the model after which they were formed, and thus, the most valiant of the sons of Odin, with his huge hammer, may have been the first mace-bearer. That it was a favourite ecclesiastical weapon is undoubted, and, it is to be hoped, was used exclusively for defensive purposes, although Planché tells that it was employed by pugnacious prelates, who thereby evaded the denunciation which declares that 'all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' The baston was speedily superseded by maces made of iron, bronze or lead, which, when of the latter material, were known as *plombées* or *plommés*, and were used for the purpose of breaking the armour of an opponent. In the valuable collection of Mr. John Notman, Queen's Printer of Ontario, may be seen a well-preserved specimen of one of the varieties of the weapons favoured by our quarrelsome forefathers, although it is certainly of later date than the eleventh century, and belongs to the family of flails, morning stars or holy-water sprinklers, as they were quaintly termed, rather than to that of the mace proper. It is made entirely of iron, with a handle fashioned somewhat like a whip-stock, twenty inches

in length, with a circumference of three inches at one end, tapering to two and a half inches at the other. At the larger end is an ornamental bulb, sufficiently large to be grasped by the hand wielding the weapon, and at the other is a chain, seven inches in length, to which is attached a solid ball, five-and-a-half inches in circumference. Upon this ball are nine solid spikes, each of which is half an inch long, with a width of five-eighths of an inch at its base. Each spike has four equal sides, coming gradually to a point. This weapon, weighing about four pounds, was hung to the saddle-bow, ready to be used at close quarters, and, in a powerful hand, could be employed with deadly effect even upon an armoured antagonist. The entire handle is covered, *in relievo*, with spiral columns of figures, amongst which are those of several warriors in martial costume and accoutrements. This interesting relic of a past age is worthy of inspection.

In the romance of 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' maces are described as made of steel or brass, while Guiart and Froissart speak of them as of lead. With the varying material were varying forms, some carrying spherical heads, and others being decorated, while a smaller kind was used, termed 'massuelle,' and still another, 'quadrell,' which had four lateral projections, forming a rude representation of the leaves of a flower. These were such convenient weapons that they were employed in great numbers by all classes, and the abuses springing therefrom led to the issue of a Proclamation, in the reign of Edward III., forbidding their use by the citizens of London, and they became unlawful, as is the revolver to-day in this community. The mace was often employed in tournaments and jousts of peace, and Chaucer, in the 'Knight's Tale,' tells how

> 'Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
> And have an axe, and som a mace of stele.'

But for the friendly trials of skill, the weapon was of wood, with a hilt fashioned like that of a sword. Shakespeare, too, alludes to this common weapon, when in *Julius Cæsar* he says: 'Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy?' It was not, in fact, until the early part of the sixteenth century, when pistols became a weapon, that the mace ceased to be employed on the battle field.

In the reign of Richard I., military serjeants-at-arms were more extensively employed than in later reigns, and carried a barbed javelin, known as a pheon, and their special duties were to act as a body-guard to the king. The pheon borne by them became a charge in heraldry, and is still known as the royal mark, being commonly called 'the broad R,' a corruption of the broad 'arrow.' By Statute 13 Richard II., c. 6, the serjeants-at-arms were limited to thirty, their office being to attend the person of the king, to arrest offenders, and to serve the Lord High Steward when sitting in judgment upon a peer of the realm. Serjeants-at-arms existed in France as in England, and it is probable that the office originated there. In both countries, maces were the weapons carried by these officials. Two slabs in the Church of Culturé, Sainte Catherine, Paris, and which were destroyed during the reign of Louis XIV., represented two serjeants-at-arms in armour, and two in civil costume, each bearing a mace of silver, richly ornamented, and enamelled with *fleurs-de-lys*. It is interesting to note that this church was founded by Louis IX., (St. Louis), at the prayer of certain serjeants-at-arms, in commemoration of their successful defence of a bridge at the Battle of the Bovines, A.D. 1214. The illuminations of the 13th and 14th centuries abound in illustrations of serjeants-at-arms, some of whom are in military dress of armour, and others in civilian attire, but all of whom bear maces; and we learn that in 1414, by an ordinance of Thomas, Duke of Lancaster, at the

Siege of Caën, the maces of the then serjeants-at-arms are described as of silver—a strong proof of the high position held at that period by the royal body-guard. In an illumination still preserved and reproduced in Planché's work on Costumes, we find depicted the presentation of a book by John Talbot to Henry IV. and his Queen, and in this is to be seen the earliest known example of a mace surmounted by a crown, as are the maces of gentlemen-at-arms at the present day, when these officers no longer act as a military body-guard, but as attendants on the royal person. That maces were employed as emblems of royal authority, not only in Parliament, but by civic corporations previous to the time of Richard II., is evidenced by the fact that, in 1344, under Edward III., the Commons prayed the King that none within cities and boroughs should bear maces of silver except the King's serjeants, but should have them of copper, and of no other metal; but, in 1354, the King granted to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex liberty to cause maces of gold or silver to be carried in the presence of the King, Queen, or children of the royal pair, although the right to use a mace had been previously possessed by them. Grants of maces by the King to favoured cities were not uncommon, and from an article in 'The Antiquary,' from the pen of George Lambert, Esq., F.S.A., to which the writer is indebted for much interesting information, we learn that these marks of royal generosity were sufficiently numerous to arouse the jealousy of the Commons. While the Parliament of Edward III. protested against the use of silver maces by the officers of cities and boroughs, that of Richard II. petitioned that no serjeant of any town should be allowed to carry his mace out of his own liberty, or township. But the boroughs were rapidly gaining in importance and strength, and could not be so easily denied or curtailed of privileges; and gifts of maces still continued to be exercised and accepted as marks of royal favour or concession. In the fifth year of Henry IV., permission was granted to the City of Norwich to display a gold or silver, or silver-gilt, mace in the royal presence, and Henry V. gave to the Guild of St. George, in the same city, a wooden mace 'with a dragon's head at the top thereof.' Similar grants of civic maces were made by other monarchs, and Norwich, in these distributions, appears to have been specially fortunate. Elizabeth, in 1578, presented it with a mace, and James I., in 1605, permitted it to have two serjeants to carry two maces of silver, and gilt with gold, bearing the King's arms. After the Restoration, when the plebeian had wrested from royalty and nobility a much larger share of power than he had previously possessed, and become an object of fear as well as of respect, a thing to be cajoled and conciliated, the right to use the mace by civic corporations became almost a matter of course, although still derived from the Crown. The right was almost lavishly extended, and maces were frequently a graceful gift from wealthy commoners to their fellow-citizens. The whole of these were now surmounted by the crown, and the free use of this emblem came to be regarded as not only a proof of the loyalty of the authorities to the newly-restored régime, but as a rebuke to the Puritanical hatred of symbols which had prevailed in Cromwellian days. But the whole of the maces were not of the costly metals. In Llandiloes, Wales, there was one of lead, and at Langharne two still exist of wood. Nor was the shape, with which we are familiar, invariably observed. Two, at Fowey, were made representative of the locality, by being fashioned in the form of a pair of oars. And utility was consulted as well as appearance at times. The crown of the mace was so constructed as to unscrew from the bulb at the top of the shaft, which

thus became the loving cup, regarded as a necessary portion of the paraphernalia pertaining to the proper civic representation of our bibulous ancestors. Many of these loving cups, as an adjunct of the mace, still exist, and at corporation banquets, when aldermanic hospitality is in full flow, are passed from guest to guest until their generous contents have been absorbed. Of the numerous specimens of this old-fashioned mace, probably one of the finest is to be found in the ancient City of Lincoln, in England, and a brief description of it will give a fair idea of the best class of these relics of 'the good old times.' It cannot boast the ancient origin claimed by others, dating back, as it does, only to the days of the Merry Monarch, but in quality of workmanship it has probably few superiors. It is of silver-gilt, about four feet in length, with a head formed in the manner already described, and carries an open regal crown, surmounted by cross and orb. The portion below the crown is divided into four compartments by draped forms wearing mural crowns. Each of these compartments contains a crown below the initials C. R., surmounting respectively a rose, a thistle, a harp, and a *fleur-de-lys*. The stem is beautifully chased with roses and thistles, and is broken by knobs, while the connection of the head and stem is covered by very elegant spiral branches. The object of this paper is to deal rather with the Parliamentary than the Civic Mace, however, and we must pass on to that branch of the subject.

Such authorities as the writer has been able to consult are silent as to the early use of a mace by the parliamentary serjeant-at-arms, and the first appointment of that functionary himself appears to be lost in the same mists of antiquity as those which have enveloped the first nomination of a presiding officer in the House of Commons. Although an official discharge of the duties of Speaker must have existed long antecedent to the recorded appointment of such a personage, we find no mention of him until the title became settled in 1377, when, in the first year of the reign of Richard II., the House of Commons elected Sir Thomas Hungerford to that position. As we have seen, as early as 1344, the House of Commons had protested against the bearing of maces of silver by civic authorities as an infringement of its own dignities, thus incontestably proving that the mace was in use in its Chamber, and there is ample proof that serjeants-at-arms attended the Lords and Commons in 1388. Stubbs says that the existence of the offices of the clerk and serjeant, from an early date, is shown 'by occasional mention in the rolls, but the development of their functions, and all matters of constitutional importance connected with them, are of later growth.' In the Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes we find a graphic description of the election of Speaker in 1563, in the reign of Elizabeth, and here we have one of the first illustrations of the use to which the mace was put. He tells us that, after Sir Thomas Gargreve had been allowed and confirmed as Speaker by Her Majesty, he 'departed with the other Members of the House of Commons unto their own House, the serjeant of the same carrying the mace all the way before the said Speaker, which was in like sort borne before him during this Parliament, both when he repaired to and departed from the said House.' The same authority declares 'the custom to be on the election of Speaker, that the mace is not carried before him until his return from the Upper House, being presented to the King and allowed of.' These bare references, in the absence of such a store of parliamentary record as is to be found in the English archives, are all that the writer has been able to find relating to the employment of the mace before the days when Cromwell, the Lord Protector, on the memorable 10th April, 1653, ordered

its removal from the House, exclaiming, 'Take away that bauble! Ye are no longer a Parliament. The Lord has done with you. He has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work.' But while the early history of what Homersham Coxe so eloquently described as 'the ancient symbol of the authority of the Commons—that venerable "bauble" which is associated with so many eventful passages of English history—which was never yet insulted with impunity, but when liberty received a wound,' is so defective, there is abundant material from which to gather a lucid description of its uses.

In England—and a similar practice prevails in such of her dependencies as use the mace—when a new House has been elected and proceeds, on its first meeting, to the selection of a Speaker, the mace is placed under the table of the House until a choice has been made; when the newly-elected Speaker takes the chair it is placed upon and across the table, where it always remains while he occupies his seat. Until the Speaker elect has been presented to the Sovereign or his representative for acceptance, he leaves the House, at adjournment, without the mace before him. The House frequently suspends its sittings, but without adjournment, and the mace remains upon the table, and, on the Speaker returning, business is gone on with as if no interruption had occurred. When the Speaker leaves the chair, upon the House going into Committee of the Whole, the mace is removed from the table and placed under it, being returned to its old position upon his resumption of the chair. When the Speaker enters or leaves the House at its adjournment, the mace is borne before him, remains with him until the next sitting, and accompanies him upon all State occasions, 'in which he shall always appear in his gown.' May tells us, that 'in earlier times it was not the custom to prepare a formal warrant for executing the orders of the House of Commons, but the serjeant arrested persons with the mace, without any written authority, and at the present day he takes strangers into custody who intrude themselves into the House, or otherwise misconduct themselves, in virtue of the general orders of the House and without any specific instruction,' and the Speaker, accompanied by the mace has similar powers. We learn from May again, that 'when a witness is in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, or is brought from a prison in custody, it is the usual, but not the constant, practice for the serjeant to stand with the mace at the bar. When the mace is on the serjeant's shoulder, the Speaker has the sole management: and no member may speak or even suggest questions to the Chair.' To obviate this difficulty, it is now customary to place the mace upon the table when a witness is at the bar, so that any member may propose a question to him through the Speaker. Hatsell says, that 'from the earliest account of Peers being admitted into the House of Commons, the mode of receiving them seems to have been very much the same as it is at present; that is, that they were attended from the door by the serjeant and the mace, making three obeisances to the House; that they had a chair set for them within the bar, on the left hand as they enter, in which they sat down covered; and if they had anything to deliver to the House, they stood up and spoke uncovered, the serjeant standing by them all the time with the mace; and that they withdrew making the same obeisance to the House, and the serjeant with the mace accompanying them to the door. No member is at any time allowed to pass between the Chair and the table, or between the Chair and the mace when it is taken off the table by the serjeant. It is employed, too, to enforce the attendance of Committeemen, sitting on special or other committees, at times when the Speaker finds it

impossible to otherwise make a House, at the hour for the commencement of the day's session. The appearance of the serjeant with the mace dissolves any committee then sitting, and, to avoid this catastrophe, it is usual to send a messenger in advance to announce his advent, and so to give the committee time to adjourn.

Some disagreement exists among the authorities as to the history of the mace now in use in the British House of Commons. Hatsell asserts that it was made for Charles I.; May says that, after the death of Charles I, a new mace was procured, which was taken away by Cromwell's order, 19th April, 1653, restored on the 8th of July of the same year, and continued in use until the present time; and others contend that the mace now belonging to and preserved by the College of Physicians is the veritable 'bauble.' It may be added that, for safe keeping, it is placed during the period of prorogation, in the Jewel Office, so that similar obscurity as to its future history is not likely to prevail.

Of the early history of the mace in Upper Canada, we have undoubted proof, in the present existence of that first so employed. It is in appearance as primitive as was the Parliament which assembled at the call of Governer Simcoe, at Niagara, on the 17th September, 1792. That was the day of economy and simplicity, and the wooden mace, painted red and gilt, was in keeping with that small assemblage of sturdy backwoodsmen clad in homespun grey, less in number than the smallest County Council of 1881, who met to enact laws providing for the few wants of a young people. It is probable that it graced the legislative hall at Niagara, although there is no positive evidence to that effect. It was certainly used after the removal of the Upper Canada Parliament to York, for, on the 27th April, 1813, when the United States forces attacked the seat of government and captured it, they destroyed the public buildings of the embryo City of Toronto, burnt the Parliament House, and carried off sundry trophies of their victory. Amongst these was the mace used in the Assembly. Commodore Chauncey, the commander of the successful expedition, forwarded it with other spoils of war to the Secretary of the United States Navy, and it is still to be seen, with a British Standard, captured at the same time, in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, in an excellent state of preservation. The Hon. W. H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, at the request of the writer, recently directed Rear-Admiral George P. Balch, Superintendent of the Academy, to prepare a full description of the trophy, and, as a result, photographs of it have been taken, and an elaborate account of it forwarded, which, as it is of historical value, is given at length. It is somewhat technical in character, but possesses sufficient interest for the general reader to warrant its reproduction in these pages without abridgment. One photograph gives a full view of the mace, and others of its crown or head, and of its base, and so convey an idea, not only of its appearance, but of the care with which it has been preserved during its nearly seventy years' sojourn in the United States.

'The mace is of some soft wood, perhaps pine or fir, and consists of a staff, or mid part, surmounted by a crowned head, and ending below in a foot shod with an iron verrel. The length, from the mound on the crown to the tip of the verrel, is 55 3-8th inches; the staff is 34 5-8th inches in length; the head, neck and crown together are 11½ inches long, and the length of the foot, including verrel, is 9¼ inches. The staff is taper from the neck towards the foot; the neck between the staff and head, counting from the former, is moulded as follows:—A cavetto, a fillet, a torus, a Scotia fillet, torus, Scotia fillet; the

head is circular, in horizontal section (the whole mace having been turned in a lathe), and is shaped somewhat like a rifle projectile inverted, the point of the projectile being supposed to be cut off. The crown is notably an imperfect crown, not being heightened by the customary four crossed *pattes* with the four *fleurs de lys* alternately interspersed; the mound, also, is without bands, and lacks the customary cross. The crown consists of a regal circlet, enriched on its lower and on its upper edge with an inverted border-line; and midway between the two border-lines are interspersed, in regular alternations, horizontally, eight lozenges, with eight pearls, the arrises of the lozenges being distinctly chambered. The jewels are of wood, glued on—six of them only remain. The lozenges lie horizontally as to their long axis; the crown is duly bonneted and duly arched twice; the bonnet is of wood, rudely carved and painted red; the arches embracing it are of thin sheet-brass, or copper, fastened between the circlet and the bonnet, with small wedges of soft wood. The intersection of the arches is marked by a mound without bands, the cross being absent, as before mentioned. The lower end of the staff, next the foot, is moled: counting from the staff, a cavetto, fillet, torus, fillet, cavetto. Then follows the foot itself, oval in vertical section, circular horizontally, the lower end of the oval being, as it were, drawn out to a point, cone, equal in length to the oval itself, and shod, as before stated, with a verrel of iron. The staff, just above the foot, has been broken diagonally across, the break running with the grain of the wood, and the parts are now held together by two steel screws. The discolouration of the surfaces of the fracture would seem to indicate that it occurred many years since. The design of the mace is apparently unstudied, and the workmanship is ordinary. The whole was originally gilded, except the bonnet, which was painted red, as described above.'

The reception of this elaborate description is but one of many similar courtesies experienced by the writer at the hands of various officials, in the United States and Canada, while engaged in collecting materials for this paper, and he cannot do otherwise than here express his high appreciation of the readiness with which his queries have been replied to, and the great trouble taken to furnish him with correct information.

Of the mace used in Upper Canada, from the date of the capture of that described, to the purchase of one for the Parliament of Canada, after the Union of the two Provinces, nothing has yet been ascertained, although many have been communicated with who were thought to be likely to possess some knowledge of it. That it still exists is almost certain, and it is hoped that the publication of this paper will attract more general attention to the subject, that the missing link may yet be found, and that Ontario may have restored to her, for public preservation, a relic of such great historical interest.

After the Union of the Canadas, and when Sir Allan Macnab was Speaker, the Parliament ordered the purchase of a new mace, and one was procured, in 1845, at a cost of £500 sterling, which is described as a *fac simile* of that in the English House of Commons. It is composed of silver, richly gilded and elaborately chased, with an entire length of five feet. The top, in the shape of a crown, is of open work, in four pieces, and is surmounted by an orb and cross. The encircling fillet below the crown bears lozenges and pearls. The cup below this band is formed of four segments, each supported from below by the demi-figure of a nude and armless woman. Each segment bears a royal crown, with the letters V. R., and below them one has a rose, another a

thistle, the third a harp, and the fourth a Prince of Wales plume. An ornamented ring, repeated about the centre of the shaft, then follows. The shaft is about thirty-two inches in length, the head eighteen and the foot nine inches, and has a raised fillet running around it diagonally from base to head, while the space between the spiral band is elaborately chased with roses, thistles and leaves—probably of the shamrock. The lower portion of the mace is divided into four segments bearing the harp, the rose, the thistle and plume, while the extreme base is smooth and polished. Just above it are other segments, bearing the floral emblems.

The history of this mace is a stirring one. Three several times has it been rescued from the flames. In 1849, at the time of the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal by an infuriated mob, it was forcibly seized from G. K. Chisholm, Esq., the then Serjeant-at-Arms, who was knocked down while defending it, and would have been destroyed but for the intercession of some more thoughtful of the rioters, who carried it off to the rooms of Sir A. Macnab, at the Donegana Hotel, whence it was returned next morning to its proper custodian, after suffering slight injury. In 1854, when the Parliament Buildings were destroyed by fire in Quebec, it was saved, as it was once more, a few months later, when the Convent of St. John's Suburbs, of that city, then in course of preparation for the meetings of the Legislature, was consumed. At Confederation, it properly passed into the hands of the Dominion Parliament, and is now used at its annual Sessions.

In the Province of Ontario, a new mace was procured by the Government of the Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald, for the opening of the first Parliament after Confederation. It is much more modest in its appearance and value than that of the Dominion, is made of copper and is highly gilded. It was manufactured, by Charles C. Zollicoffer, of Ottawa, at an expense of $200, and bears some resemblance to the much more costly one belonging to the Dominion Parliament.

At the time of the Union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, in 1841, the mace of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada was regarded as more valuable than that of Upper Canada, and was used by the United Parliaments until the purchase of a new one, as described, in 1845. One authority states that it was restored to Lower Canada at Confederation and is used in the Quebec Assembly, while another asserts that the mace now there was purchased in 1867. In the absence of more definite information, these varying accounts are given for what they are worth.

In New Brunswick no mace has ever been employed. Prior to the entry of that Province into the Confederation, the Serjeant-at-Arms wore a sword with silver mounting, which since 1879 has been gilt. When receiving report of the message to attend the Lieutenant-Governor, the Serjeant carries a staff, as a substitute for the orthodox mace, doubtless, as he does whenever the Assembly meets the Lieutenant-Governor.

In Manitoba, a mace of somewhat primitive form and style is used, but it is probable that it will soon be superseded by a more fitting emblem of authority.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island, a mace is not now, and never has been in existence, and Nova Scotia, although following British forms in other respects, has never adopted 'the bauble!' In British Columbia we learn that the mace has been in use since Confederation.

Enquiries addressed to officials in the thirteen original United States, have elicited some facts with reference to the use of the mace therein, which are worthy of record. In Massachusetts, as might have been expected in

a colony settled largely by Puritans, no evidence, after a careful search of the archives, can be found of the adoption of the mace at any period of its history. New Jersey and Georgia supply similar answers. From New Hampshire, Gov. Bell writes: 'This State began life as a royal province in 1680, on a very limited scale, with an Assembly of about a dozen delegates. It probably would have seemed idle to set up formalities in such a body, and the records show that their proceedings were conducted with amusing simplicity; and probably at no time before the Revolution, was there any occasion for introducing any formidable badge of authority.' The journals of the State afford no proof that the mace was ever employed there. From Connecticut the State Librarian writes: 'I have some familiarity with our old Colonial proceedings, having edited our Colonial Records from 1689 to 1762, and having now ready for publication a volume 1762-1767. I have never seen any reference to a mace, nor do I believe that one was used here; we had not so much state here as in some of the other Colonies, but were from the beginning more democratic. The Royal Arms which hung over the Speaker's chair (or in the Council Chamber) before the Revolution, is still preserved, and in pretty good condition.' The Librarian of New York State promises to make full enquiries into the matter; but another official says: 'I believe that the mace was not used in the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Province of New York. The intercourse between the Speaker of the Assembly and the Governor of the Province, *ex officio*, the President of the Council, was more or less informal. Messages from one House to the other, were partly carried by members, partly by clerks. Among the latter, I find nowhere mention of a "mace bearer," the only officer mentioned by title being the Serjeant-at-Arms. The following extract from the Journal of the General Assembly, will give an idea of how they proceeded, the occasion being the opening of the first session after George III. became king:

'"A message from His Honour the President Cadwallader Calder (acting as Lieut-Governor), by Mr. Banyer, Deputy Secretary: Gentlemen, His Honour the President requires the immediate attendance of the House in the Council Chamber at Fort George.

'"The Speaker left the chair, and with the House attended accordingly, and, being returned, he resumed the chair and reported as follows:" . .

The simplicity of this ceremony, and the above mentioned absence of such an officer as the mace-bearer from the list of government officials, induce me to believe that the mace was not in use in the colony.' It is highly probable, however, that as a Serjeant-at-Arms was one of the recognised officials of the House at that date, further research will disclose the fact that a mace also existed.

Virginia, as might be expected, undoubtedly used a mace in its House of Burgesses, and hopes are expressed by distinguished antiquarians of the State, that some trace of its continued preservation may yet be discovered, although not unmixed with fears that, in the rage for the destruction of all royal symbols which followed the Revolution, the mace itself may have been destroyed. Colonel McRae, the State Librarian, finds a record, in the printed journals of the Virginia Assembly, of an order of that body, in or about the year 1783, for the sale of the mace, and the disposition of the proceeds of the same in the State treasury, and there is little doubt that, in the then temper of the Legislature, this order was strictly obeyed. Whether the mace, when sold, was broken up, which is probable, or preserved, cannot now be ascertained. The City of Norfolk, Va., possesses a silver mace which was once believed to be the missing one belonging to the

House of Burgesses, but it is incontestably proved to have been presented by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, the Lieut.-Governor of Virginia, to the corporation of Norfolk, in 1753. It is forty-three inches long, weighs six and-a-half pounds, and is of pure silver. It is surmounted by the crown, orb and cross, and bears the combined quartering of Great Britain. During the recent war between the North and South, it was carefully hidden in a vault of a bank, and so kept from despoiling hands at a time when the scarcity of hard money made bullion of enormous nominal value.

In as far as these inquiries have extended, it would seem that the State of South Carolina alone possesses a mace, and although the particulars of its history are not full, enough is known respecting it to invest it with uncommon interest. From a photograph, prepared and forwarded by order of the Governor of the State, it appears to be of ordinary length, surmounted by crown, orb and cross, and with the royal arms upon the cup, which carries the usual jewels, and has an ornamental border of *fleurs-de-lys*, alternating with Maltese crosses. The shaft, like that of the mace at Ottawa, has raised bands, running spirally from base to cup. The cup is supported by floriated brackets, instead of nude figures, as in many other maces. Accompanying the photograph of the Carolina mace is one of a sword of state used in old colonial times in State ceremonies. Hon. W. P. Miles, President of South Carolina College, says: 'I wish it was within my ability to give you any definite information in regard to the mace now in the State Capitol. In some way, I received the impression that it was brought over about 1729, when the Proprietary Government went out and the Royal Government took its place. But I do not recollect from what source the impression came. Up to 1692, the Acts purport to have been done in Open Parliament; after that date it was in Open Assembly. It may, therefore, be, that the mace came with the first Parliament, and was used during the Proprietary term. I have searched all the Tax Acts up to 1772 to see if an application was made for its purchase, but have not found one. That year was taken as a starting-point, because in the memoir of J. Gurney, Jr., on the 19th March, 1773, he says: "Spent all the morning in hearing the debate of the House; had an opportunity of hearing the best speakers in the Province. The first thing done at the meeting of the House is to bring the mace, a very superb and elegant one, which cost nearly ninety guineas, and lay it on the table before the Speaker. The next thing is for the Clerk to read over, in a very audible voice, the doings of the preceding day. The Speaker is robed in black, and has a very large wig of State when he goes to attend the Chair (with the mace borne before him), on delivering of speeches, &c."' Judge Glover, of South Carolina, writes: 'My information respecting the mace, to which your letter refers, is, that on the evacuation of Charleston by the British army, after the Revolutionary War, the mace was taken away, and that when Judge Cheves was appointed the president of the U. S. Bank, he found the mace in the bank, and, having given $500 for it, returned it to the General Assembly, where it has been, as I recollect, since 1822. The mace, I have heard, was a gift from the King to the Colonial Assembly, and it is possible the sword was also. I have never known the former used in the House, but the latter has always been borne by the Sheriff of Richland on the inauguration of the Governor; certainly since 1822.' Another authority states that the mace and sword are now used at the inauguration of the Governor, but not at the sessions of the General Assembly at other times.

From Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Maryland, no answers have been received, and in

the absence of them, and of access to the necessary records, it is impossible now to state whether the mace was recognised in those Provinces or not.

The writer set out with the intention of throwing some light upon the use of the Mace in Canada and the United States, but feels, while reluctantly closing this paper, that he has but half completed his task, and that he stands at the threshold of a consideration of the parliamentary forms brought from the Motherland, and engrafted upon American modes of legislation, which it suggests. If he succeeds in directing the attention of however small a number of our students of Political Science to a matter which must possess some interest for them, he will feel that his object has been gained, and that he has been warranted in placing this additional pebble upon the cairn of Canada's history.

'WHEN THE LOCKS OF BURNISHED GOLD.'

The reader will remember Philip's song to Agnes in 'Philip's Adventures in the World.' THACKERAY has only given us the first two lines of the song which seem suggested by a verse of an old English Poet, quoted, if I remember aright, in the 'Newcomes.'

'His golden locks Time hath to silver turned.'

I have ventured to complete the song, and to address it to Miss J. C., of Toronto.

WHEN the locks of burnished gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn,
Must the heart with years grow cold?
All its lore of love unlearn?
All the bright hopes now so bold,
Must the snows of age in-urn,
When the locks of burnished gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn.

No! hand linked in hand shall hold!
No, Love's *truth*, Love's *trust* shall earn!
By the long years uncontrolled,
Till the dust to dust return.
Till all Love can teach be told—
Till the wild heart cease to burn—
Though the locks of braided gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn.

But shall dust of churchyard mould
Hide the all for which we yearn?
Through the death-mist unconsoled
Seeks the soul no higher bourn?
No! that Heaven-sent Hope behold!
Love's lost treasure cease to mourn,
All her vanished earthly gold
Shall God's endless years return.

Toronto. C. P. M.

A DEFENCE OF CARLYLE'S 'REMINISCENCES,' PARTLY WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD, ONT.

I THINK it is generally allowed that no autobiography ever written gives a truer and more vivid picture of the character and idiosyncracy of the writer than the fascinating and absorbing fragments of unconscious self-portraiture left by Carlyle. Perfectly unstudied and spontaneous, vital and realistic as life itself, they contain the complete revelation of the soul of a truly great and most original man; a man of that grand and heroic type of which examples are now so few that they may be almost said to exist no longer. And how has this unaffected, unvarnished, most vigorous and picturesque book been received? Not with the delight and gratitude that might have been anticipated, not with even the semblance of respect for the last utterances of a great teacher, but with a hysterical shout of rage and indignation, one journal after another joining to swell the cry, till we are reminded of nothing so much as of a pack of hungry hounds falling on the dead body of some noble stag who had long kept them at bay, and tearing it to pieces. The *Times*, which assumes to be the voice of public opinion in England, has a leading article in its issue of April 9th, speaking of this man who was truly a great spiritual giant, if ever there was one, who first showed Englishmen what manner of man Cromwell was, who taught them the true significance of the great French Revolution, and opened their eyes to the treasures of German literature and philosophy to which they had been blind, who preached, as few have ever been inspired to preach, the Divine Idea of the Universe—in terms which could only have been used with propriety of the retailer of mischievous scandals in some fashionable society journal. *Punch*, usually speaking only good of the great dead, dares to speak of him as 'the once venerated philosopher' now shewn to be 'the reviler of every man and woman in a better position than himself;' and gives a slashing parody in 'Some More Reminiscences.' The quarterlies, the monthly magazines, reviews, journals, newspapers, with scarcely an exception, have more or less violently put forth angry accusations and protests against this unwelcome book. And for what? Simply because in it Carlyle has recorded his honest impressions of the people with whom he came into contact during his long life, giving of many famous people real, not ideal, portraits, and speaking in every case what he believed to be the exact truth. We all know, however, that, as a general rule, there is no doctor's tonic more disagreeable to the bodily palate than the flavour of plain truth is to the mental taste. In this case, at any rate, it has created a species of convulsion in the ranks of literature, and one writer after another, perhaps dreading that if such an example was countenanced, unpleasant truths might one day be told of them or theirs, has come forward to enter a fervid protest against that very uncomfortable and obnoxious habit of speaking

the truth. Carlyle has been made a text on which to preach many foolish homilies, moral and religious—

'the common course
Men take to soothe their ruffled self-conceit.'

One writer tells us that, 'reticence is the virtue most needed at the present day, that we should beware of the impulse to veracity, that in making truth an aim we are turning a negative duty into a positive virtue; the duty of truth meaning the duty of avoiding falsehood, in no other sense is it a duty,'—with more in the same strain which might be more easily understood if known to come from the pen of a member of the Jesuit society. Certainly, if such doctrines had prevailed in the past, freedom would have remained on the heights where, as Tennyson sings, she dwelt of old, instead of coming down—

'through town and field,
To mingle with the human race.'

One cannot help suspecting that these people who express such astonishment and annoyance at the plain speaking of the 'Reminiscences,' must either never have read, or have quite forgotten, some of the most characteristic of Carlyle's writings. One passage, especially, is so applicable to the present outcry against that much maligned book, that any to whom it is new might almost believe he must have risen from his grave to write it. He says in his ironical way—'One thing in this book we hear greatly blamed; that it is too communicative, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear that there is far less reticence than was looked for. Various persons, name and surname, have received pain; nay, the very hero of the biography is rendered unheroic, unornamental, facts of him and of those he had to do with being set forth in plain English: hence "personality," "indiscretion," or worse, "sanctities of private life," &c., &c. How delicate, decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of respectability hangs for ever over the poor English life-writer, and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any one he had written wrong. The plain consequence was.. the poor biographer having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire, as it were, into vacuum, and write in the most melancholy straitened manner with only vacuum for a result.. there was no biography, only some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless, without feature or substance, vacuum as we say, and wind and shadow.'

Not in any such manner could Carlyle write. Things and persons are shewn in his 'Reminiscences,' exactly as he saw them. The over-praised famous ones, depicted with all their blots and blemishes; the insignificant obscure ones in the same photographic manner; and many, as they read, will agree with Irving that "few had such eyes.'

For critics, commentators, biographers, 'that fatal breed of people,' as he called them, Carlyle had a profound contempt. No man of genius ever attached less importance to 'the clamour and babblement of our fellow-creatures,' or had less regard for the popular voice. Yet a man of his ardent and enthusiastic nature, who through all his long life had striven with the travail of his soul to deliver the gospel by which he was possessed worthily, and, after years of disappointment, poverty and neglect, had in the end found the worth of his labours recognised, and himself an object of reverential homage to his own and other nations, could hardly have helped feeling some shock of pain and surprise had he known that, after his death, this homage would be succeeded by a torrent of vituperation; after the manner in which savages treat

their idols and fetiches when the omens and oracles are not as complaisant and satisfactory as has been expected. But he would have remembered the rabid hostility with which his 'Latter Day Pamphlets' had been received, and, again, the sudden access of popularity which had followed his election to the Rectorship of Edinburgh University—his Address being spoken of as 'a kind of inspired revelation, though it contained no idea, or shadow of an idea, that he had not set forth before'—and those old experiences, combined with this last one, would only have clenched his belief in 'the dark and feeble condition of public opinion' more firmly than ever.

Since the 'Reminiscences' have been published, we have heard much of Carlyle's 'keen, merciless eye for defects,' 'his ungenerous snarling at old friends,' 'his posthumous jeers and gibes,' 'his petty prejudices and resentments stored up for posterity.' But nothing is said of his faithful remembrance and record of every trifling service done to him, every little proof of regard and appreciation bestowed on him, not one of which he seems ever to have forgotten. A kindly hand stretched out to clasp his in his days of doubt and despondency, a pleasant home opening its doors to him in the midst of his loneliness and barren isolation, remained for ever bright and luminous in his memory. All who helped, encouraged and believed in him when his genius was yet unknown and unaccredited, received a tribute of grateful remembrance. To this every page in the book bears witness. We hear of Morley, mathematical master, 'an excellent Cumberland man whom I loved well, and who taught me well,' of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, idyllic figures in their bright environment, who welcomed him to their pretty Grange, and continued always to be regarded by him with affection; of the two, lean old maiden ladies at romantic Roseneath, with their antique courtesies and elegances, sisters of the Duke's Factor, and to Carlyle's young 'rustic eyes belonging to a superior stratum of society,' whose shrill wonder and delight at the talk they contrived to draw from him at their tea table he secretly welcomed as a sign that he might some day be 'one and somewhat' (*Ein und Etwas*) among his fellow-creatures.' (What a scene for a novelist that could imagine and paint it is in that tea-table and its surrounding circle.) With what warmth of affection he writes of Charles Buller—'my Charles—so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, always so generously grateful to me. . . Friends of mine in a fine, frank way, he, his brother, Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted us.' How delightful is his picture of the Stracheys in their household and surroundings, 'living in an umbrageous park, with roses, gardens, a modestly excellent house, with smoky London as background, a clear sky overhead, and within doors honesty, good sense, and smiling seriousness;' how beautiful his description of Mrs. Strachey—'what the Germans call a *schöne Seele* (beautiful soul); to this day, long years after her death, I regard her as a singular pearl of a woman, pure as dew, yet full of love, incapable of unveracity to herself or others.' The devoted attachment of Eliza Miles; the grateful affection of Bessy Barnet, 'a creature of distinguished qualities and fortunes,' afterwards the wife of Dr. Blakiston, of Leeds; the noble simplicity and unaffected politeness with which the wealthy Mr. Marshall gave him the first horse he possessed in London; his regard and esteem for Proctor, 'of sound, honourable judgment and airy, friendly ways, always good and kind;' the friendly goodness and chivalrous soul of Leigh Hunt, who loved to talk leaning on the chimney-piece, 'in the attitude of a Lar;' the 'luminous circle' which the Stirling household made for him and Mrs. Carlyle; the friendship of poor Badams, 'his bright

smiling eyes, his frank, cheery voice, as he broke into Carlyle's room in the morning, half-dressed and his hair all flying, "What not up yet, monster!" . . . . a gifted, amiable and remarkable man, altogether friendly and beneficent to me, but whose final history was tragical in its kind.' All these, and many more, remembrances of kindness received are gratefully recorded. Of Jeffrey's friendship and the help he gave Carlyle as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its glory, there is full relation. 'It made us,' Carlyle says, speaking of himself and his wife, 'feel as if no longer cut off and isolated, but fairly admitted, or like to be admitted, and taken in tow by the world and its actualities.' His pleasant strolls on Sunday evening to Jeffrey's house of Craigcrook, 'one of the prettiest places in the world,' where he might find 'as companionable acquaintances, then a rarity to me, not to say one of such quality as this;' the sense of intellectual power and expansion he found in their long discussions and arguments, often, when he was staying at Craigcrook, protracted till two o'clock in the morning, every one else in the house in bed and asleep; Jeffrey's cheering visits to Carlyle's moorland home of Craigenputtick ('Stone, or Hill, of the Puttick, puttick being a hawk in Galloway speech and in Shakespere's), where he made himself the most delightful of guests, changing the cosy little drawing-room, bright shining, hidden in the lowly wilderness, with his brilliant talk and mimicry, full of electric fire, into a Temple of the Muses;' his generous offer of a hundred a year from his private fortune to Carlyle, thrice repeated; his many friendly tokens of regard, with little drawback, though whatever of that there was is honestly stated; all are chronicled and summed up as 'a bright island to me and mine in the sea of things.' Much is said of Harriet Martineau, and not unkindly, though naturally enough, a Scotch 'prophetic man,' formed in 'the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox,' which, even when superseded by the larger and loftier transcendental philosophy, left indelible traces behind, could have no sympathy with her various phases of faith, and still less could he share in her 'nigger fanaticism,' founded, as he elsewhere says, on totally false theories as to the 'nigger race,' and ending in the 'abominable Fratricidal War;' or approve of the 'lionhood' which was gradually turning her fine clear head, and leading to sad issues. 'She was very fond of us,' he says; 'me chiefly at first, but gradually of both.' He may have thought at first that here was a disciple that would do him honour, but when he found that this was not to be he seems to have tired of her. Then her illness, her removal from London, her adoption of the Comte philosophy, and her partnership in the Atkinson letters separated them more and more. But he gratefully relates her efforts to help him in his struggling time by asking him to her house to meet 'distinguished people,' by bringing hearers to his lectures, which she earnestly forwarded, and by all other ways in her power. 'She was much in the world,' he says, 'we little, or hardly at all, and her frank, friendly countenance, eager for practical help, had it been possible, was obliging and agreeable in the circumstances, and gratefully acknowledged by us. The "exchange of ideas" with her was seldom of much behoof in our poor sphere, but practically she was very good. . . . A soul clear as river sand, but which would evidently grow no flowers of our planting.'

He recalls with a mixture of sadness and satisfaction his early intimacy with John Stuart Mill, in whom, as Mill tells us, he at first thought he recognised 'another mystic.' 'Of our visitors, when we first went to London,' he says, 'Mill was one of the most interesting—so modest, ardent, ingenuous, and so very fond of me at

that time. For several years he came hither and walked with me every Sunday, talk rather wintry and "sawdustish," as old Sterling once called it, but always well-informed and sincere.' Of Mrs. Taylor, afterwards Mill's wife, Carlyle speaks somewhat slightingly—'a very will o'-wispish, iridescence of a creature, meaning nothing bad either. She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit, fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humour took her, but got taught better (to her lasting memory) before long.' Readers of Mill's 'Autobiography' will remember what he says of his wife in connection with Carlyle: 'I did not deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle, and I never presumed to judge him with any definiteness until he was interpreted to me by one greatly the superior of us both—who was more a poet than he, and more a thinker than I—whose own mind and nature included his and infinitely more.' This was the woman whom Carlyle calls 'a will-o'-wispish creature;' and it is amusing to compare the different estimates of her formed by these two eminent men. Carlyle's opinion of her, however, was probably influenced by her not having properly appreciated Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle was then writing his 'French Revolution,' in which Mill took an eager interest; 'lent me all his books,' Carlyle says, 'which were quite a collection on that subject, and gave me frankly, clearly, and with zeal, all his greater knowledge than my own, pretty frequently of use in this and the other details.' When the first volume was finished it was lent to Mill in manuscript, and the tragedy which followed—for it was really such to Carlyle and his wife—is told with a mixture of grim stoicism and passionate pathos. 'How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half-sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He staid three mortal hours, or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck and openly lamenting, condoling and encouraging like a nobler second self. "Shall be written again!" was my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since . . . a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. . . . Mill was penitently liberal; sent me two hundred pounds in a day or two, of which I kept one hundred, actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume; upon which he bought me the "Biographie Universelle," which I got bound, and still have.'

His last grateful record of friendly kindness must not be forgotten, and that is his touching record of Professor Tyndall's goodness to him on that memorable journey to Edinburgh for his inauguration as Lord Rector, a ceremony, with its necessary speech, so hated and dreaded by him, that without Tyndall's watchful care and encouragement it could hardly have been the success it was. 'The loyalest son,' Carlyle says, 'could not have more faithfully striven to support his father under every difficulty that rose, and they were many.' But the man whom he loved beyond all others, and to whom he paid the deepest debt of gratitude, as he tells us again and again, was Edward Irving. Besides the mental help and encouragement which his gloomy and desponding temperament received from the sanguine, joyous, confident disposition of Irving, all the good fortune of his early years came through this faithful friend. Through him Carlyle obtained the tutorship of Charles Buller—'a lucky adventure,' Carlyle calls it, 'which never proved otherwise;' and it was to Irving that he owed his

first acquaintance and after intimacy with his future wife, the woman who, to him, was without peer in the world. It was through Irving, also, that he first made the acquaintance of some of the great lights of London literary society. Irving, then in the full blaze of his meteoric fame, was generously anxious that Carlyle's genius should be seen and recognised in a suitable sphere, and having persuaded him to come up to London, introduced him with 'privately grandiloquent prophesies,' to the social and literary circles in which the wonderful young preacher of Hatton Garden was a star of the first magnitude. The most noted of these circles was that presided over by Mrs. Basil Montague, whom Irving called 'the noble lady.' 'About it, hovered fitfully a confused dim miscellany of geniuses, mostly nondescript and harmlessly useless.' 'Coleridge was then head of the Lares,' though Carlyle never saw him there in person,' only a word or two of note came from him on occasions.' 'A great worship of genius habitually went on in this establishment,' and there, Carlyle tells us, he received much flattery, much soothing treatment, and learned several things which were of use to him afterwards, and alloyed by no harm done to him. We see, however, that this young philosopher of the 'mystic school,' biliary, intense, ironic, with sight purged by prophetic fire from the worship of vanity, did not regard the quasi-fashionable, quasi-literary society into which he had found entrance, with reverential eyes. On the contrary, its wits, poets, and other celebrities, seemed to him, small, slight, unsubstantial and inconclusive. There may have been some 'suppressed quizzing and wonder at this uncommon man,—as he says of his first introduction to the Bullers—who was, so dreadfully in earnest,' as Jeffrey said of him, and had, as he says of himself, 'such thoughtlessly rugged rustic ways.' If there were, it would not escape the young philosopher's observant eyes, and would naturally help to clear his sight from any obscuring film of veneration. For the most part, he seems to have shrouded himself in taciturn quietude while keenly observant of all. The chapter entitled 'Getting Under Way,' in 'Sartor Resartus,' is, doubtless, a pretty accurate description of Carlyle's temper and circumstances at that time. The Count and Countess Von Zahdarm and the Countess's Æsthetic Teas seem to have been been borrowed in an ironic and figurative manner from Mr. and Mrs. Montague, and the literary assemblies at their house. 'The Zähdarms,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'lived, in the soft, sumptuous garniture of aristocracy, whereto literature and art, attached and attracted from without, were to serve as the handsomest fringing. It was to the Gnädigen Frau (her ladyship), that this latter improvement was due. Assiduously she gathered, dexterously she fitted on, what fringing was to be had; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.' The refusal, with empty compliments, of some office or situation solicited by Teufelsdröckh, 'which now at actual handgrips with destiny he sorely needed,' coming on one hand, while on the other arrived a polite invitation to 'a wash of quite fluid æsthetic tea, as if sent by ironic fate instead of the solid pudding he required,' and making him feel 'like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed,' was not, we fancy, a wholly imaginary incident. Herr Teufelsdröckh says that in those days he was notable for a 'certain stillness of manner, which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings.' The same, no doubt, might have been said of the young Carlyle, and it makes one smile to imagine how little the literary celebrities, and people of note and fashion, whom he met at Basil Montague's and elsewhere, could have conjectured the feeling of somewhat contemptuous superiority with which this sardonic

young Teufelsdröchk regarded them, or the terrible power of insight, sarcasm, scathing scorn which dwelt beneath his silence and stillness. They could not have even dreamed that he was quietly taking their portraits, probably without any conscious or voluntary effort, but with the skill of a master hand, in lines and colours wholly invisible at the time, indelibly imprinted on the tablets of his memory; forty years later to be brought to the light, and with all their tints unfaded, and every touch as clear and distinct as if that moment made, given to the world. Wonderful portraits they are! Where else can such pen and ink pictures be found, with such certain strokes, such strong lines, such minute touches, graphic and life-like as the most realistic photograph, vivid and picturesque as the finest painting? Take a sentence from his portrait of Mrs. Montague:—'black eyes with a cold smile of inquiry in them, thin lips always gently shut, as if till the inquiry were completed and the time came for something of royal speech upon it;' is not a type of character perfectly indicated there? Then take another from the portrait of De Quincey:—'When he sate, you would have taken him by candlelight for the beautifullest little child; blue eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said "*Eccovi*, this child has been in hell!"' How could we see De Quincey and all that his face expressed, more vividly than in this brief sentence? Then portraits of Proctor, of Leigh Hunt, above all of Jeffrey, are almost as striking and characteristic. And that of Charles Lamb, though given in Carlyle's most scornful and sarcastic mood, aroused by his contemptuous reaction against Cockneydom, shouting of a genius which to him seemed so small, narrow and purposeless, 'Glorious! marvellous! unparalleled in nature!' is as wonderfully quaint, fantastic, and life-like, as if it were an etching from some old Flemish picture.

Carlyle had, in truth, nothing in common with 'those light literary people,' 'London elegantes,' 'dilettants,' and 'wind-bags,' living, as he believed, in an atmosphere of illusion, falsity, and 'gilt dead dogs.' Also in Edinburgh, great lights, law sages, and reviewers, clothed in Whig formulas and Blue and Yellow, his transpiercing vision discerned 'something trivial, doubtful, and not of the highest type—witty, ingenious, sharp of fence, not in any sense or on any subject deep.' 'These grand literary or other figures were by no means so adorable to the rustic, hopelessly Germanized soul as an introducer might have wished.' How else, indeed, could this young Thor, preparing to use his hammer on 'the vile and foul and soul-murdering mud-gods of the world'—he in whom the Soul-Epic of 'Sartor Resartus' and the prophet-like denunciations of 'Latter Day Pamphlets' lay silently waiting till the time for utterance came—regard those who, oftener than not, looked upon those same mud-gods as real divinities? He who was as scornful of genius which had no deep things of the soul, no inspirations of Truth and Right to unfold, as his hero John Knox could have been of the lute-playing and profane songs of Queen Mary, and refused to do homage to Walter Scott because his writings threw no light on Man's spiritual conflicts and cravings, was not likely to bow down before lesser men.

There were others, however, of a different calibre, famous teachers, and lights of mankind, who believed that they had a gospel message to deliver, and were not without a large audience and hosts of admiring disciples. But Carlyle could not accept their beliefs, or make their philosophies his; their lights were to him mere *ignes fatui*, their teachings only productive of 'illusory chimeras and fata morganas;' and when the men as well as their writings became known to him, he had not the reverence of a neophite for his hierophant to blind him to the fact

that they fell far short of his ideal of true greatness. He could not make heroes of them, and still less could he pretend to do so. But it is noticeable that he always speaks of them in a very different tone from that which he uses when he speaks of writers of light literature, critics and reviewers—a tone as of an echo of a long-past disappointment and regret from the days when he had tried in vain to get some solution of the world's enigmas out of their writings and preachings; some help in his toilsome travel from the cloudland of doubt, scepticism, and darkness into the blue ether and sunlight of fact and nature. Chalmers he heard preach and talked with when Irving was his assistant minister in Glasgow. 'He was a man,' says Carlyle, 'truly lovable, truly loved, intent on his good industries, not on himself or his fame, ... a man of much natural dignity, ingenuity, honesty, and kind affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. . . . No preacher,' he says, 'ever went so into one's heart. . . . I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church.' But he tells us, also, that 'he was a man of little culture, of narrow sphere; such an intellect professing to be educated and yet so ill-read, so ignorant of all that lay beyond his horizon in place or in time, I have almost nowhere met with.' Still he evidently respected and liked Chalmers, chiefly for his 'good industries,' no doubt; such qualities being always admirable to him, and his picture of the great Scotch divine as he last saw him in his old age is extremely beautiful. 'Grave, not too grave,—earnest, cordial face and figure, very little altered, only the head had grown white, and in the eyes and features you could read something of a serene sadness, as if evening and star-crowned night were coming on, and the hot noises of the day growing unexpectedly insignificant to one.'

The picture of Coleridge in his old age is far less pleasing; but this might have been anticipated from what was said of him and his theosophic metaphysics in the 'Life of Sterling.' In the 'Reminiscences,' Carlyle says he found him 'a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, who, as he hobbled about the garden-walks with his visitors, talked with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest, even reading pieces in proof of his opinions thereon.' Carlyle had the sage to himself once or twice, and tried hard to get something from him about Kant and German philosophy, but in vain. 'The sight and sound of a sage so much venerated by those about me, and whom I, too, would willingly have venerated, but could not—that was all. . . . . The Dodona oracle was humanly ready to act, but never to me or to Irving either, I suspect, explanatory of the question put. . . . A man much pitied and recognised by me, never excessively esteemed in any respect, and latterly on the intellectual or spiritual side still less. The father of Puseyism and of much vain phantasmal moonshine which still vexes this poor earth.'

For Wordsworth, also an old man when Carlyle first saw him, he had much respect and esteem, not founded on his poems, for to Carlyle Wordsworth was 'no great poetic genius, much less the Trismegistus of such,' but on his early biography, 'which Wilson, of Edinburgh, had painted, as of antique greatness, "Poverty and Peasanthood. Be it so. But we consecrate ourselves to the Muses all the same!"' At a breakfast, given by Henry Taylor to Wordsworth, Carlyle was one of the guests. 'Wordsworth seemed in good tone, and, much to Taylor's satisfaction, talked a great deal about poetic correspondents of his own, about ruralities and miscellanies, about Countess of Pembroke, antique she-Clifford, glory of those northern parts; finally, about literature, literary laws, practices, observances, turning

wholly on the mechanical part; joyfully reverent of the "wells of English undefiled," but stone dumb as to the deeper rules and wells of Eternal Truth and Harmony, which you were to try and set forth by said undefiled wells of English, or what other speech you had. To me a little disappointing, but not much, though it would have given me pleasure had the robust veteran man emerged a little out of vocables into things now and then, as he never once chanced to do. For the rest, he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity and force, as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could.' Clearly there was no Vates here for Carlyle.

Afterwards, 'One evening,' Carlyle tells us, 'I got him on the subject of great poets, who I thought might be equally admirable to us both, but was rather mistaken as I gradually found. . . . Pope, Milton, partial failure, narrowish limits; Burns, of whom he had sung tender recognition, also turned out to be a limited, inferior creature; even Shakespeare himself had his blind sides, his limitations. Gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent, unlimited, there was to this critic, probably, but one specimen known—Wordsworth himself.' It need scarcely be said that the portrait of Wordsworth's strong stalwart face and figure is as striking and vigorous as any other Carlyle has given us. 'He was large boned, lean, but firm knit, tall, and strong looking when he stood; a right good old steel-grey figure, with rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a vivacious strength looking through.'

Of course all those who look on Dr. Chalmers as the great modern saint of Presbyterianism, those to whom Coleridge is the highest exponent of an orthodox yet philosophical Christianity, those who believe Wordsworth to be the supreme poet of man and nature, resent Carlyle's plain speech about their idols, and attribute it to an envious desire to depreciate their greatness. But others more impartial, and who have read Carlyle's works with the careful study they require, feel and know that no one could have a greater love and reverence for true greatness wheresoever he found it. Every line in his 'Heroes and Hero Worship,' testifies this. And that it was not dead heroes only, but living ones, that he honoured, his noble eulogy of Goethe in the same book, and his life-long veneration for the great German, showed. Some writers have told us that in his later years his admiration and reverence for Goethe had very much declined, but we see in the 'Reminiscences,' that they continued to the last, and that when he wrote his memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, Goethe was still to him 'Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun,' who had given him light when all within him was dark. He has said greater and nobler things of Shakespeare than any one else has said, recognising in him 'a true seer of the Divine in man,' 'a melodious prophet and priest of a true Catholicism, the Church of the Future of all Time.' His essay on Burns is the most appreciative and sympathetic, as well as subtle and penetrating, piece of criticism in English literature. Even in Byron, he discerned the true poetic soul—the hatred of shams and conventionalities, the craving for truth and reality, which had driven his fiery spirit into rebellion, and 'the mad joy of fierce Denial.' Insight, veracity, courage, and faithfulness maintained through all obstacles were what constituted a 'Hero' to Carlyle, whether in success or in failure, as we may plainly read in the 'Life of Sterling,' the 'Essay on Burns,' and in the whole tenor of his writings. He has been called a supporter of despotism, a hater of freedom, a scorner of mankind, but what he says of his relation to democracy, in the 'Reminiscences,' is the whole truth of the matter. 'I had,' he says, writing after 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' and his 'Life of

Frederick,' had been written, 'plenty of radicalism, and have, and to all appearance shall have,' but the 'opposite hemisphere,' he tells us, 'never was wanting either, and had been then summoned by the trumpet of time and his events, the study of Oliver,' the rapid progress of democracy and the 'wide-spreading and incalculable course apparently appointed it among the nations,' 'into practical emergence and emphasis.' He saw the dangers of democracy—'the rule of roaring, million-headed, unreflecting, darkly suffering, darkly sinning Demos, come to call its old superiors to account at the maddest of tribunals,' and emphatically uttered his warnings against them; but will any one deny that such dangers exist? Will any one assert that the problems of governing by universal suffrage, and of placing the lower types and inferior races of men on an equality with the higher and nobler types and races, without injury and deterioration to the whole human race, have yet been adequately solved?

We have been called inconsistent in tolerating, even enjoying, Dickens' novels, opposed as their teaching is to many of his theories, but the two hemispheres of his nature explain this also. If on one side he had nothing but scorn and contempt for weakness, stupidity and incapacity; it was weakness, stupidity, and incapacity in high places; he had infinite pity and tenderness for 'the wretched masses of mankind, who, as the result of our system of civilization are condemned to toil, to bleed, to hunger, to suffer and sin for the comfort and ease of the dominant minority.'* Besides Dickens had always some distinct aim and purpose in his books, some abuse or oppression to expose, some falsehood to proclaim, some truth to enforce, and this commended them to Carlyle who held that, failing any inspiration of poetry or prophecy, the only valid reason for writing was some practical good to be achieved. Thus their satire of 'Podsnappery,' 'Pecksniffery,' respectability,—as represented by gigs and silver forks,—and all other shams and humbugs, was after his own heart, while in their broad humour, caricature and exaggeration, his habitual gloom and despondency found a welcome relaxation and relief. On the night a new number of 'Great Expectations' was due, he would call out for that 'Pip Nonsense' and listen to it read aloud with roars of laughter. On the death of Dickens he wrote to Mr. Forster: 'It is an event world-wide, a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct, and has "eclipsed," we too may say, "the harmless gaiety of nations." No death since 1866 has fallen on me with such a stroke; no literary man's ever did. The good, gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens! Every inch of him an honest man!'

A man of the prophetic order of mind, Carlyle inevitably had the limitations inseparable from his type of greatness. Though a supreme painter and dramatic artist in words, he had no true appreciation of art. Probably his Puritanic education had early given him a distaste for it; and if we consider the follies and affectations so often found among its votaries—(culminating just now in the Æsthetic cult, with its exaltation of the fringings of existence, and its other absurdities), we can hardly wonder* that Carlyle, abhorrent of unveracity in speech with no meaning above all things, should regard it as the most windy of all 'windy gospels.' It is said that he disliked music, but how are we to believe this of one so sensitive to the rhythm and melody of poetry, and with whom 'melodious' was an epithet of the highest praise? He seems to have liked his wife's singing and playing of old Scotch tunes, and, from all we know of him, was, as he said of Leigh Hunt, 'a man to un-

* 'Sartor Resartus.'

* 'Sartor Resartus.'

derstand and feel them well.' Merely scientific and mechanical music which wakes no melodious echoes in the soul, he probably neither understood nor liked.

His temperament had perhaps a tinge of inherited gloom, but the penury, toil, and barrenness that surrounded his childhood, with the hindrances and obstacles from within and without, which so long kept his early life in mental isolation and imprisonment, might have clouded the brightest and most sanguine of temperaments, and might account for any amount of despondency in a nature so sensitive, intense, and impressioned as Carlyle's. He had constant ill-health, too, from dyspepsia, 'My Old Man of the Sea,' he calls it, which clung to him all his life; brought on probably by unwholesome and perhaps scanty diet, and excessive mental toil, when he made his first attempt at living by literature in a cheap lodging in Edinburgh. 'Little hope dwelt in me,' he says, 'only fierce resolution to do my best and utmost in all honest ways and to suffer as silently and stoically as might be, if it proved (as too likely) that I could do nothing. Here in this Edinburgh 'purgatory' he went through 'penal fires,' and 'huge instalments of bodily and spiritual wretchedness. Horrible in part to think of even now! The bodily part a kind of base agony arising mainly from no extent or discoverable fence between my coarser fellow-creatures and my more sensitive self—those hideous disturbances to sleep, &c.'—all the revolting conditions and environment of a cheap lodging in a great city; as odious and intolerable to this young rustic as they could have been to the most fastidious aristocrat. 'It did not conquer or quite kill me, thank God!' he exclaims, as he recalls that hateful time. His first literary venture 'vanished without a sign—no answer, no return of MS., no notice taken, which was a form of catastrophe more complete than even I had anticipated.' Even when, through Jeffrey, his articles found a place in the *Edinburgh Review* and two other reviews and magazines, it was long before they received any adequate recognition. 'The beggarly history of poor "Sartor Resartus,"' as he calls it, 'among the blockheadisms of publishers and the public,' gave a death-blow to whatever little hopefulness was yet in him. From many slight indications in the 'Reminiscences,' it seems to have been the best beloved of his brain-children, the first perfect fruit of his victory over his religious doubts and difficulties, and of his happy marriage. It was to him a true epoch of man's heart and soul in this nineteenth century, his spiritual conflicts and conquests, with idyllic episodes of childhood and young romance—the heart and soul of the writer woven into every line—a divine poem unfolding the sublime transcendental theory of the universe which he had made his own, in as wonderful blending of grotesque humour, subtle insight, and passionate poetry, through Herr Teufelsdröckh's significant Philosophy of Clothes. A book full of power, beauty and originality, which surely ought to have made the author famous at once; but when, after many disappointments from 'the perpetual fluctuations, uncertainty and intolerable whimsicality of Review Editors,' it came out in 'Fraser's Magazine,' it was received with puzzled amazement; contempt and ridicule at best as a clever satire and humorous *jeu d'esprit*. 'Eminent men stood pointedly silent, dubitative, disapprobatory, many of them shaking their heads,' and when it was 'done up from the Fraser types as a separate thing, about fifty copies being struck off,' and he sent copies to six Edinburgh literary friends not the smallest whisper even of receipt came from one of them, 'a thing disappointing, more or less, to human nature.'* Henceforth, he wrote

* The true worth and significance seem to have been first recognised in Boston, which probably laid the foundation of Carlyle's

the tasks he set himself, with 'desperate resolution,' but without the faintest hope or expectation of success, and as each one was finished only thought: 'The fate of that thing is fixed, I have written it; that is all my result.'

But through all and everything that troubled and darkened his life, his heart remained infinitely tender, pitiful and loving. How touching and beautiful is his tender and reverential affection for his parents; all the more reverential and tender because he had attained a place so far above them, through opportunities which had never been theirs. How warm and faithful to the last was his attachment to his brothers and sisters. His devoted and admiring affection for Edward Irving may be seen in the brief article, written just after Irving's death, and first published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and in all that is said of him in the 'Reminiscences.' His love for his wife was deep and passionate while she lived, and passed into a sacred devotion to her memory after her death. 'He loves and forgives every one,' wrote Emerson. 'He sympathises with all men,' wrote Mazzini. Professor Tyndall says: 'Knowing the depths of Carlyle's tenderness, I should almost feel it to be bathos to cite the cases known to me which illustrate it.' 'His heart was pathetically kind and tender,' writes one who knew him well. Reading these words and finding them confirmed in page after page of the 'Reminiscences,' and then seeing the epithets of cruel, spiteful, envious, malignant, applied to such a man, what is to be said except that it proves the ignorance or stupidity of the writers. We hear, too, of his 'grudging, ungenerous peasant-nature,' 'his peasant-like roughness of tongue,' which those who can believe after reading the many evidences of his refinement and delicacy of feeling in the 'Reminiscences', will, no doubt, continue to believe in spite of Professor Tyndall's letter. 'Carlyle,' he says, 'was sternly real; but he was a gentleman full of dignity and delicacy of thought and feeling. No finer courtesy could be shown by man than was shown by him to the ladies who visited him in his modest home at Chelsea.' The most absurd and paltry, as well as unjust and unreasonable, attempts to lessen his fame have been made. 'Good stories,' as they are called, have been told of him and Mrs. Carlyle, some of which can be proved by the 'Reminiscences' to be absolutely false, and others are evidently altogether distorted from their real meaning. A letter to Procter ('always good and kind,' he says in the 'Reminiscences') written in a friendly manner, and merely asking for Procter's name and that of his father-in-law, Mr. Montague, to add to the names of some others who had recommended Carlyle for a Professorship in St. Andrew's University, is printed in 'Echoes' in the *Illustrated London News*, and spoken of as 'smooth stuff,' and 'a booing down by the author of "Sartor Resartus,"' as if it were an absolute surrender of his independence. Even his will, so characteristic of him in his grateful and affectionate mention of his friends, as in all else, is carped at. The tender solemnity with which he bequeaths to his most valued friends certain articles of no worth to those who regard things for their market price, but to him sacred and inestimable from their associations with the much loved dead; his watch, which had belonged to his 'honoured father-in-law, and was given me on my wedding-day by one who was herself invaluable to me; which has measured out (always punctually it) nearly forty-seven years of time for me, and still measures as if with an ever-loving solemnity till time quite ends for me; the little child's chair in

'kind feelings, obligations, and regards for New England and America at large,' indicated by his 'symbolical' bequest of the books he had used 'in writing on Cromwell and Frederick,' 'to Harvard, the *Alma Mater* of so many of his friends, and the chief school of that great country.'

the china closet' ('the little bit of a first chair, with its wee, wee arms' in which his wife first sat, lovingly mentioned in the 'Reminiscences') 'which to my eyes has always a brightness as of Time's morning, and a sadness as of death and eternity when I look on it;' the table on which he had written nearly all his books, which had also belonged to his father-in-law, and which he says he regarded as among the most precious of his possessions—these touching bequests are ridiculed, as if he had been making 'an equitable division of his old shoes.'

In the midst of all these base and paltry detractions, Emerson's letter, written after his visit to Craigenputtock, came like a true and melodious note, as Carlyle himself might have called it, in the midst of harsh sounds and discords. And now we have Professor Tyndall's beautiful letter, a noble homage to his dead friend's greatness, as honourable to himself as to Carlyle. We quote the words with which it concludes. '"Give your life royally," was his exhortation to the reformer eight-and-thirty years ago. In such fashion Carlyle gave his own life to his country and to mankind. England may forget this for a moment, but she will remember it by-and-bye.'

Unhappily, this is far from being the first time that England has heaped slander and obloquy on the graves of her mighty dead, and afterwards repented, in a more or less honourable manner; but, by this time, she ought to have learned better.

TRUE ART.

BY W. T. H.

TO paint the picture of a life
Sincere in word, in deed sublime,
Noble to reach the after-time,
And find a rest beyond the strife.

This is the highest goal of art,—
To mould a shape of rare device,
The fruit of early sacrifice,
The true devotion of the heart.

We work in shadow and in doubt,
But view our Model, and with trust
Toil on, till He, the Good, the Just,
Shall bring the perfect fulness out.

Montreal.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Author of 'Venetian Life,' 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' etc.

VII.

THE next morning Elmore was called from his bed—at no very early hour, it must be owned, but at least before a nine-o'clock breakfast—to see a gentleman who was waiting in the parlour. He dressed hurriedly, with a thousand exciting speculations in his mind, and found Mr. Rose-Black looking from the balcony window.

'You have a pleasant position here,' he said, easily, as he turned about to meet Elmore's look of indignant demand. 'I've come to ask all about our friends the Andersens.'

'I don't know anything about them,' answered Elmore. 'I never saw them before.'

'Ah-ow!' said the painter. Elmore had not invited him to sit down, but now he dropped into a chair, with the air of asking Elmore to explain himself. 'The young lady of your party seemed to know them. How uncommonly pretty all your American young girls are! But I'm told they fade very soon. I should like to make up a pic-nic party with you all for the Lido.'

'Thank you,' replied Elmore, stiffly. 'Miss Mayhew has seen the Lido.'

'Ah-ow! *That's* her name. It's a pretty name.' He looked through the open door into the dining room, where the table was set for breakfast, with the usual water-goblet at each plate. 'I see you have beer for breakfast. There's nothing so nice, you know. Would you—would you mind giving me a glahs?'

Through an undefined sense of the duties of hospitality, Elmore was surprised by this impudence into sending out to the next *café* for a pitcher of beer. Rose-Black poured himself out one glass and another till he had emptied the pitcher, conversing affably meanwhile with his silent host.

'*Why* didn't you turn him out of doors?' demanded Mrs. Elmore, as soon as the painter's departure allowed her to slip from the closed door behind which she had been imprisoned in her room.

'I did everything *but* that,' replied her husband, whom this interview had saddened more than it had angered.

'You sent out for beer for him!'

'I didn't know but it might make him sick. Really, the thing is incredible. I think the man is cracked.'

'He is an Englishman, and he thinks he can take any kind of liberty with us because we are Americans.'

'That seems to be the prevalent impression among all the European nationalities,' said Elmore. 'Let's drop him for the present, and try to be more brutal in the future.'

Mrs. Elmore, so far from dropping him, turned to Lily, who entered at that moment, and recounted the extraordinary adventure of the morning, which scarcely needed the embellishment of her fancy: it was not really a gallon of beer, but a quart, that Mr.

Rose-Black had drunk. She enlarged upon previous aggressions of his, and said finally that they had to thank Mr. Ferris for his acquaintance.

'Ferris couldn't help himself,' said Elmore. 'He apologized to me afterwards. The man got him into a corner. But he warned us about him as soon as he could. And Rose Black would have made our acquaintance, any way. I believe he's crazy.'

'I don't see how that helps the matter.'

'It helps to explain it,' concluded Elmore, with a sigh. 'We can't refer everything to our being American lambs, and his being a ravening European wolf.'

'Of course he came round to find out about Lily,' says Mrs. Elmore. 'The Andersens were a mere blind.'

'Oh, Mrs. Elmore!' cried Lily, in deprecation.

The bell jangled.

'That is the postman,' said Mrs. Elmore.

There was a home-letter for Lily, and one from Lily's sister inclosed to Mrs. Elmore. The ladies rent them open, and lost themselves in the cross-written pages; and neither of them saw the dismay with which Elmore looked at the handwriting of the envelope addressed to him. His wife vaguely knew that he had a letter, and meant to ask him for it as soon as she should have finished her own. When she glanced at him again, he was staring at the smiling face of Miss Mayhew, as she read her letter, with the wild regard of one who sees another in mortal peril, and can do nothing to avert the coming doom, but must dumbly await the catastrophe.

'What is it, Owen?' asked his wife, in a low voice.

He started from his trance, and struggled to answer quietly.

'I've a letter here which I suppose I'd better show to you first.'

They rose and went into the next room, Miss Mayhew following them with a gay, absent look, and then dropping her eyes again to her letter.

Elmore put the note he had received into his wife's hands without a word.

'SIR,—My position permitted me to take a woman. I am a soldier, but I am an engineer—operateous, and I can exercise wherever my profession in the civil life. I have seen Miss Mayhew, and I have great sympathie for she. I think I will be lukely with her, if Miss Mayhew would be of same intention of me.

'If you believe, Sir, that my open and realy proposition will not offendere Miss Mayhew, pray to handed to her this note. Pray, Sir, to excuse me the liberty to fatigue you, and to go over with silence if you would be of another intention.

'Your obedient servant,

'E. VON EHRHARDT.'

Mrs. Elmore folded the letter carefully up and returned it to her husband. If he had, perhaps, dreaded some triumphant outburst from her, he ought to have been content with the thoroughly daunted look which she lifted to his, and the silence in which she suffered him to do justice to the writer.

'This is the letter of a gentleman, Celia,' he said.

'Yes,' she responded, faintly.

'It puts another complexion on the affair entirely.'

'Yes. Why did he wait a whole week?' she added.

'It is a serious matter with him. He had a right to take time for thinking it over.' Elmore looked at the date of the Peschiera postmark, and then at that of Venice, on the back of the envelope. 'No, he wrote at once. This has been kept in the Venetian office, and probably read there by the authorities.'

His wife did not heed the conjecture.

'He began all wrong,' she grieved. 'Why couldn't he have behaved sensibly?'

'We must look at it from another point of view now,' replied Elmore. 'He has repaired his error by this letter.'

'No, no; he hasn't.'

'The question is now what to do about the changed situation. This is

an offer of marriage. It comes in the proper way. It's a very sincere and manly letter. The man has counted the whole cost: he's ready to leave the army and go to America, if she says so. He's in love. How can she refuse him?'

'Perhaps she isn't in love with him,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'Oh! That's true. I hadn't thought of that. Then it's very simple.'

'But I don't know that she isn't,' murmured Mrs. Elmore.

'Well, ask her.'

'How could *she* tell?'

'How could she *tell?*'

'Yes. Do you suppose a child like that can know her own mind in an instant?'

'I should think she could.'

'Well, she couldn't. She liked the excitement,—the romanticality of it; but she doesn't know any more than you or I whether she cares for him. I don't suppose marriage with anybody has ever seriously entered her head yet.'

'It will have to do so now,' said Elmore, firmly. 'There's no help for it.'

'I think the American plan is much better,' pouted Mrs. Elmore. 'It's horrid to know that a man's in love with you, and wants to marry you, from the very start. Of course it makes you hate him.'

'I dare say the American plan is better in this as in most other things. But we can't discuss abstractions, Celia. We must come down to business. What are we to do?'

'I don't know.'

'We must submit the question to her.'

'To that innocent, unsuspecting little thing? Never!' cried Mrs. Elmore.

'Then we must decide it, as he seems to expect we may, without reference to her,' said her husband.

'No, that won't do. Let me think.'

Mrs. Elmore thought to so little purpose that she left the word to her husband again.

'You see we must lay the matter before her.'

'Couldn't—couldn't we let him come to see us awhile? Couldn't we explain our ways to him, and allow him to pay her attentions without letting her know about this letter?'

'I'm afraid he wouldn't understand—that we couldn't make it clear to him,' said Elmore. 'If we invited him to the house he would consider it as an acceptance. He wants a categorical answer, and he has a right to it. It would be no kindness to a man with his ideas to take him on probation. He has behaved honourably, and we are bound to consider him.'

'Oh, I don't think he's done anything so very great,' said Mrs. Elmore, with that disposition we all have to disparage those who put us in difficulties.

'He's done everything he could do,' said Elmore. 'Shall I speak to Miss Mayhew?'

'No, you had better let me,' sighed his wife. 'I suppose we must. But I think it's horrid! Everything could have gone on so nicely if he hadn't been so impatient from the beginning. Of course she won't have him now. She will be scared, and that will be the end of it.'

'I think you ought to be just to him, Celia. I can't help feeling for him. He has thrown himself upon our mercy, and he has a claim to right and thoughtful treatment.'

'She wont have anything to do with him. You'll see.'

'I shall be very glad of that ——,' Elmore began.

'*Why* should you be glad of it?' demanded his wife.

He laughed.

'I think I can safely leave his case in your hands. Don't go to the other extreme. If she married a German, he would let her black his boots,—like that general in Munich.'

'Who is talking of marriage?' retorted Mrs. Elmore.

'Captain Ehrhardt and I. That's what it comes to; and it can't come

to anything else. I like his courage in writing English, and it's wonderful how he hammers his meaning into it. "Lukely" isn't bad, is it? And "my position permitted me to take a woman"—I suppose he means that he has money enough to marry on—is delicious. Upon my word, I have a good deal of sympathie for he!'

'For shame, Owen! It's wicked to make fun of his English.'

'My dear, I respect him for writing in English. The whole letter is touchingly brave and fine. Confound him! I wish I had never heard of him. What does he come bothering across my path for?'

'Oh, don't feel that way about it, Owen!' cried his wife. 'It's cruel.'

'I don't. I wish to treat him in the most generous manner; after all, it isn't his fault. But you must allow, Celia, that it's very annoying and extremely perplexing. *We* can't make up Miss Mayhew's mind for her. Even if we found out that she liked him, it would be only the beginning of our troubles. *We've* no right to give her away in marriage, or let her involve her affections here. But be judicious, Celia.'

'It's easy enough to say that!'

'I'll be back in an hour,' said Elmore. 'I'm going to the Square. We musn't lose time.'

As he passed out through the breakfast-room, Lily was sitting by the window with her letter in her lap, and a happy smile on her lips. When he came back she happened to be seated in the same place; she still had a letter in her lap, but she was smiling no longer; her face was turned from him as he entered, and he imagined a wistful droop in that corner of her mouth which showed on her profile.

But she rose very promptly, and, with a heightened colour, said:

'I am sorry to trouble you to answer another letter for me, Professor Elmore. I manage my corres pondence at home myself, but here it seems to be different.'

'It needn't be different here, Lily,' said Elmore, kindly. 'You can answer all the letters you receive in just the way you like. We don't doubt your discretion in the least. We will abide by any decision of yours, on any point that concerns yourself.'

'Thank you,' replied the girl; 'but in this case I think you had better write.'

She kept slipping Ehrhardt's letter up and down between her thumb and finger against the palm of her left hand, and delayed giving it to him, as if she wished him to say something first.

'I suppose you and Celia have talked the matter over?'

'Yes.'

'And I hope you have determined upon the course you are going to take quite uninfluenced?'

'Oh, quite so.'

'I feel bound to tell you,' said Elmore, 'that this gentleman has now done everything that we could expect of him, and has fully atoned for any error he committed in making your acquaintance.'

'Yes, I understand that. Mrs. Elmore thought he might have written because he saw that he had gone too far, and couldn't think of any other way out of it.'

'That occurred to me, too, though I didn't mention it. But we're bound to take the letter on its face, and that's open and honourable. Have you made up your mind?'

'Yes.'

'Do you wish for delay? There is no reason for haste.'

'There's no reason for delay, either,' said the girl. Yet she did not give up the letter, or show any signs of intending to terminate the interview. 'If I had had more experience, I should know how to act better; but I must do the best I can, without the experience. I think that, even in a case like this, we should try to do right, don't you?'

'Yes, above all other cases,' said Elmore, with a laugh.

She flushed in recognition of her absurdity.

'I mean that we oughtn't to let our feelings carry us away. I saw so many girls carried away by their feelings, when the first regiments went off, that I got a horror of it. I think it's wicked: it deceives both; and then you don't know how to break the engagement afterwards.'

'You're quite right, Lily,' said Elmore, with a rising respect for the girl.

'Professor Elmore, can you believe that, with all the attentions I've had, I've never seriously thought of getting married as the end of it all?' she asked, looking him freely in the eyes.

'I can't understand it,—no man could, I suppose—but I do believe it. Mrs. Elmore has often told me the same thing.'

'And this—letter—it—means marriage.'

'That and nothing else. The man who wrote it would consider himself cruelly wronged if you accepted his attentions without the distinct purpose of marrying him.'

She drew a deep breath.

'I shall have to ask you to write a refusal for me.'

But still she did not give him the letter.

'Have you made up your mind to that?'

'I can't make up my mind to anything else.'

Elmore walked unhappily back and forth across the room.

'I have seen something of international marriages since I've been in Europe,' he said, 'Sometimes they succeed; but generally they're wretched failures. The barriers of different race, language, education, religion,—they're terrible barriers. It's very hard for a man and woman to understand each other at the best; with these differences added, it's almost a hopeless case.'

'Yes; that's what Mrs. Elmore said.'

'And suppose you were married to an Austrian officer stationed in Italy. You would have *no* society outside of the garrison. Every other human creature that looked at you would hate you. And if you were ordered to some of those half-barbaric principalities,—Moldavia or Wallachia, or into Hungary or Bohemia,—everywhere your husband would be an instrument for the suppression of an alien or disaffected population. What a fate for an American girl!'

'If he were good,' said the girl, replying in the abstract, 'she needn't care.'

'If he were good, you needn't care. No. And he might leave the Austrian service, and go with you to America, as he hints. What could he do there? He might get an appointment in our army, though that's not so easy now; or he might go to Patmos, and live upon your friends till he found something to do in civil life.'

Lily broke into a laugh.

'Why, Professor Elmore, *I* don't want to marry him! What in the world are you arguing with me for?'

'Perhaps to convince myself. I feel that I oughtn't to let these considerations weigh as a feather in the balance if you are at all—at all—ahem! excuse me!—attached to him. That, of course, outweighs everything else.'

'But I'm *not*!' cried the girl. 'How *could* I be? I've only met him twice. It would be perfectly ridiculous. I *know* I'm not. I ought to know that if I know anything.'

Years afterwards, it occurred to Elmore, when he awoke one night, and his mind, without any reason, flew back to this period in Venice, that she might have been referring the point to him for decision. But now it only seemed to him that she was adding force to her denial; and he observed nothing hysterical in the little laugh she gave.

'Well, then, we can't have it over too soon. I'll write now, if you will give me his letter.'

She put it behind her.

'Professor Elmore,' she said, 'I am not going to have you think that he ever behaved in the least presumingly. And whatever you think of me, I must tell you that I suppose I talked very freely with him,—just as freely as I should with an American. I didn't know any better. He was very interesting, and I was homesick, and so glad to see any one who could speak English. I suppose I was a goose; but I felt very far away from all my friends, and I was grateful for his kindness, Even if he had never written this last letter, I should always have said that he was a true gentleman.'

'Well?'

'That is all. I can't have him treated as if he were an adventurer.'

'You want him dismissed?'

'Yes.'

'A man can't distinguish as to the terms of a dismissal. They're always insolent,—more insolent than ever, if you try to make them kindly. I should merely make this as short and sharp as possible.'

'Yes,' she said, breathlessly, as if the idea affected her respiration.

'But I will show it to you, and I wont send it without your approval.'

'Thank you. But I shall not want to see it. I'd rather not.' She was going out of the room.

'Will you leave me his letter? You can have it again.'

She turned red in giving it him. 'I forgot. Why, it's written to you, anyway!' she cried, with a laugh, and put the letter on the table.

The two doors opened and closed; one excluded Lily and the other admitted Mrs. Elmore.

'Owen, I approve of all you said, except that about the form of the refusal. *I* will read what you say. I intend that it *shall* be made kindly.'

'Very well. I'll copy a letter of yours, or write from your dictation.'

'No; you write it, and I'll criticize it.'

'Oh, you talk as if I were eager to write the letter! Can't you imagine it's being a very painful thing to me?' he demanded.

'It didn't seem to be so before.'

'Why, the situation wasn't the same before he wrote this letter!'

'I don't see how. He was as much in earnest then as he is now, and you had no pity for him.'

'Oh, my goodness!' cried Elmore, desperately. 'Don't you see the difference? He hadn't given any proof before ——'

'Oh, proof, proof! You men are always wanting proof! What better proof could he have given than the way he followed her about? Proof, indeed! I suppose you'd like to have Lily prove that she doesn't care for him!'

'Yes,' said Elmore, sadly; 'I should like very much to have her prove it.'

'Well, you won't get her to. What makes you think she does?'

'I don't. Do you?'

'N—o,' answered Mrs. Elmore, reluctantly.

'Celia, Celia, you will drive me mad if you go on in this way! The girl has told me, over and over, that she wishes him dismissed. Why do you think she doesn't?'

'I don't. Who hinted such a thing? But I don't want you to *enjoy* doing it.'

'*Enjoy* it! So you think I enjoy it? What do you suppose I'm made of? Perhaps you think I enjoyed catechising the child about her feelings toward him? Perhaps you think I enjoy the whole confounded affair? Well, I give it up. I will let it go. If I can't have your full and hearty support, I'll let it go. I'll do nothing about it.'

He threw Ehrhardt's letter on the table, and went and sat down by the window. His wife took the letter up and read it over.

'Why, you see he asks you to pass it over in silence if you don't consent.'

'Does he?' asked Elmore. 'I hadn't noticed that.'

'Perhaps you'd better read some of

your letters, Owen, before you answer them!'

'Really, I had forgotten. I had forgotten that the letter was written to me at all. I thought it was to Lily, and she had got to thinking so, too. Well, then, I won't do anything about it.'

He drew a breath of relief.

'Perhaps,' suggested his wife, 'he asked that so as to leave himself some hope if he should happen to meet her again.'

'And we don't wish him to have any hope.'

Mrs. Elmore was silent.

'Celia,' cried her husband, indignantly, 'I can't have you playing fast and loose with me in this matter!'

'I suppose I may have time to think,' she retorted.

'Yes, if you will tell me what you *do* think; but that I *must* know. It's a thing too vital in its consequences for me to act without your full concurrence. I won't take another step in it till I know just how far you have gone with me. If I may judge of what this man's influence upon Lily would be by the fact that he has brought us to the verge of the only real quarrel we've ever had ——'

'Who's quarrelling, Owen?' asked Mrs. Elmore, meekly. 'I'm not.'

'Well, well! we won't dispute about that. I want to know whether you thought with me that it was improper for him to address her in the car?'

'Yes.'

'And still more improper for him to join you in the street?'

'Yes. But he was very gentlemanly.'

'No matter about that. You were just as much annoyed as I was by his letter to her?'

'I don't know about annoyed. It scared me.'

'Very well. And you approved of my answering it as I did?'

'I had nothing to do with it. I thought you were acting conscientiously. I'll say that much.'

'You've got to say more. You have got to say you approved of it; for you know you did.'

'Oh—*approved* of it? Yes!'

'That's all I want. Now I agree with you that if we pass this letter in silence, it will leave him with some hope. You agree with me that in a marriage between an American girl and an Austrian officer, the chances would be ninety-nine to a hundred against her happiness at the best.'

'There are a great many unhappy marriages at home,' said Mrs. Elmore, impartially.

'That isn't the point, Celia, and you know it. The point is whether you believe the chances are for or against her in such a marriage. Do you?'

'Do I what?'

'Agree with me?'

'Yes; but I say they *might* be *very* happy. I shall always say that.'

Elmore flung up his hands in despair.

'Well, then, say what shall be done now.'

This was, perhaps, just what Mrs. Elmore did not choose to say. She was silent a long time—so long that Elmore said: 'But there's really no haste about it,' and took some notes of his history out of a drawer, and began to look them over, with his back turned to her.

'I never knew anything so heartless!' she cried. 'Owen, this *must* be attended to at once! I can't have it hanging over me any longer. It will make me sick.'

He turned abruptly round, and seating himself at the table, wrote a note, which he pushed across to her. It acknowledged the receipt of Captain von Ehrhardt's letter, and expressed Miss Mayhew's feeling that there was nothing in it to change her wish that the acquaintance should cease. In after years the terms of this note did not always appear to Elmore wisely chosen or humanely considered; but he stood at bay, and he struck mercilessly. In spite of the explicit concurrence of both Miss Mayhew and his wife, he felt

they were throwing wholly upon him a responsibility whose fearfulness he did not then realize. Even in his wife's 'send it!' he was aware of a subtle reservation on her part.

VIII.

Mrs. Elmore and Lily again rose buoyantly from the conclusive event, but he succumbed to it. For the delicate and fastidious invalid, keeping his health evenly from day to day upon the condition of a free and peaceful mind, the strain had been too much. He had a bad night, and the next day a gastric trouble declared itself which kept him in bed half the week, and left him very weak and tremulous. His friends did not forget him during this time. Hoskins came regularly to see him, and supplied his place at the *table d'hôte* of the Danieli, going to and fro with the ladies, and efficiently protecting them from the depredations of the Austrian soldiery. From Mr. Rose-Black he could not protect them; and both the ladies amused Elmore with a dramatization of how the Englishman had boldly outwitted them, and trampled all their finessing under foot, by simply walking up to them in the reading-room, and saying: 'This is Miss Mayhew, I suppose,' and putting himself at once on the footing of an old family friend. They read to Elmore, and they put his papers in order, so that he did not know where to find anything when he got well; but they always came home from the hotel with some lively gossip, and this he liked best. They professed to recognise an anxiety on the part of Mr. Andersen's aunt that his mind should not be diverted from the civil service in India by thoughts of young American ladies; but she sent some delicacies to Elmore, and one day she even came to call with her nephew, in extreme reluctance and anxiety, as they pretended to him.

The next afternoon the young man called alone, and Elmore, who was now on foot, received him in the parlour, before the ladies came in. Mr. Andersen had a bunch of flowers in one hand, and a small wooden box, containing a little turtle on a salad leaf, in the other; the poor animals are sold in the Piazza at Venice for souvenirs of the city, and people often carry them away. Elmore took the offerings simply, as he took everything in life, and interpreted them as an expression, however odd, of Mr. Andersen's sympathy with his recent sufferings, of which he gave him some account; but he practised a decent self-denial here, and they were already talking of the weather when the ladies appeared. He hastened to exhibit the tokens of Mr. Andersen's kind remembrance, and was mystified by the young man's confusion, and the impatient, almost contemptuous, air with which his wife listened to him. Hoskins came in at that moment to ask about Elmore's health, and showed the hostile civility to Andersen which young men use toward each other in the presence of ladies; and then, seeing that the latter had secured the place at Miss Mayhew's side on the sofa, he limped to the easy-chair near Mrs. Elmore and fell into talk with her about Rose-Black's pictures, which he had just seen. They were based upon an endeavour to trace the moral principles believed by Mr. Ruskin to underlie Venetian art, and they were very queer, so Hoskins said; he roughly jotted down an idea of some of them on a block he took from his pocket.

Mr. Andersen and Lily went out upon one of the high railed balconies that overhung the canal, and stood there, with their backs to the others. She seemed to be listening, with averted face, while he, with his cheek leaning upon one hand and his elbow resting on the balcony rail, kept a pensive attitude after they had apparently ceased to speak. Something in their pose struck the sculptor's fancy, and he made a hasty sketch of them and was showing it to the Elmores when

Lily suddenly descended into the room again, and, saying something about its being quite dark, went out, and left Mr. Andersen to make his adieux to the others. He startled them by saying that he was to set off for India in the morning, and he went away very melancholy.

'Well, I don't know,' said Hoskins, thoughtfully retouching his sketch, 'that I should feel very lively about going out to India myself.'

'He seems to be a very affectionate young fellow,' observed Elmore, 'and I've no doubt he will feel the separation from his friends. But I really don't know why he should have brought me a bouquet, and a small turtle in a box, on the eve of his departure.'

'What?' cried Hoskins, with a rude guffaw; and when Elmore had showed his gifts, Hoskins threw back his head and laughed indecently. His behaviour nettled Elmore, and it sent Mrs. Elmore prematurely out of the room; for, not content with his explosions of laughter, he continued for some time to amuse himself by touching up with the point of his pencil the tail of the turtle, which he had turned out of its box upon the table. At Mrs. Elmore's withdrawal he stopped, and presently said good-night, rather soberly.

Then she returned.

'Owen,' she asked, sadly, 'did you really think these flowers and that turtle were for you?'

'Why, yes,' he answered.

'Well, I don't know whether I wouldn't almost rather it had been a joke. I believe that I would rather despise your heart than your head. Why should Mr. Andersen bring *you* flowers and a turtle?'

'Upon my word, I don't know.'

'They were for Lily! And your mistake has added another pang to the poor young fellow's suffering. She has just refused him,' she said; and, as Elmore continued to glare blankly at her, she added: 'She was refusing him there on the balcony while that disgusting Mr. Hoskins was sketching them; and he had his hand up, that way, because he was crying.'

'This is horrible, Celia!' cried Elmore. The scent of the flowers lying on the table seemed to choke him; the turtle clawing about on the smooth surface looked demoniacal. 'Why——'

'Now, don't ask me why she refused him, Owen. Of course she couldn't care for a boy like that. But he can't realize it, and it's just as miserable for him as if he were a thousand years old.'

Elmore hung his head.

'It was all a mistake. How heartless I must have seemed! But how should I know any better? I am a straightforward man, Celia; and I am unfit for the care that has been thrown upon me. It's more than I can bear. No, I'm *not* fit for it!' he cried at last; and his wife, seeing him so crushed, now said something to console him.

'I know you're not. I see it more and more. But I know that you will do the best you can, and that you will always act from a good motive. Only *do* try to be more on your guard.'

'I will, I will,' he answered humbly.

He had a temptation, the next time he visited Hoskins, to tell him the awful secret, and to see how the situation of that night, with this lurid light upon it, affected him: it could do poor Andersen, now on his way to India, no harm. He yielded to his temptation, at the same time that he confessed his own blunder about the flowers.

Hoskins whistled.

'I tell you what,' he said, after a long pause, 'there are some things in history that I never could realize,—like Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, putting on her best things, and stepping down into the front parlour of that castle to have her head off. But a thing like this, happening on your own balcony, *helps* you to realize it.'

'It helps you to realize it,' assented Elmore, deeply oppressed by the tragic parallel.

'He's just beginning to feel it about now,' said Hoskins, with strange *sang froid*. 'I reckon it's a good deal like being shot. I didn't fully appreciate my little hit under a couple of days. Then I began to find out that something had happened. Look here,' he added, 'I want to show you something;' and he pulled the wet cloth off a breadth of clay which he had set up on a board stayed against the wall. It was a bas-relief representing a female figure advancing from the left corner over a stretch of prairie toward a bulk of forest on the right; bison, bear and antelope fled before her; a lifted hand shaded her eyes; a star lit the fillet that bound her hair.

'That's the best thing you've done, Hoskins,' said Elmore. 'What do you call it?'

'Well, I haven't settled yet. I *have* thought of "Westward the Star of Empire," but that's rather long; and I've thought of "American Enterprise." I ain't in any hurry to name it. You like it, do you?'

'I like it immensely!' cried Elmore. 'You must let me bring the ladies to see it.'

'Well, not just yet,' said the sculptor, in some confusion. 'I want to get it a little further along first.'

They stood looking together at the figure; and when Elmore went away he puzzled himself about something in it—he could not tell exactly what. He thought he had seen that face and figure before, but this is what often occurs to the connoisseur of modern sculpture. His mind heavily reverted to Lily and her suitors. Take her in one way, especially in her subordination to himself, the girl was as simply a child as any in the world—good-hearted, tender and sweet, and, as he could see, without tendency to flirtation. Take her in another way, confront her with a young and marriageable man, and Elmore greatly feared that she unconsciously set all her beauty and grace at work to charm him; another life seemed to inform her, and irradiate from her, apart from which she existed simple and child-like still. In the security of his own deposited affections, it appeared to him cruelly absurd that a passion which any other pretty girl might, and some other pretty girl in time must, have kindled, should cling, when once awakened, so inalienably to the pretty girl who had, in a million chances, chanced to awaken it. He wondered how much of this constancy was natural, and how much merely attributive and traditional, and whether human happiness or misery were increased by it, on the whole.

IX.

In the respite which followed the dismissal of Andersen, the English painter Rose-Black visited the Elmores as often as the servant, who had orders in his case to say that they were *impediti*, failed of her duty. They could not always escape him at the *café*, and they would have left off dining at the hotel but for the shame of feeling that he had driven them away. If he had been an Englishman repelling their advances, instead of an Englishman pursuing them, he could not have been more offensive. He affronted their national as well as personal self-esteem; he early declared himself a sympathizer with the Southrons (as the London press then called them), and he expressed the current belief of his compatriots that we were going to the dogs.

'What do you really make of him, Owen?' asked Mrs. Elmore, after an evening that, in its improbable discomfort, had passed quite like a nightmare.

'Well, I've been thinking a good deal about him. I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a final expression of the national genius—the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that the

courtesies and decencies of life are for use exclusively towards Englishmen.'

This was in that embittered old war-time: we have since learned how forbearing and generous and amiable Englishmen are; how they never take advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection.

But for the present Mrs. Elmore replied to her husband's perverted ideas, 'Yes, it must be so,' and she supported him in the ineffectual experiment of deferential politeness, Christian charity, broad humanity, and savage rudeness upon Rose-Black. It was all one to Rose-Black.

He took an air of serious protection toward Mrs. Elmore, and often gave her advice, while he practised an easy gallantry with Lily, and ignored Elmore altogether. His intimacy was superior to the accidents of their moods, and their slights and snubs were accepted apparently as interesting expressions of a civilization about which he was insatiably curious, especially as regarded the relations of young people. There was no mistaking the fact that Rose-Black, in his way, had fallen under the spell which Elmore had learned to dread; but there was nothing to be done, and he helplessly waited. He saw what must come; and one evening it came, when Rose-Black, in more than usually offensive patronage, lolled back upon the sofa at Miss Mayhew's side, and said:

'About flirtations, now, in America—tell me something about flirtations. We've heard so much about your American flirtations. We only have them with married ladies on the Continent, and I don't suppose Mrs. Elmore would think of one.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Lily. 'I don't know anything about flirtations.'

This seemed to amuse Rose-Black as an uncommonly fine piece of American humour, which was then just beginning to make its way with the English.

'Oh, but come, now, you don't expect me to believe that, you know. If you won't tell me, suppose you show me what an American flirtation is like. Suppose we get up a flirtation. How should you begin?'

The girl rose with a more imposing air than Elmore could have imagined of her stature; but almost any woman can be awful in emergencies.

'I should begin by bidding you good evening,' she answered, and swept out of the room.

Elmore felt as if he had been left alone with a man mortally hurt in combat, and were likely to be arrested for the deed. He gazed with fascination upon Rose-Black, and wondered to see him stir, and at last rise, and with some clumsy words, get himself away. He dared not lift his gaze to the man's eyes, lest he should see there a reflection of the pain that filled his own. He would have gone after him, and tried to say something in condolence, but he was quite helpless to move; and as he sat still, gazing at the door through which Rose-Black disappeared, Mrs. Elmore said, quietly:

'Well, really, I think that ought to be the last of him. You see, she's quite able to take care of herself when she knows her ground. You can't say that she has thrown the brunt of this affair upon you, Owen.'

'I am not so sure of that,' sighed Elmore. 'I think I suffer less when I do it than when I see it. It's horrible.'

'He deserved it, every bit,' returned his wife.

'Oh, I dare say,' Elmore granted. 'But the sight even of justice isn't pleasant, I find.'

'I don't understand you, Owen. Why do you care so much for this impudent fellow's little snub, and yet be so indifferent about refusing Captain Ehrhardt?'

'I'm not indifferent about it, my dear. I know that I did right, but I don't know that I could do right under the same circumstances again.'

In fact, there were times when Elmore found almost insupportable the absolute conclusion to which that business had come. It is hard to believe that anything has come to an end in this world. For a time, death itself leaves the ache of an unsatisfied expectation, as if somehow the interrupted life must go on, and there is no change we make or suffer which is not denied by the sensation of daily habit. If Ehrhardt had really come back from the vague limbo to which he had been so inexorably relegated, he might only have restored the original situation in all its discomfort and apprehension; yet maintaining, as he did, this perfect silence and absence, he established a hold upon Elmore's imagination which deepened because he could not discuss the matter frankly with his wife. He weakly feared to let her know what was passing in his thoughts, lest some misconception of hers should turn them into self-accusal or urge him to some attempt at the reparation toward which he wavered. He really could have done nothing that would not have made the matter worse, and he confined himself to speculating upon the character and history of the man whom he knew only by the incoherent hearsay of two excited women, and by the brief record of hope and passion left in the notes which Lily treasured somewhere among the archives of a young girl's triumphs. He had a morbid curiosity to see these letters again, but he dared not ask for them; and indeed it would have been an idle self-indulgence; he remembered them perfectly well. Seeing Lily so indifferent, it was characteristic of him, in that safety from consequences which he chiefly loved, that he should tacitly constitute himself, in some sort, the champion of her rejected suitor, whose pain he luxuriously fancied in all its different stages and degrees. His indolent pity even developed into a sort of self-righteous abhorrence of the girl's hardness. But this was wholly within himself, and could do no sort of harm. If he never ventured to hint these feelings to his wife, he was still farther from confessing them to Lily; but once he approached the subject to Hoskins, in a well-guarded generality relating to the different kinds of sensibility developed by the European and American civilization. A recent suicide for love which excited all Venice at that time—an Austrian officer hopelessly attached to an Italian girl had shot himself—had suggested their talk, and given fresh poignancy to the misgivings in Elmore's mind.

'Well,' said Hoskins, 'those Dutch are queer. They don't look at women as respectfully as we do, and they mix up so much cabbage with their romance that you don't know exactly how to take them; and yet here you find this fellow suffering just as much as a white man because the girl's folks won't let her have him. In fact, I don't know but he suffered more than the average American citizen. I think we have a great deal more common sense in our love-affairs. We respect women more than any other people, and I think we show them more true politeness; we let 'em have their way more, and get their finger into the pie right along, and its right we should: but we don't make fools of ourselves about them as a general rule. We know they're awfully nice, and they know we know it; and it's a perfectly understood thing all round. We've been used to each other all our lives, and they're just as sensible as we are. They like a fellow, when they do like him, about as well as any of 'em; but they know he's a man and a brother, after all, and he's got ever so much human nature in him. Well, now, I reckon one of these Dutch chaps, the first time he gets a chance to speak with a pretty girl, thinks he's got hold of a goddess, and I suppose the girl feels

just so about him. Why, it's natural they should,—they've never had any chance to know any better, and your feelings *are* apt to get the upper hand of you, at such times, any way. I don't blame 'em. One of 'em goes off and shoots himself, and the other one feels as if she was never going to get over it. Well, now, look at the way Miss Lily acted in that little business of hers; one of these girls over here would have had her head completely turned by that adventure; but when she couldn't see her way exactly clear, she puts the case in your hands, and then stands by what you do, as calm as a clock.'

'It was a very perplexing thing. I did the best I knew,' said Elmore.

'Why, of course you did,' cried Hoskins, 'and she sees that as well as you or I do, and she stands by you accordingly. I tell you that girl's got a cool head.'

In his soul Elmore ungratefully and inconsistently wished that her heart were not equally cool; but he only said:

'Yes, she is a good and sensible girl. I hope the—the—other one is equally resigned.'

'Oh, *he*'ll get along,' answered Hoskins, with the indifference of one man for the sufferings of another in such matters. We are able to offer a brother very little comfort and scarcely any sympathy in those unhappy affairs of the heart which move women to a pretty compassion for a disappointed sister. A man in love is in nowise interesting to us for that reason; and if he is unfortunate, we hope at the furthest that he will have better luck next time. It is only here and there that a sentimentalist like Elmore stops to pity him; and it is not certain that even he would have sighed over Captain Ehrhardt if he had not been the means of his disappointment. As it was, he came away, feeling that doubtless Ehrhardt had 'got along,' and resolved, at least, to spend no more unavailing regrets upon him.

The time passed very quietly now, and if it had not been for Hoskins, the ladies must have found it dull. He had nothing to do, except as he made himself occupation with his art, and he willingly bestowed on them the leisure which Elmore could not find. They went everywhere with him, and saw the city to advantage through his efforts. Doors closed to ordinary curiosity opened to the magic of his card, and he showed a pleasure in using such little privileges as his position gave him for their amusement. He went upon errands for them; he was like a brother, with something more than a brother's pliability; he came half the time to breakfast with them, and was always welcome to all. He had the gift of extracting comfort from the darkest news about the war; he was a prophet of unfailing good to the Union cause, and in many hours of despondency they willingly submitted to the authority of his greater experience, and took heart again.

'I like your indomitable hopefulness, Hoskins,' said Elmore, on one of those occasions when the consul was turning defeat into victory. 'There's a streak of unconscious poetry in it, just as there is in your taking up the subjects you do. I imagine that, so far as the judgment of the world goes, our fortunes are at the lowest ebb just now——'

'Oh, the world is wrong!' interrupted the consul. 'Those London papers are all in the pay of the rebels.'

'I mean that we have no sort of sympathy in Europe; and yet here you are embodying in your conception of "Westward" the arrogant faith of the days when our destiny seemed universal union and universal dominion. There is something sublime to me in your treatment of such a work at such a time. I think an Italian, for instance, if his country were involved in a life-and-death struggle like this of ours, would have expressed something of the anxiety and appre-

hension of the time in it; but this conception of yours is as serenely undisturbed by the facts of the war as if secession had taken place in another planet. There is something Greek in that repose of feeling, triumphant over circumstance. It is like the calm beauty which makes you forget the anguish of the Laocoön.'

'Is that so, Professor?' said Hoskins, blushing modestly, as an artist often must in these days of creative criticism. He seemed to reflect awhile before he added: 'Well, I reckon you're partly right. If we ever did go to smash, it would take us a whole generation to find it out. We have all been raised to put so much dependence on Uncle Sam that if the old gentleman really did pass in his checks we should only think he was lying low for a new deal. I never happened to think it out before, but I'm pretty sure it's so.'

'Your work wouldn't be worth half so much to me if you had "thought it out,"' said Elmore. 'Its the unconsciousness of the faith that makes its chief value, as I said before; and there is another thing about it that interests and pleases me still more.'

'What's that?' asked the sculptor.

'The instinctive way in which you have given the figure an entirely American quality. There was something very familiar to me in it the first time you showed it, but I've only just been able to formulate my impression: I see now that, while the spirit of your conception is Greek, you have given it, as you ought, the purest American expression. Your "Westward" is no Hellenic goddess; she is a vivid and self-reliant American girl.'

At these words, Hoskins reddened deeply, and seemed not to know where to look. Mrs. Elmore had the effect of escaping through the door into her own room, and Miss Mayhew ran out upon the balcony. Hoskins followed each in turn with a queer glance, and sat a moment in silence. Then he said, 'Well, I reckon I must be going,' and he went rather abruptly without offering to take leave of the ladies.

As soon as he was gone, Lily came in from the balcony and whipped into Mrs. Elmore's room, from which she flashed again in swift retreat to her own, and was seen no more; and then Mrs. Elmore came back, with a flushed face, to where her husband sat, mystified.

'My dear,' he said, gravely, 'I'm afraid you've hurt Mr. Hoskins' feelings.'

'Do you think so?' she asked; and then she burst into a wild cry of laughter. 'Oh, Owen, Owen, you will kill me yet!'

'Really,' he replied, with dignity, 'I don't see any occasion in what I said for this extraordinary behaviour.'

'Of course you don't, and that's just what makes the fun of it. So you found something familiar in Mr. Hoskins' statue from the first, did you?' she cried. 'And you didn't notice anything particular in it?'

'Particular? Particular?' he demanded, beginning to lose his patience at this.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'couldn't you see that it was Lily all over again?'

Elmore laughed in turn.

'Why, so it is; so it is! That accounts for everything that puzzled me. I don't wonder my maunderings amused you. It *was* ridiculous, to be sure! When in the world did she give him the sittings, and how did you manage to keep it from me so well?'

'Owen!' cried his wife, with terrible severity. 'You don't think that Lily would *let* him put her into it?'

'Why, I supposed—I didn't know—I don't see! how he could have done it unless ——'

'He did it without leave or license,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'We saw it all along, but he never "let on," as he would say about it, and we never meant to say anything, of course.'

'Then,' replied Elmore, delighted with the fact, 'it has been a purely unconscious piece of celebration.'

'Celebration!' exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, with more scorn than she knew how to express. 'I should think as much!'

'Well, I don't know,' said Elmore, with the pique of a man who does not care to be quite trampled under foot. 'I don't see that the theory is so very unphilosophical.'

'Oh, not at all!' mocked his wife. 'It's philosophical to the last degree, Be as philosophical as you please, Owen; I shall love you still the same.' She came up to him where he sat, and twisting her arm around his face, patronizingly kissed him on top of the head. Then she released him, and left him with another burst of derision.

X.

After this, Elmore had such an uncomfortable feeling that he hated to see Hoskins again, and he was relieved when the sculptor failed to make his usual call, the next evening. He had not been at dinner either, and he did not reappear for several days. Then he merely said that he had been spending the time at Chioggia, with a French painter who was making some studies down there, and they all took up the old routine of their friendly life without embarrassment.

At first it seemed to Elmore that Lily was a little shy of Hoskins, and he thought that she resented his using her charm in his art; but before the evening wore away, he lost this impression. They all got into a long talk about home, and she took her place at the piano and played some of the war songs that had begun to supersede the old negro melodies. Then she wandered back to them, with fingers that idly drifted over the keys, and ended with 'Stop dat knockin',' in which Hoskins joined with his powerful bass in the recitative, 'Let me in,' and Elmore himself had half a mind to attempt a part. The sculptor rose as she struck the keys with a final crash, but lingered, as his fashion was when he had something to propose; if he felt pretty sure that the thing would be liked, he brought it in as if he had only happened to remember it. He now drew out a large, square, ceremonious-looking envelope, at which he glanced as if, after all, he was rather surprised to see it, and said, 'Oh, by the by, Mrs. Elmore, I wish you'd tell me what to do about this thing. Here's something that's come to me in my official capacity, but it isn't exactly consular business,—if it was I don't believe I should ask *any* lady for instructions,—and I don't know exactly what to do. It's so long since I corresponded with a princess that I don't even know how to answer her letter.'

The ladies perhaps feared a hoax of some sort, and would not ask to see the letter; and then Hoskins recognised his failure to play upon their curiosity with a laugh, and gave the letter to Mrs. Elmore. It was an invitation to a masked ball, of which all Venice had begun to speak. A great Russian lady, who had come to spend the winter in the Lagoons, and had taken a whole floor at one of the hotels, had sent out her cards, apparently to all the available people in the city, for the event which was to take place a fortnight later. In the meantime, a thrill of preparation was felt in various quarters, and the ordinary course of life was interrupted in a way that gave some idea of the old times, when Venice was the capital of pleasure, and everything yielded there to the great business of amusement. Mrs. Elmore had found it impossible to get a pair of fine shoes finished until after the ball; a dress which Lily had ordered could not be made; their laundress had given notice that for the present all fluting and quilling was out of the question; one already heard that the chief Venetian *perruquier* and his assistants were engaged for every moment of the forty-eight hours before the ball, and that whoever had him now must sit up with her hair

half-dressed for two nights at least. Mrs. Elmore had a fanatical faith in these stories; and while agreeing with her husband, as a matter of principle, that mask balls were wrong, and that it was in bad taste for a foreigner to insult the sorrow of Venice by a festivity of the sort at such a time, she had secretly indulged longings which the sight of Hoskins' invitation rendered almost insupportable. Her longings were not for herself, but for Lily; if she could provide Lily with the experience of a masquerade in Venice, she could overpay all the kindnesses that the Mayhews had ever done her. It was an ambition neither ignoble nor ungenerous, and it was with a really heroic effort that she silenced it in passing the invitation to her husband, and simply saying to Hoskins:

'Of course you will go.'

'I don't know about that,' he answered. 'That's the point I want some advice on. You see, this document calls for a lady to fill out the bill.'

'Oh,' returned Mrs. Elmore, 'you will find some Americans at the hotels. You can take them.'

'Well, now, I was thinking, Mrs. Elmore, that I should like to take you.'

'Take me?' she echoed, tremulously. 'What an idea! I'm too old to go to mask balls.'

'You don't look it,' suggested Hoskins.

'Oh, I couldn't go,' she sighed. 'But it's very, very kind.'

Hoskins dropped his head, and gave the low chuckle with which he confessed any little bit of humbug.

'Well, you *or* Miss Lily.'

Lily had retired to the other side of the room as soon as the parley about the invitation began. Without asking or seeing, she knew what was in the note, and now she felt it right to make a feint of not knowing what Mrs. Elmore meant when she asked:

'What do *you* say, Lily?'

When the question was duly explained to her, she answered languidly:

'I don't know. Do you think I'd better?'

'I might as well make a clean breast of it first as last,' said Hoskins. 'I thought perhaps Mrs. Elmore might refuse, she's so stiff about some things'—here he gave that chuckle of his,—'and so I came prepared for contingencies. It occurred to me that it mightn't be quite the thing, and so I went around to the Spanish consul and asked him how he thought it would do for me to matronize a young lady, if I could get one, and he said he didn't think it would do at all.'

Hoskins let this adverse decision sink into the breasts of his listeners before he added:

'But he said that he was going with his wife, and that if we would come along she could matronize us both. I don't know how it would work,' he concluded impartially.

They all looked at Elmore, who stood holding the princess's missive in his hand, and darkly forecasting the chances of consent and denial. At the first suggestion of the matter, a reckless hope that this ball might bring Ehrhardt above their horizon again sprang up in his heart, and became a desperate fear when the whole responsibility of action was, as usual, left with him. He stood, feeling that Hoskins had used him very ill.

'I suppose,' began Mrs. Elmore, very thoughtfully, 'that this will be something quite in the style of the old masquerades under the Republic.'

'Regular Ridotto business, the Spanish consul says,' answered Hoskins.

'It might be very useful to you, Owen,' she resumed, 'in an historical way, if Lily were to go and take notes of everything; so that when you came to that period you could describe its corruptions intelligently.'

Elmore laughed.

'I never thought of that, my dear,' he said, returning the invitation to Hoskins. 'Your historical sense has been awakened late, but it promises

to be very active. Lily had better go, by all means, and I shall depend upon her coming home with very full notes upon her dance-list.'

They laughed at the professor's sarcasm, and Hoskins, having undertaken to see that the last claims of etiquette were satisfied by getting an invitation sent to Miss Mayhew through the Spanish consul, went off, and left the ladies to the discussion of ways and means. Mrs. Elmore said that of course it was now too late to hope to get anything done, and then set herself to devise the character that Lily would have appeared in if there had been time to get her ready, or if all the work-people had not been so busy that it was merely frantic to think of anything. She first patriotically considered her as Columbia, with the customary drapery of stars and stripes and the cap of liberty. But while holding that she would have looked very pretty in the dress, Mrs. Elmore decided that it would have been too hackneyed; and besides, everybody would have known instantly who it was.

'Why not have her go in the character of Mr. Hoskins's "Westward"?' suggested Elmore, with lazy irony.

'The very thing!' cried his wife. 'Owen, you deserve great credit for thinking of that; no one else would have done it! No one will dream what it means, and it will be great fun, letting them make it out. We must keep it a dead secret from Mr. Hoskins, and let her surprise him with it when he comes for her that evening. It will be a very pretty way of returning his compliment, and it will be a sort of delicate acknowledgment of his kindness in asking her, and in so many other ways. Yes, you've hit it exactly, Owen; she shall go as "Westward."'

'Go?' echoed Elmore, who had with difficulty realized the rapid change of tense. 'I thought you said you couldn't get her ready.'

'We must manage somehow,' replied Mrs. Elmore. And somehow a shoemaker for the sandals, a seamstress for the delicate flowing draperies, a hair-dresser for the young girl's rebellious abundance of hair beneath the star-lit fillet, were actually found —with the help of Hoskins, as usual, though he was not suffered to know anything of the character to whose make-up he contributed. The *perruquier*, a personage of lordly address naturally, and of dignity heightened by the demand in which he found himself, came early in the morning, and had been received by Elmore with a self-possession that ill-comported with the solemnity of the occasion.

'Sit down,' said Elmore, pushing him a chair. 'The ladies will be here presently.'

'But I have no time to sit down, signore!' replied the artist, with an imperious bow, 'and the ladies must be here instantly.'

Mrs. Elmore always said that if she had not heard this conversation, and hurried in at once, the *perruquier* would have left them at that point. But she contrived to appease him by the manifestation of an intelligent sympathy; she made Lily leave her breakfast untasted, and submit her beautiful head to the touch of this man, with whom it was but a head of hair and nothing more; and in an hour the work was done. The artist whisked away the cloth which covered her shoulders, and crying, 'Behold!' bowed splendidly to the spectators, and without waiting for criticism or suggestion, took his napoleon and went his way. All that day the work of his skill was sacredly guarded, and the custodian of the treasure went about with her head on her shoulders, as if it had been temporarily placed in her keeping, and were something she was not at all used to taking care of. More than once Mrs. Elmore had to warn her against sinister accidents. 'Remember, Lily,' she said, 'that if anything *did* happen, NOTHING could be done to save you!' In spite of himself, Elmore shared these anxieties, and in the

depths of his wonted studies he found himself pursued and harassed by vague apprehensions, which, upon analysis, proved to be fears for Miss Lily's hair. It was a great moment when the robe came home—rather late—from the dress-maker's, and had to be put on over Lily's head; but from this thrilling rite Elmore was of course excluded, and only knew of it afterward by hearsay. He did not see her till she came out just before Hoskins arrived to fetch her away, when she appeared radiantly perfect in her dress, and in the air with which she meant to carry it off. At Mrs. Elmore's direction she paraded dazzlingly up and down the room a number of times, looking down to see how her dress hung, as she walked. Mrs. Elmore, with her head on one side, scrutinized her in every detail, and Elmore regarded her young beauty and delight with a pride as innocent as her own. A dim regret, evaporating in a long sigh, which made the others laugh, recalled him to himself, as the bell rang and Hoskins appeared. He was received in a preconcerted silence, and he looked from one to the other with his queer, knowing smile, and took in the whole affair without a word.

'Isn't it a pretty idea?' said Mrs. Elmore. 'Studied from an antique bas-relief, or just the same as an antique—full of the anguish and the repose of the Laocoön.'

'Mrs. Elmore,' said the sculptor, 'you're too many for me. I reckon the procession had better start before I make a fool of myself. Well!' This was all Hoskins could say; but it sufficed. The ladies declared afterward that if he had added a word more, it would have spoiled it. They had expected him to go to the ball in the character of a miner, perhaps, or in that of a trapper of the great plains; but he had chosen to appear more naturally as a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. 'When you go in for a disguise,' he explained, 'you can't make it too complete; and I consider that this limp of mine adds the last touch.'

'It's no use to sit up for them,' Mrs. Elmore said, when she and her husband had come in from calling good wishes and last instructions after them from the balcony, as their gondola pushed away. 'We sha'n't see anything more of *them* till morning. Now, this,' she added, 'is something like the gaiety that people at home are always fancying in Europe. Why, I can remember when I used to imagine that American tourists figured brilliantly in *salons* and *conversazioni*, and spent their time in masking and throwing *confetti* in carnival, and going to balls and opera. I didn't know what American tourists were then, and how dismally they moped about in hotels and galleries and churches. And I didn't know how stupid Europe was socially—how perfectly dead and buried it was, especially for young people. It would be fun if things happened so that Lily never found it out! I don't think two offers already—or three, if you count Rose-Black—are very bad for *any* girl; and now this ball, coming right on top of it, where she will see hundreds of handsome officers! Well, she'll never miss Patmos at this rate, will she?'

'Perhaps she had better never have left Patmos,' suggested Elmore, gravely.

'I don't know what you mean, Owen,' said his wife, as if hurt.

'I mean that it's a great pity she should give herself up to the same frivolous amusement here that she had there. The only good that Europe can do American girls who travel here is to keep them in total exile from what they call a good time—from parties and attentions and flirtations; to force them, through the hard discipline of social deprivation, to take some interest in the things that make for civilization—in history, in art, in humanity.'

'Now, there I differ with you, Owen. I think American girls are the nicest girls in the world, just as

they are. And I don't see any harm in the things you think are so awful. You've lived so long here among your manuscripts that you've forgotten there is any such time as the present. If you are getting so Europeanized, I think the sooner we go home the better.'

'*I* getting Europeanized!' began Elmore, indignantly.

'Yes, Europeanized! And I don't want you to be too severe with Lily, Owen. The child stands in terror of you now; and if you keep on in this way, she can't draw a natural breath in the house.'

There is always something flattering, at first, to a gentle and peaceable man in the notion of being terrible to any one; Elmore melted at these words, and at the fear that he might have been, in some way that he could not think of, really harsh.

'I should be very sorry to distress her,' he began.

'Well, you haven't distressed her yet,' his wife relented. 'Only you must be careful not to. She was going to be very circumspect, Owen, on your account, for she really appreciates the interest you take in her, and I think she sees that it won't do to be at all free with strangers over here. This ball will be a great education for Lily, —a *great* education. I'm going to commence a letter to Sue about her costume, and all that, and leave it open to finish up when Lily gets home.'

When she went to bed, she did not sleep till after the time when the girl ought to have come; and when she awoke to a late breakfast, Lily had still not returned. By eleven o'clock she and Elmore had passed the stage of accusing themselves, and then of accusing each other, for allowing Lily to go in the way they had; and had come to the question of what they had better do, and whether it was practicable to send to the Spanish consulate and ask what had become of her. They had resigned themselves to waiting for one half-hour longer, when they heard her voice at the water-gate, gaily forbidding Hoskins to come up; and running out upon the balcony, Mrs. Elmore had a glimpse of the courtier, very tawdry by daylight, reentering his gondola, and had only time to turn about when Lily burst laughing into the room.

'Oh, don't look at me, Professor Elmore!' she cried. 'I'm literally danced to rags!'

Her dress and hair were splashed with drippings from the wax candles; she was wildly decorated with favours from the German, and one of these had been used to pin up a rent which the spur of a hussar had made in her robe; her hair had escaped from its fastenings during the night, and in putting it back she had broken the star in her fillet; it was now kept in place by a bit of black-and-yellow cord which an officer had lent her.

'He said he should claim it of me the first time we met,' she exclaimed, excitedly. 'Why, Professor Elmore,' she implored, with a laugh, 'don't look at me *so!*'

Grief and indignation were in his heart.

'You look like the spectre of last night,' he said with a dreamy severity, and as if he saw her merely as a vision.

'Why, that's the way I *feel!*' she answered; and with a reproachful cry of 'Owen!' his wife followed her flight to her room.

XI.

Elmore went out for a long walk, from which he returned disconsolate at dinner. He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forego any pleasure than incur the reaction which must follow with all the keenness of remorse; and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a rational one) such unhappy persons as he saw enjoying themselves. But he had not meant to add bitterness to the anguish which Lily would

necessarily feel in retrospect of the night's gaiety; he had not known that he was recognising, by those unsparing words of his, the nervous misgivings in the girl's heart. He scarcely dared ask, as he sat down at the table with Mrs. Elmore alone, whether Lily were asleep.

'Asleep?' she echoed in a low tone of mystery. 'I hope so.'

'Celia, Celia!' he cried, in despair. 'What shall I do? I feel terribly at what I said to her.'

'Sh! At what you said to her? Oh, yes! Yes, that was cruel. But there is so much else, poor child, that I had forgotten that.'

He let his plate of soup stand untasted.

'Why—why,' he faltered, 'didn't she enjoy herself?'

And a historian of Venice, whose mind should have been wholly engaged in philosophizing the republic's difficult past, hung abjectly upon the question whether a young girl had or had not had a good time at a ball.

'Yes. Oh, yes! She *enjoyed* herself—if that's all you require,' replied his wife. 'Of course she wouldn't have stayed so late if she hadn't enjoyed herself.'

'No,' he said, in a tone which he tried to make leading; but his wife refused to be led by indirect methods. She ate her soup, but in a manner to carry increasing bitterness to Elmore with every spoonful.

'Come, Celia!' he cried at last, 'tell me what has happened. You know how wretched this makes me. Tell me it, whatever it is. Of course, I must know it in the end. Are there any new complications?'

'No *new* complications,' said his wife, as if resenting the word. 'But you make such a bugbear of the least little matter that there's no encouragement to tell you anything.'

'Excuse me,' he retorted, 'I haven't made a bugbear of this.'

'You haven't had the opportunity.' This was so grossly unjust that Elmore merely shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. When it finally appeared that he was not going to ask anything more, his wife added: 'If you could listen, like anyone else, and not interrupt with remarks that distort all one's ideas——' Then, as he persisted in his silence, she relented still further. 'Why, of course, as you say, you will have to know it in the end. But I can tell you, to begin with, Owen, that it's nothing you can do anything about, or take hold of in any way. Whatever it is, it's done and over; so it needn't distress you at all.'

'Ah, I've known something done and over that distressed me a great deal,' he suggested.

'The princess wasn't so very young after all,' said Mrs. Elmore, as if this had been the point in dispute, 'but very fat and jolly, and very kind. She wasn't in costume; but there was a young countess with her, helping to receive, who appeared as Night,—black tulle, you know, with silver stars. The Princess seemed to take a great fancy to Lily,—the Russians always *have* sympathized with us in the war,—and all the time she wasn't dancing, the princess kept her by her, holding her hand and patting it. The officers—hundreds of them in their white uniforms and those magnificent hussar dresses—were very obsequious to the princess, and Lily had only too many partners. She says you can't imagine how splendid the scene was, with all those different costumes, and the rooms a perfect blaze of wax lights; the windows were battened, so that you couldn't tell when it came daylight, and she hadn't any idea how the time was passing. They were not all in masks; and there didn't seem to be any regular hour for unmasking. She can't tell just when the supper was, but she thinks it must have been towards morning. She says Mr. Hoskins got on capitally, and everybody seemed to like him, he was so jolly and good-natured; and when they

found that he had been wounded in the war, they made quite a 'belle' of him, as he called it. The princess made a point of introducing all the officers to Lily that came up after they unmasked. They paid her the greatest attention, and yon can easily see that she was the prettiest girl there.'

'I can believe that without seeing,' said Elmore, with magnanimous pride in the loveliness that had made him so much trouble. 'Well?'

'Well, they couldn't any of them get the hang, as Mr. Hoskins said, of the character she came in, for a good while; but when they did, they thought it was the best idea there: and it was all *your* idea, Owen,' said Mrs. Elmore, in accents of such tender pride that he knew she must now be approaching the difficult passage of her narration. 'It was so perfectly new and unconventional. She got on very well speaking Italian with the officers, for she knew as much as they did.'

Here Mrs. Elmore paused, and glanced hesitatingly at her husband. 'They only made one little mistake; but that was at the beginning, and they soon got over it.' Elmore suffered, but he did not ask what it was, and his wife went on with smooth caution. 'Lily thought it was just as it is at home, and she mustn't dance with any one unless he had been introduced. So, after the first dance with the Spanish consul, as her escort, a young officer came up and asked her; and she refused, for she thought it was a great piece of presumption. Afterward the princess told her she could dance with any one, introduced or not, and so she did; and pretty soon she saw this first officer looking at her very angrily, and going about speaking to others and glancing toward her. She felt badly about it, when she saw how it was; and she got Mr. Hoskins to go and speak to him. Mr. Hoskins asked him if he spoke English, and the officer said no; and it seems that he didn't know Italian either, and Mr. Hoskins tried him in Spanish,—he picked up a little in New Mexico,—and all at once it occurred to Mr. Hoskins to say, "*Parlez-vous Français?*" and says the officer instantly, "*Oui monsieur.*"'

'Of course the man knew French. He ought to have tried him with that in the beginning. What did Hoskins say then?' asked Elmore, impatiently.

'He didn't say anything; that was all the French he knew.'

Elmore broke into a laugh and, laughed on and on with the wild excess of a sad man when once he unpacks his heart in that way. His wife did not, perhaps, feel the absurdity as keenly as he, but she gladly laughed with him, for it smoothed her way to have him in this humour.

'Mr. Hoskins just took him by the arm, and said, "Here! you come along with me," and led him up to the princess, where Lily was sitting; and when the princess had explained to him, Lily rose, and mustered up enough French to say, "*Je vous prie, monsieur, de danser avec moi,*" and after that they were the greatest friends.'

'That was very pretty in her; it was sovereignly gracious,' said Elmore.

'Oh, if an American girl is left to manage for herself she can *always* manage!' cried Mrs. Elmore.

'Well, and what else?' asked her husband.

'Oh, *I* don't know that it amounts to anything,' said Mrs. Elmore; but did not delay further.

It appeared from what she went on to say, that in the German which began not long after midnight, there was a figure fancifully called the Symphony, in which musical toys were distributed among the dancers in pairs; the possessor of a small pandean-pipe, or tin horn, went about sounding it till he found some lady similarly equipped, when he demanded her in the dance. In this way a tall mask to whom a penny trumpet had fallen, was stalking to and fro among the waltzers, blowing the silly plaything with a disgusted air, when Lily, all unconscious of him, where she sat

with her hand in that of her faithful princess, breathed a responsive note. The mask was instantly at her side, and she was whirling away in the waltz. She tried to make him out, but she had already danced with so many people that she was unable to decide whether she had seen this mask before. He was not disguised, except by the little visor of black silk coming down to the point of his nose; his blond whiskers escaped at either side, and his blond mustache swept beneath like the whiskers and mustaches of fifty other officers present, and he did not speak. This was a permissible caprice of his, but, if she were resolved to make him speak, this also was a permissible caprice. She made a whole turn of the room in studying up the Italian sentence with which she assailed him:

'*J'erdoni, Maschere: ma cosa ha detto?' Non ho ben inteso.*'

'Speak English, Mask,' came the reply. 'I did not say anything.'

It came certainly with a German accent, and with a foreigner's deliberation; but it came at once and clearly.

The English astonished her, and somehow it daunted her, for the mask spoke very gravely; but she would not let him imagine that he had put her down, and she rejoined, laughingly:

'Oh, I knew that you hadn't spoken, but I thought I would make you.'

'You think you can make me do what you will?' asked the mask.

'Oh, no. I don't think I could make you tell me who you are, though I should like to make you.'

'And why should you wish to know me? If you met me in the Piazza you would not recognise my salutation.'

'How do you know that?' demanded Lily. 'I don't know what you mean.'

'Oh, it is understood yet already,' answered the mask. 'Your compatriot, with whom you live, wishes to be well seen by the Italians, and he would not let you bow to an Austrian.'

'That is not so,' exclaimed Lily, indignantly. 'Professor Elmore wouldn't be so mean; and, if he would *I* shouldn't.' She was frightened, but she felt her spirit rising. 'You seem to know so well who I am; do you think it is fair for you to keep me in ignorance?'

'I cannot remain masked without your leave. Shall I unmask? Do you insist.'

'On, no,' she replied. 'You will have to unmask at supper, and then I shall see you. I'm not impatient. I prefer to keep you for a mystery.'

'You will be a mystery to me even when you unmask,' replied the mask, gravely.

Lily was ill at ease, and she gave a little unsuccessful laugh.

'You seem to take the mystery very coolly,' she said, in default of anything else.

'I have studied the American manner,' replied the mask. 'In America they take everything coolly: life and death, love and hate—all things.'

'How do you know that? You have never been in America.'

'That is not necessary, if the Americans come here to show us.'

'They are not true Americans if they show you that,' cried the girl.

'No?'

'But I see that you are only amusing yourself.'

'And have you never amused yourself with me?'

'How could I,' she demanded, 'if I never saw you before?'

'But are you sure of that?' She did not answer, for in this masquerade banter she had somehow been growing unhappy. 'Shall I prove to you that you have seen me before? You dare not let me unmask.'

'Oh, I can wait till supper. I shall know then that I have never seen you before. I forbid you to unmask till supper. Will you obey?' she cried, anxiously.

'I have obeyed in harder things,' replied the mask.

She refused to recognise anything but meaningless badinage in his words. 'Oh, as a soldier, yes! You must be used to obeying orders.' He did not reply, and she added, releasing her hand and slipping it into his arm, 'I am tired now; will you take me back to the princess?'

He led her silently to her place, and left her with a profound bow.

'Now,' said the princess, 'they shall give you a little time to breathe. I will not let them make you dance every minute. They are indiscreet. You shall not take any of their musical instruments, and so you can fairly escape till supper.'

'Thank you,' said Lily, absently, 'that will be the best way;' and she sat languidly watching the dancers. A young naval officer who spoke English ran across the floor to her.

'Come,' he cried, 'I shall have twenty duels on my hands if I let you rest here, when there are so many who wish to dance with you.' He threw a pipe into her lap, and at the same moment a pipe sounded from the other side of the room.

'This is a conspiracy!' exclaimed the girl. 'I will not have it! I am not going to dance any more.' She put the pipe back into his hands; he placed it to his lips and sounded it several times, and then dropped it into her lap again with a laugh, and vanished in the crowd.

'The little fellow is a rogue,' said the princess. 'But he is not so bad as some of them. Monsieur,' she cried in French to the fair-whiskered, tall mask who had already presented himself before Lily, 'I will not permit it, if it is for a trick. You must unmask, or I will dispense mademoiselle from dancing with you.'

The mask did not reply, but turned his eyes upon Lily with an appeal which the holes of the visor seemed to intensify.

'It is a promise,' she said to the princess, rising in a sort of fascination. 'I have forbidden him to unmask before supper.'

'Oh, very well,' answered the princess, 'if that is the case. But make him bring you back soon; it is almost time.'

'Did you hear, Mask?' asked the girl, as they waltzed away. 'I will only make two turns of the room with you.'

'*Perdoni?*'

'This is too bad!' she exclaimed. 'I will not be trifled with in this way. Either speak English or unmask at once.'

The mask again answered in Italian, with a repeated apology for not understanding.

'You understand very well,' retorted Lily, now really indignant, 'and you know that this passes a jest.'

'Can you speak German?' asked the mask in that tongue.

'Yes, a little, but I do not choose to speak it. If you have anything to say to me you can say it in English.'

'I cannot understand English replied the mask, still in German, and now Lily thought the voice seemed changed; but she clung to her belief that it was some hoax played at her expense, and she continued her efforts to make him answer her in English. The two turns around the room had stretched to half a dozen in this futile task, but she felt herself powerless to leave the mask, who, for his part, betrayed signs of embarrassment, as if he had undertaken a ruse of which he repented. A confused movement in the crowd, and a sudden cessation of the music recalled her to herself, and she now took her partner's arm and hurried with him toward the place where she had left the princess. But the princess had already gone into the supper-room, and she had no other recourse than to follow with the stranger.

As they entered the supper-room she removed her little visor, and she

felt, rather than she saw, the mask put up his hand and lift away his own: he turned his head, and looked down upon her with the face of a man she had never seen before.

'Ah, you are there!' she heard the princess's voice calling to her from one of the tables. 'How tired you look! Here—here! I will make you drink this glass of wine.'

The officer who brought her the wine gave her his arm and led her to the princess, and the late mask mixed with the two-score other tall blond officers.

The night which stretched so far into the day ended at last, and she followed Hoskins down to their gondola. He entered the boat first, to give her his hand in stepping from the *riva;* at the same moment she involuntarily turned at the closing of the door behind her, and found at her side the tall blond mask, or one of the masks, if there were two, who had danced with her. He caught her hand suddenly to his lips, and kissed it.

'Adieu—forgive!' he murmured in English, and then vanished in doors again.

'Owen,' said Mrs. Elmore, dramatically, at the end of her narration, 'who do you think it could have been?'

'I have no doubt as to who it was, Celia,' replied Elmore, with a heat evidently quite unexpected to his wife, 'and if Lily has not been seriously annoyed by the matter I am glad that it has happened. I have had my regrets—my doubts—whether I did not dismiss that man's pretensions too curtly, too unkindly. But I am convinced now that we did exactly right, and that she was wise never to bestow another thought upon him. A man capable of contriving a petty persecution of this sort—of pursuing a young girl who has rejected him in this shameless manner—is no gentleman.'

'It *was* a persecution,' said Mrs. Elmore, with a dazed air, as if this view of the case had never occurred to her.

'A miserable, unworthy persecution!' repeated her husband.

'Yes.'

'And we are well rid of him. He has relieved *me* by this last performance, immensely; and I trust that if Lily had any secret lingering regrets, he has given her a final lesson. Though I must say, in justice to her, poor girl, she didn't seem to need it.'

Mrs. Elmore listened with a strange abeyance; she looked beaten and bewildered, while he vehemently uttered these words. She could not meet his eyes, with her consciousness of having her intended romance thrown back upon her hands; and he seemed in no wise eager to meet hers, for whatever consciousness of his own.

'Well, it isn't at all certain that he was the one, after all,' she said.

XII.

Long after the ball, Lily seemed to Elmore's eyes not to have recovered her former tone. He thought she went about languidly, and that she was fitful and dreamy, breaking from moods of unwonted abstraction in bursts of gaiety as unnatural. She did not talk much of the ball; he could not be sure that she ever recurred to it of her own motion. Hoskins continued to come a great deal to the house, and she often talked with him for a whole evening; Elmore fancied she was very serious in these talks.

He wondered if Lily avoided him, or whether this was only an illusion of his; but in any case, he was glad that the girl seemed to find so much comfort in Hoskins's company, and when it occurred to him he always said something to encourage his visits. His wife was singularly quiescent at this time, as if, having accomplished all she wished in Lily's presence at the princess's ball, she was willing to rest for awhile from further social en-

deavour. Life was falling into the dull routine again, and after the past shocks his nerves were gratefully clothing themselves in the old habits of tranquillity once more, when one day a letter came from the overseers of Patmos University, offering him the presidency of that institution on condition of his early return. The board had in view certain changes, intended to bring the university abreast with the times, which they hoped would meet his approval.

Among those was a modification of the name, which was hereafter to be Patmos University and Military Institute. The board not only believed that popular feeling demanded the introduction of military drill into the college, but they felt that a college which had been closed at the beginning of the Rebellion, through the dedication of its president and nearly all its students to the war, could in no way so gracefully recognise this proud fact of its history as by hereafter making war one of the arts which it taught. The board explained that of course Mr. Elmore would not be expected to take charge of this branch of instruction at once. A competent military assistant would be provided and continued under him as long as he should deem his services essential. The letter closed with a cordial expression of the desire of Elmore's old friends to have him once more in their midst, at the close of labours which they were sure would do credit to the good old university and to the whole city of Patmos.

Elmore read this letter at breakfast, and silently handed it to his wife: they were alone, for Lily, as now often happened, had not yet risen.

'Well?' he said, when she had read it in her turn. She gave it back to him with a look in her dimmed eyes which he could not mistake. 'I see there is no doubt of your feelings, Celia,' he added.

'I don't wish to urge you,' she replied, 'but, yes, I should like to go back. Yes, I am home-sick. I have been afraid of it before, but this chance of returning makes it certain.'

'And you see nothing ridiculous in my taking the presidency of a military institute?'

'They say expressly that they don't expect you to give instruction in that branch.'

'No, not immediately, it seems,' he said, with his pensive irony. 'And the history?'

'Haven't you almost got notes enough?'

Elmore laughed sadly.

'I have been here two years. It would take me twenty years to write such a history of Venice as I ought not to be ashamed to write; it would take me five years to scamp it as I thought of doing. Oh, I dare say I had better go back. I have neither the time nor the money to give to a work I never was fit for,—of whose magnitude even I was unable to conceive.'

'Don't say that!' cried his wife, with the old sympathy. 'You will write it yet, I know you will. I would rather spend all my days in this—watery mausoleum than have you talk so, Owen.'

'Thank you, my dear; but the work won't be lost, even if I give it up at this point. I can do something with my material, I suppose. And you know that if I didn't *wish* to give up my project, I couldn't. It's a sign of my unfitness for it that I'm able to abandon it. The man who is born to write the history of Venice will have no volition in the matter; he cannot leave it, and he will not die till he has finished.'

He feebly crushed a bit of bread in his fingers as he ended with this burst of feeling, and he shook his head in sad negation to his wife's tender protest:

'Oh, you will come back some day to finish it!'

'No one ever comes back to finish a history of Venice,' he said.

'Oh, yes, you will,' she returned. 'But you need the rest from this kind of work, now, just as you needed rest from your college work before. You need a change of stand-point,—and the American stand-point will be the very thing for you.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so,' he admitted. 'At any rate, this is a handsome offer, and most kindly made, Celia. It's a great compliment. I didn't suppose they valued me so much.'

'Of course they valued you, and they will be very glad to get you. I call it merely letting the historic material ripen in your mind, or else I shouldn't let you accept. And I shall be glad to go home, Owen, on Lily's account. The child is getting no good here; she's drooping.'

'Drooping?'

'Yes. Don't you see how she mopes about?'

'I'm afraid — that—I—have—noticed.'

He was going to ask why she was drooping; but he could not. He said, recurring to the letter of the overseers:

'So Patmos is a city.'

'Of course it is, by this time,' said his wife, 'with all that prosperity.'

Now that they were determined to go, their little preparations for return were soon made; and a week after Elmore had written to accept the offer of the overseers, they were ready to follow his letter home. Their decision was a blow to Hoskins under which he visibly suffered; and they did not realize till then in what fond and affectionate friendship he held them all. He now frankly spent his whole time with them; he disconsolately helped them pack, and he did all that a consul could do to secure free entry for some objects of Venice that they wished to get in without payment of duties at New York.

He said a dozen times:

'I don't know what I *will* do when you're gone;' and toward the last he alarmed them for his own interests by beginning to say, 'Well, I don't see but what I will have to go along.'

The last night but one, Lily felt it her duty to talk to him very seriously about his future and what he owed to it. She told him that he must stay in Italy till he could bring home something that would honour the great, precious, suffering country for which he had fought so nobly, and which they all loved. She made the tears come into her eyes as she spoke, and when she said that she should always be proud to be associated with one of his works, Hoskins's voice was quite husky in replying: ''Is that the way you feel about it?'

He went away promising to remain at least till he had finished his bas-relief of 'Westward,' and his figure of the Pacific Slope; and the next morning he sent around by a *facchino* a note to Lily.

She ran it through in the presence of the Elmores, before whom she received it, and then, with a cry of 'I think Mr. Hoskins is too *bad!*' she threw it into Mrs. Elmore's lap, and, catching her handkerchief to her eyes, she burst into tears and went out of the room. The note read:

DEAR MISS LILY: Your kind interest in me gives me courage to say something that will very likely make me hateful to you for evermore. But I have got to say it, and you have got to know it; and it's all the worse for me if you have never suspected it. I want to give my whole life to you, wherever and however you will have it. With you by my side, I feel as if I could really do something that you would not be ashamed of in sculpture, and I believe that I could make you happy. I suppose I believe this because I love you very dearly, and I know the chances are that you will not think this is reason enough. But I would take one chance in a million, and be only too glad of it. I hope it will not worry you to read this: as I said before, I had to tell you. Perhaps it won't be altogether a surprise. I might go on, but I suppose that until I hear from you I had better give you as little of my eloquence as possible.

'CLAY HOSKINS.'

'Well, upon my word,' said Elmore, to whom his wife had transferred the

letter, 'this is very indelicate of Hoskins! I must say, I expected something better of him.'

He looked at the note with a face of disgust.

'I don't know why you had a right to expect anything better of him, as you call it,' retorted his wife. 'It's perfectly natural.'

'Natural!' cried Elmore. 'To put this upon us at the last moment, when he knows how much trouble I've ——'

Lily re-entered the room as precipitately as she had left it, and saved him from betraying himself as to the extent of his confidences in Hoskins.

'Professor Elmore,' she said, bending her reddened eyes upon him, 'I want you to answer this letter for me; and I don't want you to write as you—I mean, don't make it so cutting —so—so—. Why, I *like* Mr. Hoskins! He's been so *kind!* And if you said anything to wound his feelings ——'

'I shall not do that, you may be sure; because, for one reason, I shall say nothing at all to him,' replied Elmore.

'You won't write to him!' she gasped.

'No.'

'Why, what shall I do-o-o-o?' demanded Lily, prolonging the syllable in a burst of grief and astonishment.

'I don't know,' answered Elmore.

'Owen,' cried his wife, interfering for the first time, in response to the look of appeal that Lily turned upon her, 'you *must* write!'

'Celia,' he retorted, boldly, 'I *won't* write. I have a genuine regard for Hoskins; I respect him, and I am very grateful to him for all his kindness to you. He has been like a brother to you both.'

'Why, of course,' interrupted Lily; 'I never thought of him as anything *but* a brother.'

'And though I must say I think it would have been more thoughtful and —and—more considerate in him not to do this ——"

'We did everything we could to fight him off from it,' interrupted Mrs. Elmore, 'both of us. We saw that it was coming, and we tried to stop it. But nothing would help. Perhaps, as he says, he *did* have to do it.'

"I didn't dream of his—having any such idea,' said Elmore. 'I felt so perfectly safe in his coming; I trusted everything to him.'

'I suppose you thought his wanting to come was all unconscious cerebration,' said his wife, disdainfully. 'Well, now you see it wasn't.'

'Yes; but it's too late now to help it; and though I think he ought to have spared us this, if he thought there was no hope for him, still I can't bring myself to inflict pain upon him, and the long and the short of it is, I won't.'

"But how is he to be answered?'

'I don't know. *You* can answer him.'

'I could never do it in the world!'

'I own it's difficult,' said Elmore, coldly.

'Oh, *I* will answer him—I will answer him,' cried Lily, 'rather than have any trouble about it. Here—here,' she said, reaching blindly for pen and paper, as she seated herself at Elmore's desk, 'give me the ink, quick. Oh, dear! What shall I say? What date is it?—the 25th? And it doesn't matter about the day of the week. "Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hosk"—Ought you to put Clay Hoskins, Esq., at the top or the bottom—or not at all, when you've said Dear Mr. Hoskins? Esquire seems so cold, anyway, and I *won't* put it! "Dear Mr. Hoskins"—Professor Elmore!' she implored, reproachfully, 'tell me what to say!'

'That would be equivalent to writing the letter,' he began.

'Well, write it then,' she said, throwing down the pen. 'I don't *ask* you to dictate it. Write it,—write anything,—just in pencil, you know; that won't commit you to anything;

they say a thing in pencil isn't legal, —and I'll copy it out in the first person.'

'Owen,' said his wife, 'you shall not refuse! It's inhuman, it's inhospitable, when Lily wants you to do so. Why, I never heard of such a thing!'

Elmore desperately caught up the sheet of paper on which Lily had written 'Dear Mr. Hoskins,' and with a cry of 'Well, well!' he added some skilfully balanced and ornately antithetical phrases, in which she forbade all hope to Hoskins, and invited him to come next day and bid her goodbye at the station.

'There! there, that will do beautifully—beautifully! Oh, thank you, Professor Elmore, ever and ever so much! That will save his feelings, and do everything,' said Lily, sitting down again to copy it; while Mrs. Elmore, looking over her shoulder, mingled her hysterical excitement with the girl's, and helped her out by sealing the note when it was finished and directed.

'It accomplished at least one purpose intended. It kept Hoskins away till the final moment, and it brought him to the station for their adieux just before their train started. A conciousness of the absurdity of his part gave his face a humorously rueful cast. But he came pluckily to the mark. He marched straight up to the girl.

'It's all right, Miss Lily,' he said, and offered her his hand, which she had a strong impulse to cry over. Then he turned to Mrs. Elmore, and while he held her hand in his right, he placed his left affectionately on Elmore's shoulder, and, looking at Lily, he said, 'You ought to get Miss Lily to help you out with your history, Professor; she has a very polished style,—quite a literary style, I should have said, if I hadn't known it was hers. I don't like her subjects, though.'

They broke into a forlorn laugh together; he wrung their hands once more, without a word, and, without looking back, limped out of the waiting-room and out of their lives.

They did not know that this was really the last of Hoskins,—one never knows that any parting is the last,—and in their inability to conceive of a serious passion in him, they quickly consoled themselves for what he might suffer. They knew how kindly, how tenderly, even, they felt toward him, and by that juggle with the emotions which we all practise at times, they found comfort for him in the fact. Another interest, another figure, began to occupy the morbid fancy of Elmore, and as they approached Peschiera, his expectation became intense. There was no reason why it should exist; it would be by the thousandth chance, even if Ehrhardt were still there, that they should meet him at the railroad station, and there were a thousand chances that he was no longer in Peschiera. He could see that his wife and Lily were restive, too; as the train drew into the station they nodded to each other, and pointed out of the window, as if to identify the spot where Lily had first noticed him; they laughed nervously, and it seemed to Elmore that he could not endure their laughter.

During that long wait which the train used to make in the old Austrian times at Peschiera, while the police authorities *viséd* the passports of those about to cross the frontier, Elmore continued perpetually alert. He was aware that he should not know Ehrhardt if he met him; but he should know that he was present from the looks of Lily and Mrs. Elmore, and he watched them. They dined well in waiting, while he impatiently trifled with the food, and ate next to nothing; and they calmly returned to their places in the train, to which he remounted after a last despairing glance around the platform in a passion of disappointment. The old longing not to be left so wholly to the effect of

what he had done, possessed him to the exclusion of all other sensations, and as the train moved away from the station he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, sick that he should never even have looked on the face of the man in whose destiny he had played so fatal a part.

XIII.

In America, life soon settled into form about the daily duties of Elmore's place, and the daily pleasures and cares which his wife assumed as a leader in Patmos society.

Their sojourn abroad conferred its distinction; the day came when they regarded it as a brilliant episode, and it was oly by fitful glimpses that they recognised its essential dulness. After they had been home a year or two, Elmore published his 'Story of Venice in the Lives of her Heroes,' which fell into a ready oblivion; he paid all the expenses of the book, and was puzzled that, in spite of this, the final settlement should still bring him in debt to his publishers. He did not understand, but he submitted; and accepted the failure of his book very meekly. If he could have chosen, he would have preferred that the 'Saturday Review,' which alone noticed it in London with three lines of exquisite slight, should have passed it in silence. But after all, he felt that the book deserved no better fate. He always spoke of it as unphilosophized and incomplete, without any just claim to being.

Lily had returned to her sister's household, but though she came home in the heyday of her young beauty, she failed somehow to take up the story of her life just where she had left it in Patmos. On the way home she had refused an offer in London, and shortly after her arrival in America, she received a letter from a young gentleman whom she had casually seen in Geneva, and who had found exile insupportable since parting with her, and was ready to return to his native land at her bidding; but she said nothing of these proposals till long afterward to Professor Elmore, who, she said, had suffered enough from her offers. She went to all the parties and picnics, and had abundant opportunities of flirtation and marriage; bnt she neither flirted nor married. She seemed to have greatly sobered; and the sound sense which she had always shown became more and more qualified with a thoughtful sweetness. At first, the relation between her and the Elmores lost something of its intimacy; but after several years her health gave way, and then a familiarity, even kinder than before, grew up. She used to like to come to them, and talk and laugh fondly over their old Venetian days. But often she sat pensive and absent, in the midst of these memories, and looked at Elmore with a regard which he found hard to bear: a gentle, unconscious wonder it seemed, in which he imagined a shade of tender reproach.

When she recovered her health, after a journey to Colorado one winter, they saw that, by some subtle and indefinable difference, she was no longer a young girl. Perhaps it was because they had not met her for half a year. But perhaps it was age—she was now thirty. However it was, Elmore recognised with a pang that the first youth at least had gone out of her voice and eyes. The next winter she went again to the West. She liked the climate and the people, she said; and she feared to risk another winter in Patmos yet awhile.

She wrote home after awhile that she had opened a *kindergarten*, with another young lady, in Denver.

'She will end by marrying one of those Western widowers,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'I wonder she didn't take poor old Hoskins,' mused Elmore, aloud.

'No you don't, dear,' said his wife, who had not grown less direct in dealing with him. 'You know it would

have been ridiculous; besides, she never cared anything for him—she couldn't. You might as well wonder why she didn't take Captain Ehrhardt after you dismissed him.'

'*I* dismissed him?'

'You wrote to him, didn't you?'

'Celia,' cried Elmore, 'this I *cannot* bear. Did I take a single step in that business without her request and your full approval? Didn't you both ask me to write?'

'Yes, I suppose we did.'

'Suppose?'

'Well, we *did*—if you want me to say it. And I'm not accusing you of anything. I know you acted for the best. But you can see yourself, can't you, that it was rather sudden to have it end so quickly ——' .

She did not finish her sentence, or he did not hear the close in the miserable absence into which he lapsed.

'Celia,' he asked, at last, 'do you think she—she had any feeling about him?'

'Oh,' cried his wife, restively, 'how should *I* know?'

'I didn't suppose you *knew*,' he pleaded. 'I asked if you thought so.'

'What would be the use of thinking anything about it? The matter can't be helped now. If you inferred from anything she said to you——'

'She told me repeatedly, in answer to questions as explicit as I could make them, that she wished him dismissed.'

'Well, then, very likely she did.'

'Very likely, Celia?'

'Yes. At any rate, it's too late now.'

He was silent again, and he began to walk the floor, after his old habit, without speaking. He was always mute when he was in pain, and he startled her with the anguish in which he now broke forth.

'I give it up! I give it up! Celia, Celia, I'm afraid I did wrong! Yes, I'm afraid that I spoiled two lives. I ventured to lay my sacrilegious hands upon two hearts that a divine force was drawing together, and put them asunder. It was a lamentable blunder—it was a crime!'

'Why, Owen, how strangely you talk! How could you have done any differently, under the circumstances?'

'Oh, I could have done very differently. I might have seen him, and talked with him brotherly, face to face. He was a fearless and generous soul! And I was meanly scared by my wretched little decorums, for my responsibility to her friends, and I gave him no chance.'

'We wouldn't let you give him any,' interrupted his wife.

'Don't try to deceive yourself, don't try to deceive *me*, Celia! I know well enough that you would have been glad to have me show mercy; and I would not even show him the poor grace of passing his offer in silence, if I must refuse it. I couldn't spare him even so much as that!'

'We decided—we both decided—that it would be better to cut off all hope at once,' urged his wife.'

'Ah, it was I who decided that—decided everything. Leave me to deal honestly with myself at last, Celia! I have tried long enough to believe that it was not I who did it.' The pent-up doubt of years, the long-silenced, self-accusal, burst forth in his words. 'Oh, I have suffered for it. I thought he must come back, somehow, as long as we staid in Venice. When we left Peschiera without a glimpse of him—I wonder I outlived it. But even if I had seen him there, what use would it have been? Would I have tried to repair the wrong done? What did I do but impute unmanly and improper motives to him when he seized his chance to see her once more at that masquerade——'

'No, no, Owen, he was not the one. Lily was satisfied of that long ago. It was nothing but a chance, a coincidence. Perhaps it was some one he had told about the affair——'

'No matter! no matter! If I thought it was he, my blame is the

same. And she, poor girl,—in my lying compassion for him, I used to accuse her of cold-heartedness, of indifference! I wonder she did not abhor the sight of me. How has she ever tolerated the presence, the friendship, of a man who did her this irreparable wrong? Yes, it has spoiled her life, and it was my work. No, no, Celia! you and she had nothing to do with it, except as I forced your consent—it was my work; and, however I have tried openly and secretly to shirk it, I must bear this fearful responsibility.'

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, while his wife soothed him with loving excuses for what he had done, with tender protests against the exaggerations of his remorse. She said that he had done the only thing he could do; that Lily wished it, and that she never had blamed him. 'Why, I don't believe she would ever have married Captain Ehrhardt, anyhow. She was full of that silly fancy of hers about Dick Burton all the time—you know how she used to be talking about him; and when she came home and found she had outgrown him she had to refuse him, and I suppose it's that that's made her rather melancholy.' She explained that Major Burton had become extremely fat; that his moustache was too big and black, and his laugh too loud; there was nothing left of him, in fact, but his empty sleeve, and Lily was too conscientious to marry him merely for that.

In fact, Elmore's regret did reflect a monstrous and distorted image of his conduct. He had really acted the part of a prudent and conscientious man; he was perfectly justifiable at every step; but in the retrospect those steps which we can perfectly justify sometimes seem to have cost so terribly that we look back even upon our sinful stumblings with better heart. Heaven knows how such things will be at the last day; but at that moment there was no wrong, no folly of his youth, of which Elmore did not think with more comfort than of this passage in which he had been so wise and right.

Of course the time came when he saw it all differently again; when his wife persuaded him that he had done the best that any one could do with the responsibilities that ought never to have been laid on a man of his temperament and habits; when he even came to see that Lily's feeling was a matter of pure conjecture with them, and that, so far as they knew, she had never cared anything for Ehrhardt. Yet he was glad to have her away; he did not like to talk of her with his wife; he did not think of her if he could help it.

They heard from time to time through her sister that she was well, and that her little enterprise was prospering; at last they heard directly from her that she was going to be married. Till then Elmore had been dumbly tormented in his sombre moods with the solution of a problem at which his imagination vainly toiled—the problem of how some day she and Ehrhardt should meet again and retrieve all the error of the past for him. He contrived this encounter in a thousand different chances; what he so passionately and sorrowfully longed for accomplished itself continually in his dreams, but only in his dreams. In due course Lily was married, and, from all they could understand, very happily. Her husband was a clergyman, and she took particular interest in his parochial work, which her good heart and clear head especially qualified her to share with him. To connect her fate any longer with that of Ehrhardt was now not only absurd, it was improper; yet Elmore sometimes found his fancy forgetfully at work as before. He could not at once realize that the tragedy of this romance, such as it was, remained to him alone, except, perhaps, as Ehrhardt shared it. With him, indeed, Elmore still sought to fret his remorse, and keep it poig-

nant; and his failure to do so made him ashamed. But what lasting sorrow can one draw from the disappointment of a man whom one has never seen? If Lily could console herself, it finally seemed probable that Ehrhardt, too, had 'got along.'

THE END.

A SERENADE.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

SWEET, the Summer moon is shining,
All the sleeping world enshrining
In its light;
On the broad breast of the river
Silver moonbeams dance and quiver
Through the night.

On the grey stones of the tower
Walling in your maiden bower—
Sacred place!
Falls the glamour—bright, bewitching!
Lending to the moss and lichen
Tender grace.

Not a sound the silence breaketh,
Not the faintest echo waketh
Far or near!
Man and bird and beast are sleeping,
But, my night long vigil keeping,
I am here.

Nor am lonely. Thou art near me!
Whilst I cannot see or hear thee,
This is best.
In the moonlight thou art sleeping,
I, below, my watch am keeping
O'er thy rest!

Whilst the star-lit hours number
Not a sound shall break thy slumber,
I can ward!
Sleep! but, Lady, whilst thou sleepest,
Dream of him who near thee keepest
Loving guard!

YORKVILLE.

THE COLONIST ORGAN'S ATTACK ON FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THE future historian of Canada, in relating how the separation occurred between this country and England, will not have much trouble in shewing how each interest and element of civilization got detached from the corresponding interest in England. He will have to state that the people of Canada had self-government almost unconsciously thrust upon them, or had drifted into it without hardly being aware of the change, so gradually had it advanced. When the British flag was hauled down at Quebec, and that of the Dominion hoisted in its place, and the former was packed up with the arms and old sentry boxes and removed to England, scarcely a newspaper in old Canada mentioned the occurrence, or seemed to be aware that an event of the greatest importance had taken place. The dissolution of the religious bonds connecting the Dominion with England, in the separation of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches from those of England, and the erection of these bodies into independent Canadian Churches, occurred just as noiselessly. Only for the threatenings, prophesyings, and the 'little bird' whisperings of Sir John A. Macdonald, no one out of the profession and Parliament would have had the slightest idea of the great change which had been effected by the Canadian Supreme Court Bill, in severing the legal connection which existed between Canada and England, and thus practically making the Canadian Court independent. The only interest between the two countries, the dissolution of which caused any excitement, was the commercial one. The Imperial instructions to the Governor-General of Canada required him to submit every Bill respecting the Canadian tariff which passed through the Canadian Parliament to the supervision of Downing Street, before it became law. When Mr. Blake had these instructions abrogated, no one in Canada seemed to have the faintest idea of the import of his work, or of the vast possibilities he had placed within the reach of the Canadian people; but when the thunder clap of September, 1878, came, and Canada asserted her commercial independence and dissolved the commercial tie, which until then had existed between her and England, people began to think of the mental force which had made such a result possible. At present, as regards the four great elements of civilization, agriculture, religion, law and government, Canada has full freedom in the first. In the second, the only bonds she knows of are those of Rome; but in the present age these are scarcely felt. Likewise in law, Canada has advanced considerably, the prerogative of the Sovereign only being saved by the Canadian Supreme Court Act.

Is it not then a matter of surprise when so much has been done, that the people are so utterly slavish as regards the last great element of civilization —Government. In this respect they are still governed by laws in the making of which they have neither act, part, nor representation. They are in fact Colonists. In the June number

of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the present writer had the temerity to express his detestation, as a Canadian, of such a political position. For so doing, he has been denounced as an Annexationist by the *Mail* newspaper, the chief colonist organ in the country, and taunted with shewing no grounds for his dislike. On writing a letter, couched in respectful language, denying that he was an Annexationist; shewing what colonialism was, and sending the same to the *Mail* for publication, the communication was refused insertion or notice. The public will therefore understand that the *Mail* has adopted the tactics of the *Globe*, and will know what to expect in future. This action is all the more unaccountable when we recall the fact that four or five days after this letter was suppressed, the proprietor and editor of the *Mail* were the loudest at the dinner given to Mr. Goldwin Smith, in declaiming against editorial tyranny, and in praise of freedom of opinion. In view of the article which subsequently appeared against Mr. Blake, the present writer has very little cause to complain. The conduct of this journal is explained by an expression of its editor at the abovementioned dinner. That gentleman said that he was *a reactionary Tory from Nova Scotia*. We can also remember that the same gentleman was very recently the private secretary of Dr. Tupper; and when these facts are coupled they seem very portentous for the Conservative cause, and very encouraging for the Liberals. The plain inference is that Sir John Macdonald is deposed, and Dr. Tupper is now the leader of the Conservatives. How long 'reactionary Toryism from Nova Scotia' will obtain in Ontario it is not hard to guess. The conduct of the journal must be a surprise to the Conservatives themselves. No one could think that the organ which, before the last elections, appeared so fair and talked so patriotically about Canada for the Canadians, could, so soon as its party obtained possession of power, wheel round on its utterances, and pursue so contradictory a course.

But personal matters appear out of place in a magazine article, and the circumstances of the case must be the writer's only justification. The chief object of the present paper is to shew, in answer to the *Mail's* attack, why the present writer and every other patriotic Canadian ought to detest colonialism and the term colonist.

There are two classes of Canadian colonists, British and Canadian naturalized colonists. All colonists are subject to laws which they have no hand in making, and to risks and liabilities which may do them incalculable injury, without any compensating advantage. In 1792, British laws were adopted for Canada, and since that time the Canadian public are under the impression that they are only governed by the laws made in their own Parliament; but this is a mere delusion. Since that time the English judges have made our civil laws for us: English reports of cases, decided in an old civilization, under an entirely different land and social system, and where the climate considerably varies from ours, have been and are the ruling authorities in Canadian courts. It is only within a few years past that American decisions would be looked at, and, even now, Canadian cases have not that authority which one would naturally suppose the courts would give to their own decisions. Then, all Acts passed by the English Parliament for the Empire bind Canada; for instance, the English Shipping Acts and the English Copyright Act. Whether the Acts passed by the British Parliament are Imperial and bind Canada, does not depend on their scope, by any means, but on the fact whether they will be beneficial to Englishmen or not. How can an English physician be as competent to treat diseases in a climate like that of Canada as a Canadian physician? Yet, notwithstanding, an English phy-

sician can come to Ontario and, without registration under our law, practise here. Nay more, a man can go before the Ontario Board of Examiners and fail to pass an examination, and then go to England and pass one there, as many are now doing, and return to Ontario and practise without being registered in the Province. The lack of spirit in the members of the medical profession may be inferred from the fact that some of its most prominent men are the special defenders of the colonial system of Canada which permits such a state of things.

The British Medical Act may seem unjust, but it is not more so than the English Copyright Act. When 'Endymion' was published, an American could obtain a copy of the work for twenty cents. A Canadian was obliged to pay seventy-five cents for a copy. This one case illustrates the effect of the law. The English Copyright Act does not apply to the United States. It may be said that the Americans 'pirate' English works. Why should they not? Do not the English do the same with American books? Why should not Canada print English works like the Americans? England gives no privileges to Canadian works on her soil; why should English works have any privileges here? An American pays a sum of money to an English author for the right to publish the 'advance sheets' of his work. The Englishman gets copyright in Canada under the Imperial Act; with the advance sheets he 'throws in' Canada to the Yankee; and the American, not the Englishman, who sells the work for twenty cents in the United States and seventy-five cents in Canada, where money is scarce and literature backward. It is almost incredible to think that this state of things can be in existence, where there are so many printers and publishers; but evidently they have forgotten the use of the great power in their hands, or they would have arisen in their might long ago, and swept the injustice into the obscurity, into which the other trammels of the press have been swept years ago.

Again, Canada owns about $50,000,000 worth of shipping, and all this vast property is governed by British laws, as Canadian vessels are British ships. How onerous British law is, and how harshly it presses on Canadian ship-owners, is only just now beginning to be known. A year or two ago, the Canadian public were very much surprised to learn from Sir Hugh Allan, that a medical officer with a Canadian certificate would not be allowed on one of his own Canadian vessels; and even yet a Canadian certificate is not good for a British ship, as it is not long since that a Canadian mate was fined for sailing on a British ship, owned in England, having only a Canadian certificate. In case of war between England and any other power, this vast amount of Canadian shipping may be swept from the seas though Canada is not likely to have the slightest reason to engage in such a war, nor likely to derive the slightest advantage from it. Further, the British shipping laws discriminate against Canadian vessels. In England, to day, nearly all vessels are built of iron, while wooden vessels are entirely falling into disuse. Laws passed to apply to iron ships cannot possibly be applicable to wooden ones. Special legislation has also been passed, under the auspices of Mr. Plimsoll, which tend against Canadian wooden ships, and drive the freight into foreign wooden bottoms, such as those of Sweden and Norway. Then, when Canadian shipping is rendered useless by British law, and their owners attempt to sell them in the French market, the Canadian has to pay $8 a ton duty. The Englishman can sell his vessel in the same market by paying an impost of only one shilling a ton. About the same difference exists in the case of Canadian manufactures, and still the Canadian seems willing to allow England to make her treaties with foreign

powers. It is the greatest foolishness to expect that England will endeavour to obtain the same advantages from foreign countries in favour of Canadian manufacturers, that she does for her own. It cannot be expected with her over-flowing population in want of employment. This state of things can only continue a short time longer. The National Policy must soon put an end to it. In a few years, owing to the increase of manufactories, and the still limited Canadian market, we will be glutted with home-made goods; and unless there is some outlet obtained in the meantime by giving us permission to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, there will be an explosion that will shatter the connexion with England in a manner that may provoke harsh feelings between the two countries for years.

It is now assumed that Canada will be represented in the making of all future treaties by which she may be affected. One Canadian representative to four or five Englishmen, however, can never be anything but a snare—as witnessed in the Washington Treaty. There can be no fair Canadian representation in the making of British treaties. The power of conferring titles and Imperial rewards on colonists will be found always detrimental to Canada, not only in the making of treaties, but in less important affairs. Canadian legislators will constantly have their eyes turned to see what may influence Downing Street to bestow them, not to what the interests of Canada require.

These several disadvantages belonging to British-born colonists, no doubt, reduce them to a condition much below that of an ordinary British subject; but there is one disability so conspicuous and degrading that all possible prominence should be given to it. Canada is at immense expense every year to keep up a military system. She has organized a military college, to give a military training to those desiring it. The actual expense in money is the least part. The withdrawal of so many young men every year from their usual remunerative labour is the greatest loss to the country. Now, considering that Canada, at the instigation of the Mother Country, puts herself to all this sacrifice, is it not humiliating to think that Canada has not the power, even with a regular British officer as commander of her forces, to make a full colonel in her own militia? Canadians and Sepoys are placed on the same level. Is it not time that the men in our force, who never tire of expressing their devoted loyalty, should make an effort to have this stigma removed? If we cannot at once remove the colonial system, we should at least lessen as much as possible the evil which renders the country dead and stagnant.

Having thus seen a few of the disabilities pertaining to a British colonist, and which must render the name odious to every Canadian having the smallest particle of self-respect, let us see how it stands with the naturalized Canadian colonist. This is of the last importance. Without immigration Canada can never be anything. A great North-West and a trans-continental railroad are only expensive luxuries, unless there be a population commensurate with them. The immigration statistics show that something is wrong. The natural advantages possessed by the United States would never account for the immense difference in the number of people going to that country and those coming to Canada. *Twelve Germans* settled in Canada last year; ten or twelve thousand are pouring into the United States every week. It may be said that the people of this nationality will never leave the despotism of Bismarck and come to a British colony under another monarchy while there is an immense, flourishing Republic to go to. This is no doubt true, but the disadvantage could be got over if Canada could give them a status. Let us see the difference. A German immigrant

arrives in the United States, and becomes an American citizen. As such he is entitled to all the rights of an American-born citizen, with the exception of being ineligible for the office of President. Should he travel, he has friends everywhere in American ambassadors and consuls. Should his rights be invaded in any foreign country, even in the one in which he was born, one of the most powerful of modern nations is at his service to protect those rights and redress his wrongs. On the other hand, a German comes to Canada, he is naturalized there and becomes a "British subject.' He may live there half a life-time and pay taxes, and faithfully perform the duties of a citizen all that time. Yet, if he goes to Detroit or to Buffalo and is thrown into prison, it is extremely doubtful if the British consul would attempt to protect him. Lord John Russell, when Foreign Minister, sent out circulars to the effect that a foreigner naturalized in a British colony was not a British subject entitled to protection; but now there is a belief that such would be protected by British authority in any country save his native land. There is no doubt, whatever, if a German naturalized here went to Germany he would have to perform all his military duties, and could not look to England for redress in any case. The fact is, Canada can only make a denizen. She can allow him to vote and give him police protection, so long as he remains within her borders—nothing more. Nor can England be expected to do anything beyond this? Every immigrant is said to be worth a thousand dollars to the United States or Canada. If we get all the benefit, why should England have all the burden and expense of protecting immigrants in foreign countries? However, so long as the present system continues, it is hopeless to expect any foreign immigration. The Dominion Government has at last awoke to the gravity of the question. Without having any Imperial legislation or authority to empower them, they got Parliament to pass a Naturalization Act last session. But it is a mere dead letter, unless there be Imperial legislation confirming it. As to the prospect of such legislation, one can form an opinion from the fact that Mr. Blake's Extradition Act has been embodied in the Statute book three or four years, but is perfectly useless for want of Imperial recognition and sanction. It is true that we are not just now burdened with criminals from the other side, but it would be the same if we were overrun with them. What time can a British government give to colonial subjects, worried as it must be by such an agitation as is now distracting the British Isles?

No one can quietly investigate those questions and say that the position and name of a colonist are enviable ones. The only answer is that we belong to a 'nation on which the sun never sets,' and possess the great name of Britons. Those who have travelled know, however, that the foreign agency of an American Bank will do more for a Canadian abroad than a British Consul. The gentlemen who occupy the latter offices have little consideration for a colonist. When Canadians laugh at this sentiment as folly, they are charged with being Annexationists. They persist in saying that, although strongly in favour of Canadian Independence, they are not Annexationists. Their opponents, however, without a word of argument, and relying on the prejudices of the people, beg the question and say that they are; but this artifice is getting worn out, as the *Globe* has found to its cost, and as the *Mail* will one day learn. The only difference between the great body of the Canadian people and men of the same opinion as the writer is, that the latter believe in immediate Independence: all the others say it must come ultimately. Colonialism was sufficient to govern a poor small country like old Canada; it requires the spirit of nationality to govern and

develop half a continent. Give us the strength of the idea now, when we want it. What Canada must be in the remote future, no one doubts. Why should that future be so remote? We have everything to constitute a strong and powerful nation now, and it is only the timid and the weak who are afraid of immaturity.

The writer has read the article of Dr. Canniff, in reply to his paper in the June number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY. There can be no controversy between them. It would not be just to take this gentleman as the champion of the opposite side; there is much heavier metal among the colonists; moreover, he allows the main question to go by default, and contents himself by taking the rôle of a party man, and defends his leaders. He does this after the example of Sir Francis Hincks. It is to be regretted that any Canadian can be influenced to muzzle himself on the advice of a politician of a past generation, now an Imperial pensioner—a man who mounted into power on the strength of his Liberalism. Canadians can have nothing in common with such a man. If he remains here to earn his pension of $3,000 a year by advocating Imperialism, and to make capital out of such employment, we may regret that he has not better sense and more taste; but no one will question his right to do so. On the Canadian side we may be young, foolish and enthusiastic. Our Tory opponents are, no doubt, tyrannical, arbitrary and powerful; but for this effete publicist, who stays in Canada to repay her for all she did for him in his early youth, by endeavouring to suppress necessary freedom of discussion as to her future, and for every one he can influence, we have nothing but—well we will say—regret.

As to Dr. Canniff's only argument, that the Conservative future lies in preserving the National Policy, it can only be said that it will be a small business defending what no one attacks. In a few years the National Policy will have no more opponents than Confederation has to-day. The present Reform party is not so strongly opposed to the National Policy now than the Conservatives were when it was first advocated. The present writer, for advocating Protection as the basis of Canadian nationality, through the editorial columns of a weekly newspaper, in 1870, was threatened by the Tories of his locality with prosecution for treason. 'What! tax the goods of the dear old motherland! Perish the idea, and all who thought so!' In 1878, it was said, 'if British connection is imperilled by the National Policy so much the worse for British connection.' The Liberal party must be educated in the same manner, and the sooner its leaders set about doing so, the sooner will they return to power. Never was there a more favourable moment for the Liberals than the present. The Tories in Canada have finished their programme; they can go no further in principles; they can give nothing but titles. Reactionary measures are being formulated, and a mere machine, without the slightest spark of imagination, Dr. Tupper, is their leader. The titled Tory Government of Canada is personally as remote from the democratic people of the Dominion as that of England. The only thing that keeps them in power is the National Policy, which they took from the *Parti National* and the Protectionists of Ontario. This policy has given satisfaction and prosperity to the country in the present, and it involves Canadian independence in the future; as we must get the right to negotiate treaties with foreign powers in order to sell our surplus manufactures. Why, then, will not the Liberal party adopt it, and repudiate foreign dictation? Now is the time to change front, not when we are in face of an enemy. If Mr. Blake gives the

order, it will be done, and success is sure to follow; and if success does not follow, we shall have the advantage of sending the Tories in our ranks to join their brethren under Dr. Tupper, and of placing the Liberal party on a firm foundation.

THE SONG OF NIAGARA.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

WITH a giant sweep from the height I leap,
Like a god I wield my thunder,
And the quivering rock beneath the shock
Trembles and shrinks in wonder;
I gather the waves in a mad embrace
As gaily they leap in their onward race,
And laugh, as I hurl them down to die,
To hear the shriek of their agony;
On, ever on,
Like a miniature world to confusion hurl'd,
Eddying, splashing, frantically dashing
Down, ever down.
In a hollow beneath I have hidden death;
He waits for the prey I bring him,
With a last faint gasp from my watery clasp
His human spoil I fling him.
There are rocks down there, cruel, sharp and bare,
Like murderers laid in ambush,
And a whirlpool that sucks the waves in flocks
That shuddering down the chasm rush.
There silence is crown'd in the depths profound
By the dead with their sunken faces;
But my secrets I keep, a mystery deep,
On my brow ye read no traces.
Ere impotent man his race began,
When his pride was a thing unknown,
At Creation's word my song was heard,
Through Chaos my path was hewn;
My steps ye may trace on the granite face
As backward my course I planted,
But for ages alone on my forest throne
I poured forth my song enchanted;

And solitude stood in the vastness rude,
And silence took up the strain
Till the echoes leaped from the rocks where they slept
Shouting it back again.
And the centuries passed with their shadowy feet,
But I mocked at them hast'ning to be forgot,
And the young years paus'd for a friendly greet,
But none could whisper when I was not;
And empires whose dread o'er the earth was spread,
In their grandeur have come and gone,
All things that vain man in his glory wrought
Pass'd by like an idle and changing thought,
But I still thundered on;
And the earth has been red 'neath the victor's tread
As he pass'd on his course death-strewn,
But he shrank in his pride, and forgotten died,
While I still thundered on.
And springtime and summer, I love each comer,
Crowning my ancient brow,
While King Frost with a frown would bind me down
With his manacles wrought of snow;
But he shivered aghast, as he looked his last,
On the chains he would bind me under,
For he saw me but throw the foam from my brow
And laugh as I shook them asunder.
Ye have come, ye have come,
Oh! man, in your conscious pride,
For your brow is fraught with immortal thought,
And the heights and depths to your gaze lay bare,
A shadow of mystery gather'd there,
Ye are lords of your kingdom wide;
But ye have no command that shall bid me stand,
Or turn at your sovereign will,
As I roll'd ere the earth had given you birth,
I roll, unabated, still;
I gather ye up as a frail flower cup,
Ye shriek, but I laugh like thunder,
Oh! where are your power and your wisdom's dower,
Ye are mute in my caverns under;
For the shadow of death is upon your breath,
Your step like a dream is ended;
But the ages rejoice while I lift my voice,
And my song with Time's is blended.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

COMPULSORY education is the natural complement of free education. If the State provides, at the public expense, a free education for all her children, it would seem to be her right also to insist on having all her children brought within reach of the advantages which she provides for them. In this there is nothing inconsistent with the liberty of the subject, any more than there is in placing the property of minors under the guardianship of Chancery, or in any other way protecting children from the consequences of their own defenceless condition and undeveloped judgment. If the State builds school-houses and pays teachers in order to secure, for the child of the poorest, free access to the education to which the very possession of reason gives him a natural claim, compulsory education is simply the following out of that action in standing between the careless and selfish parents of the children, whose lasting interests they are quite content to sacrifice to their temporary ease and gratification.

For, as we all know, there are, mainly, of course in the very lowest class, multitudes of parents who, in the first place, are utterly incapable of estimating the value of education for their children, and, in the next, are utterly destitute of the firmness or the self denial of insisting on their regular attendance at school, when that would in the least interfere with their own ease or convenience. In our cities, as is well known to every one who observes the condition of the poor, many children are systematically kept from attending school, that they may be sent out, half-clad in miserable rags, to beg what they can from those whose charity most lacks discretion, in order to maintain their wretched parents in drunken idleness. What becomes of such children it is only too easy to see. Their early habits of vagrancy and idleness become so fixed, that the best after influences can hardly eradicate them, they can hardly be expected to escape the contamination of vice to which they are exposed, and they grow up, ignorant and undisciplined, either to become in time frequent inmates of our prisons, or—if they escape this seal of ruin—to live a miserable hand to mouth existence and become, in their turn, the parents of a similarly unhappy progeny.

Now the State has a right to interfere to protect children from being thus ruined for life by their degraded parents, because it is evident that the growth of such a class—which simply means the increase of the idle and criminal population—is a serious injury to the well being of the community. And the only way in which, at present, it can interfere for their protection, is by enforcing, by legal penalties, their being sent to the schools which it provides. For, be it borne in mind, the sole object of enforcing school attendance is not and should not be—the *mere imparting of knowledge*. The moral discipline of the schoolroom, the degree of self-control and respect for authority which, when wisely exercised, it can hardly fail to infuse, by degrees, into the wildest

and rudest children, is a more important object than the learning 'of the three R's,' not to speak of a smattering of all the 'ologies.' It is not an object kept in nearly such prominence as it should be, and with so many young and inexperienced teachers as we have in Canada, it is hardly to be expected that this element of moral discipline should always be wisely or fully developed. Yet even such a degree of it as must be included, in the least favourable circumstances, in the government of any ordinary school, makes a wonderful difference. The teachers of any city Mission School well know the immensely greater difficulty of keeping under any kind of control those children who have been allowed from infancy to run wild as street Arabs, when compared with even the lowest class of children accustomed to attend school. The latter have at least, some faint idea of order, and respect for authority. The untamed 'Arabs' have no conception of doing anything but what is right in their own eyes. And so the most benevolent and persistent attempts to bring them under religious influences have often ended in failure. For the root idea of religion must necessarily be obedience to authority. And for this reason, the discipline of the family—as it should be—has been made the first step in the religious training of our race.

Since, then, it is of the greatest importance to the well-being of the community that the children most destitute of home discipline and teaching should be brought under the training and educating influences of our schools, since, otherwise, they are certain to become a prolific source of evil and heavy cost to the body politic, every thoughtful and patriotic man and woman must rejoice in the passing of an Act which puts it within the power of our local authorities everywhere, to enforce the attendance of children at school for a large portion of the year, and to punish non-attendance or truancy by fining the persons responsible for enforcing attendance, and the parents or guardians of the children. A distinguished English author, in visiting Canada some years ago, remarked that it was an anomaly in our school system as compared with that of Great Britain, that in Britain schools were not free and yet education was compulsory, while with us, where the schools were free, education was not compulsory. This anomaly has now been disposed of by the amendment lately introduced into our school law to secure the regular attendance of children at school during twenty-two weeks in the year.

The Act applies to all children between the ages of seven and thirteen, who are required to attend some school during the whole of the school hours in each week, for the period of eleven weeks in each of the two terms of the public school year; unless there be some sufficient reason, such as illness or too great distance from school, to excuse their non-attendance. It is not, of course, necessary, that they should attend a public school, if they attend any other school in which elementary instruction is given, but it is obligatory that they should attend some school during that length of time. It would be more satisfactory if the time during which regular attendance is required were longer, especially when we consider the needs of the vagrant children on our streets. But we must be glad to have at least, twenty-two weeks of regular attendance compulsory, and though this will not keep the begging children permanently at school, it may be made most useful, in connexion with other influences, in breaking up habits of idle vagrancy, in awakening some germs of mental life, and developing some habits of obedience and self-control, which may serve as a basis, at least, for lifting the children to a somewhat higher plane.

But the question arises: How is this law to be enforced? For if some

trouble be not taken to enforce it, it will only remain a dead letter on the statute book. Its enforcement is left very much at the good will and pleasure of school boards and trustees, and its usefulness must depend entirely on the extent to which these bodies and functionaries are alive to the need and importance of taking active measures to enforce it. The law provides that school boards and trustees may appoint a truant officer to ascertain and report cases of non-attendance, and to notify parents and guardians of their liability for neglect of compliance with the law— five dollars being the penalty for the first offence, and the fine to be doubled on a repetition of it. But school boards will be very likely to treat the matter with a good deal of indifference, and truant officers, even when appointed, will find no little difficulty in accomplishing their task, unless the more intelligent and patriotic of our citizens take an active interest in giving them all the aid in their power. And no class have it in their power to do more than those ladies who take so prominent a part in our various philanthropic societies, especially those which have for their object the uplifting of our sunken classes to a higher plane of morality and respectability. To begin with the children and take them young, is being more and more accepted as the most hopeful and economical method of elevating humanity whether heathen and barbarian, or nominally civilized and Christian. Tramps, in other words idle and useless specimens of humanity who have grown up undisciplined and uncontrolled, are becoming a sort of fungus upon our Canadian life, and one which must more and more tend to demoralise it. It seems almost hopeless to reform a tramp! Infinitely easier and better it would be to prevent him; to take him in time and develop him into a good and useful citizen, and, humanly speaking, this might be done by bringing him early even under the regular discipline of ordinary school life. The increasing number of tramp-children who are to be seen infesting the streets of our cities and towns, and who, as it has been forcibly represented, graduate in vice with awful rapidity, is a subject of grave concern to thoughtful observers. Is there to be an ever-increasing proportion of an idle, depraved unproductive class of society to hang like a dead weight upon our communities. Yet it must be so, if an ever-increasing number of children be allowed to develop into their natural result. Luther has well said: 'It is hard to make old dogs tame, and old rogues upright, for young trees be more easily bent and trained, howbeit some should break in the attempt.' It is not by any means an easy task to make even young rogues upright; but it is at least possible, with care and patience, while the other is, humanly speaking, well nigh impossible.

Of course, even compulsory education will not, of itself, reform even juvenile tramps, and if left entirely to be enforced by cold official methods, dealing with truant children just as adult vagrants are dealt with by the police, it cannot be expected to do much for their *morale*. Indeed, the the history of its enforcements in Britain records the most absurd instances of blundering on the part of the officials with whom its enforcement lay. As in most other sublunary affairs, the right man does not always get into the right place, and the wrong man is pretty sure to have unlimited capabilities for blundering. It is only those who, with some intelligent appreciation of what education is, unite a genuine interest in the children that are being received for want of any training but the worst, who can make this enactment the means of working any radical reform. But just such a work may be done by such intelligent and patriotic women as are willing to devote a portion of their time to looking after individual families within the circle of their own observation, in

which the children are either neglected from ignorance or indifference, or deliberately kept from school that they may go and beg from door to door, in order to support the idle parents on misdirected 'charity.' To all who are willing thus to work for the salvation of the much wronged children, the new Act affords a most valuable ally. Some one has said that the most effectual kind of 'moral suasion' is that which has authority behind to enforce it if need be. In future, those who endeavour to persuade selfish and indifferent parents to do their duty to their children in this respect, will have authority behind their persuasion. They can appeal to the law, and bring the truant officer to their aid, an argument which the most obtuse and blunted perception can sufficiently appreciate. In the same way, the most refractory and incorrigible child can be compelled to submit for, at least, the eleven weeks in the half year provided for by law. It seems matter for regret that the time during which school attendance is compulsory had not been made considerably longer. But at least, as has been already said, the eleven weeks in the half-year gives a chance for getting a hold on the children themselves. In that time, provided the children fall into the hands of a teacher with any fitness for teaching, latent ability and interest may be awakened, mental life may be developed, and the wildest child brought under, at least, some degree of discipline and training. Judicious individual influence may again come into play, to persuade to perseverance in the new line thus begun, to stimulate improvement by encouraging commendation, and also, when expedient and practicable, by some quietly given assistance in the matter of clothes, which is often one of the stumbling blocks for poor children placed at the school door sometimes even by the injudicious and thoughtless teacher, who will not unfrequently go so far as to forbid children absolutely shoeless to come to school at all in summer weather, unless they can appear in what is to them an impossible luxury. Had such pedagogues been in authority in Scotland, in days of old, some of the greatest names that have adorned her illustrious roll would assuredly never have been registered, at least, in her parish schools. Of course, this sort of petty tyranny will be made an end of by the enactment which makes attendance compulsory; since the State can neither provide shoes for barefooted children, nor compel their parents to procure them; and if they are to be compelled to attend school, the schools must equally be compelled to receive them. It will probably be necessary in some cases, that more school accommodation should be provided, for it is unfortunately the case that the very class most urgently in need of free education is the very class often crowded out, and if taxpayers, many of whom pay largely to the education of other people's children, have a right to insist on *anything*, it is on this that school accommodation be provided, first of all for the class which most needs it, and that that class, which will otherwise become a pest to all good citizens—be *compelled* to take the benefit of it. It is earnestly to be hoped that school-boards everywhere will, by prompt action, and the appointment of truant officers, do what they can to make the Act accomplish its intended purpose, and that all public-spirited and intelligent men and women, including the editors of our newspapers, will give their hearty co-operation to make it a success. But in no way can so much be done as by the kindly, persevering, judicious influence of Christian ladies, untiringly exerted in individual cases.

Something will have to be done, ere long, to follow up the Act, by providing means of coercion and beneficial punishment for children who shall prove refractory, even to the authority of their parents—or whose idle and vagrant habits have become so

firmly fixed, that nothing but absolute coercion will break them. For such children, truant or industrial schools have been instituted in the United States and Great Britain, and with the most encouraging results. Such schools in which the stigma of disgrace is of the mildest, and where teaching and training are the main objects, would be for the ordinary class of vagrant children or 'child criminals,' infinitely preferable to our Reformatories, where young criminals of all stages in crime must necessarily be thrown together, and where the more hardened naturally corrupt still further the beginners in evil. The truant schools are provided for either vagrant children or those whose parents plead inability to compel them to attend school. Committal is usually for a long period—even four years—but on the child's improvement and good conduct he may receive a license permitting him to leave; which license, however, must be periodically renewed—an arrangement which gives the effect of a continued supervision of the child's conduct, since at any time the renewal of the license may be refused, and the child re-committed without further formality. In cases where the child's home-circumstances are such that it is not thought desirable for him to be returning to his home, provision is made for his being placed with suitable employers, as soon as he has reached a standard of education which relieves him of the obligation of attending school, though under the age limit. Many boys attain this standard in a wonderfully short time, showing the good effect of placing them in circumstances where they are compelled to regular study and strongly incited to progress. This is the plan of procedure in Great Britain. In the United States it is somewhat different. The truant schools in the neighbourhood of New York are described fully and in a most interesting manner, in a number of *Harper's Monthly* for last year. Our plan, in establishing such schools, might select from both methods that which seems most suitable to our own circumstances. Experience in both countries of such institutions fully shows that they produce the most beneficial effects.

Certainly, unless active means are employed to secure the efficiency of this most needed enactment, we shall soon have a large class who fear not God nor regard man growing up to a debased and reckless maturity, with the natural consequences to the well-being of the community. It behoves all who love the true interests of their country and their fellow man, to join heartily in fulfilling the present duty of timely prevention.

SPRING-SONG.

[*From the German of Heine.*]

SOFTLY thro' my listening soul,
Sweetest chimes are sounding;
Little Spring-song, onward roll,
Far and wide resounding.

Pause not till thou reach the cot,
'Mid the Violets springing;
Whisper to the Rose my heart
Greets her in thy singing.

GOWAN LEA.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, OF TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

JUST fifty years ago, the writer conceived the idea of accompanying two of his brothers on an adventurous expedition to the then unbroken forests of Western Canada. Since then, and during the half-century ending in 1881, he has seen many strange places, endured not a few reverses and hardships, and experienced the vanity of all man's earthly dreams and ambitions, as well as the folly of putting one's trust in 'the powers that be,' or, indeed, in any power but that of Divine Providence.

Not many weeks back, in conversation with a gentleman officially connected with the Library of the Ontario Legislature, it was suggested by him, that a record of the social and political progress of Canada, written by one who had been a pioneer in the wilderness, a contributor to the public press, and an active citizen civically and politically, was much to be desired, and that the writer was a likely person to undertake it.

The idea was at the time received as an amusing one; but subsequent reflection, by calling up memories of past pleasures, past struggles, past successes, past disappointments, led first to a serious consideration of the feasibility of the undertaking, and at length to a resolution which has borne fruit in these pages.

It is not proposed to compile heavy history; nor to follow events throughout their full course to their ultimate results; nor, indeed, to write anything more than simply a gossipping account of interesting occurrences, and of a few natural phenomena; and to throw a little light, perhaps, on some political events coming within the author's personal knowledge. Also, as a labour of love, to place on record many honourable deeds of Nature's gentlemen, whose light ought not to be hidden altogether 'under a bushel,' and whose names should be enrolled by Canada amongst her earliest worthies. If sometimes censure has to be dealt out, it will be done impartially, and with the determination to 'set down nought in malice.'

CHAPTER II.

THE AUTHOR'S ANTECEDENTS AND FORBEARS.

THE writer of these pages was born in the year 1810, in the City of London, and in the Parish of Clerkenwell, being within sound of Bow Bells. My father was churchwarden of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and was a master-manufacturer of coal measures and coal shovels, now amongst the obsolete

productions of by-gone days. His father was, I believe, a Scotsman, and has been ill-naturedly surmised to have run away from the field of Culloden, where he may have fought under the name and style of Evan McTavish, a name which, like those of numbers of his fellow clansmen, would naturally anglicise itself into John Thompson, in order to save its owner's neck from a threatened Hanoverian halter. But he was both canny and winsome, and by-and-by succeeded in capturing the affections and 'tocher' of Sarah Reynolds, daughter of the wealthy landlord of the Bull Inn, of Meriden, in Warwickshire, the greatest and oldest of those famous English hostelries, which did duty as the resting-place of monarchs *en route*, and combined within their solid walls whole troops of blacksmiths, carpenters, hostlers, and many other crafts and callings. No doubt, from this source I got my Warwickshire blood, and English ways of thinking, in testimony of which I may cite the following facts: While living in Quebec, in 1859-60, a mason employed to rebuild a brick chimney challenged me as a brother Warwickshire man, saying he knew dozens of gentlemen there who were as like me 'as two peas.' Again, in 1841, a lady, who claimed to be the last direct descendant of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, and the possessor of the watch and other relics of the poet, said she was quite startled at my likeness to an original portrait of her great ancestor, in the possession of her family.

My grandfather carried on the business of timber dealer (we, in Canada, should call it lumber merchant), between Scotland and England, buying up the standing timber in gentlemen's parks, squaring and teaming it southward, and so became a prosperous man. Finally, at his death, he left a large family of sons and daughters, all in thriving circumstances. His second son, William, married my mother, Anna Hawkins, daughter of the Rev. Isaac Hawkins, of Taunton, in Somersetshire, and his wife, Joan Wilmington, of Wilmington Park, near Taunton. My grandfather Hawkins was one of John Wesley's earliest converts, and was by him ordained to the ministry. Through my mother, we are understood to be descended from Sir John Hawkins, the world-renowned buccaneer, admiral, and founder of the English Royal Navy, who was honoured by being associated with her most sacred Majesty Queen Elizabeth, in a secret partnership in the profits of piratical raids undertaken in the name and for the behoof of Protestant Christianity. So, at least, says the historian, Froude. My maternal grandmother was, I believe, nearly related to the Earl of Wilmington, Secretary of State to George II.

One word more about my father. He was a member of the London trained-bands, and served during the Gordon riots, described by Dickens in 'Barnaby Rudge.' He personally rescued a family of Roman Catholics from the rioters, secreted them in his house on Holborn Hill, and aided them to escape to Jamaica, whence they sent us many valuable presents of mahogany furniture, which must be still in the possession of some of my nephews or nieces in England. My mother has often told me, that she remembered well seeing dozens of miserable victims of riot and drunkenness lying in the kennel in front of her house, and lapping up the streams of gin which ran burning down the foul gutter, consuming the poor wretches themselves in its fiery progress.

My father died the same year I was born. My dear mother, who was the meekest and most pious of women, did her best to teach her children to avoid the snares of worldly pride and ambition, and to be contented with the humble lot in which they had been placed by Providence. She was by religious profession a Swedenborgian, and in that denomination educated a family of eleven children, of whom I am the youngest. I was sent to a

respectable day-school, and afterwards as boarder to a commercial academy, where I learnt the English branches of education, with a little Latin, French, and drawing. I was, as a child, passionately fond of reading, especially of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, and of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which latter delightful books have influenced my tastes through life, and still hold me fascinated whenever I happen to take them up.

So things went on till 1823, when I was thirteen years old. My mother had been left a life-interest in freehold and leasehold property worth some thirty thousand pounds sterling, but, following the advice of her father and brother, was induced to invest in losing speculations, until scarcely sufficient was left to keep the wolf from the door. It was, therefore, settled that I must be sent to learn a trade, and, by my uncle's advice, I was placed as apprentice to one William Molineux, of the Liberty of the Rolls, in the district of Lincoln's Inn, printer. He was a hard master, though not an unkind man. For seven long years was I kept at press and case, working eleven hours a day usually, sometimes sixteen, and occasionally all night, for which latter indulgence I got half-a-crown for the night's work, but no other payment or present from year's end to year's end. The factory laws had not then been thought of, and the condition of apprentices in England was much the same as that of convicts condemned to hard labour, except for a couple of hours' freedom, and too often of vicious license, in the evenings.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF A MAN OF GENIUS.

THE course of my narrative now requires a brief account of my mother's only brother, whose example and conversation, more than anything else, taught me to turn my thoughts westwards, and finally to follow his example by crossing the Atlantic ocean and seeking 'fresh fields and pastures new' under a transatlantic sky.

John Isaac Hawkins was a name well known, both in European and American scientific circles, fifty years ago, as an inventor of the most fertile resource, and an expert in all matters relating to civil engineering. He must have left England for America somewhere about the year 1790, full of republican enthusiasm and of schemes of universal benevolence. Of his record in the United States I know very little, except that he married a wife in New Jersey, that he resided at Bordenton, that he acquired some property adjacent to Philadelphia, that he was intimate with the elder Adams, Jefferson, and many other eminent men. Returning with his wife to England, after twenty-five years' absence, he established a sugar refinery in Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London, patronized his English relatives with much condescension, and won my childish heart with great lumps of rock-candy, and by scientific experiments of a delightfully awful character. Also, he borrowed my mother's money, to be expended for the good of mankind, and the elaboration of the teeming offspring of his inexhaustible inventive faculty. Morden's patent lead pencils, Bramah's patent locks, and, I think, Gillott's steel pens were among his numerous useful achievements, from some or all of which he enjoyed to the day of his death a small income, in the shape of a royalty on the profits. He assisted in the perfecting of Perkins's steam-gun, which the Duke of Wellington condemned as too barbarous for civilized warfare, but which its discoverer, Mr. Perkins, looked upon as the destined extirpator of all warfare, by the simple process of rendering resistance utterly impossible. This appalling and destructive weapon has culminated in these times in the famous mitrail-

leuses of Napoleon III. at Woerth and Sedan, which, however, certainly neither exterminated the Prussians nor added glory to the French empire.

At his home I was in the habit of meeting the leading men of the Royal Society and the Society of Arts, of which he was a member, and of listening to their discussions about scientific novelties. The eccentric Duke of Norfolk, Earl Stanhope, the inventor of the Stanhope press, and other noble amateur scientists, availed themselves of his practical skill, and his name became known throughout Europe. In 1825 or thereabouts, he was selected by the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, to design and superintend the first extensive works erected in Vienna for the promotion of the new manufacture of beet-root sugar, now an important national industry throughout Germany. He described the intercourse of the Austrian Imperial-Royal family with all who approached them, and even with the mendicants who were daily admitted to an audience with the Emperor at five o'clock in the morning, as of the most cordial and loveable character.

From Vienna my uncle went to Paris, and performed the same duties there for the French Government, in the erection of extensive sugar works. The chief difficulty he encountered there, was in parrying the determination of the Parisian artisans not to lose their Sunday's labour. They could not, they said, support their families on six days' wages, and unless he paid them for remaining idle on the Sabbath day, they must and would work seven days in the week. I believe they gained their point, much to his distress and chagrin.

His next exploit was in the construction of the Thames tunnel, in connection with which he acted as superintendent of the works under Sir Isambert Brunel. This occupied him nearly up to the time of my own departure for Canada in 1833. The sequel of his story is a melancholy one. He made fortunes for other men who bought his inventions, but himself sunk into debt, and at last died in obscurity at Rahway, N.J., whither he had returned as a last resource, there to find his former friends dead, his beloved republic become a paradise for office-grabbers and sharpers, his life a mere tale of talents dissipated, and vague ambition unsatisfied.

After his return from Vienna; I lived much at my uncle's house, in London, as my mother had removed to the pleasant village of Epsom in Surrey. There I studied German with some degree of success, and learnt much about foreign nations and the world at large. There too I learnt to distrust my own ability to make my way amidst the crowded industries of the old country, and began to cast a longing eye to the lands where there was plenty of room for individual effort, and a reasonable prospect of a life unblighted by the dread of the parish workhouse and a pauper's grave.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A LONDON APPRENTICE.

HAVING been an indulged youngest child, I found the life of a printer's boy bitterly distasteful, and it was long before I could brace myself up to the required tasks. But time worked a change; I got to be a smart pressman and compositor; and at eighteen the foremanship of the office was entrusted to me, still without remuneration or reward. These were the days of the Corn Law League. Col. Peyronnet Thompson, the apostle of Free Trade, author of the 'Catholic State Waggon' and other political tracts, got his work done at our office. We printed the *Examiner*, which brought me into contact with John and Leigh Hunt, with Jeremy Bentham, then a feeble old man whose life was passed

in an easy-chair, and with his *protegé* Edwin Chadwick; also with Albany Fonblanque, Sir John Morland the philanthropist, and other eminent men. Last but not least, we printed 'Figaro in London,' the forerunner of 'Punch,' and I was favoured with the kindest encouragement of De Walden, its first editor, afterwards Police Magistrate. I have known that gentleman come into the office on the morning of publication, ask how much copy was still wanted, and have seen him stand at a desk, and without preparation or hesitation dash off paragraph after paragraph of the pungent witticisms, which the same afternoon sent all London into roars of laughter at the expense of political humbugs of all kinds, whether friends or foes. These were not unhappy days for me. With such associations, I became a zealous Reformer, and heartily applauded my elder brother, when he refused, with thousands of others, to pay taxes at the time the first Reform Bill was rejected by the House of Lords.

At this period of my life, as might have been expected from the nature of my education and the course of reading which I preferred, I began to try my hand at poetry, and wrote several slight pieces for the Christmas Annuals, which, sad to say, were never accepted. But the fate of Chatterton, of Coleridge, and other like sufferers, discouraged me; and I adopted the prudent resolution, to prefer wealth to fame, and comfort to martyrdom, in the service of the Muses.

With the termination of my seven years' apprenticeship, these literary efforts came also to an end. Disgusted with printing, I entered the service of my brother, a timber merchant, and in consequence obtained a general knowledge of the many varieties of wood used in manufactures, which I have since found serviceable. And this brings me to the year 1831, from which date to the present day, I have identified myself thoroughly with Canada, her industries and progress, without for a moment ceasing to be an Englishman of the English, a loyal subject of the Queen, and a firm believer in the high destinies of the Pan-Anglican Empire of the future.

CHAPTER V.

WESTWARD, HO!

'MARTIN DOYLE' was the text-book which first awakened amongst tens of thousands of British readers, a keen interest in the backwoods of what is now the Province of Ontario. The year 1832, the first dread year of Asiatic cholera, contributed by its terrors to the exodus of alarmed fugitives from the crowded cities of the old country. My brothers Thomas and Isaac, both a few years older than myself, made up their minds to emigrate, and I joyously offered to join them, in the expectation of a good deal of fun of the kind described by Dr. Dunlop. So we set seriously to work, 'pooled' our small means, learnt to make seine-nets, economized to an unheard of extent, became curious in the purchase of stores, including pannikins and other primitive tinware, and at length engaged passage in the bark *Asia*, 500 tons, rated A. No. 1, formerly an East Indiaman, and now bound for Quebec, to get a cargo of white pine lumber for the London market. So sanguine were we of returning in the course of six or seven years, with plenty of money to enrich, and perhaps carry back with us, our dear mother and unmarried sisters, that we scarcely realized the pain of leave-taking, and went on board ship in the St. Catherine's Docks, surrounded by applauding friends, and in the highest possible spirits.

Our fellow-passengers were not of the most desirable class. With the exception of a London hairdresser and his wife, very respectable people, with whom we shared the second-cabin, the

emigrants were chiefly rough countrymen, with their wives and numerous children, sent out by the parish authorities from the neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey, and more ignorant than can readily be conceived. Helpless as infants under suffering, sulky and even savage under privations, they were a troublesome charge to the ship's officers, and very ill-fitted for the dangers of the sea which lay before us. Captain Ward was the ship's master; there were first and second mates, the former a tall Scot, the latter a short thick-set Englishman, and both good sailors. The boatswain, cook and crew of about a dozen men and boys, made up our ship's company.

All things went reasonably well for some time. Heavy headwinds detained us in the channel for a fortnight, which was relieved by landing at Torbay, climbing the heights of Beachy Head, and living on fresh fish for twenty-four hours. Then came a fair wind, which lasted until we got near the banks of Newfoundland. Head-winds beset us again, and this time so seriously, that our vessel, which was timber sheathed, sprung a plank, and immediately began to leak dangerously. The passengers had taken to their berths for the night, and were of course ignorant of what had happened, but feared something wrong from the hurry of tramping of feet overhead, the vehement shouts of the mates giving orders for lowering sail, and the other usual accompaniments of a heavy squall on board ship. It was not long, however, before we learned the alarming truth. 'All hands on deck to pump ship,' came thundering down both hatchways, in the coarse tones of the second mate. We hurried on deck half-dressed, to face a scene of confusion, affrighting in the eyes of landsmen—the ship stripped to her storm-sails, almost on her beam-ends in a tremendous sea, the wind blowing 'great guns,' the deck at an angle of at least fifteen degrees, flooded with rain pouring in torrents, and encumbered with ropes, which there had not been time to clew away, the four ship's pumps manned by so many landsmen, the sailors all engaged in desperate efforts to stop the leak by thrumming sails together and drawing them under the ship's bows.

Captain Ward told us very calmly that he had been in gales off the Cape of Good Hope, and thought nothing of a 'little puff' like this: he also told us that he would keep on his course in the hope that the wind would abate, and that we could manage the leak; but if not, he had no doubt of carrying us safely back to the west coast of Ireland, where he could comfortably refit

Certainly courage is infectious. We were twelve hundred miles at sea, with a great leak in our ship's side, and very little hope of escape, but the master's coolness and bravery delighted us, and even the weakest man on board took his spell at the pumps, and worked away for dear life. My brother Thomas was a martyr to sea-sickness, and could hardly stand without help; but Isaac had been bred a farmer, accustomed to hard work and field sports, and speedily took command of the pumps, worked two spells for another man's one, and by his example encouraged the grumbling steerage passengers to persevere, if only for very shame. Some of their wives even took turns with great spirit and effect. I did my best, but it was not much that I could accomplish.

In all my after-life I never experienced such supreme comfort and peace of mind, as during that night, while lying under wet sails on the sloping deck, talking with my brother of the certainty of our being at the bottom of the sea before morning, of our mother and friends at home, and of our hope of meeting them in the great Hereafter. Tired out at last, we fell asleep where we lay, and woke only at the cry 'spell ho!' which summoned us again to the pumps.

The report of 'five feet of water in the hold—the ballast shifted!' determined matters for us towards morning.

Capt. Ward decided that he must put about and run for Galway, and so he did. The sea had by daylight gone down so much, that the captain's cutter could be lowered and the leak examined from the outside. This was done by the first mate, Mr. Cattanagh, who brought back the cheering news that so long as we were running before the wind the leak was four feet out of water, and that we were saved for the present. The bark still remained at the same unsightly angle, her ballast, which was chiefly coals, having shifted bodily over to leeward; the pumps had to be kept going, and in this deplorable state, in constant dread of squalls, and wearied with incessant hard work, we sailed for eight days and nights, never sighting a ship until nearly off the mouth of the Shannon, where we hailed a brig whose name I forget. She passed on, however, refusing to answer our signals of distress.

Next day, to our immense relief, the 'Asia' entered Galway Bay, and here we lay six weeks for repairs, enjoying ourselves not a little, and forgetting past danger, except as a memorable episode in the battle of life.

CHAPTER VI.

CONNEMARA AND GALWAY FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

THE town of Galway is a relic of the times when Spain maintained an active commerce with the west of Ireland, and meddled not a little in the intrigues of the time. Everybody has read of the warden of Galway, who hanged his son outside a window of his own house, to prevent a rescue from justice by a popular rising in the young man's favour. That house still stood, and probably still stands, a mournful memento of a most dismal tragedy. In 1833, it was in ruins, as was also the whole long row of massive cut stone buildings of which it formed part. In front there was a tablet recording the above event; the walls were entire, but the roof was quite gone, and the upper stories open to the winds and storms. The basement story appears to have been solidly arched, and in its cavernous recesses, and those of the adjoining cellars along that side of the street, dwelt a race of butchers and of small hucksters, dealing in potatoes, oats, some groceries, and rough wares of many kinds. The first floor of a brick store opposite was occupied by a hairdresser, with whom our London fellow passenger claimed acquaintance. One day we were sitting at his window, looking across at the old warden's house, when a singular scene was enacted under our astonished eyes. A beggarman, so ragged as barely to comply with the demands of common decency, and bearing an old sack suspended over his shoulder on a short cudgel, came lounging along the middle of the street seeking alms. A butcher's dog of aristocratic tastes took offence at the man's rags, and attacked him savagely. The old man struck at the dog, the dog's owner darted out of his cellar and struck at the beggar, somebody else took a part, and in the twinkling of an eye as it were, the narrow street was blocked up with men furiously-wielding shillelaghs, striking right and left at whoever happened to be most handy, and yelling like Dante's devils in full chorus. Another minute, and a squad of police in green uniforms—peelers, they are popularly called—appeared as if by magic, and with the effect of magic; for instantly, and with a celerity evidently the result of long practice, the crowd, beggarman, butcher, dog and all, vanished into the yawning cellars, and the street was left as quiet as before, the police marching leisurely to their barracks.

We spent much of our time in rambling along the shore of Galway Bay, a beautiful and extensive harbour, where we found many curious speci-

mens of sea-weeds, particularly the edible dilosk, and rare shells and minerals. Some of our people went out shooting snipe, and were warned on all hands to go in parties, and to take care of their guns, which would prove too strong a temptation for the native peasantry, as the spirit of Ribbonism was rife throughout Connemara. Another amusement was, to watch the groups of visitors from Tuam and the surrounding parts of Clare and other counties, who were attracted by the marvel of a ship of five hundred tons in their bay, no such phenomenon having happened within the memory of man. At another time we explored the rapid river Corrib, and the beautiful lake of the same name, a few miles distant. The salmon weirs on the river were exceedingly interesting, where we saw the largest fish confined in cribs for market, and apparently quite unconscious of their captivity. The castle of one of the Lynch family was visible from the bay, an ancient structure with its walls mounted with cannon to keep sheriffs's officers at a distance. Other feudal castles were also in sight.

Across the bay loomed the rugged mountains of Clare, seemingly utterly barren in their bleak nakedness. With the aid of the captain's telescope we could see on these inhospitable hills dark objects, which turned out to be the mud cabins of a numerous peasantry, the very class for whom, in this present year of 1881, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are trying to create an elysium of rural contentment. We traversed the country roads for miles, to observe the mode of farming there, and could find nothing, even up to the very streets of Galway, but mud cabins with one or two rooms, shared with the cow and pigs, and entrenched, as it were, behind a huge pile of manure that must have been the accumulation of years. Anything in the shape of valuable improvements was conspicuously absent.

Everything in Connemara seems paradoxical. These rough coated, hard-worked, down-trodden Celts proved to be the liveliest, brightest, wittiest of mankind. They came in shoals to our ship, danced reels by the hour upon deck to a whistled accompaniment, with the most extravagant leaps and snapping of fingers. It was an amusing sight to see the women driving huge pigs into the sea, held by a string tied to the hind leg, and there scraping and sluicing the unwieldy, squealing creatures until they came out as white as new cream. These Galway women are singularly handsome, with a decidedly Murillo cast of features, betokening plainly their Iberian ancestry. They might well have sate as models to the chief of Spanish painters.

In the suburbs of Galway are many acres of boggy land, which are cultivated as potato plots, highly enriched with salt sea-weed manure, and very productive. These farms—by which title they are dignified—were rented, we were told, at three to four pounds sterling per acre. Rents in the open country ranged from one pound upwards. Yet we bought cup potatoes at twopence per stone of sixteen lbs.; and for a leg of mutton paid sixpence English.

Enquiring the cause of these singular anomalies, we were assured on all hands that the system of renting through middlemen was the bane of Ireland. A farm might be sub-let two or three times, each tenant paying an increased rental, and the landlord-in-chief, a Blake, a Lynch, or a Martin, realizing less rent than he might obtain in Scotland or England. We heard of no Protestant oppressors here; the gentry and nobility worshipped at the same altar with the humblest of their dependants, and certainly meant them well and treated them considerately.

We attended the English service in the ancient Gothic Abbey Church. It was of the strictest Puritan type; the sculptured escutcheons and tablets on the walls—the groined arches and bosses of the roof—were almost ob-

literated by thick coat after coat of whitewash, laid on in an iconoclastic spirit which I have since seen equalled in the Dutch Cathedral of Rotterdam, and nowhere else. Another Sunday we visited a small Roman Catholic chapel at some distance. It was impossible to get inside the building, as the crowds of worshippers not only filled the sacred edifice, but spread themselves over a pretty-extensive and well-filled churchyard, where they knelt throughout morning prayer, lasting a full hour or more.

The party-feuds of the town are quite free from sectarian feeling. The fishermen, who were dressed from head to foot in hoddengray, and the butchers, who clothed themselves entirely in sky blue—coats, waistcoats, breeches and stockings alike, with black hats and shoes—constituted the belligerent powers. Every Saturday night, or oftener, they would marshal their forces respectively on the wide fish-market place, by the sea-shore, or on the long wharf extending into deep water, and with their shillelaghs hold high tournament for the honour of their craft and the love of fair maidens. One night, while the *Asia* lay off the wharf, an unfortunate combatant fell senseless into the water and was drowned. But no inquiry followed, and no surprise was expressed at a circumstance so trivial.

By the way, it would be unpardonable to quit Connemara without recording its 'potheen.' Every homestead had its peat-stack, and every peat-stack might be the hiding place of a keg of illicit native spirit. We were invited, and encouraged by example, to taste a glass; but a single mouthful almost choked us; and never again did we dare to put the fiery liquid to our lips.

Our recollections of Galway are of a mixed character—painful, because of the consciousness that the empire at large must be held responsible for the unequal distribution of nature's blessings amongst her people—pleasant, because of the uniform hospitality and courtesy shown to us by all classes and creeds of the townsfolk.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE SEA EXPERIENCES.

IN the month of July we were ready for sea again. In the meantime Captain Ward had got together a new list of passengers, and we more than doubled our numbers by the addition of several Roman Catholic gentlemen of birth and education with their followers, and a party of Orangemen and their families, of a rather rough farming sort, escaping from religious feuds and hostile neighbours. A blooming widow Culleeney, of the former class, was added to the scanty female society on board; and for the first few hours after leaving port, we had fun and dancing on deck galore. But alas, sea-sickness put an end to our merriment all too soon. Our new recruits fled below, and scarcely showed their faces on deck for several days. Yet, in this apparently quiet interval, discord had found her way between decks.

We were listening one fine evening to the comical jokes and rich brogue of the most gentlemanly of the Irish Catholics above-mentioned, when suddenly a dozen men, women and children, armed with sticks and foaming at the mouth, rushed up the steerage hatchway, and without note of warning or apparent provocation, attacked the defenceless group standing near us with the blindness of insanity and the most frantic cries of rage. Fortunately there were several ship's officers and sailors on deck, who laid about them lustily with their fists, and speedily drove the attacking party below, where they were confined for some days, under a threat of severe punishment from the captain, who meant what he said. So this breeze passed over. What it was about, who was offended, and how, we never could discover: we set it down to the general

principle, that the poor creatures were merely 'blue-mowlded for want of a bating.'

Moderately fair breezes, occasional dead calms, rude, baffling head-winds, attended us until we reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After sailing all day northward, and all night southerly, we found ourselves next morning actually retrograded some thirty or fifty knots. But we were rewarded sometimes by strange sights and wondrous spectacles. Once a shoal of porpoises and grampuses crossed our course, frolicking and turning somersets in the air, and continuing to stream onwards for full two hours. Another time, when far north, we had the most magnificent display of aurora borealis. Night after night the sea would be radiant with phosphorescent light. Icebergs attended us in thousands, compelling our captain to shorten sail frequently; once we passed near two of these ice-cliffs which exceeded five hundred feet in height, and again we were nearly overwhelmed by the sudden break-down of a huge mass as big as a cathedral. Near the Island of Anticosti we saw at least three hundred spouting whales at one view. I have crossed the Atlantic four times since, and have scarcely seen a single large fish or a sea bird. It seems that modern steamship travel has driven away the inhabitants of the deep to quieter seas, and robbed 'life on the ocean wave' of much of its romance.

The St. Lawrence River was gained, and escaping with a few days quarantine at Grosse Isle, we reached Quebec. We were there transferred to a fine steamer for Montreal, thence to Kingston by scows drawn by horses along shore and through narrow canals, and so by the steamer 'United Kingdom' to Little York, where we landed about the first week in September after a journey of four months. Now-a-days, a trip to England by the Allan line is thought tedious if it lasts ten days, and even five days is considered not unattainable. When we left England, a thirty mile railway from Liverpool to Manchester was all that Europe had seen. Dr. Dionysius Lardner pronounced steam-voyages across the Atlantic an impossibility, and men believed him. Now, even China and Japan have their railways and steamships; Canada is being spanned from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a railroad, destined, I believe, to work still greater changes in the future of our race, and of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUDDY LITTLE YORK.

WHEN we landed at the town of York, it contained 8500 inhabitants or thereabouts, being the same population nearly as Belleville, St. Catharines, and Brantford, severally claim in 1881. In addition to King street, the principal thoroughfares were Lot, Hospital, and Newgate streets, now more euphoniously styled Queen, Richmond and Adelaide streets respectively; Church, George, Bay and York streets were almost without buildings; Yonge street ran north thirty-three miles to Lake Simcoe, and Dundas street extended westward a hundred miles to London. More or less isolated wooden stores there were on King and Yonge streets; taverns were pretty numerous; a wooden English church; Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches of the like construction; a brick gaol and court-house of the ugliest architecture; scattered private houses, a wheat-field where now stands the Rossin House, beyond it a rough-cast Government House, brick Parliament Buildings uglier even than the gaol, and some government offices located in one-story brick buildings twenty-five feet square, —comprised the lions of the Toronto of that day. Of brick private buildings, only Moore's hotel at the corner of Market square; J. S. Baldwin's residence, now the Canada Company's

office; James F. Smith's, grocer (afterwards the *Colonist* office), on King street; Ridout's hardware store at the corner of King and Yonge streets, occur to my memory, but there may have been one or two others. So well did the town merit its muddy soubriquet, that in crossing Church street near St. James's Church, boots were drawn off the feet by the tough clay soil; and to reach our tavern on Market lane (now Colborne street), we had to hop from stone to stone placed loosely along the roadside. There was flagged pavement here and there, but not a solitary planked footpath throughout the town.

To us the sole attraction was the Emigrant Office. At that time, Sir John Colborne, the Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, was exerting himself to induce retired army officers, and other well-to-do settlers, to take up lands in the country north and west of Lake Simcoe. U. E. rights, *i.e.* location tickets for two hundred acres of land, subject to conditions of actual settlement, were easily obtainable. We purchased one of these for a hundred dollars, or rather for twenty pounds sterling—dollars and cents not being current in Canada at that date—and forthwith booked ourselves for Lake Simcoe, in an open waggon without springs, loaded with the bedding and cooking utensils of intending settlers, some of them our shipmates of the *Asia*. A day's journey brought us to Holland Landing, whence a small steamer conveyed us across the lake to Barrie. The Holland River was then a mere muddy ditch, swarming with huge bullfrogs and black snakes, and winding in and out through thickets of reeds and rushes. Arrived at Barrie, we found a wharf, a log bakery, two log taverns—one of them also a store—and a farm-house, likewise log. Other farm-houses there were at some little distance, hidden by trees.

Some of our fellow travellers were discouraged by the solitary appearance of things here, and turned back at once. My brothers and myself, and one other emigrant, determined to go on; and next afternoon, armed with axes or guns, and mosquito nets, off we started for the unknown forest, then reaching, unbroken, from Lake Simcoe to Lake Huron. From Barrie to the Nottawasaga river, eleven miles, a road had been chopped and logged sixty-six feet wide; beyond the river, nothing but a bush-path existed.

CHAPTER IX.

A PIONEER TAVERN.*

WE had walked a distance of eight miles, and it was quite dark, when we came within sight of the clearing where we were advised to stop for the night. Completely blockading the road, and full in our way, was a confused mass of felled timber, which we were afterwards told was a wind-row or brush-fence. It consisted of an irregular heap of prostrate trees, branches and all, thrown together in line, to serve as a fence against stray cattle. After several fruitless attempts to effect an entrance, there was nothing for it but to shout at the top of our voices for assistance.

Presently we heard a shrill cry, rather like the call of some strange bird than a human voice; immediately afterwards, the reflection of a strong light became visible, and a man emerged from the brushwood, bearing a large blazing fragment of resinous wood, which lighted up every object around in a picturesque and singular manner. High over head, eighty feet at least, was a vivid green canopy of leaves, extending on all sides as far as the eye could penetrate, varied here and there by the twinkling of some lustrous star that peeped through from the dark sky without, and supported

* The substance of this, and of the two following chapters, is condensed from the 'Maple Leaf' for 1848 and 1849, of which more anon.

by the straight trunks and arching branches of innumerable trees—the rustic pillars of this superb natural temple. The effect was strikingly beautiful and surprising.

Nor was the figure of our guide less strange. He was the first genuine specimen of a Yankee we had encountered—a Vermonter—tall, bony, and awkward, but with a good-natured simplicity in his shrewd features; he wore uncouth leather leggings tied with deer sinews—loose mocassins, a Guernsey shirt, a scarlet sash confining his patched trowsers at the waist, and a palmetto hat, dragged out of all describable shape, the colour of each article so obscured by stains and rough usage, as to be matter rather of conjecture than certainty. He proved to be our landlord for the night, David Root by name.

Following his guidance, and climbing successively over a number of huge trunks, stumbling through a net-work of branches, and plunging into a shallow stream up to the ankles in soft mud, we reached at length what he called his tavern, at the further side of the clearing. It was a log building, of a single apartment, where presided 'the wife,' a smart, plump, good-looking little Irishwoman, in a stuff gown, and without shoes or stockings. They had been recently married, as he promptly informed us, had selected this wild spot on a half-opened road, impassable for waggons, without a neighbour for miles, and under the inevitable necessity of shouldering all their provisions from the embryo village we had just quitted: all this with the resolute determination of 'keeping tavern.'

The floor was of loose split logs, hewn into some approach to evenness with an adze; the walls of logs entire, filled in the interstices with chips of pine, which, however, did not prevent an occasional glimpse of the objects visible outside, and had the advantage, moreover, of rendering a window unnecessary; the hearth was the bare soil, the ceiling slabs of pine wood, the chimney a square hole in the roof; the fire, literally, an entire tree, branches and all, cut into four-feet lengths, and heaped up to the height of as many feet. It was a chill evening, and the dancing flames were inspiriting, as they threw a cheerful radiance all around, and revealed to our curious eyes extraordinary pieces of furniture—a log bedstead in the darkest corner, a pair of snow-shoes, sundry spiral augers and rough tools, a bundle of dried deer sinews, together with some articles of feminine gear, a small red framed looking-glass, a clumsy comb suspended from a nail by a string, and other similar treasures.

We were accommodated with stools of various sizes and heights, on three legs or on four, or mere pieces of log sawn short off, which latter our host justly recommended as being more steady on the uneven floor. We exchanged our wet boots for slippers, mocassins, or whatever the good-natured fellow could supply us with. The hostess was intently busy making large flat cakes, and roasting them, first on one side, then on the other, and alternately boiling and frying broad slices of salt pork, when, suddenly suspending operations, she exclaimed, with a vivacity that startled us, 'Oh, Root, I've cracked my spider!'

Inquiring with alarm what was the matter, we learned that the cast-iron pan on three feet, which she used for her cookery, was called a 'spider,' and that its fracture had occasioned the exclamation. The injured spider performed 'its spiriting gently' notwithstanding, and, sooth to say, all parties did full justice to its savoury contents.

Bed-time drew near. A heap of odd-looking rugs and clean blankets were laid for our accommodation and pronounced to be ready. But how to get into it? We had heard of some rather primitive practices among the steerage passengers on board ship, it is

true, but had not accustomed ourselves to 'uncase' before company, and hesitated to lie down in our clothes. After waiting some little time in blank dismay, Mr. Root kindly set us an example by quietly slipping out of his nether integuments and turning into bed. There was no help for it; by one means or other we contrived to sneak under the blankets; and, after hanging up a large coloured quilt between our lair and the couch occupied by her now snoring spouse, the goodwife also disappeared.

In spite of the novelty of the situation, and some occasional disturbance from gusts of wind stealing through the 'chinks,' and fanning into brightness the dying embers on the hearth, we slept deliciously and awoke refreshed.

CHAPTER X.

A FIRST DAY IN THE BUSH.

BEFORE day-break breakfast was ready, and proved to be a more tempting meal than the supper of the night before. There were fine dry potatoes, roast wild pigeon, fried pork, cakes, butter, eggs, milk, 'China tea,' and chocolate—which last was a brown-coloured extract of cherry-tree bark, sassafras root, and wild sarsaparilla, warmly recommended by our host as first-rate bitters. Declining this latter beverage, we made a hearty meal.

It was now day-break. As we were new-comers, Root offered to convoy us 'a piece of the way,' a very serviceable act of kindness, for, in the dim twilight we experienced at first no little difficulty in discerning it. Pointing out some faint glimmerings of morning, which were showing themselves more and more brightly over the tall tree-tops, our friend remarked, 'I guess that's where the sun's calc'lating to rise.'

The day had advanced sufficiently to enable us to distinguish the road with ease. Our tavern-keeper returned to his work, and in a few minutes the forest echoed to the quick strokes of his lustily-wielded axe. We found ourselves advancing along a wide avenue, unmarked as yet by the track of wheels, and unimpeded by growing brush-wood. To the width of sixty-six feet, all the trees had been cut down to a height of between two and three feet, in a precisely straight course for miles, and burnt or drawn into the woods; while along the centre, or winding from side to side like the course of a drunken man, a waggon-track had been made by grubbing up the smaller and evading the larger stumps, or by throwing a collection of small limbs and decayed wood into the deeper inequalities. Here and there, a ravine would be rendered passable by placing across it two long trunks of trees, often at a sharp angle, and crossing these transversely with shorter logs; the whole covered with brushwood and earth, and dignified with the name of a 'corduroy bridge.'

At the Nottawasaga River, we found a log house recently erected, the present residence of Wellesley Richey, Esq., an Irish gentleman, then in charge of the new settlements thereabouts. Mr. Richey received us very courteously, and handed us over to the charge of an experienced guide, whose business it was to show lands to intending settlers—a very necessary precaution indeed, as after a mile or two of further progress the road ceased altogether.

For some miles further, the forest consisted of Norway and white pine, almost unmixed with any other timber. There is something majestic in these vast and thickly-set labyrinths of brown columnar stems, averaging a hundred and fifty feet in height, perhaps, and from one to three in thickness, and making the traveller feel somewhat like a Lilliputian

Gulliver in a field of Brobdingnagian wheat. It is singular to observe the effect of an occasional gust of wind in such situations. It may not even fan your cheek; but you hear a low surging sound, like the moaning of breakers in a calm sea, which gradually increases to a loud boisterous roar, still seemingly at a great distance; the branches remain in perfect repose, you can discover no evidence of a stirring breeze, till, looking perpendicularly upward, you are astonished to see some patriarchal giant close at hand—six yards round and sixty high—which alone has caught the breeze, waving its huge fantastic arms wildly, at a dizzy height above your head.

There are times when the hardiest woodman dares not enter the pine woods; when some unusually severe gale sweeping over them bends their strong but slender stems like willow wands, or catches the wide-spreading branches of the loftier trees with a force that fairly wrenches them out by the roots, which creeping along on the surface of the soil, present no very powerful resistance. Nothing but the close contiguity of the trees saves them from general prostration. Interlocked branches are every moment broken off and flung to a distance, and even the trunks clash, and as it were, whet themselves against each other, with a shock and uproar that startles the firmest nerves.

It were tedious to detail all the events of our morning's march: How, armed with English fowling pieces and laden with ammunition, we momentarily expected to encounter some grisly she-bear with a numerous family of cubs; or at the least a herd of deer or a flock of wild turkeys: how we saw nothing more dangerous than woodpeckers with crimson heads, hammering away at decayed trees like transmigrated carpenters; how we at last shot two partridges sitting on branches, very unlike English ones, of which we were fain to make a meal, which was utterly detestable for want of salt; how the government guide led us, helter-skelter, into the untracked woods, walking as for a wager, through thickets of ground hemlock,* which entangled our feet and often tripped us up; how we were obliged to follow him over and under windfalls, to pass which it was necessary to climb sometimes twenty feet along some half-recumbent tree; how when we enquired whether clay or sand were considered the best soil, he said some preferred one, some the other; how he showed us the front of a lot which was bad, and guessed that the rear ought to be better; how we turned back at last, thoroughly jaded, but no wiser than when we set out—all this and much more, must be left to the reader's imagination.

It was drawing towards evening. The guide strode in advance, tired and taciturn, like some evil fate. We followed in pairs, each of us provided with a small bunch of leafy twigs to flap away the mosquitoes, which rose in myriads from the thick, damp underbrush.

'It will be getting dark,' said the guide, 'you must look out for the blaze.'

We glanced anxiously around. 'What does he mean?' asked one of the party, 'I see no blaze.'

The man explained that the blaze (query, blazon?) was a white mark which we had noticed on some of the trees in our route, made by slicing off a portion of the bark with an axe, and invariably used by surveyors to indicate the road, as well as the divisions and sub-divisions of townships. After a time this mark loses its whiteness, and becomes undistinguishable in the dusk of evening, even to an experienced eye.

Not a little rejoiced were we, when we presently saw a genuine blaze in

*Taxus Canadensis, or Canadian Yew, is a trailing evergreen shrub which covers the ground in places. Its stems are as strong as cart-ropes, and often reach the length of twenty feet.

the form of a log-fire, that brilliantly lighted up the forest in front of a wigwam, which like everything else on that eventful day, was to us delightfully new and interesting. We found, seated on logs near the fire, two persons in blanket coats and red sashes, evidently gentlemen; and occupying a second wigwam at a little distance, half-a-dozen axemen. The gentlemen proved to be the Messrs. Walker, afterwards of Barrie, sons of the wealthy owner of the great shot works at Waterloo Bridge, London, England. They had purchased a tract of a thousand acres, and commenced operations by hiring men to cut a road through the forest eight or ten miles to their new estate, which pioneering exploit they were now superintending in person. Nothing could exceed the vigour of their plans. Their property was to be enclosed in a ring fence like a park, to exclude trespassers on their game. They would have herds of deer and wild horses. The river which intersected their land was to be cleared of the drift logs, and made navigable. In short, they meant to convert it into another England. In the meanwhile, the elder brother had cut his foot with an axe, and was disabled for the present; and the younger was busily engaged in the unromantic occupation of frying pancakes, which the axemen, who were unskilled in cookery, were to have for their supper.

Nowhere does good fellowship spring up so readily as in the bush. We were soon engaged in discussing the aforesaid pancakes, with some fried pork, as well as in sharing the sanguine hopes and bright visions which accorded so well with our own ideas and feelings.

We quitted the wigwam and its cheerful tenants with mutual good wishes for success, and shortly afterwards reached the river whence we had started, where Mr. Richey kindly invited us to stay for the night. Exhausted by our rough progress, we slept soundly till the morning sun shone high over the forest.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHAPTER ON CHOPPING.

IMAGINE yourself, gentle reader, who have perhaps passed most of your days between the wearisome confinement of an office or counting-house, and a rare holiday visit of a few days or weeks at your cousin's or grandfather's pleasant farm in the country —imagine yourself, I say, transplanted to a 'home' like ours. No road approaches within ten miles; no footpath nearer than half that distance; the surveyor's blaze is the sole distinctive mark between the adjoining lots and your own; there are trees innumerable — splendid trees — beech, maple, elm, ash, cherry—above and around you, which, while you are wondering what on earth to do with them, as you see no chance of conveying them to market for sale, you are horrified to hear, must be consumed by fire—yea, burnt ruthlessly to ashes, and scattered over the surface of the earth as 'good manure;' unless indeed—a desperately forlorn hope—you may 'some day' have an opportunity of selling them in the shape of potash, 'when there is a road out' to some navigable lake or river.

Well, say you, let us set to work and chop down some of these trees. Softly, good sir. In the first place, you must underbrush. With an axe or a strong, long handled bill-hook, made to be used with both hands, you cut away for some distance round—a quarter or half an acre perhaps—all the small saplings and underwood which would otherwise impede your operations upon the larger trees. In 'a good hardwood bush,' that is, where the principal timber is maple, white oak, elm, white ash, hickory, and other of the

harder species of timber—the 'under-brush' is very trifling indeed; and in an hour or two may be cleared off sufficiently to give the forest an agreeable park-like appearance—so much so that, as has been said of English Acts of Parliament, any skilful hand might drive a coach and six through.

When you have finished 'under-brushing,' you stand with whetted axe, ready and willing to attack the fathers of the forest—but stay—you don't know how to chop? It is rather doubtful, as you have travelled hither in a great hurry, whether you have ever seen an axeman at work. Your man, Carroll, who has been in the country five or six years, and is quite *au fait*, will readily instruct you. Observe—you strike your axe, by a dexterous swing backwards and round over your shoulder,—take care there are no twigs near you, or you may perhaps hurt yourself seriously — you strike your axe into the tree with a downward slant, at about thirty inches from the ground; then, by an upward stroke, you meet the former incision and release a chip, which flies out briskly. Thus you proceed, by alternate downward and upward or horizontal strokes, on that side of the tree which leans over, or towards which you wish to compel it to fall, until you have made a clear gap rather more than half way through, when you attack it in rear.

Now for the reward of your perspiring exertions—a few well-aimed blows on the reverse side of the tree, rather higher than in front, and the vast mass 'totters to its fall,'—another for the *coup-de-grace*—crack! crack! cra-a-ack!—aha!—away with you behind yon beech—the noble tree bows gently its leafy honours with graceful sweep towards the earth — for a moment slowly and leisurely, presently with giddy velocity, until it strikes the ground, amidst a whirlwind of leaves, with a loud *thud*, and a concussion both of air and earth, that may be *felt* at a considerable distance. You feel yourself a second David, who has overthrown a mightier Goliath.

Now do you step exultingly upon the prostrate trunk, which you forthwith proceed to cut up into about fourteen-foot lengths, chopping all the branches close off, and throwing the smaller on to your brush piles. It is a common mistake of new immigrants, who are naturally enough pleased with the novel spectacle of falling trees, to cut down so many before they begin to chop them into lengths, that the ground is wholly encumbered, and becomes a perfect chaos of confused and heaped-up trunks and branches, which nothing but the joint operation of decay and fire will clear off, unless at an immense waste of time and trouble. To an experienced axeman, these first attempts at chopping afford a ready text for all kinds of ironical comments upon the unworkmanlike appearance of the stumps and 'cuts,' which aregenerally —like those gnawn off by beavers in making their dams—haggled all round the tree, instead of presenting two clear smooth surfaces, in front and rear, as if sliced off with a knife. Your genuine axeman is not a little jealous of his reputation as 'a clean cutter'—his axe is always bright as burnished silver, guiltless of rust or flaw, and fitted with a handle which, with its graceful curve and slender proportions, is a tolerable approach to Hogarth's 'line of beauty;' he would as soon think of deserting his beloved 'bush' and settling in a town! as trust his keen weapon in the hands of inexperience or even mediocrity. With him every blow tells—he never leaves the slightest chip in the 'cut,' nor makes a false stroke, so that in passing your hand over the surface thus left, you are almost unable to detect roughness or inequality.

But we must return to our work, and take care in so doing to avoid the mishap which befel a settler in our neighbourhood. He was busy chopping away manfully at one of those numerous trees which, yielding to the

force of some sudden gust of wind, have fallen so gently among their compeers, that the greater portion of their roots still retains a powerful hold upon the soil, and the branches put forth their annual verdure as regularly as when erect. Standing on the recumbent trunk, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, the man toiled away, in happy ignorance of his danger, until having chopped nearly to the centre on both sides of the tree, instead of leaping off and completing the cut in safety on terra firma, he dealt a mighty stroke which severed at once the slight portion that remained uncut—in an instant, as if from a mortar, the poor fellow was launched sixteen feet into the air, by the powerful elasticity of the roots, which, relieved from the immense weight of the trunk and branches, reverted violently to their natural position, and flung their innocent releaser to the winds. The astonished chopper, falling on his back, lay stunned for many minutes, and when he was at length able to rise, crawled to his shanty sorely bruised and bewildered. He was able, however, to return to his work in a few days, but not without vowing earnestly never again to trust himself near the root.

There are other precautions to be observed, such as whether the branches interlock with other trees, in which case they will probably break off, and must be carefully watched, lest they fall or are flung back upon oneself—what space you have to escape at the last moment—whether the tree is likely to be caught and twisted aside in its fall, or held upright, a very dangerous position, as then you must cut down others to release it, and can hardly calculate which way it will tend: these and many other circumstances are to be noted and watched with a cool judgment and steady eye, to avoid the numerous accidents to which the inexperienced and rash are constantly exposed. One of these mischances befel an Amazonian chopper of our neighbourhood, whose history, as we can both chop and talk, I shall relate.

Mary —— was the second of several daughters of an emigrant from the county of Galway, whose family, having suffered from continual hardship and privation in their native land, had found no difficulty in adapting themselves to the habits and exigencies of the wilderness.

Hardworking they were all and thrifty. Mary and her elder sister, neither of them older than eighteen, would start before day-break to the nearest store, seventeen miles off, and return the same evening laden each with a full sack flung across the shoulder, containing about a bushel and a half, or 90lbs. weight of potatoes, destined to supply food for the family, as well as seed for their first crop. Being much out of doors, and accustomed to work about the clearing, Mary became in time a 'first-rate' chopper, and would yield to none of the new settlers in the dexterity with which she would fell, brush, and cut up maple or beech; and preferring such active exercise to the dull routine of household work, took her place at chopping, logging or burning, as regularly and with at least as much spirit as her brothers. Indeed, chopping is quite an accomplishment among young women in the more remote parts of the woods, where schools are unknown, and fashions from New York or Philadelphia have not yet penetrated. A belle of this class will employ her leisure hours in learning to play—not the piano-forte—but the dinner-horn, a bright tin tube sometimes nearly four feet in length, requiring the lungs of that almost forgotten individual, an English mail-coach-guard; and an intriguing mamma of those parts will bid her daughter exhibit the strength of her throat and the delicacy of her musical ear, by a series of flourishes and 'mots' upon her graceful 'tooting-weapon.' I do not mean, however, that Mary possessed this fashionable

acquirement, as the neighbourhood had not then arrived at such an advanced era of musical taste, but she made up in hard work for all other deficiencies; and being a good-looking, sunny-faced, dark-eyed, joyous-hearted girl, was not a little admired among the young axemen of the township. But she preferred remaining under her parent's roof-tree, where her stout arm and resolute disposition rendered her absolute mistress of the household, to the indignity of promising to 'obey' any man, who could wield no better axe than her own. At length it was whispered that Mary's heart, long hard as rock-elm, had become soft as basswood, under the combined influence of the stalwart figure, handsome face and good axe of Johnny, a lad of eighteen recently arrived in the neighbourhood, who was born in one of the early Scotch settlements in the Newcastle District — settlements which have turned out a race of choppers, accustomed from their infancy to handle the axe, and unsurpassed in the cleanness of their cut, the keenness of their weapons, or the amount of cordwood they can chop, split and pile in a day.

Many a fair denizen of the abodes of fashion might have envied Mary the bright smiles and gay greetings which passed between her and young Johnny, when they met in her father's clearing at sunrise to commence the day's work. It is common for axemen to exchange labour, as they prefer working in couples, and Johnny was under a treaty of this kind with Patsy, Mary's brother. But Patsy vacated his place for Mary, who was emulous of beating the young Scotch lad at his own weapon; and she had tucked up her sleeves and taken in the slack, as a sailor would say, of her dress—Johnny meanwhile laying aside his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth, baring his brawny arms, and drawing tight the bright scarlet sash round his waist — thus equipped for their favourite occupation, they chopped away in merry rivalry, at maple, elm, ash, birch and basswood—Johnny sometimes gallantly fetching water from the deliciously-cold natural spring that oozed out of the mossy hill-side, to quench Mary's thirst, and stealing now and then a kiss by way of guerdon — for which he never failed to get a vehement box on the ear, a penalty which, although it would certainly have annihilated any lover of less robust frame, he seemed nowise unwilling to incur again and again. Thus matters proceeded, the maiden by no means acknowledging herself beaten, and the young man too gallant to outstrip overmuch his fair opponent—until the harsh sound of the breakfast or dinner horn would summon both to the house, to partake of the rude but plentiful mess of 'col-cannon' and milk, which was to supply strength for a long and severe day's labour.

Alas! that I should have to relate the melancholy termination of poor Mary's unsophisticated career. Whether Johnny's image occupied her thoughts, to the exclusion of the huge yellow birch she was one day chopping, or that the wicked genius who takes delight in thwarting the course of true love had caught her guardian angel asleep on his post, I know not; but certain it is, that in an evil hour she miscalculated the cut, and was thoughtlessly continuing her work, when the birch, overbalancing, split upwards, and the side nearest to Mary, springing suddenly out, struck her a blow so severe as to destroy life instantaneously. Her yet warm remains were carried hastily to the house, and every expedient for her recovery that the slender knowledge of the family could suggest, was resorted to, but in vain. I pass over the silent agony of poor Johnny, and the heart-rending lamentations of the mother and sisters. In a decent coffin, contrived after many unsuccessful attempts by Johnny and Patsy, the unfortunate girl was carried to her grave, in the same field which she had assisted to clear, amid a concourse of simple-minded, coarsely-

clad, but kindly sympathising neighbours, from all parts of the surrounding district. Many years have rolled away since I stood by Mary's fresh-made grave, and it may be that Johnny has forgotten his first love; but I was told, that no other had yet taken the place of her, whom he once hoped to make his 'bonny bride.'

By this time you have cut down trees enough to enable you fairly to see the sky! Yes, dear sir, it was entirely hidden before, and the sight is not a little exhilarating to a new 'bush-whacker.' We must think of preparing fire-wood for the night. It is highly amusing to see a party of axemen, just returning from their work, set about this necessary task. Four 'hands' commence at once upon some luckless maple, whose excellent burning qualities ensure it the preference. Two on each side, they strike alternate blows—one with the right hand, his 'mate' with the left—in a rapid succession of strokes that seem perfectly miraculous to the inexperienced beholder—the tree is felled in a trice—a dozen men jump upon it, each intent on exhibiting his skill by making his 'cut' in the shortest possible time. The more modest select the upper end of the tree—the bolder attack the butt — their bright axes, flashing vividly in the sunbeams, are whirled around their heads with such velocity as to elude the eye—huge chips a foot broad are thrown off incessantly—they wheel round for the 'back cut' at the same instant, like a file of soldiers facing about upon some enemy in rear—and in the space of two or three minutes, the once tall and graceful trunk lies dissevered in as many fragments as there are choppers.

It invariably astonishes new comers to observe with what dexterity and ease an axeman will fell a tree in the precise spot which he wishes it to occupy, so as to suit his convenience in cutting it up, or in removing it by oxen to the log-pile where it is destined to be consumed. If it should happen to overhang a creek or 'swale,' (wet places where oxen cannot readily operate), every contrivance is resorted to, to overcome its apparently inevitable tendency. Choosing a time when not a breath of air is stirring to defeat his operations, or better still, when the wind is favourable, he cuts deeply into the huge victim on the side which he wishes to throw it, until it actually trembles on the slight remaining support, cautiously regulating the direction of the 'cut' so that the tree may not overbalance itself—then he gently fells among its branches on the reverse side all the smaller trees with which it may be reached—and last and boldest expedient of all, he cuts several 'spring poles'—trimmed saplings from twenty to forty feet in length and four to eight inches thick — which with great care and labour are set up against the stem, and by the united strength and weight of several men used as spring levers, after the manner in which ladders are employed by firemen to overthrow tottering stacks of chimneys; the squared end of these poles holding firmly in the rough bark, they slowly but surely compel the unwilling monster to obey the might of its hereditary ruler, man. With such certainty is this feat accomplished, that I have seen a solitary pine, nearly five feet thick and somewhere about a hundred and seventy feet in height, forced by this latter means, aided by the strength of two men only, against its decided natural bearing, to fall down the side of a mound, at the bottom of which a saw-pit was already prepared to convert it into lumber. The moment when the enormous mass is about yielding to its fate, is one of breathless interest—it sways alarmingly, as if it must inevitably fall backward, crushing poles and perhaps axemen to atoms in its overwhelming descent—ha! there is a slight cat's paw of air in our favour—cling to your pole —now! an inch or two gained!—the stout stick trembles and bends at the revulsive sway of the monstrous tree

but still holds its own—drive your axe into the back cut—that helps her—again, another axe! soh, the first is loose—again!—she *must* go—both axes are fixed in the cut as immovably as her roots in the ground—another puff of wind—she sways the wrong way—no, no! hold on—she cracks—strike in again the slackened axes—bravo! one blow more—quick, catch your axe and clear out!—see! what a sweep—what a rush of wind—what an enormous top—down! down! how beautifully she falls—hurrah! *just in the right place!*

(*To be continued.*)

FROM VIRGIL.

(ÆNEID I.)

THE storm had lulled—but though its rage was spent,
No further forth the tired Trojans bent,
They steer them straight towards the nearest land,
Where dim afar extends the Libyan strand.
There is a spot fair nestling in a bay,
Breasting the tide an island stops the way,
The breakers from the deep upon its side
Are shivered, and in wavelets onward glide,
Lapping with noiseless ripple on the beach,
So quiet sleep the waters: o'er them reach
Twin peaks to right and left athwart the sky
And lines of precipice, whose majesty
Stands shrouded in a mass of forest green—
A shifting canopy of shade and sheen.
The hanging rocks a Nereid's grot display,
Piercing the cliff-front midmost of the bay;
Here fountains from the granite rock distil,
Here benches hewn of stone by Nature's skill;
No need were here the weary bark to hold
With anchor's iron tooth or cable's fold.
Æneas bids them seize the haven meet,
Seven ships his all, survivors of the fleet;
O'erjoyed to reach the land, the Trojan host
Leap down to make their own the Libyan coast.

Montreal. R. W. B.

ACROSS THE SEA;

OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

QUEBEC, 'EN ROUTE.'

ONE summer's day, not very long ago, an opportunity suddenly presented itself to the writer of going 'across the sea' to what is lovingly called 'the old country,' and of visiting, though only for a brief period, the 'Modern Babylon' and the gay capital of *la belle France*, the wonders and delights of which travellers' tales had made me long wish to see. Mindful of the dangers of delay, I at once applied for leave of absence from my official duties, which was readily granted by my courteous chief. To the fact that I had 'stuck close to my desk' for nearly two years without applying for leave—the boon the Civil Servant so delights in—was probably due the ready favour with which my request was received; but, be that as it may, *bis dat qui cito dat* in everything applies, and the quickness of the assent certainly doubled my delight and gratitude at receiving it. Forty-eight hours afterwards, with mind elated at the prospect of an enjoyable holiday, I took my place in a Grand Trunk 'Pullman' as the Eastern train moved out of the Union Station at Toronto. Some days spent at Quebec afforded me an opportunity of once more seeing the quaint old city, with its narrow zigzag streets, ancient looking buildings, and magnificent scenery. As the scenes were those familiar to my boyhood, I did not at the time propose jotting down my impressions, and thought that I would have been content with a passing glance; but they so grew upon me, and the wonderful surroundings of the city so imperatively arrested my attention and stamped themselves upon my mind that I commenced to question whether, after all, the, to me, unknown land to which I was on the way could present anything more attractive of its kind, and more worthy of such description as it was in my poor power to give. Although every American who can afford to travel thinks it his duty to make a pilgrimage to Quebec, and to see the spot where Montgomery fell, I have been much astonished at meeting with many Canadians that had never taken the trouble to pay a visit to this, one of the wonderful sights of the New World; so liable are we all to neglect, and to fail in appreciation of, what may happen to be 'our own.' But let me now examine somewhat closely what it is that so challenges my admiration and enchains my thoughts when I am so eager to pass quickly by on my way across the Atlantic. I shall first glance at a few of the events of the last century, and, in so doing, say a few words about 'QUEBEC THEN AND NOW.'

I venture to think that Canadian readers will not quite weary while I endeavour to depict the scenes about the city, and to dwell at some length upon the historic associations that its surroundings so vividly conjure up,

which, being those of their 'Ancient Capital,' should to them possess such peculiar interest.

The day before our departure, the sun was shining its brightest, as if anxious to display to the utmost the grand panorama that nature and the handiwork of man presented that morning to the view in the magnificent harbour. The River St. Lawrence was dotted here and there with every conceivable kind of craft. Large merchantmen were lying at the wharves unloading and taking in cargo. An ocean steamer, ready for sea, looking as trim as a yacht, was waiting the moment of departure. Here and there was seen a schooner sailing along 'wing and wing.' Even the canoe had its representative, as one glided past, propelled with apparently little effort on the part of its occupant. On our left was the Lower Town of Quebec, filled with people hurrying to and fro, on business thoughts intent. As one looked up the river, the eye was caught by the flag of England floating from the Citadel, that crowned the Rock. Lower down, resting on the sloping cliff, half-way from the water appeared a modest board, bearing the words, 'Here Montgomery fell.' Looking down the river, Durham Terrace broke on the eye, a reminder to-day, not only of the too short reign of the far-sighted, haughty statesman, Lord Durham, but also, through its improved appearance, of the able and polished Irishman, Lord Dufferin, both diplomatist and courtier, who, like our own 'Sir John,' so gracefully charmed men to do his will. But what wonder that he should be so gifted, when we remember that in his veins runs the blood of Sheridan, of whom Byron sang—

'Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.'

Some one must have picked up some of the pieces, for in his character are there not reproduced many of Sheridan's qualities? Whence the astuteness, the eloquence and wit—the power to match the crafty Tartar and to awe the wily Turk? The terrace was so high above us that the people, looking down upon the river, appeared almost like dwarfs. Just in rear of it lies the old Château of St. Louis, where the courtly Governors of France held sway. Laval University stood up boldly against the sky, its name recalling the part taken by those earnest and self-sacrificing men, the French missionaries.

Almost with one glance the observer can take in these memorials of the past, telling him how the sons of monarchical England and France, and of republican America, had fought and shed their blood for the possession of 'this Canada of ours.' Are not these memorials silent protests against the action of those who would to-day selfishly ignore the past and, by raising the cry, 'Canada *First*,' pave the way for the severance of the tie between the Old Country and its fledgling?

Almost on the edge of Mountain Hill stand the unworthy, low built, old Parliament buildings, a discredit to the people, but now, happily, supplanted by a structure elsewhere more worthy of the 'ancient capital.' Further on, the Grand Battery crowned the rock on which many a sentry had paced his weary way, and along the line of which many a cannon and mortar had hurled their missiles at the approaching foe.

Then is seen the wide valley of the St. Charles, smiling with plenty. A little river issues from the forbidding-looking mountains—of no name—that bound the view, and winds its peaceful route through the valley till it joins the great water-way to the sea—the St. Lawrence. Now we come to the Falls of Montmorenci (one of France's most noble names), tumbling from their lofty height. Beyond, a further

expanse of country, dotted with hamlets of white houses, each with its own *Eglise*, the tin spires of which glittered in the sun; the little Island of Orleans claims attention; and, on our right, the Point, bearing the name of a Chevalier of France, completes the scene—one that, with its combinations of the handiwork of nature and of man, extraordinary and entrancing, the wide world nowhere else presents. We are told that the views of the Bay of Naples and of Rio de Janeiro excel those afforded by the surroundings of Quebec. Nevertheless, I venture to say, that neither place presents such a panorama of natural and historic interest. Here we have, within the range of the eye, a combination of lofty cliffs, mountain and dale, valley and river, promontory and islet and falls—all in one small area; the rugged and the level—the Great Creator's handful of contrasts thrown together, charming the fancy and awing the mind. While the wonders of nature attract and entrance, the names the places bear—Indian, French, English and American—turn one's thoughts to the historic past. Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Laval, Montmorenci, Montgomery, Stadacona, Durham, Orleans—all reminding one that men whose deeds had won for them a glorious name in the history of the three greatest nations of the earth had here lived and governed, and fought with pen and sword for supremacy. What a contrast the scene was to the one that must have presented itself to Jacques Cartier and the brave band of Frenchmen with him who, having dared the then appalling perils of the Atlantic, cast anchor in the unknown river over three hundred years ago. Though, to-day, on all sides are signs of busy life, silence must then have brooded over the waters, save where broken by the roar of the Falls (Montmorenci) as they thundered over the cliff. Here and there, above the still forest, may have been seen smoke rising from a wigwam, and, perchance, an Indian, confounded and affrighted by the appearance of the ships, may have hastily paddled to the shore to tell and to warn his fellow braves of the coming of the strange white men. As, later on, Champlain's crew reached the scene and their eyes fell upon the Cape, raising its lofty head above the river, little wonder is it that they loudly gave expression to the ejaculation, 'Quel béc!' 'Quel béc!'

Thus was given a name to the Gibraltar of the New World, which nature intended should be the capital and chief port—though many miles from the sea—as it is the fortress—of a dominion, the shores of which are washed by the waters of two mighty oceans—a dominion that, in its vast territory, possesses a wealth of undeveloped minerals, and millions of acres capable of producing food for a teeming population. Were Quebec the capital, as it should be, of the Dominion of Canada, dulness would never there have reigned. Its natural and social attractions are such that we would not have had the daughter of our Queen sighing for the moment that will set her free from Canada, and there would be no question then as to whether the Marquis of Lorne would remain to complete his term as representative of Her Majesty—a part that all now acknowledge he has, up to the present, filled so simply and so well. Beyond the Cape stretch the Plains of Abraham, the scene of one of the most important battles in the world's history. Looking at the steep height up which England's soldiers had climbed, one could not but realize Wolfe's stern determination to take the city, or to die in the attempt. If, during their endeavours to scale the height, the English had been discovered, and the alarm given before they could obtain foothold on the summit, he must have known that a small body of French could have held it till reinforcements arrived, and poured upon them a storm of lead that must have decimated the small force, and driven it back dis-

comfited to the boats. Happily, they were able to form in battle array before the gallant, but ill-fated, Montcalm could reach the position. When he found that they were on secure ground, it does seem strange that he should have chosen to join issue with the invaders on almost equal terms, to have given up the advantages that the battlements of the walled city afforded him, and to have risked the charge committed to him in a pitched battle. The fact of the English being on the Plains was no evidence that they could successfully storm so strongly fortified a city. What were the fortifications for, if, on the approach of the enemy, they were to be abandoned, and the foe was to be given the advantage of open ground? Had he employed Fabian tactics, and retired within the city, he might have pounded them as they advanced with shot and shell, thereby weakening and dispiriting them, as they had no cannon with which to reply. Had the first assault failed, they would have had to bring supplies from the ships, or levy on the inhabitants, and he would have had a chance of forcing them to raise the siege. It is very easy to criticise, after the event, but this rushing out, helter skelter, to attack instead of biding an assault under the protection of such strong fortifications, to a non-professional mind, does seem to indicate anything but good judgment.

In the excitement caused by the intelligence of the audacity of the English in scaling the heights, all caution seems to have been abandoned for that spirit that prompted the soldiers of the same nation, a century later, to raise the shout of '*à Berlin*,' and to hurry the nation unprepared into a war that cost Napoleon III. his empire, as Montcalm's hasty advance on the memorable day in September, 1759, cost him his life, and his country a colony. Well, the battle was bravely fought on both sides, and Wolfe, for his audacity in scaling the heights, and Montcalm, for his rashness in disdaining the protection of his fortifications, paid—each one—with his life.

England's joy at this victory, so great in its results, was saddened by the nation's grief at the loss of her young soldier, Wolfe; and France's wrath at the loss of Quebec was intensified by her sorrow for the death of her gallant Montcalm. Each did his devoir nobly and, to-day, on the same column, in what is called the Governor's Garden, the stranger reads the two names together—honoured alike—Wolfe and Montcalm—names that are written imperishably in the hearts of the people of the twin race, but from whose minds, strange to say, Time has not yet banished all bitterness.

Surely, after the day when, at bloody Inkerman, the men of the same race as Montcalm's gallant soldiers rushed with a cheer, to the assistance of the hard-pressed English, and poured out their blood in aiding to drive back the maddened Tartar and the savage Cossack legions, all feeling of antagonism should have vanished, and they should feel that as they share a common country, so they all now share a common glory and are no longer foes but, more than allies—brothers. And why should that not be the case? If we conquered at Quebec and at Waterloo, did they not conquer at Hastings and at Fontenoy, and is it not to-day the proudest boast of many an Englishman, that he has Norman blood in his veins! If English banners are emblazoned with proud names, do those of France not bear names as revered?

Hereafter, let us hope that the two great nations that are divided only by the 'Silver Streak,' may never again be at enmity, and that their children, also, in the New World may never again take part in a rivalry of arms, but join together their energies in an effort so to build up this New Dominion that, in the arts of peace, in agriculture, in commerce, and in literature, it may take front rank among the peoples of the earth. If war does come, united, they must be unconquerable.

and a future Canadian Virgil may sing not only of their achievements in peace, but of their joint deeds of valour in battle, if ever (which may heaven long avert) horrid war should hereafter desolate their homes and they be called to arms.

It is indeed to be wondered at that, though over a century has elapsed since the Battle of the Plains, and though every effort has been made by the British Government to conciliate the French inhabitants by securing to them their laws and their language, very little amalgamation has, in point of fact, taken place between the two races, and that, from many minds, the old feeling of antagonism, though tempered by time, has never been wholly obliterated. Even to-day, but in few drawing-rooms do the polished French and the matter-of-fact English mingle together, though, for many years, Madame Duval, wife of the Chief-Justice, and a leader of the *beau monde*, to her charming *salon* bade them alike welcome, where all were received with *empressement* and grace. Madame Duval, we may say, can still be occasionally seen taking a drive through the deserted streets where, in days gone by, so many hats were raised as she passed by, in response to the bright look of recognition that once flashed from her brilliant but now fast dimming eyes. The fair daughters of Quebec of those days could boast of a beauty and a grace possessed by those of no other city in Canada, and the physique and bearing of the men, judging from the veterans that are still left, must have stamped them anywhere as being of no ordinary race.

The whips of that time could 'sling' a tandem through the narrow streets and round the sharp corners in a way that would astonish the people of Toronto, accustomed to *their* broad and straight highways. The Quebecers enjoyed the hours as they flew, and the delights that Providence gave them the opportunity of sharing together. The struggle of life was then not so bitter that people hadn't time to laugh, and every nerve was not strained to acquire a position and to make or save money. People 'took it easy,' and so many early wrecks were not, as now, strewed by the way. They believed that Providence had not given them the capacity of enjoying themselves without intending that they should exercise it. And thus people, when necessity required it, could work and fight as hard as they played.

On a bright afternoon, the fashionable streets of the Upper Town were alive with people. The Governor's Garden was, on certain afternoons, filled with the *élite*, and the *grandes dames* there chaperoned the belles under their charge, to whom the scarlet-coated linesman and gay guardsman paid court, and the civilian of those days, joining in not unseldom successful rivalry with the soldiers too sought favour in the eyes of the fair. Round the gardens were many on horseback and in carriages, chatting as they moved. Happy jests were uttered; hapless men, entranced by love that 'looked from woman's eyes;' and, doubtless, vows were exchanged as, perchance, a band of the Guards or of the Line filled the air with and made the blood course to the strains of the 'Sturm Marsch Galop' or the 'Prima Donna Waltz.'

Alas! how changed to-day the scene, so typical of the general decay reigning over the old city. As I last saw them, the paths of the Governor's Gardens were half overgrown with grass, the railings seemed falling to decay—the flower-beds no longer neat; the benches hacked by the penknives of boys; the very trees seemed to droop and the branches to quiver, as it were, with grief at the thought of the happy life over which they had once joyously waved, and of the cheery voices now stilled and vanished into space. One was oppressed by the sight of a stray bent figure here and there, moving slowly in the walks, as if looking for those that had been. In the

olden time, a special and peculiar interest centred round the 'Gates' of a walled city. The demolition of the Quebec Gates seems to have been decided upon without proper consideration. It is true that 'Decay's effacing finger' had left its mark, and that, in consequence of their narrowness, people were now and then compelled to tarry awhile when going out and coming in; but all with any respect for the past would have infinitely preferred suffering the inconvenience to losing these interesting mementoes of a bye-gone age. What we should have carefully and reverently preserved, we have ruthlessly destroyed. Outside of Mexico, the continent of America could show no such landmarks. These walls and gates were the chief antiquities of the New World.

The Jesuit barracks founded in 1633, as a college by the Jesuits, and subsequently made use of for military purposes, could, too, claim consideration on that score, but they, also, have been levelled to the ground. It was found that the walls were of a wonderful thickness and built as if intended to defy forever the ravages of Time. It is difficult to understand the motive for pulling them down, for no modern buildings have taken their place, and this historic ground is made use of, in this degenerate age, as a receptacle for the rubbish and filth of the city.

Surely, the fact that through the gates had passed Montcalm and Levis, and their own De Salaberry should have endeared them to the French, and that they had opened wide to Nelson, to Clarence and to Kent, ought also to have hallowed them in the eyes of the English. But no voice appears to have been raised to stay even the destruction of the gates. It is a wonder that the stones themselves did not cry out. When the stranger is in the city, Quebecers can no longer point to them with pride. What the Tower is to the four millions of London, so were the old historic walls, barracks and gates of Quebec to the four millions of Canada. Would any one in England dare to suggest the pulling down of the Tower? The razing to the ground of the gates of a walled city in the Old World has generally been the work of an exasperated conqueror. In this case the sacrilege has been committed by ourselves. Does a wider way, do blocks of well-chiselled stone; does the skill of the architect—fashion he never so wisely—compensate for the destruction of what time had hallowed, and what were standing witnesses of French and English tradition? Posterity will judge. How this act of vandalism could have been at all countenanced by the poetic mind of the author of 'Letters from High Latitudes' is indeed a matter of surprise, and in the minds of the people of Quebec is the one reproach that clouds their grateful recollection of the magnificent hospitality and gracious courtesy of the Earl of Dufferin. The same want of sentiment with regard to our past appears to exist all over Canada. Certainly, Toronto has not much in the way of 'memorials' to boast of, yet its people made no effort to preserve the old Block Houses, familiar to many of the old inhabitants, and whose removal is already greatly deplored. The St. Louis and St. Foy roads of Quebec, well macadamized, almost as good as English roads—afford most enjoyable drives, and the country seats scattered along their length, beautifully laid out, and with every surrounding that money can buy and taste suggest, cannot but command admiration. Toronto has many houses in the Park, and elsewhere, of greater size and more ambitious architecture, but no such country seats. Senator Macpherson's 'Chestnut Park,' approaches them more nearly than does any other residence in that city.

I suppose 'Spencerwood', on the St. Louis and 'Bellevue,' as in the former owners' time, on the St. Foy, might be picked out as the representative places of Quebec.

Spencerwood, in which Lord Elgin,

Sir Edmund Head, and Lord Monck dispensed, with varying meed, a generous or a poor hospitality, according to their natures, and which, in later days became the residence of our Lieutenant-Governors Belleau, Caron, Letellier St. Just, and Robitaille,—presents in its woods and grand view, the magnificence of nature; Bellevue—the excellence of culture and of art.

Bellevue, as a country seat, might almost be considered a 'gem.' Commencing from the Gomin road, a continuation of the St. Louis, it extended to and across the St. Foy road, to the ridge bordering on the St. Charles valley. A visitor entering from the Gomin road saw a pretty Lodge whence the summons 'gate!' was always quickly answered. He then entered a magnificent avenue nearly half a mile in length, and the sensation as his carriage rolled through the woods on the way to the country house with the peculiar crisp, crunching sound over the beautifully gravelled way—here and there a glimpse of rural scenery appearing—was delightful in the extreme. Adjoining the residence was a large green-house, at times filled with the choicest plants and flowers; and from a gallery could be seen a garden in which the highest degree of the gardener's art was displayed in the cultivation of the flower-beds and the selection of the plants. At one end of it were two hot-houses, where, in their season, luscious grapes hung in clusters, and peaches and apricots exhibited their delicate tints. Not far from this was another garden in which every conceivable kind of fruit and vegetable—each the best of its kind—was grown. Then, the well-appointed stables (coach-house, harness-room, &c), in which were horses, (saddle, carriage, and farm,) whose points would satisfy the most critical judge; and in the neighbouring fields grazed many a prize-bull and cow that could not but command the admiration of the visitor, no matter how captious he might be. The dogs, poultry—everything about the place—manifested the best judgment and taste in their selection. Large barns spoke of plenty, and half a dozen pretty white cottages scattered here and there told how comfortably the people on the place were lodged. Such a perfection of neatness, order, and cleanliness reigned that a stray leaf was never for many minutes allowed to cumber the paths, and the very pigs, the servants said, were made uncomfortable by being kept too clean, and grumblingly grunted their discontent and remonstrance.

Bellevue! Many a happy day spent I there, and I seem to hear even now the cawing of the crows, as I was wont to hear them, when, of an early morning, throwing open the windows of my room to breathe the morning air, perfumed by the garden's glories, I looked out upon grounds the equal of which my then unappreciative eye has seldom in after life seen.

The hospitality of the Master of Bellevue lives in my memory, and its stately Mistress shall never be forgotten. Let me now, after all these years, here pay this tribute.

About these grounds, over twenty years ago, two lads amused themselves in all the careless happiness of boyhood—one with bright, the other with fair prospects. On one, his parents could lavish wealth as readily as they did their love; and the advantages of the other were not to be despised.

Not many years after, the parents of the former were sitting at home wearily waiting for tidings of their boy who could never more return to them. Smitten with a fondness for a sailor's life, and a love of daring adventure, nothing could frustrate his determination to go to sea. He had shipped on board a vessel bound for the East Indies, and during a storm on a dark night, when a few days out from Liverpool, he fell from aloft into the angry waves beneath, and the dark waters had closed over him forever. Unconscious of his fate, his parents looked forward to the return of their

only child, until, at last, heart sick at hope deferred, they were stricken with the tidings of his fate. From that blow they never recovered. Let the survivor recall the exquisite lines—

> 'For as gold must be tried by fire,
> So a heart must be tried by pain.'

Poor James Lawson, far better in your impulses than some of the poor natures that sought to decry you, you were happy in your early death—

> 'Those whom the gods love die young.'

The other lived—to suffer and to endure sorrows that came upon him in battalions. In the lives of many of us, are there not incidents as strange and contrasts as great as those portrayed in many a novel? Truth indeed is stranger than fiction.

What other city in the Dominion affords such opportunities for a happy day's 'outing,' to the wearied worker as does Quebec, with its adjoining lakes, Beauport and St. Charles, the village Lorette, where the result of the influence of civilization on the noble red man can be seen, the Natural Steps and the Falls of Montmorenci, all within easy distance. St. Anne's, too, to which many pious sinners make pilgrimage, must not be forgotten.

An American traveller pronounced Quebec the one *finished* town in the world. Nowhere could he see a new house or building being put up, and it looked to him, he said, as it doubtless would look on the last day. Writing of the final day, reminds me of one of the many good things that *Grip*, our Canadian *Punch*, of which we are all becoming so proud, lately delighted its readers with, apropos of the silly belief that some weak-minded, credulous people allowed themselves to indulge in, that there might be some truth in Mother Shipton's prophecy, that the 19th day of June of the present year, would be the last day of the world. I cannot quite remember the anecdote, but it is to this effect, that the day following dawned brightly and one of Erin's sons, relieved of his apprehensions, rejoicing that he was yet in existence, and that the sun still brightly shone, with an air of great satisfaction, gave expression to his relief, when, accosting a passer-by, by the remark—It's a foine day afther the ind of the wurld, sorr!' Well, my last day in Quebec came. I could no longer linger round the old city. It is a not-to-be-denied law of our existence here that we must 'move on.' Time, the inexorable policeman, commands. At the appointed hour the farewell gun of the steamship was heard. I bade 'good-bye' to the friends that were in the tender bobbing alongside, and commenced my voyage 'Across the Sea' to the Old World.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

UNDER this caption, there is a brief article, in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, by a gentleman who writes in the interests of 'the working-man of this continent,' and who declares himself 'a Liberal, with no respect for the cant of Liberalism.' The point of the article is that Chinese emigration to this continent should be checked or stopped altogether, to avert direful evils that impend over us in connection with Chinese cheap labour. These threatened evils are appalling. Competition with Chinamen will reduce the working man of this continent 'to the same abject condition' as that in which, it seems, European working men are plunged. What, we are tempted to ask, reduced the European working man to his low estate? He never had to compete with Chinamen. Besides, why should we be solicitous about the European? He is only a descendant of those 'members of barbarous tribes' who—though despised by 'Roman citizens of the era of the Antonines'—overwhelmed the civilization of Rome, and at length sat 'on the throne of Augustus and Trajan.' Why should we reject the Chinese, who never destroyed a superior civilization, for the children of such barbarians? Again, the introduction of Chinese cheap labour is to arrest or retard European emigration to this continent, and thus America will be peopled by 'a race physically and mentally inferior,' even as the ass is inferior to the horse. But, why may we not have asses as well as horses? If a man cannot afford to buy a horse, why not let him buy an ass? If I desire to till my garden, irrigate my fields, or construct a railroad to carry produce to market, and the descendant of European barbarous tribes refuses to work for less than two dollars a day, why should I be forbidden to employ a sober, industrious, economical Chinaman, who is willing to work for one dollar? It is quite clear that if it is an advantage to pay two dollars, the Chinaman will not scruple to accept the advantage. It is quite clear, also, that the world will be all the richer if the garden is tilled, the fields irrigated, or the railroad constructed, and it is quite possible that I may be obliged to leave things 'as they were,' because I cannot afford to pay two dollars per day instead of one dollar, and that thus the world and myself must remain permanently poorer, because I am reluctant to 'arrest or retard European immigration.' Besides, although Chinese have been coming to America for some time, there is no indication that the flood of European immigration is arrested. Facts are all the other way. Never did the tide flow with such a volume as now. During the past ten years, three millions came from Europe to America. Last year, over half a million of Europeans were added to the population of this continent of ours. And this dense cloud of strangers came not as birds of passage, but with the full intention of making homes for themselves, and of bringing up their children to consider the New World their home. And facts all go to prove that this resistless tide is sure to swell into

greater volume. Those who have come prepare the way for friends they have in the meantime left behind. Scores of steamship lines are bidding for their patronage. Countless ports along the Atlantic coast are open to receive them. The British Government has brought in a bill to enable it to assist the Irish people to emigrate. The farmers in Great Britain and other countries cannot compete with success against America, because of the favouring conditions on this side, and they are giving up their leases, and preparing to come to our virgin soil. It looks as if native Americans and Canadians would be crowded out by the descendants of the barbarous tribes that destroyed Imperial Rome. Yet we are welcoming them, Welsh, Irish, Italians, Germans, Russians, all alike, and are spending enormous amounts, directly and indirectly, through companies and governments, to induce them to come. No one has proposed, in the interests of the working man, to change all this. And yet, were this European cheap labour arrested, native working-men might ask not two but three, or even four dollars per day, to plough my fields, or build the desired railroad. Of course they would be likely to get all they asked, for does not every one know that wealth is not produced, but exists ready-made in the pockets of those who are not working-men?

More dreadful consequences are foretold, and now the writer speaks 'seriously.' The Chinese may come in such numbers that 'future generations may see "Ah Sing" sitting in the presidential chair in the White House.' This is terrible to contemplate. It is one of the resistless arguments by which Ah Sing tried to induce his countrymen to keep Europeans and Americans out of the celestial kingdom. It is one of the arguments that told weightily against giving freedom to the black slaves in the United States. They were not only an inferior race, unprogressive, prognathous, and what not, but they multiplied more rapidly than whites, and therefore it was quite possible to look into the future, and see them in the Senate and in the White House, or Black House, as I suppose it would then be called. But our neighbours were not terrified, although there were millions of blacks in the country to begin with, and all Africa behind. A brilliant future has been set before Ah Sing, but he has a long leeway to make up. There are fifty millions of Caucasians here now, and more are coming in, at the rate of half a million a year. But if he could only organize an immigration of, say, a million per year, and keep them here after they have come, why then in a century or two his almond-eyed countrymen could control our ballot boxes and seat one of their number in the White House. And what is one million out of three hundred! They would not be missed from densely-peopled China!

A lower deep awaits us. 'Worst of all, these extraordinary people would degrade or destroy the Christian Civilization of America, by the substitution or admixture with it of their own inferior civilization, of which they are so proud, and to which they cling with great tenacity.' Quite so. This would indeed be 'worst of all.' Two chums met at Newgate about the beginning of this century, when every Briton was discussing the probabilities of a French invasion. One of the two was inside the prison. His friend stood at the window outside. Both were patriots and were duly shocked at the notion of Frenchmen polluting the sacred soil of England. 'Ah!' cried number one, in wildest accents, 'what then would become of our liberty!' 'No,' re-echoed the other in tones of greater alarm, 'that's not what I fear most; but,' and here came in sundry of the most vigorous English expletives; 'what would become of our Religion?' And what would become of our Christian civilization, should an inferior race be allowed to mingle with

us on a free footing. Christ came not to the west, but to the east. He came, not for the sake of the whole, but for the sake of the sick. He loved the world; black, brown, red, yellow men, as well as white. But we have changed all that. And now, in the interests of His civilization, the government is to be invoked to protect us from the companionship of the yellow men!

It is a comfort to know that our Cassandra-like 'Liberal, with no respect for the cant of Liberalism,' is not without hope that all the dreadful consequences he has conjured up may be averted, even should Governments not interfere. 'The working-men of America would not long submit to the evil.' There would be 'likely a war of races, preceded by a new version of the Sicilian Vespers.' One would need to understand what those Sicilian vespers were, to know how thoroughly new the version would have to be. It is rather dreary comfort, however, to look to California 'hoodlums,' as the Old Guard of Christian Civilization. Does not every one know that while the Chinese by their patient labour have added incalculably to the wealth and resources of the Pacific States, the 'hoodlums' and Kearneyism have never done and never will do anything save to discredit their fair name, drive away millions of capital, and deter honest immigrants from going near them? Does not every one know that what is most needed to develop the boundless resources of the Pacific slope is more labour, and that there is no labour so accessible, so organized, so sober, as that which the Chinese offer to us?

Incidentally, another ground of hope is suggested. It is no wonder, we are told, that to the British Columbians their celestial visitors are unwelcome, 'for the Chinese are only birds of passage; while the white labourers would become permanent settlers, which is what British Columbia of all things wants.' But, if they are only birds of passage, how can Ah Sing ever sit in the White House? The president must be native-born, not an alien. So, we are at once delivered from that dreaded consequence. And if the Chinese come only to do the work that is offered them, and then take themselves away, what possible objection can there be to utilize their labour? If, by engaging them as labourers, a railway could be built through the mountains of British Columbia for six instead of nine millions, would not the Dominion save three millions? Suppose that new machinery were invented by which the work could be done for four millions, would we not gladly avail ourselves of the invention and save more of our money? Give the Chinaman as much fair-play then as you would give to improved machinery. Not caring to spend as freely on brandy and champagne, as ordinary 'hoodlums' spend, he may not contribute as largely to the taxes. But he must eat something, and wear something, and so must contribute more to the public exchequer than machinery does. The white labourers, however, 'would become permanent settlers.' Would they? Navvies are just the class most likely to become permanent settlers! How many of Mr. Brassey's English navvies became permanent settlers along the lines built by him? Are not settlers more likely to flow into British Columbia, should a railway be built to take them in and to take out their produce? And if we saved one million on the construction of the road, could we not help a few thousands to go in and possess the land; especially as the Chinese labourers would be only 'birds of passage.'

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to treat the Anti-Chinese cry seriously. It is based upon unreason and ignorance of facts. It is sustained by misrepresentation, which is wicked even when unintentional, and by selfishness, which is as injurious to the common weal as it is short-sighted in the individual. Its appeals are to mob-

law and race prejudices. To say, for instance, that 'wherever they dwell they retain their own religion, habits and manners, which from ignorance and conceit they place immeasurably above those of the Europeans with whom they come in contact,' is in part to ignore patent facts, and in part to condemn what should be commended. There are hundreds of missionaries labouring among them, and their unanimous testimony is that the Chinese are as ready to listen to argument as any other heathen nation; while as great a number have been converted to Christianity, proportionately to the means used, as in the case of any other people possessed of an ancient civilization and a history of which they have reason to be proud. I should certainly have more hope of converting the Chinese than of converting Hindoos or Mahometans; and any one who has visited the mission schools and chapels in China or Formosa, in San Francisco, or other cities in America where efforts to evangelize them are being made; or who has conversed with the Chinese students studying at the expense of their Government in various universities in the United States and Europe, would say the same thing. I do indeed marvel at the measure of success that has been attained, for we have taken a singular fashion of commending our religion to them. The Chinese Government sought to protect its subjects from being poisoned with opium, and we have made them take the stuff at the cannon's mouth. They asked only to be let alone in their own country. We forced ourselves and our trade upon them, in the name of the common rights of humanity. Now, when they come to us we find that the rule will not work both ways, and that there are no such rights as far as they are concerned. They submit to the laws and pay their taxes, yet they are neither allowed to vote nor to send their children to the schools in San Francisco; while organized gangs of bullies spoil them of their property and lynch them with impunity. The record is one to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every man who has in him the slightest sense of justice. We declare that 'their intellect is of a low order,' that their high officials are 'little better than grown-up children,' that their notions are 'crude and foolish,' and that 'they never add to the little they will consent to learn;' and at the same time, we, with all our vantage-ground of possession, modern science, intellectual power and superior *morale* are afraid of letting them into our country lest they should improve us out of it as we have improved the red Indians out of their ancient homes and hunting grounds. They do not readily throw aside their own habits and manners. Is that a fault? Is any nation in the world more obstinate in this respect than the English? What are the causes of such a national conservatism? Self-respect, historic continuity and homogeneousness on a vast scale, and a consequent toughness of fibre that points them out as one of the permanent factors to be taken into account by every one who would estimate aright the future of our race.

Let us clearly understand the state of the question. If agitators condemn the immorality of the Chinese, we are at one with them, and are heartily willing to join in a crusade against the immoralities of Americans and Europeans as well. Let us discourage not only bad Chinese, but bad people of every colour. If they are to be punished for hoarding their money, let us punish every man who hoards. If it is wrong for them to take their savings home to China, it must be wrong for Anglo-Saxons to wander over the earth, making every bit of it tributary to themselves, and accumulating fortunes with the intention of spending them in London, Paris, or New York. If Chinatown, in San Francisco, is unclean and overcrowded, censure the municipal authorities for their neglect,

and if there are no sanitary regulations, let them be made without delay. If Chinese labourers are brought to our shores as slaves, let them know that they are free, free to go or to stay, free to our real estate, and to become nationalized, and they will soon learn the inspiring lesson. Let us not degrade ourselves by doing injustice to them on any ground. And let us not make ourselves ridiculous by doing them injustice on the ground that they are our 'inferiors.'

When we talk of people in masses, or of making treaties with nations, we are apt to forget the simplest rights of individuals. But the question must always come to this, how will your proposed action affect the rights of the individual man? Here, then, let us say, is one of the children of Adam, quiet, sober, industrious, with an aged father and mother, or wife and children, depending on him for support. He comes to the shores of this new continent, thinly peopled, not by its aboriginal inhabitants, but by the descendants of barbarous tribes that long ago destroyed the Roman empire, and that have continued their westward march ever since. This continent, able to support fifty times its present population, needing only the hand of the diligent, is surely the place for him. But, no. Some one cries out, 'you can live on less than I can, you are inferior to me in some respects, superior in other respects, and, therefore, I shall not allow you to land.' Now, I simply ask, what *right* has one man to speak thus to his brother-man?

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

O FRIENDSHIP! do they say thou'rt but a name!
Who calls thee so hath never seen thy face,
Nor known the secret of thy winning grace—
The love that cannot speak where it must blame.
Yet thou hast not been all unknown to fame:
Among the records of the past we trace
The story of Orestes, who for space
Of years, 'mid trials sore, did never shame
The trust of Pylades, his chosen friend.
Youth, fame, and love,—behold! how, without end,
The throng still hurries on its anxious way!
There is but one of pensive, calmlike brow,
Whose beauteous crown shines with divinest ray,
While Peace stands by—sweet Friendship, it is *thou!*

CAPE COTTAGE,
Portland, Me.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Scot in British North America. By W. J. Rattray, B. A. Vol. II. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

AS the tourist fairly enters the Niagara River he sees in clear weather, far away upon Queenston Heights, a lofty column which holds the stranger's eye like a basilisk, and haunts him with its stony gaze through every winding of the river. It is well known, however, to the old inhabitants that this tall sentry is sometimes not averse to kindly intercourse; and that it has its moods of sunshine as well as of gloom. In bright, warm weather, it often lifts its sad eyes from the old battle-field, and casts a wistful smile on arriving and departing throngs of hilarious youth. Occasionally in their faces it is startled to find the features of those gallant yeomen, over whose memory, as well as of their chief, it is its appointed duty to keep watch and ward. But it must be confessed that the column is much given to solitary musing. Moreover, like all the rest of the world, it is utterly depressed by gloomy weather and evil tidings. At such times, the column cowers from view, or it gazes sullenly down into the deep gorge, whence that mysterious river sends up husky whispers of tragedies, new and old—of old-time wars fought out on its banks, long ages before our history began, and now-a-days, alas, the river tells of foulest murders and most pitiful suicides. The stranger is ever inquiring how yonder gaunt sentinel came to be posted there? The book now before us, tells us what Scotland had to do with the matter. 1812, and its stirring *réveillé* lead in Mr. Rattray's second volume; and Macdonell's Glengarry-men, impart their own verve to the story. 'War is, of itself, a hateful thing; and yet when it takes the dimensions of a struggle for existence—a conflict for home and hearth, wife and children—there can be no better educator for freeman. That which stirs the fibres of the heart and quickens its action healthfully, stiffens the backbone of the man and raises his political stature for all time to come.' Having thus pitched his keynote, Mr. Rattray skilfully develops his theme—the gradual evolution of our system of Responsible Government During the quarter century, ending with Lord Elgin's administration, the most active politicians were almost exclusively Scotchmen, or of Scottish extraction; and our author is thus able, within the plan of his work, to develop in personal sketches our early political history. Gourlay—'the banished Briton and Neptunian,' as he styled himself; Strachan, a true representative of the Church Militant; W. L. Mackenzie, the special aversion of the radical Gourlay, as well as of Strachan and the Family Compact—each member of the trio abhorred and opposed the other two with unquestionable ardor and sincerity. The quarter century of our history following the Treaty of Ghent, is to the last degree malheroic—indeed so completely engrossed is it by the triangular duel of these east-coast Scots, that, if we withdraw from this chapter of our history their three-corned battle-field, there is absolutely nothing left. Yet constitutional issues of the greatest moment to Canadians were then worked out to solution; and these great issues so ennoble the actors, that we follow Mr. Rattray's narrative with sustained interest. The facts are stated with admirable fairness, and there is a conscientious analysis of circumstances and motives that must win for our author the confidence of that ever-increasing number who desire, above and before all other things, historical truth. This discriminate handling is surely needed, where the softer features of character were often neglected in the early portraits, or where the portraits have been so long turned to the wall, that these more tender lines have passed from general memory. It is well to remind our young men that Gourlay and Mackenzie were not 'ah, really mere demagogues and brawlers;' and that, on the other hand, Strachan was not in his political epoch an immeasurable self-seeker.

There are few of our public men early or recent for whom Mr. Rattray has not a kind word. We can now remember but two exceptions—Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir Francis Head. These were, however, both naturally twist-headed, and thus by a law of their kind, they travelled in a peculiar spiral groove that utterly defied all human presentment or calculation. It is needless to add that when they again emerged to view the political *bore* was of the most remarkable character. When an armed insurrection was known by every one to be impending, Sir Francis Head sent away to the Lower Province all his regular troops! Herein Mr. Rattray finds a crucial proof of the Governor's *thoughtlessness and ignorance*. Why, it was an effort of deliberate wisdom, that is, such wisdom as the Governor commanded! It so happens that Captain Marryat was precisely at that time visiting Toronto, and in his Diary he brings out the interesting fact that the dismissal of the troops was deliberate —that Sir Francis argued himself and his naval friend into the conviction that the 'regulars' would be more secure from danger, if they were down in the Lower Province! Our national literature is to be congratulated on Mr. Rattray's historical contributions. Calm, impartial and skilfully composed, his volumes furnish, not only delightful reading, but permanent and valuable storehouses of careful research.

The Last Forty Years: Canada since the Union of 1841. Parts I. and II. (pages 1—104.) By JOHN CHARLES DENT. Toronto: George Virtue, 1881.

The publication of this work, undertaken by an able and industrious writer for an enterprising local publisher, indicates that the retrospective and historic spirit has eagerly seized upon the popular mind, and that, in connection with other ambitious works recently projected by Toronto publishers, we are about to enter upon an era of publishing enterprise which must have an important influence upon Canadian literature. We trust that the authors and publishers concerned in these works will meet with hearty encouragement in the laudable and patriotic enterprise in which they are expending their money and their labour, and that their undertakings will severally grow to a successful and well-remunerated completion.

The period intended to be covered by Mr. Dent in this work readily lends itself to just such treatment as he proposes, and is manifestly well-qualified, to give to it. The writer's plan seems to be that of grouping facts and events into chapters which typify and illustrate the formative movement of the successive periods in the country's growth, rather than to write the history of the time from year to year. Hence, as the prospectus sets out, the work will deal with such leading events in the political, social and religious life of 'Canada Since the Union' of the two old provinces as the following: 'The Inauguration of the Union under Lord Sydenham; the Struggle between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his Ministry, and the Final Establishment of Responsible Government; the Advent of the Railway Era; the Long and Hotly-waged Contest which ended in the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves and the Abolition of the Seignorial Tenure; the Making and Subsequent Abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; the Legislative Dead-Lock, and the Ensuing Movement which led to Confederation; the Amalgamation of the Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, the Great North-West, and British Columbia, with Canada; the Inception and subsequent History of the Canadian Pacific Railway Scheme; the Fisheries Question; the National Policy; and other prominent episodes in our modern history.' A review of these topics will present in miniature the leading features of the national life and its development in the past generation. To old and young alike, their presentation in historical form and chronological sequence cannot fail to be acceptable, particularly as the informational character of the work, and the effective manner of its treatment, evidently design it for popular use. With but the first two of fifteen parts before us, it is obviously impossible to review the book at any length, or to express with confidence a critical judgment upon its merits. So far, however, as the history proceeds, the writer, we should say, has acquitted himself with ability and judgment. The sketch of Lord Durham, which appears in the first instalment, is written with much care and sympathy, and with an evident desire to be impartial and dis-

creet. The other chapters display the same careful writing, marked by extensive and intimate knowledge of the events narrated, which must commend the work to every Canadian reader. The book is admirably printed, and on the whole satisfactorily illustrated; and its issue in serial form must bring it within the reach of a large constituency of book-buyers, who we trust will readily and appreciatively possess themselves of the work.

Memoirs of Prince Metternich; 1773–1829. Edited by PRINCE RICHARD METTERNICH. No. 172-3-4-5, Franklin Square Library. New York; Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

Much matter worthy of the curious attention of the historical student is to be found in these pages. Whether he believes, as implicitly as Prince Metternich himself did, that the minister who confronted the French Revolution and all other uprisings with stern antagonism, was the impersonation of the cause of God, of order and good government; or whether he looks on Metternich as the 'jailer of the nations,'—from whatever stand-point the student considers the principal figure in this canvass he will be equally ready to admit that the free disclosure of the statesman's life has placed many interesting particulars at the disposal of his critical or appreciative analysis. The numerous state papers that emanated from his pen show that one decided line of policy always guided Prince Metternich's conduct. Viewed as literary productions, we were agreeably surprised to find that these reports and papers were much less long-winded than we should have expected. But despite their conciseness, they are desperately dry reading, none the less so on account of their embodying principles of a fossilized description. In the private letters of the diplomatist and statesman, we find, however, much of general interest touching on the private life and manners of the period. Let us take a few instances of these amusing pictures.

In 1797, he writes from Rastadt complaining of the costumes of the French plenipotentiaries, the lamentable revolution having abolished the old proverbial French neatness. 'Coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of blue or of all colours, peasants' handkerchiefs round the neck, the hair long, black and dirty, and the hideous head crowned by an enormous hat with a great red feather.' This sounds like one of Gillray's caricatures put into words. The actors too are republicans, and wear frightful wigs, 'an enormous tuft curled round the head, leaving the ears uncovered and two long locks falling on the shoulders.' Moreover, whatever part they are playing, the 'cursed' tricolour cockade must form part of the costume, to the destruction of all illusion.

Among the many official posts which the Prince occupied at different times, was that of unseen prompter to a 'new literary journal,' started by the Emperor's orders in 1817, to combat the few free opinions which still dared to survive Napoleon's double extinction. The annals of literature will not contain many more amusing documents than the letter in which the minister appoints the chief editor. It is not very clear what the editor's duties were to be: 'The political criticism I will myself attend to; the literary and scientific part will be entrusted' to ——, an ex-Chief of Police!

In the flowery paths of art too, the Prince occasionally rambled, had a good eye for a fine landscape, or a noble building, and taste in furniture. He was much shocked at the atrocious barbarities perpetrated at Prague by an officious steward, who had fitted up a palace there regardless of expense, after his own designs and those of his upholsterer. Perhaps the most racy passage in the book, is that in which he describes the bed of state, hung with 'representations of shell and rock work—on which are squirrels (as thick as your fist), toads, and bats of gilded wood. At the entrance of the alcove hangs a lamp in the shape of a colossal owl. . . . if the globe is covered, the light shines from the eyes of the owl.'

He sought a room free from 'owls and cupids;' but not to sleep. A musical clock-tower in a small picture began to chime vigorously, and he had no sooner got rid of that nuisance and reclined again on his bed, when a flute began to play hard by. It was a night-table, devised by this 'horrible steward.' After long searching I found a knob, pressing which the sound was temporarily silenced, but from time to time it

repeated its efforts to go off again, sounding like suppressed groans!'

Court adulation seldom exceeds the following instance of stupidity on the part of a lady-in-waiting at the Austrian Court. 'The empress was expressing her fear lest the birth of her seventh or eighth child, which was then expected, should prove fatal to her, and instanced the adage that the pitcher goes to the well often enough safely, but at last it breaks. 'Your majesty forgets what a very superior kind of pitcher your majesty is,' was the response!

Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America. Edited by P. A. Crossby. Montreal: John Lovell & Son, 1881.

The veteran publisher of the Dominion, Mr. John Lovell, has rendered a further and important service to the country in issuing a new revised edition of the Gazetteer of British North America, which originally appeared in 1871. The scope of the work, which consists of over 500 closely-printed pages, will be apparent when we state that it enumerates 7,500 cities, towns and villages, in the various provinces of the Dominion, giving information, in compact form, as to the situation, characteristics and population of each place mentioned, together with a description of the site and extent of some 2,300 of our Canadian lakes and rivers. The Gazetteer proper is preceeded by a useful key to the railroad and steamboat service, and an extensive table of routes indicating the means of getting to any town in the Dominion, and the proximity of each place to central points. With the opening up of our new territories, the extension of our railway lines, and the rapid settlement of the country, no more useful compilation than this Gazetteer could well be undertaken. On the whole, the work is exceedingly well and carefully done; and, considering the range and design of the book, the amount and character of the information supplied reflects the greatest credit upon the publishers. We could have wished that the Census returns for 1881 had been given in the volume, rather than those of the previous decade; but as these have not been officially issued we must make allowance for the fact. It seems a little odd, however, to find the population of the county of York given as a 115,974—the figure of the census returns of 1871,—while the population of Toronto, the capital of the county, with its immediate suburbs, approaches 100,000. In the face of this increase in the capital of Ontario, the statement, on page 364, that 'Quebec, after Montreal [is] the most populous city in the Dominion,' can hardly be considered correct. In some other respects we notice that the work needs a little revision. For instance, it is misleading to call Monck a county of Ontario; and it would have been better to have excluded all mention of the electoral divisions, and given the name of a place as in such and such a county, according to municipal divisions. In the new districts we also find the work a little defective in its information: Haliburton, for instance, is given as a post village in Peterboro' county, while Minden, the county town of Haliburton, is correctly indicated. Similarly, Parry Sound is cited as in the district of Muskoka, which is not the case; and Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, &c., are given as in county Victoria, an equally incorrect statement. The thriving village of Prince Arthur's Landing, at the head of Lake Superior, moreover, should neither be confused with Fort William nor be curtly disposed of by a reference to Thunder Bay. But these are trifling blemishes in a work which has great merit, and which must prove almost invaluable to the mercantile community as well as to the tourist and settler. A well-executed and distinctly coloured map of the Dominion accompanies the work.

History of the Government of the Confederate States, by JEFFERSON DAVIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

It was to be expected that valuable material for history would be found in a book containing the personal experiences of the chief of the late Confederacy. Mr. Jefferson Davis was to the Government of which he is the historian, much more than a mere President; his was the brain that devised the means of meeting the perpetual difficulties which arose daily as the demands of warfare multiplied, his the genius that directed, and the voice that fired, the courage of army after army as it went forth to a career of victory, only terminated by the brute

force of numbers and the more brutal force of money. But the work before us deserves to take rank as a history of no mean order, on the ground even of its literary excellence. The style is simple, yet always clear, and often eloquent; and it is lit up by a keen sense of humour.

A graphic picture is given in the first volume of the unprepared condition in which the war found the Southern people—without arms or powder, or the means of manufacturing either, and, worse still, with little access to the seaports, whence to procure supplies. History has seen few more striking instances of energy, of resource under overwhelming difficulties, and of personal magnetism, than that which, with the most slender resources, could create and equip the world-famed legions of Jackson and Lee. This history has all the fascination of a romance, especially in the second volume, where the more important operations of the war are narrated. Space does not allow us to do more than mention Mr. Davis's book at present; it will, however, form the subject of a separate article in an early number.

The World: Round it and Over it. By CHESTER GLASS, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1881.

Mr. Glass has here shared with his fellow-Canadians his interesting experiences in both hemispheres; and has given us a very pleasant companion for our summer rambles and at our winter firesides. A Canadian student who has the time and the means to saunter leisurely over the world, and who has an acute observation and a pleasant gift of description, is pretty sure of an audience among us. These 'sunny memories of foreign lands' are fairly bubbling over with mirthful recollections of national and individual oddities. His rollicking humour quite prepared us for the fact that the author found near relatives in the Emerald Isle. Scarcely landed in England the campaign opened with the Derby day—the great carnival of Cockneydom. There our young Canadian was lucky enough to witness Hanlan's triumph on the Tyne, and to share the congratulations in Canada's victory. The description of that occasion is exceedingly graphic.

Even among European scenes that have become familiar to the average tourist, this volume forms a genial remembrancer. At Waterloo we find that our hostess, the niece of Sergeant-Major Cotton, is still confusing the public apprehension and promoting the vague impression that it was Cotton who really led the allied forces on the memorable 18th of June. At the Gap of Dunloe the horses supplied to the tourist are still as lazy as they were in the days of our sweet youth; they are still called 'game-cocks;' and the same reason for this extraordinary name is rendered as of yore—'Shure, sur, it is bekase the devils would rather die than run.'

The sketches of men and places are piquant and life-like; our young traveller discards all conventional opinions as to the merits of show-men and show-places; he always exhibits such an audacious courage of his opinions that we have not the heart to say him nay when he unceremoniously kicks over our idols. The illustrations in the volume are spirited and entertaining, and add greatly to the attractions of the work. The letter-press, also, deserves a word of praise: it is in Hunter, Rose & Co's best style.

Poems. By OSCAR WILDE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Some forty years ago, among the clique of clever young people in Dublin who amused themselves by playing with the edged tools of Revolution, one of the cleverest was known by the *nom de plume*, or rather *nom de guerre*, of 'Speranza.' These rhymes, full of passionate declamation on the wrongs of Ireland, appeared week by week in the Dublin *Nation*, and the then editor of that paper, now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, observed to the present writer that Speranza's lyrics were like champagne—full of fiery effervescence when first produced, but apt to get flat after a time. Some years afterwards 'Speranza' became a prominent personage in Dublin society as the wife of Sir William Wilde, a well-known fashionable physician, and writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which Lady Wilde was also a frequent and much-valued contributor. Lady Wilde's house in Merrion Square was the resort of what literary society was to be found

in Dublin, and its fair owner was celebrated for the wit and brilliancy of her conversation. Her son, Oscar, who, by those who knew him at Portara Grammar School, was thought dull and slow, some years after contributed certain verses showing marked talent, to *Kottabos*, a serial representing the University of Dublin. Of late years Mr. Oscar Wilde has been a prominent figure in London society, and all sorts of strange stories are told of his eccentric habits. His long hair—a mannerism inherited from his father, Sir William, and peculiar ways were a God-send to the caricaturist who immortalized him as *Maudle* in *Punch*. But those who look for either weakness or absurdity in the book before us are mistaken in their quest. The lyrics are truly poetical, full of originality and of sympathy with what is highest in art and life; the colouring is frequently warm but never sensual: there are some crudities, as might be expected, in the young poet's first work. As a specimen of Mr. Wilde's style we give, 'In the Gold Room: a Harmony,'—

IN THE GOLD ROOM.

A HARMONY.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
  Strayed in a fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
  Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,
Or the drifting foam of a restless sea
When the waves show their teeth in the flying breeze.

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
  Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
  Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
  When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.

And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine
  Burned like the ruby fire set
In the swinging lamp of a crimson shrine,
  Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate,
  Or the heart of the lotus drenched and wet
With the spilt-out blood of the rose-red wine.

A charming lyric, worthy of high place in any literature is 'Quia Multum Amavi.'

QUIA MULTUM AMAVI.

Dear Heart I think the young impassioned priest
  When first he takes from out the hidden shrine
His God imprisoned in the Eucharist,
  And eats the bread, and drinks the dreadful wine,
Feels not such awful wonder as I felt
  When first my smitten eyes beat full on thee,
And all night long before thy feet I knelt
  Till thou wert wearied of Idolatry.

Ah! had'st thou liked me less and loved me more,
  Through all those summer days of sun and rain,
I had not now been sorrow's heritor,
  Or stood a lackey in the House of Pain.

Yet, though remorse, youth's white-faced seneschal,
  Tread on my heels with all his retinue,
I am most glad I loved thee—think of all
  The suns that go to make one speedwell blue!

The literary form of Mr. Wilde's poems is not, as some superficial critics have maintained, an echo of Swinburne. In fact, Mr. Wilde seldom, if ever, uses the peculiar rhyme which Mr. Swinburne has made his own. With all due deference to the caricaturist and journalist, we are convinced that in Mr. Oscar Wilde literature has acquired an original poet of no little genius.

Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. JOHN CAIRNS, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1881.

This interesting history of the reaction against Dogma, which began with the Reformation and has not yet said its last word, is written from the stand-point of Orthodox Christianity, but has a breadth and tolerance rarely met with in Christian polemics. A brief sketch is given of the character and opinions of each of the great sceptical leaders, from Spinoza in Holland, and the early deistical writers whom Coleridge, by the way, as we have heard from one who knew him, used to call 'pious infidels,'—from the absence of French flippancy in their writings,—to Herbert Spencer and the evolutionists, special attention being given to the eighteenth century. We believe Dr. Cairns is right in tracing the beginning of the Rationalizing movement to the Reformation. Yet the writings of Bruno led the onset, and centuries before a greater than Bruno. John the Erinborn laid firm and deep in scholastic logic the foundations of materialistic agnosticism. Scepticism in the eighteenth century generally took the form of deism. We have met with Paley's cele-

brated argument about the watch in a tract of Voltaire's, published years before the 'Natural Theology.' So, too, the church at Ferney bore the inscription, 'Deo erexit Voltaire.' Hume, however, anticipated modern agnosticism, like Kant he showed the invalidity of the arguments extant for Theism; Heine said that there were two great revolutionists in the eighteenth century, Robespièrre who killed the King, and Kant who performed the same office for the *Etre Supreme*. The writings of Toland and Bolinbroke are now forgotten, or remembered only for their influence in forming the opinions of Voltaire. Hume's matchless philosophical style will always attract readers. Altogether, Dr. Cairns has given an interesting *precis* of what is the most remarkable and momentous movement of thought in modern times.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A JAR OF STEWED PEARS—A BACHELOR'S VAGARY.

(*After 'Ingoldsby.'*)

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

AS I was reclining in my easy chair,
And gazing around with a curious stare
At the walls sadly bare and the pauper-like air
Of my room which I once thought so bright, gay, and fair,
I began to be downcast; a kind of despair,
Or of uneasy care, which I must say ne'er
Of yore used to trouble me—that I declare—
Slowly found a deep lair, in despite of my prayer,
And rankled within me like some deadly tare,
Which loves to destroy all that seems debonair,
And to make your parterre, full of flowers rich and rare,
A sight with which Zin cannot hope to compare.
And lazily passing my hands through my hair,
And ceaselessly trying to rush in thought where
I might find a bright glare to lighten the wear
Of gloomy forebodings—I hope you will bear
With my lucubration; I never could dare
To pen this, were I not your debtor; so there
I confess all my sins and onward I fare—
I became half-aware of a jar long and spare,
In which there was swimming, loved fruit! —the stewed pear.
I jumped up with joy, like the sailor crying, 'Hoy!
See there, land ahoy!' or some naughty boy
Playing practical jokes on those who are coy—
Putting shells in their pockets or hiding their lockets,
Or fumbling in dockets, or filling up sockets—
And swiftly I ran, as the fleet highwayman,
Who has managed to drop from the black prison-van,
After flooring his guards as a highwayman can,
And I picked up a card, but was simply debarred
From knowing the donor—was not my case hard?
For all that was said—I carefully read
The inscription; I make no mistake on this head—
Was this briefest of greetings (in hand like a boy's),
'With my very best compliments.' Now naught annoys
So much as to learn that a kind-hearted soul,
Who loves to condole—what a womanly rôle!
With those who at times sip Despondency's bowl,
Will not clearly proclaim, or subscribe her real name,
That her deeds may not chance to be hidden from fame.
But I weary my brain, as I ponder in vain
On the meaning attached to the gift; scarce a grain
Of discernment is left; I think I'll refrain.
Ah! stay! The rich fruit may be kind housewife's fairing;
No, now I have solved it! It means only *pairing;*
Of course! what a stupid to give the thing up!
Hurrah! I am happy; I'll go and I'll sup.

A quaint author recommends as a cure for love—first, to fast; then tarry; thirdly, change thy place; fourthly, think of a halter, which is very concise and easily to be done.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! For, while this life besets me,
With you, I feel, I shall not dwell;
God, passing, calls you, and forgets me:
In losing you, I learn I loved you well.

No tears, no plaint, all unavailing:
What is to come I may not rue;
So speed the vessel for your sailing,
And I will smile when it departs with you!

Forth fare you, full of hope; high-hearted,
You will return again to shore;
But those who suffer most when you're departed
You will not see them any more.

Farewell! You go a pleasant dreaming,
To drink your fill of dangerous delight;
The star that now upon your path is beaming
Shall dazzle yet awhile your wistful sight.

One day, you *will* learn, to your profit,
To prize a heart that feels for one;
The good we find in knowing of it,
And—what we suffer when it's gone.

He that sympathises in all the happiness of others perhaps himself enjoys the safest happiness, and he that is warned by all the folly of others has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter's falling through a scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, remarked, that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, 'I do admire a rich green flat.' 'So do I,' significantly replied the agent.

A young lady admitted to her mamma that her beau had kissed her on her cheek. 'And what did you do?' asked the old lady, in a tone of indignation. 'Mother,' said the young lady, 'I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other cheek.'

When balloons were invented, and the public curiosity greatly excited, Mr. Shirra having seen Lunardi up in the air, exclaimed, 'That will not do; it is not by a balloon that you can get to Heaven. There is another, a better, a *surer* way to the Father, and, besides, it is called a *new* way.'

'Doctor,' said a gentleman to an aged clergyman, 'why does a little fault in a good man attract more notice than a great fault in a bad man?' 'For the same reason, perhaps,' answered the rev. doctor, 'that a slight stain on a white garment is more readily noticed than a larger stain on a coloured one.'

The one great practical truth that ought to be driven over and over again into his own mind by every young man is that he should not care a button for his likes and dislikes, but should do what ought to be done, in spite of any disagreeableness. The lesson of self-denial is far beyond any other in importance. It must be repeated again and again.

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with a neighbour's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. 'No, mother, I didn't. You told me always to give the biggest piece to company, and I was company over there.'

Wherever there is fickleness you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, 'Thou shalt not excel.' The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the 'rolling stone.'

LONDON FUN.—Lady Chelsea Ware (with vase)—'Yes, it is quite too distinctly tender. Yesterday it knocked against a loathly modern plate—and chipped!' Chorus of æsthetics—'Quite too preciously terrible!' Lady C. W.—'I treated it with diamond cement, and heart throbbingly watched by its side the livelong night. To-day—to-day—it is as well as could be expected!'

A CANADIAN BELLE ON ANGELS.

An angel? well, I hardly know;
The costume's fresh and striking,
And the white chemise and feathers
Are exactly to my liking.

And then to have a pair of wings—
The thought is quite entrancing;
But they'd be rather in the way,
I think, when I was dancing.

And, though girls in "the Pirates
Of Penzance" look so nice in
Long night-gowns, with our furs and cloth
We're said to be enticing.

An angel may be very fine
All glory, robe and feather,
But still I sometimes have my doubts
About Canadian weather.

DIOGENES.

A DIALOGUE ON VEGETARIANISM.—James (to his fellow-workman, William) —'Well, William, they say your manager is a great vegetarian; he lives on little else than milk, noo.' William—'Milk? Ye dinna ca' that a vegetable diet, d' you? I aye thocht it was an animal diet; at any rate its an animal product.' James—'Toots, man! although it comes frae a cow, that's no to say it's an animal diet. The cow is only the beast it's made in, and it makes't out of vegetables. You couldna say that kail was iron, although they've made it in an iron pot, ye ken.' The argument being new to William, he took it to avizandum.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his 'constituents,' got into conversation with an ancient 'Varmount' lady who had taken up her residence in the 'backwoods.' Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, 'Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?' 'Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?' 'Waal, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was reound, and went areound, and all that sort o'thing! Now master, what do you think of sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?' Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, 'It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things.' 'Waal,' said she, 'if the airth is reound and goes reound, what holds it up?' 'Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction,' he replied. The old lady lowered her 'specs,' and by way of climax, responded, 'Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?'

American Exchange.—He: 'I have resolved that I'll ne'er smoke again.' She: 'And I that all my dresses shall be plain.' He: 'I mean to get along without my beer.' She: 'I will not buy a bangle all this year.' He: 'From lodge and club I mean this year to fly.' She: 'One bonnet in each month is all I'll buy.' He: 'I'll not lose cash at poker now each night.' She: 'All dry-goods shops I'll banish from my sight.' He: 'Billiards and pool and cards I'll throw aside.' She: 'I'll wear old frocks and get my kid gloves dyed.' He: 'I'll parties shun, and only dance with you.' She: 'I'll buy no jewels, save a ring or two.' He: 'I'll find some place where I can buy cheap clothes.' She: 'And I'll stop buying costly broidered hose.' He: 'Of resolutions, dear, there's quite a stock.' She: 'Enough, when broke, to pave below a block.'

Woman's softening influence.—'It's astonishin',' remarked an old Yankee forty-niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, 'what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've travelled a good bit, and held up my head in most o' the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot and been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I would let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't A 1 when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteaks that the old woman fried. D'ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins and keepin' back the tears, I'm likewise sweatin' for fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so,' sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. 'When we first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent; but after a year or two of argyin' the pint, I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o' my age an' size,' cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. 'I'll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for coin; but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me.'

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

THE SAGUENAY AND LAKE ST. JOHN.

BY WILLIAM KINGSFORD, C.E., OTTAWA.

MR. BUIES has performed a good service by giving us the history of the Saguenay. Written in French, it is more especially intended for the political meridian of Quebec, and the ancient Province. But it has an interest for all whose fate is bound up in the welfare of the Dominion. We have, in these pages,* the means of knowing the capabilities of the country, and the policy suggested for its development, and we learn a great deal which we did not know before. The district, however, labours under the disadvantages which affect the whole eastern section of this continent. It may be stated in a sentence; it is no field for the adventurer. In New England and in our Maritime Provinces, the new comers turn to the cities, and if fate be adverse, they push their fortunes westward. There is no influence to keep within the circle of New England or Nova Scotia any one who has failed to better his fortunes. By some effort or another such an one manages to work his way to a more tempting spot, and advances often until he has reached a longitude whose further progress is impossible. He has there to face the situation and turn to what field he can find. He must live, and take the bread where it can be had, whether the effort to gain it be palatable or not. So the West advances while the East remains stationary. There is always a farther west being created, and hence the arena with its stimulus to action is still being widened.

Mr. Buies himself, from writing in French, is known in Ontario only to those who follow with interest what is taking place in the Eastern Province. The newspapers give a synopsis of the political issues day by day, and, as a rule, they are forgotten as soon as read, excepting when they have some bearing on Dominion politics. Most of the people look on the

* *Le Saguenay et la Vallée du Lac St. Jean.* Etude historique, géographique, industrielle et agricole, &c., &c. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: A. Coté et Cie, 1880.

difficulties which crop out in the Legislative Chambers at Quebec, much as one parish regards the petty squabbles of a parish a few miles distant. But important principles are often determined there. The removal of Mr. Letellier is a remarkable case in point. Nevertheless, few in Ontario felt more than a passing interest in the issue, and possibly no limited number may turn over these pages with a similar disregard. As the Saguenay is familiar to them as a river visited by tourists, up which they themselves have made a pleasant trip, or it may be one of those spots, which, 'when the ship comes home,' they will 'do.' The question raised by Mr. Buies is not of this character. His book is not an advertisement for enterprising steamboat firms. His object is to discuss the capacity for settlement of the Saguenay district, with the hope of turning public attention to the consideration, whether any part of the numerous French Canadian population yearly leaving the Province can be induced to give their strength and effort to the cultivation of a district favoured by soil and climate. We shall consider this subject hereafter, when we have examined the capabilities of the territory which Mr. Buies' pleasantly-written book enables us to describe.

The name Saguenay has always existed as that of the river, but the district was known originally as *Domaine du Roi*, forming part of the possessions of the *Fermes Reunies de France*, conceded to a Company—known as *Compagnie des Postes du Roi*. It was explored to some extent under the intendant Hocquart in 1733, and its boundaries established. Its limits were defined as bounded on the east by the Seigneury of Les Eboulements, opposite the north-east of Ile Aux Coudres to Cape Comoron to the west, extending to 47° 15′ of north latitude, to the height of land where the portage to the waters running into Lake St. John is met. The frontage on the St. Lawrence extends over 300 miles, and the territory runs back to Hudson's Bay. At this period, the district was held to be one of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North America, and the advantages of its possession was held to lie entirely in that direction. There was no attempt to colonise the territory; the system was, doubtless, profitable to those who held the concession who appear to have been perfectly willing that the country should remain a wilderness provided that their own households profited by its condition. At that day, under different masters, the Saguenay exemplified all the peculiarities of rule which were existent in the North-West under the Hudson's Bay Company. Every one but those interested were excluded, and the most repellent accounts of the country given to the outside world. Every influence was directed to keep the district under the control of those who possessed it. The fate of the Saguenay territory, whoever its owner, may be judged by what took place west of Lake Superior. Hospitable and open-hearted, the leading Hudson's Bay officials, while impressing the stray visitors by their frank kindness, instilled the poison of false information and misrepresented the resources and character of the country. Captain Palliser is a notable instance of this policy. His report, dated 1863, gave the most unfavourable account of the country between Lake Superior and the Red River, and virtually represented that a railway between Lake Superior and Winnipeg was an impossibility. Had his suggestion been acted upon—with the power of the Company to exclude 'foreigners'—the country would still have been a wilderness to day.

The Conquest made no difference in the condition of the Saguenay, it was farmed out as a wilderness to a new lot of men. There were some scattered trading posts established where expedient, and the district was left in undisturbed possession of the Indian and trapper. Some few

acres were eventually put under cultivation at Lake St. John, otherwise agriculture was unknown, and there was the fixed policy to keep out the stranger. What knowledge the generation of the conquest possessed soon died out —indeed this was the case with much of French Canada. At that day, most of the French of high birth, the officers of the army, and the officials, left the country. Among this number, some few must have known the Saguenay well. The Jesuit fathers had then discontinued their missions, or visited the the country only at rare intervals. But the knowledge of the territory was by no means narrow. As early as 1672, Père Albanel had reached Hudson's Bay, following the streams and crossing the water-shed; and a map of remarkable correctness was given by Charlevoix. But from the conquest to 1825, the district continued without notice and with scarcely any thought concerning it.

It was not, however, always so unconsidered, and we are tempted to ask ourselves of this territory, known certainly for nearly three centuries, and making no progress in the period, why so little was done to populate it. Men of ability and practical writers can give glowing descriptions of what they have to represent. After all, it is the every-day life of men who here live on the soil and by the soil, which has to determine its true character. The first explorers of the country abandoned it to the fur trader. The Jesuit fathers knew it well; nevertheless, civilization obtained no footing here—was there any feeling that it was not favourable to settlement? The information they obtained in a 'few generations was lost.' The population of French Canada at that date was limited, it is true; but the fact is undoubted, no portion of it was directed to this district of Canada—the earliest known.

Tadoussac,* at the foot of the Saguenay, now coming into some prominence as a watering place in the hot summer months, was early known. Champlain, the founder of Canada, arrived there in 1608, and left Pontgrave to trade with the Indians, while he himself explored the St. Lawrence. Tadoussac was then, it may be said, the portal of Canada. Roberval and Cartier had both visited it. The latter, however, must have felt little inducement to remain there, for he pushed on to Quebec, only to abandon Canada in 1540, never to return. Sixty years later, Chauvin and Pontgrave, the latter better known by his relationship to Champlain, established a colony at Tadoussac, but it did not prosper, and Chauvin's death led to a temporary depression in the efforts of colonization from the mother country. The settlers, we are told, both from insufficient clothing and want of provisions, suffered greatly. When Champlain arrived in 1603, it seems certain from his narrative, that all trace of this effort at colonization had vanished. He speaks of the savages in their canoes. No mention is made of the white colonist. Establishing a trading post, Champlain left Tadoussac behind him and founded Quebec, and we must say that these facts strike us as somewhat suggestive as to the value he attached to Tadoussac. It was not until 1632 that the Jesuits commenced the series of missions which lasted for half a century. These missions appear to have been thoroughly established four years later, under Père de Quen. From that date to 1782, the history of Tadoussac, the most ancient locality of Canada known in Europe, was simply the history of missions, and such it remained up to the last forty years. The word it seems, in Indian, means the rounded bosom—*mamelon*, having reference to the contour of the hills which rise up around it.

In 1642, Père de Quen took more

*Tadoussac is spelt with two *s*. It is the form given by Mr. Buies. I learn from Mr. Sulte, that some question arose on this point, and it has been determined in this form. It is not invariably observed, but it is adopted by those who are authorities on such subjects.

decided steps to make the mission permanent. With bricks imported from France, he built a house and appurtenances, and no less a person then Madame de la Peltrie visited the station. That fanciful lady was at the period devoting her life to the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, to which, although not herself a *réligieuse*, she transferred much of her property. A few months later, she abandoned Quebec for Montreal, taking with her the furniture she possessed, and greatly inconveniencing the Quebec Convent. Montreal, however, did not content her, in spite of the theatrical display with which she was treated, having received the sacrament on the top of the mountain, where, as the Père Vimont tells us, and 'Monsieur de Chomedey de Maisonneuve,' in accordance with his vow planted a cross there, with some ceremony. Montreal became insipid, and the lady was seized with a desire to visit the Huron country—and was only restrained by the strong remonstrance of a Jesuit father who had not long before returned and knew the difficulties to be encountered. When she visited Tadoussac, a few years earlier, the place was under the protection of Quebec, and it is by no means improbable, as we view the visit by the light of her subsequent life, that she may then have intended to have constituted herself a missionary among the Indians to the north, but was dissuaded from her intention. As late as 1648, the church was merely a bark cabin, but the year previous a bell had been placed there. Shortly after, a frame building was constructed. For twenty years, matters continued without much change. Bishop Laval visited the place, and gave an impetus to religious feeling; but the region remained a wilderness and the only proselyte was the savage.

No change took place after the conquest. The Company which derived profit from the land may have varied; but the land itself was unmarked by improvement. It continued the preserve of the fur trader. Eventually it passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, who held it by a lease from the Government, certainly for their own profit and emolument; and for the first sixty years of English rule, the territory remained without notice or attention. Indeed as we consider the events of that period, it was scarcely possibly it could be otherwise.

In 1820, the subject of the Saguenay attracted considerable interest, and Mr. Pascal Taché, who had carried on the trade for years, came before a committee of the House of Assembly and bore testimony to its resources, and the fertility of the soil, which consisted of rich loam, with a temperate climate, with forests of pine, cedar, poplar, aspens and spruce. It seems it is not in human nature to avoid exaggeration. Mr. Taché tells us, 'Les patates et les choux récoltés à Chicoutimi sonts tels que ceux que l'on cultive à Quebec ne paraissent en comparaison que comme des choux nains.' We fear that sixty years have destroyed this good report. Now-a-days, we hear the same stories of Manitoba.

In 1826, Mr. Andrew Stuart brought the subject before the Legislative Assembly, and £500 had been voted for the exploration of the territory, known as 'The King's Posts.' The Royal sanction was not obtained until August, 1827: it was then too late that year to fit out an expedition. Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General. He was one of those military governors of the time, who were held to be the only officers available for the Government of Canada. In one sense this was true, for the emoluments of office had little to tempt any one who had made his mark in political life at home, and who had a future before him. To say nothing of saving money, the emoluments were barely sufficient to meet the expenditure inseparable from the duty, and it was a fortunate result if the governor escaped pecuniary embarrassment. Many charges were made by

what was called and what was in fact the French Canadian party against the military governors of that date, but meanness and want of hospitality were never among them. It remained for the last days of the old Province of Canada, and the first decade of the Dominion to see this painful impression entertained. But the political difficulties of the hour were too complicated for the inexperience in political life which, as a rule, marked governor after governor for half a century. Bad advisers, an irresponsible clique intent on their own interest, an unhealthy, social affectation of position—all worked their influence. But the difficulty really was, that, while all felt that the system was bad and a failure, no one saw and picked up the key by which the portal to quiet times could be entered. Never were so impracticable a class as the French Canadian politicians of that hour. That they were calumniated, misrepresented and received ill-treatment is only too true. They managed always to put themselves in the wrong —and it is a striking condemnation that Lower Canada became divided into camps — British and French Canadian. The British settler required good government, equally as much as his French speaking *confrère*, but he was driven into a distinct opposition, based on national prejudices, where better tact would have established twenty years earlier the order of things which both accepted.

The true text-book of Canadian liberty is Lord Durham's Report. Since its recommendations were adopted, there have been struggles and difficulties, but they all have passed away and been accommodated. But in those days there was a continual contest, into which the governor was drawn, and in which really he had no part. Every Canadian Governor, if we except the jack-puddingism and outré airs of Sir Francis Head—acted with dignity and with honour. The blame was not personal in any case. Each governor found a system with a knot of officials able in their way, but subservient and pliant; and he was taught that the opponents of these men were traitors and anxious for independence or annexation which was the last thought of the French Canadians. Lord Dalhousie, than whom a more noble and generous nature rarely ever existed, accordingly, found his governorship anything but a bed of roses. Mr. Christie, who knew him well, tells us that he frequently regretted the want of success of his government, for he himself felt that he was actuated by the most patriotic motives. If the French Canadians had had a leader worth his salt at that date, Lord Dalhousie was the man he would have conciliated. But the conduct of the French Canadian party was arrogantly offensive. Lord Dalhousie gladly welcomed his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of India, after the retirement of Lord Combermere. He was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, and his last act in Canada, on the morning of his departure, was to place the cap on the monument erected under his auspices to Wolfe and Montcalm, which stands in the Governor's Garden, Quebec.

We have mentioned Lord Dalhousie's name with the respect that it merits—and we venture to think it is the epitaph history will write for him, because it was during his government that the organization was made for the examination of the Saguenay district. This survey was commenced in 1828—one party, under the well-known Joseph Bouchette, ascended the St. Maurice about 150 miles, and taking the tributary La Tuque—crossed to the lakes which empty into Lake St. John, about four leagues above the old Jesuit post of Metobitshuan. They found at this spot the party which had left Quebec and ascended the Saguenay with one Andrew Stuart, who, from the part he had taken in obtaining the appropriation from the Legislature, was named Commissioner. Mr. Bouchette commenced his exploration of the country on the south-west of the Lake to Chicoutimi, and Mr. Stuart returned to

Quebec. Two land surveyors, Messrs. Hamel and Proulx, accompanied the expedition, and Mr. Baudiet Wagner, a Quebec timber merchant, had joined it to examine the character of the timber, and the means available to float it to market. The scientific part of the expedition seems to have been under the direction of Mr. Baddeley of the Royal Engineers, while the additional assistance of two young officers of the 66th Regiment was obtained. These several reports appear in the journals of the Assembly for 1829. It may be briefly stated here that the reports set forth, that the results had been more satisfactory than could have been anticipated, 'that much remained undone owing to the smallness of the means at their disposal,' that the territory could afford habitation and subsistence to vast numbers of men! When we think that this result was accomplished for $2,000, we certainly must recognise the economy which marked it. The reports were referred to a Committee of the House consisting of Messrs. Andrew Stuart, John Neelom, and P. De S. La Terrière. They reported on the 17th February, 1829, giving a synopsis of the operations, adding that it was established 'that there is a vast extent of cultivable land . . . . upon which it would be desirable to effect settlements,' and suggested the expediency of voting an additional sum to obtain the required information.

The result was that a portion of the northern shores of the Ottawa was explored in the summer of 1829 by a party under Lieut. Ingall, assisted by Mr. Adams. They ascended one of the streams above Grenville to its source, and thence passed to the head waters of the Saint Maurice.

The leases which had been previously granted expired at this period. They were not renewed, so that the main impediment to settlement was removed, and population gradually turned towards Lake St. John, which increased as the lumbering operations were enlarged. The lower part of the ancient domain is now the County of Charlevoix. The upper, the County of Chicoutimi, S. Saguenay. The number of voters in the former is named at 2,286—with a population of 13,434. In the latter the number of voters is 3,103 with a population of 19,344.

On passing down the St. Lawrence below Tadoussac the country is thickly settled to the township of Iberville, about forty miles or so—after which there is little trace of culture—we meet only fishery stations and mining locations. The River Betsiamites once a year shews some signs of activity, for, at its mouth, on the 15th August, the several Indians of the interior annually meet here. There is a mission of the Oblat Fathers, established here 27 years ago. The soil is sandy, and the mission, by its description, is any anything but a paradise. There is a chapel—'chargé de decors pittoresque, d'images à profusion, peintes dans les couleurs les plus chatoyantes.' The Fathers have also gathered a museum of natural history of the flora and fauna of the district, arranged with patience and careful industry. It is continually being increased, and is now of great value, it is said, and its importance will yearly increase. It is the Fathers who attend to the religious ministrations below Tadoussac. According to their account, they meet the Indian tribe of the Montagnais, the descendants of the Indians who received the French that first arrived under Chauvin and Champlain.

Beyond this *local* we have but little settlement. There are some 'salmon rivers' among which the Godbout is highly spoken of by the lovers of sport who are indifferent to the summer mosquito and similar pests. There is also the River Moisié which has attracted attention by the sand being thickly interspersed with magnetic iron. Large sums have been expended here in experiments. Iron can be successfully enough manufactured, but the cost of making it available,

and the expense of bringing it into the market have hitherto acted as a bar to operations.

The river Saguenay itself runs almost at right angles to the Saint Lawrence, on a generally straight course from Lake St. John, flowing to the south-east. The country is rugged from the St. Lawrence, until Ha-Ha-Bay is reached. Mr. Buies gives a detail of the several townships. It was on the north shore, on the banks of the river Saint Margaret, that the first modern settlement was made in 1840, and as the land above Ha-Ha-Bay is good, settlement turned in that direction. It does not, however, seem to have been carried to any extent above the junction of Lake St. John with the river. Indeed, the north shores of the lake have not been surveyed. The soil there is highly spoken of. But the land has generally been taken up in the townships on the front to this extent. On the south shore the country is cultivated some distance beyond the village of Chicoutimi, the number of inhabitants gradually decreasing as the lake is reached.

The ancient name of the Saguenay was Pitchitanichetz. The tide ascends for about eighty-four miles above the mouth of the river to the foot of a series of rapids, one hundred and five miles, or so, from the discharge of the waters of the lake. The first part of the river is sufficiently striking. It cuts the main ridge of the range of Laurentides, which give a majestic appearance to the scenery of the north shore of the Saint Lawrence. From Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, the river runs with the strata, whence it turns to traverse the parallel ridge of hills and mountains which are met between that place and the Saint Lawrence. These hills, worn by glacial action into harmonious outline—what geologists call of 'a mammelated' character—one clothed with evergreens, consisting of pine and spruce. Hardwood is met on the lower elevations and in the valleys. Even therefore, in their savage loneliness, the scene is constantly striking—for it is ever changing as it is differently viewed. Two of the highest of these peaks have been christened Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity, and are from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet high. They are bold, abrupt precipices, and form the most striking feature of the river; their outline is even assisted by the comparative narrow flow of the stream below them; and with their marked outline, the scattered foliage and the clear rock escarpment, having frequently the appearance of having been obtained by artificial means, there are few more striking views in Canada than the first few miles of the Saguenay, as seen from the Saint Lawrence.

We have now arrived at a date within a quarter of a century of the present day. The river was by this time better known, and the landscape was more a matter of fame. Moreover, its capabilities as a place of business commenced to be considered as a field for enterprise. In 1837, the '*Societé des vingt-et-un Associés*,' was formed, under the auspices of Mr. Alexis Tremblay, and in 1838, an attempt was made at the colonization of la Grande Baie. But the settlers seem to have been easily discouraged. Mr. Buies' words are worth preserving. Do they point to the indifferent success which seems to attend French Canadian attempts at colonization? There cannot be a doubt but there is little tendency among the modern French Canadians to seek fresh localities, strikingly at variance with the bold enterprise of their sires, and that it is no want of a field for settlement, which leads so many to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Men, who go into the bush, cannot look for that social element of life which constitutes one of its chief charms. But there is gained what is a higher and a nobler inspiration—independence. There is no feeling equal to the sense of manhood, which leads the owner of his homestead, be it what it may, to say

'this is mine.' There is no veiling the bonnet to the employer, be he good or bad, no acting the henchman to the behests of the tricky unscrupulous low-bred politician—perhaps only to be deceived, and certainly to be disdained; no waiting for the generosity of the friend who means us well, but cannot always aid us. Nature, as we live in communion with her, extends to us her own freshness. In seeking her, we may leave behind much that we love. But we gain that, which, if we wisely think, will soon supply its loss. It is not every man who is possessed of what Carlyle calls 'cheery stoicism.' But we all, more or less, have an imgrained self-respect, which we cannot outrage without a twinge of conscience. In our own Province we see men daily breaking off from old associations to face the solitude and privation of their new life. Such men do not give themselves over to *l'amertume des souvenirs*. With Coriolanus, they have felt that 'there is a world without,' and they turn to their new life unappalled by a difficulty, and sustained by their own determination to succeed, Mr. Buies tell us.

Les jours de travail passaient rapidement, tant les pionniers mettaient d'ardeur dans leur enterprise, et l'ennui ne venait guère les tourmenter alors qu'ils avaient la hache à la main. Mais les jours où cessent les labeurs et qui sont consacrés à Dieu avaient perdu pour eux tous leurs charmes. Les dimanches se levaient tristement et finissaient dans l'amertume des souvenirs: ils passaient lentement, sans apporter aucune de ces heures où les loisirs sont si bien remplis dans nos paroisses de vielle fondation. Pas de voisins à visiter: pas de réunion le soir chez quelque bonne famille amie; le foyer était déserté là bas de même qu'on était isolé ici, entouré par l'implacable et sombre muraille des forêts qui mettait une distance de vingt-cinq lieues entre le village où l'on avait vu le jour, où l'on avait grandi, et le chantier morne dont les bruits maintenant se taisaient, dont tous les échos s'etaient subitement enfuis.

Puis la mort vint: elle frappa deux victimes qui expirèrent sans qu'aucun des secours de la religion ne vint consoler ou sanctifier leurs derniers instants. Elles s'en allèrent de ce monde, avec l'espérance, sans doute, mais sans rien qui la confirmât, sans cette benediction suprême du prêtre qui conduit jusqu'au seuil de l'éternité.

The Society failed and the shares passed into the hands of Mr. William Price, of Quebec. Mr. Buies tells a story of Mr. Price dining Mr. Tremblay—*le pecolé*. The latter had never seen a waiter at table, and his benevolence, based on his shanty life, received a shock as he sat tranquil, while he was being attended to. He at once suggested that they should be asked to sit down. '*Mais ils ne veulent pas s'asseoir ces pauvres messieurs, ça ne fait que trotter tout le temps.*'

Mr. Price is said to be the first who systematically carried on the lumber trade, as it is now called in the Ottawa and Saint Maurice, when he extended his operations to the Saguenay. He commenced at Tadoussac, where he constructed his first mill; he ascended the river step by step as emergency dictated, till he reached Chicoutimi, of which he was the founder, the mills and stores he first built being the nucleus of the present village. The pine of this region was, at that period, among the best in the world. Of a hundred sticks, seventy were free from knots. These pine groves have disappeared; but few remain. They have been destroyed by fire, and spruce has taken its place. Until Mr. Price's day, the trade was carried on in small vessels of 300 tons burthen, which ascended the river, and when the wind was contrary or some capes, difficult to double, were met, horse power was used. Mr. Price at once introduced a tug, and brought into use larger vessels. His operations, however, did not extend much beyond the rapids above Chicoutimi, for it was difficult to bring timber down from Lake St. John, owing to the absence of the necessary slides. These necessary slides were constructed in 1855–6, when the trade became sufficiently profitable to be pushed beyond the lake, and business is now in full operation on its shores.

Mr. Price met with great opposition from the Hudson's Bay Company, a monopoly which we may congratulate ourselves is extinct, except in the harmless

form in which it now exists. It is at this date brought thoroughly under public opinion,—a power yearly increasing in intelligence and force, which we look forward to exert the healthiest influences on our public life and our private code of honour. In those days it had little force. What passed for it was systematically misdirected, and bewildered with false theories. It was cheated by a calculated calumny of all opponents to the order of things, and by the cunning introduction of issues having no bearing on the particular controversy which arose. We have not yet done with this detestable intrigue and falsehood. But we can trace the development of a healthier condition of thought, in which public morality is educating itself to be controlled by purer and more unselfish motives, eventually we trust to assume that genuine tone which is the only guarantee of good government, as it is the dread of the tricky and corrupt politician. In those days the Hudson's Bay Company was perfectly irresponsible, except to the duty of getting good dividends. Impediments were accordingly thrown in the way of every enterprise which was believed to be at variance with this object. It was not their privileges as fur traders which were interfered with. But the Company saw in the lumber trade, and in settlement, and in agriculture, the death-blow to their monopoly. We do not know if it is a joke, but it is said that they claimed the sole right of dealing not only in *fur* but in *fir*, so that Mr. Price was shut out, literally from every field of effort. Tradition records the stand-up fights between Mr. Price's men and those of the Hudson's Bay, and Mr. Buies tells us that a party of the Hudson's Bay people destroyed a large amount of timber at the Betsiomites and Black River. These people were drunk at the time, but it is scarcely possible that they acted without inspiration. Mr. Price eventually purchased peace by the payment of $7,000, '*pour qu'elle* [the Company] *voulut bien reconnaitre son droit.*' A heavy fine for the recognition of an acknowledged right.

Mr. Buies gives an account of one Peter McLeod, a Scotch half-breed. He appears to have been a man of marked character, without education, with strong passions, and of a most violent temper, but kindly and generous when not crossed. Such men are the out-crop of a life spent without the pale of civilization. With many good qualities, they are a nuisance to the neighbourhood where their lot is cast. When to this bent of mind they add that of periodic, furious drunkenness, we know few things less offensive than a bully of this sort. These men are fearless, and there is a trait in their character, in the shape of manhood and dare-devilism, which may attract, especially when directed by good impulses. But the difficulty lies precisely in this direction. Their strength and their freedom from the restraint of law gives them an extraordinary idea of their own power and importance, and one of Mr. McLeod's peculiarities was to refuse payment of his men's wages on the most futile pretexts, although, when it suited his whim, he was lavish of his money. On one occasion he caught a Tartar. He insulted a French Canadian of gigantic strength, who faced him and put him on his back. In the morning he sent for his chastiser and gave him a couple of hundred dollars, telling him to go at once, as he could allow no one to remain who was his master. The man pocketed his money, and said no, he would never leave Peter, and, we presume, remained. Mr. McLeod, like potentates of his class, had ten or twelve acknowledged wives. A great many other ladies recognised his virtues—as Mr. Buies puts it, '*aux quelles il émiettait en passant ses redoutables fureurs.*' One of the feats of his supple strength is recorded. He could jump eighteen feet or so into a bark canoe, disturbing it so little that it

simply, as it were, quivered. This personage lived here nine years, conducting his enterprises ably and profitably. During this period he was not three months sober—a slave to appetite during his life, his death was hastened by his habits. He is yet spoken of with a singular mixture of hate and admiration.

From this date, the progress of the district has gone on with little incident. Settlement has not increased in any remarkable degree, and it is asserted that no better back country can be found. The reason assigned is that the difficulty of bringing produce to market materially lessens its value, and that the life of a settler, in an outpost of civilization like this district, is accompanied by so much hardship and privation that the mass of men are repelled from accepting it. It has, therefore, been urged that all that is required is the railway to be in operation to Lake St. John for the country rapidly to fill up. No one can deny the general proposition that a railway will have a powerful influence on the future of any locality, but that it will secure all the results predicted does not appear so positive. Except in the old and more prosperous Concessions, the extreme poverty which is witnessed in the agricultural districts of Lower Canada is a problem somewhat difficult to explain. We may awaken national susceptibilities by what we say, though we have no desire to do so. On the contrary, we retain the kindest recollections of the Province of Quebec, and number there many friends. But to the mind of the writer, the question is not to be evaded, and it is the duty of every French-Canadian gentleman to look it honestly in the face. A more intelligent people than the French-Canadians never existed. They have courage, sentiment, and industry. Few people come more under their own word, *aimable*—the right English translation of which is lovable. Like the English Canadians, however, they are not free from fault, and we have to ask ourselves in what direction the shortcoming appears. If we take a Canadian *voyageur*, and give him a paddle, put him in a position where he knows his strength, no man has more cool self-reliance and determination. The writer's experience as an engineer on work has fully established their value in operations calling for judgment, sense, and readiness. No man can excel a French Canadian workman in making a crib and placing it in position, if he be properly dealt with, and it is not always easy on a tidal river to sink a crib where it is to be put. In road-making they are excellent. As axemen on a survey they are unsurpassed. They are good masons, good carpenters and blacksmiths, and who can drive a horse better than a French-Canadian, from a priest downwards? With kind words and courteous treatment, they are easily managed. How is it that in the back concessions, distant from the towns, they make such indifferent farmers, and hesitate to better their condition by 'going back' to virgin soil? In the neighbourhood of the large cities, the criticism cannot be applied. We find wealthy *habitans* in many localities whose farms are marked by plenty, and its attendant comfort. We will venture the statement, however, that in the majority of cases in the Province of Quebec, the implements of agriculture in use, and the knowleege of agriculture itself, have remained precisely as they were 200 years ago. No attempt has been made in the direction of change or improvement since the days of Colbert. Within the last twenty-four years a certain number of well to-do *habitans* have purchased modern implements, and, as their farms show, are making good use of them. But the bulk of the population around them look upon these introductions with suspicion, considering that they are only fit to be brought into use by men with plenty of money. It has been suggested that the introduction into the parishes of

well-trained farmers, speaking French, and identified with the population, would have the results of showing what science can do, and so lead to improvement. Such men, however, must work their own farms, and live as they do, for the example to be effective, and lead to good, otherwise the old suspicion would arise that they were helped by Government, and it was the mere success of money. It is this feeling which has neutralised the benefits obtainable from agricultural societies. Nor would it answer if these farmer instructors were English-speaking men. For the first condition of success is to obtain the confidence of the *habitant*, and we question if it would be given in this case to any but to one of themselves.

Independently of this technical teaching, it is essential, in our humble judgment, that the education of the *habitant* be placed, we will not say on a different basis, but in a category having in view wider and more satisfactory results: nothing can be more depressing than its present condition. To the majority of the farming population of Quebec, the world is their parish. They are taught that there, all their aspirations should tend, or if a wider range be given, it is, that some profitable time may be spent during the summer as a boatman or a *voyageur*, with the certain prospect of passing *dolce far niente* winter with the family; and the affectionate character of the people ever extends a welcome in the family home, be it what it may. Literally, there are no prizes in life for the Canadian agriculturist, and he never recovers the disadvantage with which he starts, for he rarely receives any education by which his condition can be bettered. The smallness of the number of those who can write in the agricultural population is surprising. The *habitant* family in Lower Canada gives an education to one or two, or more members of the family, according to its means. The future priest, or doctor, or notary, or advocate, obtain all the advantages which the college offer. Those intended for agricultural life are, as a rule, without education. To the mind of the writer, the whole difficulty lies here. The education for the professions has raised the mind of those who have received it above the labour of the farm. Any thing is preferable, the lowest *fange* of political subserviency—the meanest of careers in default of professional success—in the hope of a situation under government, to be the tool for the dirty work of some knave pitchforked into political prominence. If the French Canadians are to become settlers, you have to give them education, and, with this education, resources for their leisure. Men who have nothing to fall back upon, are destroyed when alone by what Coleridge calls the passion of melancholy thoughts, or as Mr. Buies says, *dans l'amertume des souvenirs*. There is no reason why the French Canadian should not go into the back country as in Ontario. But we fear the truth is indisputable, that he dreads the dulness of monotony, and the absence of all his old amusements. We attribute this feeling to the absence of resources, owing to his early training, not to want of the qualities which such a situation call for.

Patriotic French Canadians will do well to consider what is said here, and not be offended with the writer for stating it plainly. No one desires more the prosperity of the Province of Quebec than he does, for many of the most agreeable associations of his life are connected with Quebec. We therefore think that in this direction reform should be intstituted, and that it is as indispensable as the proposed railway from which such extraordinary results are foretold. Those who are indulging in those hopeful anticipations, would do well to examine into the general results on the population affected by the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it has been in operation nearly thirty years.

It is to show the advantages of this railway, and the character of the country it is proposed to develop, that Mr. Buies' book has been written. It is a careful and satisfactory production and will always command a place in a library from the information it contains, and its careful elaboration of the subject it sets forth. Being in French, it is a sealed volume to many. It seems to us it might advantageously be translated. Its possession would be sought for by many: whether it would be a sound commercial speculation to bring out an English edition or not we will not pretend to divine; but we think that it would not be wholly unprofitable to the Province of Quebec Government if they disseminated in Ontario several hundred copies, so that attention could be drawn to this district. The work is, in all respects, highly creditable to its author. The statistics and facts tell any practised writer the patient labour it has taken to gather them, and they are clothed, like all Mr. Buies writes, in the most pleasant possible garb.

Nowhere does Mr. Buies appear to greater advantage than in the chapter 'Hypothèse du Cataclysme'—the theory of the deluge. His description is marked by scientific knowledge, and in rare poetry of language he describes the convulsion of nature, by which the Saguenay reached the St. Lawrence. The river, as it has been said, does not flow in a valley to follow the sides of disjointed elevations, having slowly, in long geological epochs, cut its way downwards; but it runs now, tranquilly enough, between high ranges of mountains violently cut in two—

'Cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

The present Lake of St. John is about 36 miles long and 27 miles wide —of an oval trend. The theory is that it is the remains of a former immense body of water, similar in character to Lake Ontario, at a higher level, submerging much of the country which is now exposed. Its original circumference is estimated at 300 miles, and it doubtless formed a body of water much of the character of Lake Huron. The height of the latter is 565 feet above the sea; the present level of Lake St. John being 300 feet. The ancient lake to retain its waters over this extent of surface must have been bounded by marked limits of adamant, and it could only have been by a violent convulsion of nature, by an upheaval and disruption of the gigantic landmarks, that the torrent was turned through the fissure of the Saguenay. That the interior forces of nature can accomplish these immense revolutions, as suddenly as they are effectually determined, can be traced throughout our globe. Not only was the lake brought to its present level with its actual limits, but its very outlet, it seems certain, was changed. There is every indication that the ancient lake discharged itself into the Saint Maurice by the Rivière Croche or Crooked River, and that the deluge of its overflow, when the barriers were removed, followed a new channel by the River Saguenay.

The early existent mass of water is supposed to have extended to Ha-Ha Bay, and to the lofty mountains between which the tributary Saint Marjoret now flows. As one looks at the map, it can be readily conceived how the boundary ran by Ha Ha Bay to Lake Kanogarin, which yet remains as it were a monument of departed grandeur. It is not impossible that there was then a discharge from the lake to the St. Lawrence by a stream, the place of which has been taken by the St. Marjoret. The whole region is to be made a subject of exploration by the geological suryey, and when the facts obtained are placed side by side and generalized, the value of the theory propounded can be attested.

We have yet a few words to say of the proposed railway to Lake St. John,

and we have delayed to make the few comments we have to offer, until we had alluded to the convulsion of nature by which the gigantic physical efforts were produced to change the whole face of the country. With the remarks we have made on this point, it can easily be conceived, that the country immediately north of Quebec, to some extent, is exceedingly rugged, and that the difficulty of obtaining a good line northwards is great. From this course the line from Quebec was to pass to the east, as it can best find a way to the village of the Batiscon, which it follows to its source, to take the valley of the Metabetchouane, which discharges into Lake St. John. The length of the line is 175 miles; and the work is heavy in parts with heavy grades. But the country in the valley of St. Maurice, above the Piles, was so little affected by the geological convulsions which changed the face of nature to the east, that it is claimed that a line can directly be taken to the head waters of the Metabetchouane, followed by the Quebec line with easy grades and little work, in a distance of 123 miles. But there is this important difference, that the line connects at Piles with the Three Rivers Branch now in operation, and the trade becomes tributary to that place and not to Quebec. Both schemes are claiming subsidies of land from the Provincial Government of Quebec. We will content ourselves with stating the issue as it has been raised. The subject is attracting some attention, and has its advocates on both sides. It certainly seems a strange *denouement* of history, that when for three centuries Lake St. John has remained without notice or thought, two cities should be battling for the privilege of a railway connection with this hitherto neglected locality.

A SEA-SIDE WAIF.

Written for an Album.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

YON wave that bursts in brilliance on the shore,
Resolved in primal dew is lost to sight;
No mortal then divines its ancient might,
None hears a murmur of its ancient roar.

The grandest life is but the sum of deeds
Which duty bringeth every rising morn;
Not one day's toil—some brighter page out-torn
From Fate's dark book and craving highest meeds.

These passing hours are full of rich presage,
Used well e'er they irrevocably flee;
Learn that a soul heroic, happy, free,
Is Time's and not a moment's heritage.

A PAGE OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, B.D., TORONTO.

I HAVE entitled the present paper, 'a Page of English Church History,' because it is, in a very marked sense, merely fragmentary. It purposes to give some of the prominent causes which led to the rise of Lollardism, without entering into either the origin, progress, or decay of that movement. I am conscious that I am going over ground well known to many, and that I have nothing new to say on the subject; yet I am not without hope that even this resetting of an old story will have some interest.

First let me give what may either be taken as a word of caution, or as indicating the spirit in which I have tried to study this question. Probably the darkest days the Church of England has ever known befell her in the latter part of the fourteenth and earlier part of the fifteenth, and in the eighteenth centuries. As the earlier of these periods came before the Reformation, when the Anglican Church was in full communion with Rome, and the other after that event, when it had become Protestant, it is evident that neither system is to be exalted above the other, as free from the tendency to spiritual and moral degeneracy. Nor may either system be charged with the disinclination or inability to cast off or reform its abuses. If Methodism became the regenerating influence in the eighteenth, so were there similar agencies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that had fully as great success. These efforts came from the Church itself; their purpose served, their usefulness came to an end, and they passed away or assumed some other character. If, therefore, the age we are considering is full of things that almost make one shudder, it is not fair that we should lay the cause of them at any one's door, and then, as so many do, congratulate ourselves that we, or the system we follow, are incapable of abuse. It is impossible to understand the Church and men of that day, unless we take up this position of impartiality, and, divesting ourselves of favourite notions, seek to enter kindly into their spirit, so that without overlooking their faults, we can linger lovingly upon their virtues.

The Middle Age is the age of magnificence and splendour. In nothing is this more manifest than in the superb buildings, the cathedrals, churches and abbeys, which adorn the motherland. The grandeur of their conception, their marvellous beauty, vast size and evident costliness, fill us with wonder. They rise before us as an everliving song in stone. What is more majestic than the cathedral at Durham, the noblest Norman edifice in all England, standing so proudly on the heights above the Weir? What more graceful than Lichfield or Salisbury, or more perfectly beautiful than Canterbury, or the tower of Winchester? Yet these are but a few out of many, each one of which is in itself a distinct creation, with its own peculiar features. Even the ruins partake of the same glory. Crowland, in the Fens; Fountains, in Yorkshire; and Ferness, in Lancashire, stir the deepest emotions in one's soul. With all our skill and knowledge, we can raise no such buildings now. We may imitate; the art itself is lost.

These structures were the expression of a deep religious feeling. They were the offerings of a grateful people to God. They were the offerings of a people who were taught, and who believed, that no temple could be too beautiful or costly for the worship of the Lord of nations. The adornments of choir and nave, and aisle, were in the same style, and displayed the same spirit, as the exterior of the building. Rich stained-glass windows, costly shrines, altars bedecked with jewels, gold and precious woods, images and pictures of wondrous workmanship, met the eye on entering the sacred walls. Scripture scenes were depicted here and there; monuments and effigies, to the memory of the great and good were raised in chapels within or adjoining the church. Nothing was left undone, no cost or labour was spared that was calculated to move the spirit of devotion, or show honour to God. Earth had nothing too valuable for this purpose. Princes and barons gladly gave of the abundance of their wealth; yeomen and serfs contributed according to their substance.

The same magnificence extended itself to the services. These were, indeed, in Latin, but considering the many and varying dialects, the influx of Norman-French, and the transitory state of the native tongue, this was rather an advantage than otherwise. The ecclesiastical language was not so strange as the speech of a neighbouring county might be. Certain significant ceremonies, familiar to the people, marked the progress of the mass, and made every part of it, and its entire meaning well known to them. The tolling of a bell here, or a genuflection there, the mumbling of the priest at this point, or the swinging of the censer at that, were understood as well as the plainest words could have been. No rite or ordinance was difficult of comprehension in days when men believed in the reality of religion and loved ornate display. The people of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries may have gazed with fear and awe upon the mystic sanctuary, where, amid the clouds of incense, the white-robed choir, and the blaze of candles, the priest arrayed in gorgeous vestments consecrated the sacred host; but they were in hearty sympathy and doubted nothing. They bowed with deepest reverence as the procession of priests and monks and singers, bearing cross and banner, holy relic or mysterious sacrament, passed by. The slow and solemn music of the organ pealing through the aisles, the hallowed chant and well-sung anthem, moved and softened the roughest nature. There was no idle ritualism about this, no mere æsthetic admiration. Grand and beautiful, it was also spiritual and earnest. We err if we think that the modern movement in the Church of England is in any sense reproducing that age; it lacks its very first principle, its intense, all-engrossing, sublime religious spirit. Nor were these services rare things. They came daily, and many times a day. The churches were ever open, the lamp before the altar ever burning. In the monasteries the twenty-four hours were one round of devotion. Lauds, prime, tierce, sext, nones and compline were sung in every religious house in the land. At daybreak the matin-bell, at sunset the evening song, brought rough hind and belted knight, rustic maiden and titled lady to their beads and prayers. Though the Sundays and oft-recurring holy days had their own peculiar duties, no day was allowed to pass without, if possible, attending mass and bowing before the shrine of the patron saint. The actual worship of God was as ever-present a reality, as the sumptuous places in which it was performed.

The duties of the clergy did not end with conducting the services of the church. Their large numbers and thorough discrimination of ministerial gifts, enabled them to do work among the people for which we seldom give them credit. They taught them the

primary truths of Christianity, and tried to check and reprove their morals. By the constitutions of Archbishop Peckham, the parochial clergy were to preach, at least once a quarter, and to expound in a simple and popular manner the creed and commandments. If much that they taught was erroneous and superstitious, we can but feel that they believed it themselves. If the adoration of the Virgin and saints and relics was inculcated, the priests practised that which they proclaimed. As a class they laboured, according to the light they had, earnestly and faithfully for the salvation of their people, the extension of the Church and the general good of the nation. Judged by the age in which they lived, even after admitting that they sadly misunderstood the truth, it may be fairly said that they did the best they could. The result was that the people were as familiar as it was possible for them to be with the stories of Scripture, and oftentimes with even more. The Bible was not withheld from those who could read, nor did the clergy refrain from teaching that accomplishment to any who wished to learn. More than this, while the king and barons sought to keep down the lower classes, they took their part and defended their rights. In a period strongly marked by caste, they moved between the court and the cabin, from the mansion of the peer to the mud-hut of the peasant, and sought to soften the pride of the one and to better the hard lot of the other, and to bind all together in a true Christian brotherhood. We may confidently affirm that the priests, though feared by the laity for their supposed supernatural powers, were also loved by them, and regarded as the friends and protectors of the wronged, and the gentle and loving reprovers of the erring.

But by the accession of Richard the Second, a great change had come over the relations of the clergy to the people. The same gloom which rested so heavily upon the political world affected also the religious. The priests and monks were no longer the men they had been. The laity no longer looked up to them with the unqualified reverence of former ages. Their wealth, luxury, abuse of privileges, and interference in matters of state, had made them, more especially in the towns, unpopular among the masses. One-third of all the land in the kingdom belonged to them. They were, to all intents and purposes, under a different law and administration from the rest of the king's subjects. If a man entered their Order he immediately became possessed of great rights. He was no more a serf or liable to military service. His lot was cast in pleasant places. At court the bishops possessed great influence and held the highest offices in the government. These things were not, under the circumstances of the times, or even in themselves, wrong. The land had been acquired honestly. The early ecclesiastics had gone out into the wilderness and barren places, far away from the haunts of men, where they might worship God in peace, and there had made their home. They had toiled and struggled on till they had converted the desert into a fruitful paradise. The richest and most beautiful of abbey lands had originally been desolate, uninhabited and worthless. In some deep sequestered glen, the home of the wild boar, the bittern and the crane, or beside the waters of some almost unknown stream, or by the shore of the great, lonely ocean itself, they built their house and sanctuary, and lived roughly and rudely by the labours of their hands. Here they gradually gathered around them a village of artizans and labourers, who depended upon them for support and protection. The most liberal hospitality was given to all who needed it. The good fathers cared for the poor and sick, and administered justice and kept good order on their estate. In after times, they let out to tenants the lands they thus rescued from the rudeness of nature, and the rents,

paid in kind or in service, maintained the establishment. Such farms were ever eagerly sought after, for the monks were good landlords, the rents were low and the land the best in the kingdom. No other was indeed worth anything, for the barons were always quarrelling, their estates were liable at any moment to devastation, and they demanded heavy service from their tenants. Moreover, families became extinct, and their property passed into other hands, but the Church was a perpetual corporation, it never died and never lost its possessions. Her wealth, thus accumulating, necessarily became very great. It was, however, used not only for the support of the thousands of churchmen and the worship and maintenance of the churches, schools and convents, but was freely held at the service of the state. Nor was the fact that the clergy were tried by the ecclesiastical rather than by the royal authority without excuse. In times when might was right, and learning was thought unbecoming in a prince or nobleman, the only place where justice was likely to be administered was in the bishop's court. The clergy were simply defenceless in the hands of the barons. Their profession and occupation unfitted them to contend with men who deemed a strong arm better than the finest argument. Besides, by the term 'clergy' was not only understood those who were actually in holy orders, or even the monks, but all who could read and write. Lawyers and physicians had the benefit of clergy, as well as priests and bishops. It was, therefore, in spite of its liability to abuse, a most merciful and salutary provision. As to bishops holding offices of state it was inevitable. They alone had the scholarship needed for the most important positions. Their wealth and influence also added to their fitness. As a rule, they were most faithful, honest, and painstaking servants, and deserved all the honour that was given them.

It is, however, evident, at least history has made it so, that such wealth, privileges and powers as the mediæval clergy possessed, when held exclusively by any single class, are sure to lead to serious difficulties. One might well question if they are not more injurious to their holders than to those outside. In this case we know their effect was most disastrous to the Church. They led to the confiscation of the greater part of the Church estates, and to the subjugation of the clergy in matters of religion to the Crown. They brought about her humiliation till, though styled an Establishment she became little better than the ecclesiastical branch of the civil service, her freedom of action gone, her support such as the state allowed her to receive from her own endowments.

The corruption affected all ranks and classes of churchmen. The bishops had long since left their primitive simplicity and assumed a state even exceeding that of the greatest of the lay lords. Their households and equipages were on the most extensive scale. Clerks, and servitors, and armed men attended them in large numbers. Their mansions were most sumptuous; their tables replenished with a lavishness known only in the king's palace; their hospitality without restraint. Pride took the place of humility; general wordliness the place of devotion and piety. Their spiritual functions were too often neglected; their dioceses seldom visited. Their position as statesmen exposed them to the censure, sometimes to the contempt, of the people. Men forgot that they were bishops and thought of them simply as politicians. In 1450, when Bishop Moleyns, of Chichester, was paying the soldiers and sailors at Portsmouth, on his attempt to reduce their wages, the sailors rose up and murdered him. The same year, Ascough, bishop of Salisbury, suffered a similar fate. All respect for the rulers of the Church seems to have been lost. Of course there were exceptions, men

who like William of Wykeham, stand out pre-eminent for their virtues and the true discharge of their duties; but these exceptions were few, and show how marked was the negligence of the greater number of the bishops.

The life of the bishops was reflected in the lives of their parochial clergy. Free from the fear of episcopal visitation or reprimand, the clergy gave themselves up to that which best pleased them. They became largely non-resident, 'strawberries,' as Latimer called them, a century-and-a-half later, visiting their cures but once a year. These spent their time in London or in the gay houses of lords and ladies, sometimes holding positions as stewards. Their people were left unshriven, unprayed for, untaught. Not even Lent brought them home. Others who remained in their parishes were a scandal and a disgrace. Ignorant and worldly, they had no interest in the things of the altar. They reeled from the tavern-table to the mass, and from the mass back again to their cards and beer. They knew the sports and games of the village green, the customs and dangers of the chase, better than their breviary or canons. The coarse oath and lewd jest too often fell from lips that were consecrated to utter holy things. Nor were these vices all. There yet remained the foulest blot of a celibate clergy, so deep and dark, as to excite, even in that grossly immoral age, the astonishment of the simple villagers. Still there were again exceptions to this sad condition of affairs. Chaucer's well-known and beautiful description of a poor parson rises up like a bright column of light out of the black gloom. There we see one who taught the Gospel truly and faithfully; who would rather lose his tithes than oppress any who could not pay them; a holy and virtuous man, a shepherd and no mercenary; who, though his parish was wide and the houses far asunder, cared neither for storm nor rain, but in sickness and danger, travelled with staff in hand and visited the needy one, were he great or small. Doubtless, among the thousands of parish priests in England, even if, as the great poet assures us, there were none better than his ideal, there were many who for earnestness and godliness approached very nearly that perfect pattern.

But bad as the great mass of the secular clergy were, they were no worse than the monks or regulars. With the probable exception of the greater monasteries, such as Glastonbury and Westminster, where discipline was better administered, the abbey and convents had become the nests of vice, and the hot-beds of corruption. Their original object had long been lost sight of. Luxury, idleness and pride had destroyed the glory that had once shone so brightly from these establishments. Vowed to personal poverty, the corporate wealth of the monks was immense. Vowed to self-denial and abstemiousness, they cultivated and indulged in the pleasures of the table, so that princes were glad to become the guests of the good-living brethren. The choicest wines from the vineyards of France, the richest venison from the neighbouring forest, fish from the 'stewe,' and fruits from the well-kept garden were placed before my lord abbot and his guests. There was no stint, no lack of variety. The three courses embraced every luxury that could be procured, from cream of almonds and fruit jelly, by way of swans, capons, herons, peacock, rabbits, turbot, eel, and porpoise, down to the richest baked meats. At the end of of each course every man's huge cup was filled with the foaming ale or blood-red wine, and emptied as none but the men of the olden time could have emptied it. With these accomplishments the monk's usefulness came to an end. In former ages they had helped the secular clergy in their parishes, and had done much towards evangelizing the country, but all that was over now. There was no attempt made to shake off the spiritual lethargy

which had seized upon them. They were rich and powerful, and they cared for nothing nor no one. From the benefactors they had come to be the oppressors of their dependents. They who had once loved them had now learned to hate and despise them. The terrible vengeance which befell the abbots and monks of St. Edmundsbury and St. Albans, in the peasant rising of 1381, is proof enough of this. Nothing, perhaps, is more sad than this degeneracy of the monks, and the conversion of their houses, hallowed as they were by the memories of holy men, into banqueting chambers and refuges of sin and pride.

The friars had for a time supplied the defects of the monks and secular clergy. They were divided into four Orders: the Eremite or Austin, the Carmelite or White, the Dominican or Black, and the Franciscan, Minor or Grey. Though rival Orders, and frequently warring against each other, they had yet this in common, thorough earnestness and devotion. They took a vow to hold no property but to live by the alms, the meal, salt, figs and apples, stale beer and milk, they could collect from the people. They built their houses, plain, unpretentious edifices, in the very slums and neglected parts of the towns and cities, by market or swamp, regardless of fever or plague. No decorations or display of any kind were allowed. Their intention was to bring the Church down to the very poor, a work which the monks and parish priests were too proud to undertake. They became the confessors and preachers, going about everywhere, negligent of episcopal or parochial authority, denouncing the vices of the clergy, and holding up in a popular manner the great truths of the Gospel. Ere long they became the scholars of the age. The friar Adam Marsh, the chosen adviser of Earl Simon, and the friar Roger Bacon, are names well known for great learning. But by the time we have to do with, the friars had gone the way of the men they attempted to reform, and had indeed sunk into lower depths of degradation. Chaucer and Langley give us vivid and painful pictures of their abandoned and depraved condition. They became the very pests of the land, lying miracle-mongers, confirmed beggars, lewd, idle, drunken impostors. Instead of the Gospel, they vended relics and charms, seeking rather the people's money than their souls. The monks may have been bad, but the friars became superlatively wicked. Their iniquity baffles description. They were wholly steeped in hypocrisy and filthiness.

The religious orders having thus fallen away, it was impossible to have anything like doctrinal purity. Whether the great dogmas which peculiarly distinguished the Mediæval Church, such as transubstantiation, purgatory, the worship of the Virgin, and of relics, were true or not—and it is not our province here to affirm anything concerning them one way or the other—they were certainly productive of much abuse, and made the means of gross extortion and oppression. The consecrated host had wonder-working powers ascribed to it—powers to heal the sick and save the dying. Purgatory, merciful though the conception had originally been, was one of the most fruitful sources of revenue to the Church, and a very scourge over the laity. The worship of the Virgin, so poetical and, as some think, so natural, was a prominent feature in English Catholicism. A very large proportion of the churches, chapels and altars in the kingdom were dedicated to her. She became part and parcel of the life of our fathers, so much so, that, while Ireland was called the 'Island of Saints,' England was styled 'Our Lady's Dowry.' The relics, however, admitted of the greatest imposition. Friars wandered about with the brain-pan of St. Michael, the French hood of the Virgin, the great toe of the Holy Trinity, or a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat. One had

a feather from the Holy Ghost, evidently supposing the Ever-Blessed Spirit to be a real pigeon. The wood of the true cross was in abundance. Bottles containing portions of the milk of the Virgin or the blood of Christ, or even his breath, were occasionally exhibited. At Bury St. Edmunds were the coals upon which St. Lawrence was toasted, the parings of St. Edmund's nails, the penknife and boots of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Other places had things no less interesting. The people were taught to believe these relics to be genuine, audacity meeting any charge of imposition that might arise. If two places had each a skull of St. John the Baptist, in one place it was his skull when a young man, in the other when advanced in years. If St. Philip had three feet, or St. Sebastian four bodies, or the ass on which the Saviour rode into Jerusalem half-a-dozen jaw bones, had not these precious relics the means of reproduction? Were they not wonders, and could they not multiply themselves? None but the unbelieving could question, and for the unbelieving were reserved the awful pains of the eternal hell. So the masses bowed and worshipped, and gave their gold and silver to the monks and friars, and made their pilgrimages to popular shrines, and thought they had saved their souls. Thus the people were blinded, and prepared for that scepticism, or at least revulsion of feeling, which must inevitably follow when the faith has been directed to a false object.

Nor was this all. The clergy, in the laudable desire to further and control the amusements of the people, had made, what I conceive, the fatal mistake of introducing religious subjects as the basis of the drama. Under the name of mystery plays, the prominent events of Scripture, from the Creation of the World down to the Last Judgment, were exhibited on stages often erected in the churches themselves, and as often acted by ecclesiastics. The comic and the serious were thus curiously blended together. The most singular jests would be thrown into the most solemn scene; the pun made upon the holiest person. The actors wore costumes according to the character they represented; divine and saintly individuals being distinguished by gilt hair and beard, demons by hideous heads, angels by gold skin and wings, and souls by white and black coats, according to their kind. What Scripture lacked legend supplied, as, for example, in that famous play in the Townley mysteries of Noah and the Flood, where the old patriarch's wife was adopted as the type of the shrew. She quarrels and fights with her husband when he is working at the ark, laughs at it when finished, and refuses to go in until, frightened at the rising waters, she jumps in of her own accord, and immediately begins another dispute. This was, perhaps, one of the most popular of the mysteries. The effect was to destroy the spirit of reverence which preceding generations had so successfully inculcated. And when the clergy allowed the most sacred rites of the Church to be acted over, even the mass at the high altar itself, by fun-loving and often half-drunken laymen, the last hold seemed broken, and men talked, and treated the grand and beautiful edifices that their fathers had raised, and the holy services that good men of old had devised, with that lightness and carelessness which could be the only result of such a treatment of religion.

So that from these causes alone, to say nothing of others which we have not space to mention, the period of which we are writing witnessed a mixture of superstition, irreligion and unbelief very common among the people of England. The Church had really lost its hold upon them, though, of course, in the remote country places this was less apparent than in the towns. With all this, immorality in its grossest forms abounded, and while

few, even of the priests and monks, to say nothing of the ignorant laity, understood intelligently the simplest truths of Christianity, thousands could have told all about witches and ghosts and dreams. What wonder if Wycliffe and the Lollards became England's first Protestants!

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

THE gladness of a hundred Junes
Seems poured into thy sylvan breast,
Small cavalier with lance in rest
Careering under August noons,
Blowing thy reedy bugle tunes
In gay pursuit of knightly quest.
When winds blow east or winds blow west
Thy scarlet greaves and golden vest
Still flash and clash in challenge gay:—
Whole fields of lances daunt thee not,
Thy good blade shines as keen as they,
Thine armour is of proof I wot;
And ever for some venturous fray,—
Some castle fenced with bulrush spears,
And flags of water-buccaneers—
Some robber chieftain's dungeon hold,
Thy bugle sounds to horse, away!
Nor fifer-gnat, nor humble-bee,
A phalanx of brown bombardiers,
Nor wasp in steel-blue corselet bold
Dare match, gay cavalier, with thee,
Who com'st with nimble caracole
And shrilly-winding trumpet roll,
And lightly fling'st thy gauntlet down
To all the horde of robber-town.

I would I had thy heart, Sir Knight,
So gay, so bold, so confident,
To run a tilt with shams, and face
The scorn that blackens true intent,—
To set the wronged and suffering right,
And in however small a space,
To make this world a sunnier place,
My summer-day philosopher,
My friend and neighbour, grasshopper.

THE COURSE OF UNTRUE LOVE.

BY AGNES E. WETHERALD, FENWICK.

I.

JUNE 1st, 1880.

DEAR DAN, — Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend, for the books which thou hast sent, albeit I have scarcely more than looked at them. It is the kind intentions which these volumes represent that I am thankful for, and not for the books themselves. What kind of an opinion do you expect me to form of your good taste and judgment, when I see this melancholy waste of scientific works and historical literature relieved by only one solitary novel? And that novel is—wait a moment till I see *what* it is — David Elginbrod! I believe that book to be one of the best MacDonald has produced, but it has one glaring fault—it is not written in the English language. I like Scotch ideas and Scotch people pretty well, but to tell the truth, I can't stand Scotch spelling. It is to the credit of (permit the well-worn phrase) 'this Canada of ours,' that the children of Scottish parents are early taught that wi and an apostrophe does not spell 'with,' and that to deprive 'eye' of its central vowel, is to inflict lasting injury upon that unoffending word.

Of my health, about which you are so good as to inquire, I can say nothing very favourable. I don't doubt that, as you say, I might get well if I only cared to; but the difficulty remains that I don't care to. I don't care for anything except for the girl who has cast me aside with apparently as little concern as if I were an old-fashioned coat. I can't say that I am broken-hearted, but I feel somehow broken spirited—very much as a man might be, who on waking in the morning finds that yesterday's ache still remains in his bones. Well, I have awoke at last—a bitter waking on a gray and comfortless morning—and I fear that the weight of yesterday's burden will go with me all the days of my life.

Oh, what a sentimental strain! But you see, my dear fellow, in 'the innermost fold of my spirit,' I am firmly determined to triumph over this disappointment, to subjugate it, to be made more and not less of a man for having suffered it; and so, as the mood takes me, I sentimentalize it and then laugh at myself, make a mock of it, or else grotesquely exaggerate its present and future fearful consequences. And then, after I have attained unto a state of artificial peace, if I should happen to lie down under the trees in the orchard (my favourite resting place), my quiet is sure to be molested by some harmful unnecessary bird in the branch above me. You may say this is nothing, but I tell you it is everything; for this bird never fails to have a voice and manner, a turn of the head and a general style about it that reminds me terribly and tormentingly of *her*. So much for the success of my efforts. I believe it was you who reminded me that old Father Time was the great healer, but I find him like other so-called healers, unconscionably slow, and altogether too prone to supplying one with things that may do one no harm, and are sure to do one no good.

No; if I am to be cured at all, it will be as the fashionable medical ad-

vertisements say by absorption. I am absorbing the sweet June air, the scent of a million clover blossoms, and the wholesome humdrum influences of a secluded country life. I am a person of very little importance here. Money, business, influence, work, all the great facts and inspirations of other men's lives are mere shadows; there is only one reality on earth, and that is a permanent sense of deep and irrevocable loss. The people here always speak of me as 'the boarder,' and there is something peculiarly belittling in the phrase. I think I would as lief be called a board as a boarder. They are alike soulless and senseless, and of no particular good to any one.

Nevertheless, life *is* worth living; not because it is rich and full, and absorbing, and satisfying, for it frequently fails in these particulars; but because it is always and under every conceivable circumstance interesting. My own life does not interest me greatly at present, so of course other people's lives are the more entertaining. Take the family, for instance, in whose house I occupy the humiliating position of boarder. There is Mr. and Mrs. Shrimp, their grown-up sons and a daughter; Miss Shrimp interests me a good deal, but you need not infer from this remark that she is likely to 'pluck from my memory a rooted sorrow.' She is completely wrapped up in her attire —mentally I mean, as well as physically—and when the pleasure of patting out the trimming on her gown, or trifling with some ornamental appendage palls upon her, she never tires of arranging her hands in becoming positions, and looking at her feet sideways. Her feet are certainly admirable, looked at in any position, and they are noticeably small, nearly as much so as the regard I feel for their owner.

June 2nd.—Chief among the immunities or the privileges of a chronic convalescent, is that of pouring all the trivialities which make up his unimportant day into the ear of some steadfast friend. I confess that in the light of my ardent liking for idle talk, and of the lack under which I suffer at present, of some congenial soul to indulge it with, I am likely to set a higher value upon the inestimable boon of your friendship than I ever did before.

But to the trivialities. We have just finished breakfast. It was rather a baddish breakfast, consequently no one enjoyed it except your dyspeptic correspondent, and his enjoyment is distinctly traceable to two sources: first, he went without supper last night; second, the graham gems and canned quinces, which made a part of the family's repast at that time, constituted the whole of his morning meal. Perhaps after all, universal health and happiness would not result from a general disposition on the part of mankind to dispense with supper and eat a great deal of fruit for breakfast, but—but I know you have small patience with my hygienic theories, so I will forbear expatiating upon them. The other boarder, Miss Bell, whom I mentioned in my last, is one of those fortunate souls who it is said can eat anything. This is the only fact I have been able to discover, concerning her, notwithstanding we have been under the same roof for a fortnight. Mrs. Shrimp told me that she came from a distance, but as she did not specify whether the distance was great or short, my curiosity was no better satisfied than before. With the blushless effrontery of a boarder who has sunk to the level of his name, I made answer that I knew, of course, she must come from a distance, because she had such a distant way with her.

But a truce to this strain. Those who are suffering most are most likely to be light-headed, which may account for my lapses from the formally correct and edifying style of letter-writing approved by custom.

Yours in truth,

ALFRED LEIGH.

P. S.—Miss Bell is a blonde. One of the handsomest blondes I have ever seen.

II.

JUNE 12th.

MY DEAR DAN,—Your post card bristling with marks of interrogation, and breathing out threatening and slaughter just received. Calm yourself, my boy, and be willing to listen to reason—or rather be willing to listen to unreason. How can I possibly tell you why I came to this out of the way spot, when I myself do not know. You may, however, accept this hypothesis. For several years past, being impelled thereto by the fierce heats of the city, it has been the custom of Mrs. Arden and her daughter Lulu, to court retirement in these sylvan shades. I regret to say, that it has also been my custom to court the aforesaid daughter in the same shades. This place you must know was once quite a favourite resort of summer visitors. It is now a little off colour, like a faded beauty, but I like it none the less on that account. The two ladies, I believe, are domiciled within a mile of where I write, though I have seen nothing of either since the silly lovers' quarrel, which terminated in a frosty little note, giving me my liberty. Liberty is a fine thing in the mouth of orators, but I wouldn't take it as a gift—if I could help myself. Of course, I do not expect you to understand the feeling which has drawn me here.

And certainly I fail to understand the feeling which keeps me here, unless it is that I am half in love with Miss Bell. Maidie Bell, her name is. It has a sweet, clear, maidenly sound that I like. There are several other things about her that I like, but to condense them all into one sentence: She is the most self-forgetful, self-unconscious girl alive. Hitherto, like yourself, and scores of other young men, I have firmly believed that every woman was at heart an actress, and the better actress the more attractive the woman. But Miss Bell upsets this theory. She has no more idea of making an effect than a young apple tree has when it is coming into blossom, and she is just so wholesome and sweet—and just *about* as talkative.

Don't you think that idleness a troubled spirit, and six weeks of early summer weather spent in the presence of a tender-hearted, noble natured girl, are sufficient to tempt a jilted lover to a repetition of his folly? But you need not fear for me, and, what is perhaps more to the point, you need not laugh at me.

Midnight. It is not precisely twelve of the clock, but five minutes after eleven sounds too mathematically exact to suit these romantic pages. Well, Dan, I have just discovered the greatest fact of my existence, though I have been blindly conscious of it ever since I first saw her. I am in love—desperately in love with Miss Bell. Two hours ago we sat together on the little upper balcony; she looking at the heavenly bodies in the sky—I looking at the heavenly body beside me. No wonder she tired of her occupation first. She yawned a little, rose from her seat, and made as if she would stretch her arms above her head, when she suddenly remembered my presence. She has a most unflattering way of forgetting all about a fellow. A climbing rose on a vine just out of reach caught her eye, and she leaned over to get it. 'Take care, Miss Maidie,' I cried, as she stretched further still. She swayed a little, and in my excited fancy, I saw her white dress and pale hair lying crushed on the stones below. Then I seized her arm and drew her forcibly to me. 'You foolish child,' I began sternly, but there stopped, for her own cheeks were colourless and her lips trembling. A sickening sense of the danger and horror from which she had escaped rushed over me. I don't know what I said, but I talked very fast and very earnestly. She listened quietly with one

hand shading her face, and then said, that no doubt the moonlight and my imagination had misled me in this way, that in a few days I would join in laughing at the delusion, and that she thought she would go now. I held the hand that she extended with a friendly good-night, and protested my love and my sincerity. She was very gentle and very brutal. She would allow what she was pleased to call my 'fancy' a month in which to die a natural death; if, in spite of her belief, it persisted in living and growing, she would then give me an impartial hearing.

You may think this business-like arrangement and apparent coolness tells against me, but Maidie cannot be judged by the petty standard we apply to ordinary girls. She has such a very superior mind that I should be afraid of her, if she had not with it the eyes and mouth of a little child. I joy in the fact that at least she has not refused me. Ah, I am a lucky fellow!

Two days later.—No, I am an unlucky fellow — the unluckiest fellow on the face of the earth. What have I done, Dan, what crime have I committed, what tremendous call of duty have I turned a deaf ear to, that all this misery should fall upon me? Was there ever such a diabolical entanglement—but wait, I must tell you all about it.

Yesterday, as I sat talking on the porch with Maidie, and rejoicing in the discovery that some utterances of mine were bringing a very delicate pink flush to her cheek, I received a note from—whom do you think? Miss Lulu Arden! The familiar elegant scrawl on the envelope stunned me, but the sweet rueful little note it contained — the contrite remorseful little note—gave me more new and different emotions than I had ever entertained in any previous moment of my existence. Fancy what a delicious morsel that letter was to my half-starved vanity! Imagine the consternation that filled my heart when I glanced at the sweetly unconscious Maidie, and reflected that though we had exchanged no vows, I was certainly her pledged lover; and believe that under it all my heart was exclaiming—'She has come back to me, my little one, my own, she has come back to me!' It seemed as if the words must be audible to Miss Bell also, but she looked like a beautiful statue of indifference, as she sat there with the huge dull old book which she is always carrying about with her. My emotions, like evil spirits, took possession of me, and drove me out from her presence. I walked till I was utterly jaded, but my thoughts travelled farther than my feet. The only right course left for me to pursue was to go to one or the other of these two girls confess all, and abide by the result. But what was this 'all,' that I had to confess, and which one was to be my chosen confidant and rejected love? Certainly not my impulsive, wayward, repentant little Lulu, who still cared so much for her old lover, that she was willing to confess herself in the wrong in their little difference. No, I must go to Maidie, explain that the undying vows made the night before were caused by an attack of emotional insanity; and that I was now myself again. There was only one reason why I should not follow this course: I loved her. I wished with all my heart that Lulu had not written that letter, and yet—and yet—

Without knowing whither my steps tended, I found myself near the pretty domicile where the Ardens are established for the summer. I went in, of course. After the letter I had received, that was what the commonest courtesy demanded. I decided that I would be, to speak brutally, kind but firm. I might be gentle, even affectionate in manner, but she should see that it was not the same kind of gentle affectionateness. There would be an unmistakeable something in my conduct which should convey to her mind, ever so tenderly, the fact that some

things once broken can never be mended again. Strengthened and encouraged by these and similar reflections, I strode up the old familiar walk, and was about to sound a warning of my approach, when the door was flung open, and Lulu stood before me. 'Oh, Alf, dearest,' she exclaimed, 'I knew you would come,' and then she was clinging about my neck and actually shedding a few tears upon it. Well, if ever any unfortunate wretch needed to have an angel weep over him, it was the present writer at that moment. I suppose the gathering twilight obscured the kindness and firmness in my face; at any rate it all melted out of my heart, and left instead an aching sense of tenderness for the girl I was so villainously wronging. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to walk with my arm around her waist to that corner of the sofa which is situated farthest from the vine-clad window, but once established there I felt scared and ashamed and sick. The wages of sin is death, and I felt then, and feel now, that it would be a blessing to me if my wages could be paid up in a hurry.

Yours, in the depths of despair,
ALFRED LEIGH.

III.

JUNE 19th.

MY DEAR FELLOW—I haven't taken your advice—I couldn't do it, somehow. I can't go to Lulu and say: 'Much obliged for your regard, but the fact is my affections are fixed elsewhere at present, and the less we see of each other the better for us both.' You express it in a more elegant and honeyed way, but it has a like barbarous effect. You say the whole thing is as plain as need be. True enough; it is plain to the point of ugliness. Indeed, everything has an uncommonly ugly look at present. Lulu is as confiding and affectionate as ever, and though she never alludes to my altered behaviour (for I have not sunk so low as to act quite the same as I did in years gone by), still I have noticed a shadow on her sensitive little face—a shadow that I do not dare to kiss away. She is stiffly reserved and eagerly warm by turns, and sometimes she gives me a yearning half-tragic look, that cuts me to the heart. And she used to be overflowing with the joy of life—more like a bird than a girl. And you think it possible that I should let her go the rest of her days—

'wounded in the wing
And wounded in the breast,'

to gratify my own selfish desire? *No, sir!* I'll marry her first, and do all the suffering myself.

But in that case should I suffer much after all? Upon my word it is a delicate question. I care for her in a brotherly, chivalrous sort of way very much. I felt a joy when she came back to me that could not altogether be ascribed to gratified vanity. If I had married her before meeting with Miss Bell, I daresay we should have lived happily enough together. But as it is, she does not shame me with a sense of her superiority, nor stimulate me with a profound remark, nor anger me with her indifference, as Maidie sometimes does; neither does she—nor did she ever — inspire me with a lofty sense of the real worth of life, and time, and manhood, as Maidie always does. She (M. B), is the farthest removed from everything that is small, and fussy, and fretful, and tiresome. Spending half an hour in her presence, is like spending half a year among the mountains. I usually talk with her a good deal through the day, then call on Lulu Arden in the evening. Oh, I wonder at you, Dan, for stooping to correspond with such a scoundrel as I am turning out to be. I feel a sort of benumbed resignation at the way things are going, but I am powerless to change them. Sometimes I have a terrible suspicion

that one or both of these girls knows all about the other. Just as I penned that sentence, Maidie looked up from the volume of Carlyle she is reading across the table, and our eyes met in a long earnest inquiring glance. My face is burning; I feel exquisitely contemptible.

IV.

JUNE 21st.

THIS is the longest day of the year, my friend, but if it was as long as a lifetime, it could not contain all my happiness. There has been a miraculous change for the better since I dropped my pen. I came out of my dilemma as unexpectedly as I got in, and it happened in this way:

Last evening a gentleman called on me. This gentleman was really a heavenly visitant, but as my eyes were not then opened, I only perceived that he was a good-looking young fellow, with a charmingly decided way of speaking his mind.

'I have a long story to tell you,' he said, as I placed a chair, 'but I can give it to you in a few words. You are Miss Arden's lover, I believe.'

I bowed. I was too much staggered to speak.

'Well, so am I. She has been engaged to you longer than to me, but she *loves* me.'

'She does!' I cried, sinking into a chair, and beginning to feel light-headed.

'I have her own words for it. We became engaged shortly after she broke with you. Then, through a foolish misunderstanding, we were separated for a time, during which you were recalled, for the purpose, I suppose, of showing me the worth of what I had lost. However, that may be, she is in tears and tribulation now, and says, that though she loves me, she will marry nobody but you, because she has given her promise.'

'And thus ruin both our lives.'

'Exactly;' said the youth, looking much encouraged. '[illegible] not wrong you again. you no greater wrong you a wife who does n[illegible] is very miserable. Sh[illegible] like a criminal.'

'Ah! there is mo[illegible] minal,' I exclaimed. ' I am just as wicked a[illegible] back to her with only place at her feet. She choose you. I am sur[illegible] happy. I am sure you her.'

We both rose and the most cordial way: then my visitor, lookin[illegible] and very much overj[illegible] departure, and I went[illegible] Maidie. I found her i[illegible] gown among the climb[illegible] had just returned fro[illegible] and the little touch of v[illegible] attitude made her encha[illegible] a brilliant glance and a w[illegible]

'You look very muc[illegible] something,' she exclaim[illegible] the matter.'

'Only that I am b[illegible] consumed with impatie[illegible] dure to wait, Maidie, something to wait for. on the rack of suspense[illegible]

That is enough, old fe[illegible] of the story is suited o[illegible] cate ear of a climbing r[illegible] I related the whole hist[illegible] and suffering, and alth[illegible] not suspected a syllable, thing that is sympathe[illegible] ous. She is a grand gi[illegible] not believe in my good had our first disagreem[illegible] nutes ago, and she begar[illegible]

'I should like to see future husband,' she s[illegible] done me such a good tur[illegible] half inclined to fall in l[illegible]

'No, Maidie,' I said [illegible] is to me he has done the am the one that is in husband!'

Ever yours,

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(II.)

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

WE had selected, on the advice of our guide, a tolerably good hard-wood lot in the centre of the Township of Sunnidale, part of which is now the site of the village of New Lowell, on the Northern Railway. To engage a young Scotch axeman from the County of Lanark, on the Ottawa river; to try our virgin axes upon the splendid maples and beeches which it seemed almost a profanation to destroy; to fell half an acre of trees; to build a bark wigwam for our night's lodging; and in time to put up a substantial log shanty, roofed with wooden troughs and 'chinked' with slats and moss—these things were to us more than mortal felicity. Our mansion was twenty-five feet long and eighteen wide. At one end an open fire-place, at the other sumptuous beds laid on flatted logs, cushioned with soft hemlock twigs, redolent of turpentine and health. For our provisions, cakes made of flour; salt pork of the best; tea and coffee without milk; with the occasional luxury of a few partridges and pigeons, and even a haunch of venison of our own shooting; also some potatoes. We wanted no more. There were no other settlers within many miles, and those as raw as ourselves; so we mended our own clothes, did our own cooking, and washed our own linen.

Owing to the tedious length of our sea voyage, there was no time for getting in crops that year; not even fall-wheat; so we had plenty of leisure to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. And we were by no means without visitors. Sometimes a surveyor's party sought shelter for the night on their way to the strangely-named townships of Alta and Zero —now Collingwood and St. Vincent. Among these were Charles Rankin, Esq., now of London; his brother, Arthur Rankin, since M.P. for Essex; a young gentleman from New Orleans, now Dr. Barrett, of Upper Canada College. By-and-by came some Chippawa Indians, *en route* to or from the Christian Islands of Lake Huron; we were great friends with them. I had made a sort of harp or zittern, and they were charmed with its simple music. Their mode of counting money on their fingers was highly comical —'one cop, one cop, one cop, three cop!' and so on up to twenty, which was the largest sum they could accomplish. At night, they wrapped their blankets round them, lay down on the bare earthen floor near the fire, and slept quietly till day-break, when they would start on their way with many smiles and hand-shakings. In fact, our shanty, being the only comfortable shelter between Barrie and

half-way house, at which travellers looked for a night's lodging; and we were not sorry when the opening of a log-tavern, a mile off, by an old Scotch-woman, ycleped Mother McNeil, enabled us to select our visitors. This tavern was a curiosity in its way, built of the roughest logs, with no floor, but —the soil being swaley or wet—a mud-hole yawned just inside the door, where bull-frogs not unfrequently saluted the wayfarer with their deepest diapason notes.

I must record my own experiences with their congeners, the toads. We were annoyed by flies, and I noticed an old toad creep stealthily from under the house logs, wait patiently near a patch of sunshine on the floor, and as soon as two or three flies, attracted by the sun's warmth, drew near its post, dart out its long slender tongue, and so catch them all one after another. Improving upon the hint, we afterwards regularly scattered a few grains of sugar, to attract more flies within the old fellow's reach, and thus kept the shanty comparatively clear of those winged nuisances, and secured quiet repose for ourselves in the early mornings. Another toad soon joined the first one, and they became so much at home as to allow us to scratch their backs gently with a stick, when they would heave up their puffed sides to be scrubbed. These toads swallow mice and young ducks, and in their turn fall victims to garter and other snakes.

During the following year, 1834, the Government opened up a settlement on the Sunnidale road, employing the new immigrants in road-making, chopping and clearing, and putting up log shanties; and gave them the land so cleared to live on, but without power of sale. In this way, two or three hundred settlers, English, Irish, and Highland Scotch, chiefly the latter, were located in Sunnidale. A Scottish gentleman, a Mr. H. C. Young, was appointed local immigrant agent, and

it was found that the land
aguish for settlement, being
large cedar swamp extendin
miles to the Nottawasaga ri
on the representation of the
was in 1835 determined to
operations to the adjoining
of Nottawasaga, in which the
Collingwood is now situated.

It was about this time that
spect of a railway from Toron
Georgian Bay was first moo
mouth of the Nottawasaga Riv
the expected terminus. A
Toronto engineer, whose name
was Lynn, published a pampl
taining an outline route for
road, which was extended thr
the North-West. To him, do
is due the first practical sugge
a Canadian Pacific Railway.
Sunnidale, were confidently
that the line would pass
through our own land, and
weary sigh at hope deferred
delusion cost us.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME GATHERINGS FROM NATU HISTORY.

I NEED not weary the reade
details of our farming pu
ings, which differed in no respec
the now well-known routine o
life. I will, however, add one
notices of occurrences which n
thought worth relating. We w
without wild animals in our
Bears, wolves, foxes, racoons, sk
mink and ermine among beasts;
jays, many kinds of hawks, wood
ers, loons, partridges and pigeon
sides a host of other birds, were
mon enough. Bears' nests abou
consisting of a kind of arbour
the bear makes for himself in th
of the loftiest beech trees, by
ging towards him all the bra
laden with their wealth of nuts,
which he feasts at leisure. The n

of his formidable claws are plainly visible the whole length of the trunks of most large beech-trees. In Canada West the bear is seldom dangerous. One old gentleman, which we often encountered, haunted a favourite raspberry patch on the road-side; when anybody passed near him he would scamper off in such haste that I have seen him dash himself violently against any tree or fallen branch that might be in his way. Once we saw a bear roll himself headlong from the forks of a tree fully forty feet from the ground, tumbling over and over, but alighting safely, and 'making tracks' with the utmost expedition.

Wolves often disturbed us with their hideous howlings. We had a beautiful liver and-white English setter, called Dash, with her two pups. One night in winter, poor Dash, whom we kept within doors, was excited by the yelping of her pups outside, which appeared to be alarmed by some intruder about the premises. A wolf had been seen prowling near, so we got out our guns and whatever weapon was handy, but incautiously opened the door and let out the slut before we were ourselves quite dressed. She rushed out in eager haste, and in a few seconds we heard the wolf and dog fighting, with the most frightful discord of yells and howls that ever deafened the human ear. The noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. We followed as fast as we could to the scene of the struggle, but found nothing there except a trampled space in the snow stained with blood, the dog having evidently been killed and dragged away. Next morning we followed the track further, and found at no great distance another similar spot, where the wolf had devoured its victim so utterly, that not a hair, bone, nor anything else was left, save the poor animal's heart, which had been flung away to a little distance in the snow. Beyond this were no signs of blood. We set a trap for the wolf, and traced it for miles in the hope of avenging poor Dash, but without effect. This same wolf, we heard afterwards, was killed by a settler with a handspike, to our great satisfaction.

Among our neighbours of the Sunnidale settlement was a married couple from England, named Sewell, very well-conducted and industrious. They had a fair little child under two years old, named Hetty, whom we often stopped to admire for her prettiness and engaging simplicity. They also possessed, and were very proud of, several broods of newly-hatched chickens, some of which had been carried off by an immense falcon, which would swoop down from the lofty elm-trees, still left standing in the half-chopped clearing, too suddenly to be easily shot. One day Hetty was feeding the young chickens when the hawk pounced upon the old hen, which struggled desperately; whereupon little Hetty bravely joined in the battle, seized the intruder by the wings from behind, and held him fast, crying out loudly, 'I've got him, mother!' It turned out, after the hawk was killed, that it had been blind of one eye.

It was one night in November, 1834, when our axeman, William Whitelaw, who had gone off after eleven o'clock to fetch a new log for the fire, shouted to us to come out and see a strange sight. Lazily we complied, expecting nothing extraordinary; but, on getting into the cold frosty air outside, we were transfixed with astonishment and admiration. Our clearing being small, and the timber partly hemlock, we seemed to be environed with a dense black wall the height of the forest trees, while over all, in dazzling splendour, shone a canopy of the most brilliant meteors, radiating in all directions from a single point in the heavens, nearly over-head, but slightly to the north-west. I have since read all the descriptions of meteoric showers I could find in our scientific annals, and watched year after year for a return of the same wonderful vision, but neither in the records of history nor

since that night have I heard of or seen anything so marvellously beautiful. Hour after hour we gazed in wonder and awe, as the radiant messengers streamed on their courses, sometimes singly, sometimes in starry cohorts of thousands, appearing to descend amongst the trees close beside us, but in reality shooting far beyond the horizon. Those who have looked upwards during a fall of snow will remember how the large flakes seem to radiate from a centre. Thus I believe astronomers account for the appearance of these showers of stars, by the circumstance that they meet the earth full in its orbit, and so dart past it from an opposite point, like a flight of birds confronting a locomotive, or a storm of hail directly facing a vessel under full steam. No description I have read has given even a faint idea of the reality as I saw it on that memorable night. From eleven p.m. to three in the morning, the majestic spectacle continued in full glory, gradually fading away before the approach of daybreak.

We often had knotty and not very logical discussions about the origin of seeds, and the cause of the thick growth of new varieties of plants and trees wherever the forest had been burnt over. On our land, and everywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, the process of clearing by fire was sure to be followed by a spontaneous growth, first of fire-weed or wild lettuce, and secondly by a crop of young cherry-trees, so thick as to choke one another. At other spots, where pine-trees had stood for a century, the out-come of their destruction by fire was invariably a thick growth of raspberries, with poplars of the aspen variety. Our Celtic friends, most of whom were pious Presbyterians, insisted that a new creation of plants must be constantly going on to account for such miraculous growth. To test the matter, I scooped up a handful of black soil from our clearing, washed it, and got a small tea-cupful of cherry-stones, exa
those growing in th
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of seed was not far
miles distant was a p
spring, the birds wo
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them, as the velocity
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fore falling. These bea
attacked our crops with
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at a single shot; and I
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maple-tree on which th
but where not one had

The pigeon-roost its
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CHAPTER

OUR REMOVAL TO NO

IN the autumn of
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A. B. Hawke, chief emi
Upper Canada, and a g
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slept, or rather tried t
shanty. It was very ho
mosquitoes were in full
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were truly pitiable. W
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lie *perdu*, sleeping in spite of the humming hosts outside. But our visitor had learnt no such philosophy. He threw off the bedclothes on account of the heat; slapped his face and hands to kill his tormentors; and actually roared with pain and anger, relieving himself now and then by objurgations mingled with expletives not a little profane. It was impossible to resist laughing at the desperate emphasis of his protests, although our mirth did not help much to soothe the annoyance, at which, however, he could not help laughing in turn.

Mosquitoes do not plague all night, and our friend got a little repose in the cool of the morning, but vowed, most solemnly, that nothing should induce him to pass another night in Sunnidale.

To this circumstance, perhaps, were we indebted for the permission we soon afterwards obtained, to exchange our Sunnidale lot for one in Nottawasaga, where some clearing had been done by the new settlers, on what was called the Scotch line; and gladly we quitted our first location for land decidedly more eligible for farm purposes, although seventeen miles further distant from Barrie, which was still the only village within reasonably easy access.

We had obtained small government contracts for corduroying, or causeweying, the many swampy spots on the Sunnidale road, which enabled us to employ a number of axemen, and to live a little more comfortably. And about this time, Mr. Young being in weak health, and quite unequal to the hardships of bush life, resigned his agency, and got my brother Thomas appointed temporarily as his successor; so we had the benefit of a good log-house he had built on the Nottawasaga road, near the Batteau creek, on which is now situated the Batteau station of the Northern Railway. We abode there until we found time to cut a road to our land, and afterwards to erect a comfortable cedar-log house thereon.

Here, with a large open clearing around us, plenty of neighbours, and a sawmill at no great distance, we were able to make our home nearly as comfortable as are the majority of Canadian farm-houses of to day. We had a neat picket-fenced garden, a large double-log barn, a yoke of oxen, and plenty of poultry. The house stood on a handsome rising eminence, and commanded a noble prospect, which included the Georgian Bay, visible at a distance of six miles, and the Christian islands, twenty miles further north. The land was productive, and the air highly salubrious.

Would some of my readers like to know how to raise a log-barn? I shall try to teach them. For such an undertaking much previous labour and foresight are required. In our case, fortunately, there was a small cedar swamp within a hundred paces of the site we had chosen for our barn, which was picturesquely separated from the house by a small ravine some thirty feet deep, with a clear spring of the sweetest and coldest water flowing between. The barn was to consist of two large bays, each thirty feet square and eight logs high, with a threshing floor twelve feet wide between, the whole combined into one by an upper story or loft, twenty by seventy-two feet, and four logs high, including the roof-plates.

It will be seen, then, that to build such a barn would require sixty-four logs of thirty feet each for the lower story; and sixteen more of the same length as well as eight of seventy-two feet each for the loft. Our handy swamp provided all these, not from standing trees only, but from many fallen patriarchs buried four or five feet under the surface in black muck, and perfectly sound. To get them out of the mud required both skill and patience. All the branches having been cleared off as thoroughly as possible, the entire tree was drawn out by those most patient of all patient drudges, the oxen, and when on solid

ground, sawn to the required length. A number of skids were also provided, of the size and kind already described, and plenty of handspikes.

Having got these prime essentials ready, the next business was to summon our good neighbours to a 'raising bee.' On the day named, accordingly, we had about thirty practised axemen on the ground by day-break, all in the best of spirits, and confident in their powers for work. Eight of the heaviest logs, about two feet thick, had been placed in position as sleepers or foundation logs, duly saddled at the corners. Parallel with these at a distance of twenty feet were ranged in order all the logs required to complete the building on either side.

Well, now we begin. Eight of the smartest men jump at once on the eight corners. In a few minutes each of the four men in front has his saddle ready —that is, he has chopped his end of the first log into an angular shape, thus ∧. The four men in rear have done the same thing no less expeditiously, and all are waiting for the next log. Meanwhile, at the ends of both bays, four several parties of three men each, stationed below, have placed their skids in a sloping position—the upper end on the rising wall and the lower on the ground—and up these skids they roll additional logs transversely to those already in position. These are received by the corner-men above, and carefully adjusted in their places according to their 'natural lie,' that is, so that they will be least likely to make the wall unsteady; then turned half-back to receive the undercut, which should be exactly an inverse counterpart of the saddle. A skilful hand will make this undercut with unerring certainty, so that the log when turned forward again, will fit down upon its two saddles without further adjustment. Now for more logs back and front; then others at the ends, and so on, every log fitted as before, and each one somewhat lighter than its predecessor. All this time the oxen have been busily employed in drawing more logs where needed. The skids have to be re-adjusted for every successive log, and a supply of new logs rolled up as fast as wanted. The quick strokes of eight axes wielded by active fellows perched on the still rising walls, and balancing themselves dexterously and even gracefully as they work, the constant demand for 'another log,' and the merry voices and rough jokes of the workers, altogether form as lively and exciting a picture as is often witnessed. Add to these a bright sky and a fresh breeze, with the beautiful green back-ground of the noble hardwood trees around—and I know of no mere pleasure party that I would rather join.

Breakfast and dinner form welcome interludes. Ample stores of provender, meat, bread, potatoes, puddings various, tea and coffee, have been prepared and are thoroughly enjoyed, inasmuch as they are rare luxuries to many of the guests. Then again to work, until the last crowning effort of all—the raising of the seventy-two-foot logs—has to be encountered. Great care is necessary here, as accidents are not infrequent. The best skids, the stoutest handspikes, the strongest and hardiest men, must be selected. Our logs being cedar and therefore light, there was comparatively little danger; and they were all successfully raised, and well secured by cross-girders before sundown.

Then, and not till then, after supper, a little whiskey was allowed. Teetotalism had not made its way into our backwoods; and we were considered very straightlaced indeed, to set our faces as we did against all excess. Our Highland and Irish neighbours looked upon the weak stuff sold in Canada with supreme contempt; and recollecting our Galway experience, we felt no surprise thereat.

The roofing such a building is a subsequent operation, for which no 'bee' is required. Shingles four feet long, on round rafters, are generally used for log barns, to be replaced at some future

day by more perfect roofing. A well-made cedar barn will stand for forty years with proper care, by which time there should be no difficulty in replacing it by a good substantial, roomy frame building.

CHAPTER XV.

SOCIETY IN THE BACKWOODS.

SIR JOHN COLBORNE, as has been mentioned already, did all in his power to induce well-to do immigrants, and particularly military men, to settle on lands west and north of Lake Simcoe. Some of these gentlemen were entitled, in those days, to draw from three to twelve hundred acres of land in their own right; but the privilege was of very doubtful value. Take an example. Captain Workman, with his wife, highly educated and thoroughly estimable people, were persuaded to select their land on the Georgian Bay, near the site of the present village of Meaford. A small rivulet which enters the bay there, is still called "the Captain's creek." To get there, they had to go to Penetanguishene, then a military station, now the seat of a Reformatory for boys. From thence they embarked on scows, with their servants, furniture, cows, farm implements and provisions. Rough weather obliged them to land on one of the Christian Islands, very bleak spots outside of Penetanguishene harbour, occupied only by a few Chippewa Indians. After nearly two weeks' delay and severe privation, they at length reached their destination, and had then to camp out until a roof could be put up to shelter them from the storms, not uncommon on that exposed coast.

We had ourselves, along with others, taken up additional land on what was called 'the Blue Mountains,' which are considered to be a spur of the Alleghanies, extending northerly across by Niagara, from the State of New York. The then newly-surveyed townships of St. Vincent and Euphrasia were attracting settlers, and amongst them our axeman, Whitelaw, and many more of the like class. To reach this land, we had bought a smart sail-boat, and in her enjoyed ourselves by coasting from the Nottawasaga river northwesterly along the bay. In this way we happened one evening to put in at the little harbour where Capt. Workman had chosen his location. It was early in the spring. The snows from the uplands had swollen the rivulet into a rushing torrent. The garden, prettily laid out, was converted into an island, the water whirling and eddying close to the house both in front and rear, and altogether presenting a scene of wild confusion. We found the captain highly excited, but bravely contending with his watery adversary; the lady of the house in a state of alarmed perplexity; the servants at their wits' end, hurrying here and there with little effect. Fortunately, when we got there the actual danger was past, the waters subsiding rapidly during the night. But it struck us as a most cruel and inconsiderate act on the part of the Government, to expose tenderly reared families to hazards which even the rudest of rough pioneers would not care to encounter.

After enduring several years of severe hardship, and expending a considerable income in this out-of-the-world spot, Captain Workman and his family removed to Toronto, and afterwards to England, wiser, perhaps, but no richer certainly, than when they left the old country.

A couple of miles along the shore, we found another military settler, Lieutenant Waddell, who had served as brigade-major at the Battle of Waterloo; with him were his wife, two sons, and two daughters. On landing, the first person we encountered was the eldest son, John—a youth of twenty years—six feet in stature at

least, and bearing on his shoulder, sustained by a stick thrust through its gills, a sturgeon, so large that its tail trailed on the ground behind him. He had just caught it with a floating line. Here again the same melancholy story: Ladies delicately nurtured, exposed to rough labour, and deprived of all the comforts of civilized life, exhausting themselves in weary struggle with the elements. Brave soldiers in the decline of life, condemned to tasks only adapted to hinds and navvies. What worse fate can be reserved for Siberian exiles! This family also soon removed to Toronto, and afterwards to Niagara, where the kindly, excellent old soldier is well remembered; then to Chatham, where he became barrack-master, and died there. His son, John Waddell, married into the Eberts family, and prospered; later he was member for Kent; and ultimately met his death by drowning on a lumbering excursion in the Georgian Bay. Other members of the family now reside at Goderich.

Along the west shore of Lake Simcoe, several other military and naval officers, with their households, were scattered. Some, whose names I shall not record, had left their families at home, and brought out with them female companions of questionable position, whom, nevertheless, they introduced as their wives. The appearance of the true wives rid the county of the scandal and its actors.

Conspicuous among the best class of gentlemen settlers was the late Col. E. G. O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, near Barrie, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Capt. St. John, of Lake Couchiching, was equally respected. The Messrs. Lally, of Medonte; Walker, of Tecumseth and Barrie; Sibbald, of Kempenfeldt Bay; are all names well known in those days, as are also many others of the like class. But where are the results of the policy which sent them there? What did they gain—what have their families and descendants gained—by the ruinous outlay to which they were subjected? With one or tv
tions, absolutely nothing bu
means and saddest memories

It is pleasant to turn to a
class of settlers—the hard
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prosperity. The Sunnidale se
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The settlement was called the
line, nearly all the people beir
the islands of Arran and Isla
off Argyleshire, in Scotland. V
of them knew a word of E
There were Campbells, McGill
Livingstons, McDiarmids,
mons, McNees, Jardines, and
characteristic names. The chi
among them was Angus Ca
who had been a tradesman o
kind in the old country, and ex
a beneficial influence over the re
was well informed, sternly P
terian, and often reminded us of
Davie Deans in the 'Heart of
lothian.' One of the Livingston
a schoolmaster. They were, one a
hardy and industrious folk. D
ter day, month after month, year
year, added to their wealth and
fort. Cows were purchased, and
became common. There were
oxen and horses before long. V
I visited the township of Nottaw
some years since, I found A
Campbell, postmaster and justi
the peace; Andrew Jardine, towr
clerk or treasurer; and McDiarr
Livingstons, Shaws, &c., spread
over the surrounding country,

sessing large farms richly stocked, good barns well filled, and even commodious frame houses comfortably furnished. They ride to church or market in handsome buggies well horsed; have their temperance meetings and political gatherings of the most zealous sort, and altogether present a model specimen of a prosperous farming community. What has been said of the Scotch, is no less applicable to the Irish, Germans and English, who formed the minority in that township. I hear of their sons, and their sons' sons, as thriving farmers and storekeepers, all over Ontario.

Our axeman, Whitelaw, was of Scottish parentage, but a Canadian by birth, and won his way with the rest. He settled in St. Vincent, married a smart and pretty Irish lass, had sons and daughters, acquired a farm of five hundred acres, of which he cleared and cultivated a large portion almost single-handed, and in time became able to build the finest frame house in the township; served as reeve, was a justice of peace, and even a candidate for parliament, in which, well for himself, he failed. His excessive labours, however, brought on asthma, of which he died not long since, leaving several families of descendants to represent him.

I could go on with the list of prosperous settlers of this class, to fill a volume. Some of the young men entered the ministry, and I recognise their names occasionally at Presbyterian and Wesleyan conventions. Some, less fortunate, wandered away to Iowa and Illinois, and there died victims to ague and heat.

But if we 'look on this picture and on that;' if we compare the results of the settlement of educated people and of the labouring classes, the former withering away and leaving no sign behind—the latter growing in numbers and advancing in wealth and position until they fill the whole land, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that except as leaders and teachers of their companions, gentlefolk of refined tastes and of superior education have no place in the bush, and should shun it as a wild delusion and a cruel snare.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE ABOUT NOTTAWASAGA AND ITS PEOPLE.

AMONG the duties handed over to my brother Thomas, by his predecessor in the emigrant agency, was the care of a large medicine chest full of quinine, rhubarb, jalap, and a host of other drugs, strong enough for horses as well as men, including a long catalogue of poisons, such as arsenic, belladonna, vitriol, &c. To assist in the distribution of this rather formidable charge, a copy of 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine' was added. My brother had no taste for drugs, and therefore deputed the care of the medicine chest to me. So I studied 'Buchan' zealously, and was fortunate to secure the aid of an old army serjeant, an Irishman who had been accustomed to camp hospital life, and knew how to bleed, and treat wounds. Time and practice gave me courage to dispense the medicines, which I did cautiously and so successfully as to earn the soubriquet of 'Doctor,' and to be sought after in cases both dangerous and difficult. As, however, about this time, a clever, licensed practitioner had established himself at Barrie, thirty-four miles distant, I declined to prescribe in serious cases, except in one or two of great urgency. A Prussian soldier named Murtz, had received a gun-shot wound in the chest at Quatre Bras, and had frequently suffered therefrom. One day in winter, when the thermometer ranged far below zero, this man had been threshing in our barn, when he was seized with inflammation of the chest, and forced to return home. As it appeared

to be a case of life and death, I acted boldly, ordered bleeding, a blister on the chest, and poultices to the feet —in fact, everything that Buchan directed. My brave serjeant took charge of the patient; and between us, or perhaps in spite of us, the man got over the attack. The singular part of the case was, that the bullet wound never troubled him afterwards, and he looked upon me as the first of living physicians.

In 1836, a party of Pottewatomie Indians, preferring allegiance to the Queen, was allowed to leave the State of Michigan and settle in Canada. They travelled from Sarnia through the woods, along the eastern shore of Lake Huron, and passed through Nottawasaga, on their way to Penetanguishene. Between the Scotch line and Sunnidale, near the present village of Stayner, lived an old Highland piper named Campbell, very partial to whiskey and dirt. There were two or three small clearings grouped together, and the principal crop was potatoes, nearly full grown. The old man was sitting sunning himself at his shanty-door. The young men were all absent at mill or elsewhere, and none but women and children about, when a party of Indians, men and squaws with their papooses, came stealing from the woods, and very quietly began to dig the potatoes with their fingers and fill their bags with the spoil. The poor old piper was horribly frightened and perplexed; and in his agitation could think of nothing but climbing on to his shanty-roof, which was covered with earth, and there playing with all his might upon his Highland pipes, partly as a summons for assistance from his friends, partly to terrify the enemy. But the enemy were not at all terrified. They gathered in a ring round the shanty, laughed, danced, and enjoyed the fun immensely; nor would they pass on until the return of some of the younger settlers relieved the old piper from his elevated post. In the meantime, the presence and efforts of the women of the settlement sufficed to rescue their potato crop.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RUDE WINTER EXPERIENCE.

THE chief inconvenience we sustained in Nottawasaga arose from the depth of snow in winter, which was generally four feet, and sometimes more. We had got our large log barn well filled with grain and hay. Two feet of snow had fallen during the day, and continued through the night. Next morning, to our great tribulation, neither roof nor snow was to be seen on the barn, the whole having fallen inside. No time was to be lost. My share of the work was to hurry to the Scotch line, there to warn every settler to send at least one stout hand to assist in re-raising the roof. None but those who have suffered can imagine what it is to have to walk at speed through several feet of soft snow. The sinews of the knees very soon begin to be painfully affected, and finally to feel as if they were being cut with a sharp knife. This is what Indians call 'snow-evil,' their cure for which is to apply a hot coal to the spot, thus raising a blister. I toiled on, however, and once in the settlement, walked with comparative ease. Everybody was ready and eager to help, and so we had plenty of assistance at our need, and before night got our barn roof restored.

The practice of exchanging work is universal in new settlements; and, indeed, without it nothing of importance can be effected. Each man gives a day's work to his neighbour, for a logging or raising bee; and looks for the same help when he is ready for it. Thus, as many as twenty or forty able axemen can be relied upon at an emergency.

At a later time, some of us became expert in the use of snow-shoes, and

took long journeys through the woods, not merely with ease but with a great deal of pleasure. As a rule, snow is far from being considered an evil in the backwoods, on account of the very great facility it affords for travelling and teaming, both for business and pleasure, as well as for the aid it gives to the hunter or trapper.

My own feelings on the subject, I found leisure to embody in the following verses :—

THE TRAPPER.

Away, away ! my dog and I !
The woodland boughs are bare,
The radiant sun shines warm and high,
The frost-flake* gems the air.

Away, away ! thro' forests wide
Our course is swift and free ;
Warm 'neath the snow the saplings hide—
Its ice-crust firm pace we.

The partridge † with expanded crest
Struts proudly by his mate ;
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,
Or eats its nut in state.

Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,
The woodcock's frequent cry ;
We heed them not—a keener sport
We seek—my dog and I.

Far in the woods our traps are set
In loneliest, thickest glade,
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,
And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah ! a gallant spoil is here
To glad a trapper's sight—
The warm-clad marten, sleek and fair,
The ermine soft and white ;
Or mink, or fox—a welcome prize—
Or useful squirrel grey,
Or wild-cat fierce with flaming eyes,
Or fisher,‡ meaner prey.

On, on ! the cautious toils once more
Are set—the task is done ;
Our pleasant morning's labour o'er,
Our pastime but begun.

Away, away ! till fall of eve,
The deer-track be our guide,
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,
Our park the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,
Our couch the wigwam dry—
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet
As thou, good dog, and I.

* On a fine, bright winter morning, when the slight feathery crystals formed from the congealed dew, which have silently settled on the trees during the night, are wafted thence by the morning breeze, filling the translucent atmosphere with innumerable minute, sparkling stars ; when the thick, strong coat of ice on the four-foot deep snow is slightly covered by the same fine, white dust, betraying the foot-print of the smallest wild animal—on such a morning the hardy trapper is best able to follow his solitary pursuits. In the glorious winters of Canada, he will sometimes remain from home for days, or even weeks, with no companions but his dog and rifle, and no other shelter than such as his own hands can procure—carried away by his ardour for the sport, and the hope of the rich booty which usually rewards his perseverance.

† The partridge of Canada—a grey variety of grouse—not only displays a handsome black-barred tail like that of the turkey, but has the power of erecting his head-feathers, as well as of spreading a black fan-like tuft placed on either side of his neck. Although timid when alarmed, he is not naturally shy, but at times may be approached near enough to observe his very graceful and playful habits—a facility of access for which the poor bird commonly pays with his life.

‡ Dr. Johnson, in one of his peculiar moods, has described the *fitchew* or *fitchat*, which is here called the 'fisher,' as '*a stinking little beast that robs the hen-roost and warren*'—a very ungrateful libel upon an animal that supplies exceedingly useful fur for common purposes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOREST WEALTH OF CANADA.

HAVING been accustomed to gardening all my life, I have taken great pleasure in roaming the bush in search of botanical treasures of all kinds, and have often thought that it would be easy to fill a large and showy garden with the native plants of Canada alone.

But of course, her main vegetable wealth consists in the forests with which the whole of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario were formerly clothed. In the country around the Georgian Bay, especially, abound the very finest specimens of hardwood timber. Standing on a hill overlooking the river Saugeen at the village of Durham, one sees for twenty miles round scarcely a single pine tree in the whole prospect. The townships of Arran and Derby when first sur-

veyed, were wonderfully studded with noble trees. Oak, elm, beech, butternut, ash and maple, seemed to vie with each other in the size of their stems and the spread of their branches. In our own clearing in St. Vincent, the axemen considered that five of these great forest kings would occupy an acre of ground, leaving little space for younger trees or underbrush.

I once saw a white or wainscoat oak that measured fully twelve feet in circumference at the butt, and eighty feet clear of branches. This noble tree must have contained somewhere about seven thousand square feet of inch boarding, and would represent a value approaching one hundred and thirty pounds sterling in the English market. White and black ash, black birch, red beech, maple and even basswood or lime, are of little, if any, less intrinsic worth. Rock elm is very valuable, competing as it does with hickory for many purposes.

When residing in the City of Quebec, in the year 1859-60, I published a series of articles in the Quebec *Advertiser*, descriptive of the hardwoods of Ontario. The lumber merchants of that city held then, that their correspondents in Liverpool were so wedded to old-fashioned ideas, that they would not so much as look at any price-list except for pine and the few other woods for which there was an assured demand. But I know that my papers were transmitted home, and they may possibly have converted some few readers, as, since then, our rock elm, our white ash, and the black birch of Lower Canada, have been in increased demand, and are regularly quoted at London and Liverpool. But even though old country dealers should make light of our products, that is no reason why we should undervalue them ourselves.

Not merely is our larger timber improvidently wasted, but the smaller kinds, such as blue beech, ironwood or hornbeam, buttonwood or plane tree, and red and white cedar, are swept away without a thought of their great marketable value in the Old World.*

It seems absolute fatuity to allow this waste of our natural wealth to go on unheeded? We send our pine across the Atlantic, as if it were the most valuable wood that we have, instead of being, as it really is, amongst the most inferior. From our eastern seaports white oak is shipped in the form of staves chiefly, also some ash, birch and elm. So far well. But what about the millions of tons of hardwood of all kinds which we destroy annually for fuel, and which ought to realize, if exported, four times as many millions of dollars?

Besides the plain, straight-grained timber which we burn up to get it out of the way, there are our ornamental woods—our beautiful curled and bird's eye maple, our waved ash, our serviceable butternut or yellow walnut, our comely cherry, and even our exquisite black walnut, all doomed to the same perdition. Little of this waste would occur if once the owners of land felt that a market could be got for their timber. Cheese and butter factories for export, have already spread over the land—why not furniture factories also? Why not warm ourselves with the coal of Nova Scotia, of Manitoba, and, by-and-by, of the Saskatchewan, and spare our forest treasures for nobler uses? Would not this whole question be a fitting subject for the appointment of a competent parliamentary commission?

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* I have myself sold red cedar in London at sixpence sterling per square foot, inch thick. Lime (or basswood) was sold at twopence, and ash and beech at about the same price. White or yellow pine was then worth one penny, or just half the value of basswood. These are retail prices. On referring to the London wholesale quotations for July, 1881, I find these statements fully borne out. It will be news to most of my readers, that Canadian black birch has been proved by test, under the authority of the British Admiralty, to be of greater specific gravity than English oak, and therefore better fitted for ships' flooring, for which purpose it is now extensively used. Also for staircases in large mansions.

To me these reflections are not the birth of to-day, but date from my bush residence in the township of Nottawasaga. If I should succeed now in bringing them effectively before my fellow Canadians ere it is too late, I shall feel that I have neither thought nor written in vain.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL TO THE BACKWOODS.

FOR nearly three years we continued to work contentedly our bush farm. At the end of that time, two of our sisters unexpectedly joined us, fresh from the county of Surrey, and all the comforts of English life. Their consternation at the rudeness of the accommodations which we had considered rather luxurious than otherwise, dispelled all our illusions, and made us think seriously of moving nearer to Toronto. I was the first to feel the need of change, and as I had occasionally walked ninety miles to the city, and the same distance back again, to draw money for our road contracts, and had gained some friends there, it took me very little time to make up my mind. My brothers and sisters remained throughout the following winter, and then removed to Bradford.

Not that the bush has ever lost its charms for me. I still delight to escape thither, to roam at large, admiring the stately trees with their graceful outlines of varied foliage, seeking in their delicious shade for ferns and all kinds of wild plants, forgetting the turmoil and anxieties of the business world, and wishing I could leave it behind for ever and aye. In some such mood it was that I wrote—

'COME TO THE WOODS.'*

Come to the woods—the dark old woods,
Where our life is blithe and free;
No thought of sorrow or strife intrudes
Beneath the wild woodland tree.

Our wigwam is raised with skill and care,
In some quiet forest nook;
Our heathful fare is of ven'son rare,
Our draught from the crystal brook.

In summer we trap the beaver shy,
In winter we chase the deer,
And, summer or winter, our days pass by
In honest and hearty cheer.

And when at the last we fall asleep
On mother earth's ancient breast,
The forest-dirge deep shall o'er us sweep,
And lull us to peaceful rest.

* These lines were set to music by the late J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac. of Toronto University, in his 'Songs of Canada.'

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROCK.

BY T. C. JEFFERS, TORONTO.

Not long ago
I stood beside a broad and eager river
That, with silver locks thrown back, rushed on
And rolled its solemn thunder o'er the brink
Of a dread precipice, through dizzy space
To fearful depths below—thence sweeping on
In dark-grey majesty to the great sea.

Long lingered I, with tumult filled, to view
The river's passion, and the agony
With which it vainly struggled on the brink—
Then hurled its strength in one, grand, massy curve
Upon the rocks beneath. But soon I spied,
Far down, without the falling waters' verge,
A mighty crag, that figured to the eye
Great Milton's *Satan*, for it erst had poise
Amid the chafing surf above, but now,
O'erthrown by mightier powers, it lay below,
A kingly ruin, mocked by wind and wave.
Ah me, what years of pain were written there!
O'er its vast forehead cruel scars were traced,
Deep-furrowed in the sombre red, and these
Glowed through the streaming wet with strangest lustre
Upward to the Heav'ns. The dashing spray,
Chief cause of these sad wounds, beat ceaselessly
On its defenceless breast, and harrowed up
New torments; till, from every gleaming point
And crevice in its seamèd front, looked up
The very Genius of despairing woe!
The Sun had gathered up his glory-robes
And hid him in a cloud. Chilly and dark
Seemed everything, and gazing downward still
Strong pity shook my soul. 'Poor stone,' I sighed,
'Poor chainèd Rock, no cheering influence
Or kindly aid can reach thee where thou liest
Far below. Eternal anguish thine!
Nor peace nor hope! the while remorseless thunders
Pour through this grim vale, and shake thy couch
With prophecies of doom.' More had I said
But presently out glanced the noon-day Sun,
And flooded all the world with light and joy!
Breathlessly I turned my gaze upon the rock,
And lo! the sunbeams, gliding from on high,
Had wedded with the floating spray, and now
An infant rainbow—fairest, softest birth!—
In trembling beauty overhung the stone,
And nestled on its breast, while blessed tears
O'er its illumined surface shining crept
And, mingling with the joyous tide, strayed on
I know not where, but when I turned to go
I found them swiftly rolling down my cheek.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS A SHORT CHAPTER OF EARLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY ESSENTIAL TO THE READER'S PROPER UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT FOLLOWS.

I AM a bachelor. I will not say an old one—a point upon which I am particularly sensitive—for my age is supposed to range anywhere between thirty-five and forty, and I stoutly deny that he who has not fully attained to that latter period in his existence can be properly called an *old* bachelor.

I am employed, in a clerical capacity, in one of the largest banking-houses in London; largest I mean in respect to the amount of daily business transacted, and not the number of square feet contained within the four walls of the establishment, which is in fact one of the smallest, darkest, and dingiest in one of the oldest and gloomiest quarters of the city.

An excessive bashfulness, combined with a fervent imagination and a highly poetic temperament, are my chief natural characteristics, to which latter I attribute the fact of having been afflicted through my youth, and a considerable portion of my early manhood, with that unhappy complaint, sometimes known as *cacoethes scribendi*. What time I could snatch from my regular school duties I would furtively apply to the study of the works of Byron and Moore, selecting the former as the model, after which I should mould and develop my own budding genius. Afterwards, if a doubt ever arose in my mind with respect to the compatibility between lofty poetical aspirations and the dull prosaic fact by which I was confronted, of one eternal round of figures, with which indeed my whole daily existance seemed identified, I instantly dismissed it; for had I not before me the illustrious precedent afforded by the banker-poet Rogers, proving that business pursuits were not incompatible with a successful cultivation of the literary art. And was there not Charles Lamb, and —— Dr. Benjamin Bolus? though they hardly fitted my case exactly as the former.

I flattered myself that I possessed all the distinguishing eccentricities of genius. Was not Dr. Johnson in the habit of tonching with his finger all the street posts by which he passed; and did not Lord Byron once pound a costly marble-table to pieces with a hammer, because he happened to stumble over it in the dark, and at another time hurl an inkstand through an open window, because it overflowed when he dipped his pen in it? and I felt sure that I had done things equally unreasonable and absurd. The first rude shock this pleasing idea received was once when a friend, whose

candour I could not sufficiently admire, and in whose kind intentions and general soundness of judgment I placed the most implicit confidence, told me I certainly did possess all the distinguishing eccentricities—without the genius. I did, however, long entertain the hope that if the name of Edward Hastings was not destined to be added to the imperishable roll of names not born to die, I might at least come in time to be regarded, in a more humble and modest way, as a man of letters; but alas! for the vanity of all my literary aspirations! I have long since settled into the conviction that the only letters in which I may ever reasonably hope to attain any marked distinction are L. S. D., a long familiarity with which has, in my case, bred more than contempt.

Of course I had my *affaire du cœur*; but outwardly it was a most tame and inconsequential affair. I could not help comparing myself to a slumbering volcano, presenting a calm exterior, but inwardly full of smouldering and consuming fire; and here the likeness ended. Volcanoes sometimes burst forth; but I never did.

Helen Mowbray, the sister of my early school-fellow and most cherished friend, was the radiant object of this secret adoration, the fair inspirer of all these hidden emotions and tender thoughts; the subject of pleasing reveries by day and balmy dreams by night. We had played together as children, light-hearted and happy until, advancing toward womanhood, Helen began to assume a new and strange interest for me. Was it that time had begun to develop and to perfect those charms which had hitherto been unnoticed by me? Was I already becoming a hopeless captive to a brilliantly dark eye, a wealth of lustrous black hair, a rosy cheek, a cherry lip, and two rows of pearly teeth, and a figure of faultless symmetry? If it were so, how could I have been so long unobservant of all this? Could it be too, that there was a softer, richer, a more musical tone in l whose slightest accent pos me a strange charm unknow and a new magnetism in th touch of her hand that thrille every vein and nerve in my l a strangely delicious sensa other words, was I just fully ing to the consciousness th desperately, madly in love? to ask myself that question. It confirmation in the slightest or emotion of which she was spiration.

If my feelings towards n play-fellow were thus chan manner towards her was not I felt a degree of diffidence straint in her presence whic hardly have escaped her notic of others. And if so, could have divined their cause? So I thought, that with a woman's intuition in such matters, she only discovered my secret b she was disposed to encourage, the limits of a proper maiden esty, so bashful a lover. A loo a glance, may sometimes co meaning far more eloquentl words, and even in a word the be at times volumes of meanir for a person who suffered in inordinate degree from bashful I did, a whole volume of wor looks would have been equally If she ever did manifest any cation of my feelings in such they were certainly wasted on

I have said that the flame was inwardly consuming me fo outward expression, unless th quieting effects just mentioned taken as such. But it did, ho in another way; and in a visibl gible form. In sundry stray bearing respectively such title 'To Helen;' 'Young Love's Awakening;' 'Stanzas Addres a Young Lady;' 'To My Fai slaver,' &c. Of course, none of effusions were ever intended f eye of their fair subject. The i

presenting her even with a couplet in praise of so fractional and unimportant a part of her as one of her eyebrows—if, indeed, anything pertaining to the object of one's adoration can be unimportant—would have greatly shocked my sense of modesty. Once, indeed, I was thrown into a perfect fever of disquietude and alarm by a friend of mine, who was, by the way, a most incorrigible wag and practical joker, professing to have discovered the secret of my altered looks and distrait manner. He slyly intimated to me that one of my stray love pieces had accidentally come into his possession, and that he intended to present it to Miss Mowbray with my compliments, inasmuch as a very proper and becoming sense of modesty would naturally prevent me from doing so. As I had lost or mislaid one of these little effusions—which I had been always careful to keep safely under lock and key before this unlucky mishap—I feared that he spoke but the truth. But that the nature of my feelings upon the matter may be fully appreciated, I transcribe it below:

'ONE LITTLE WORD,

'ADDRESSED TO MY HEART'S IDOL.

'Sweet Helen, in that eye of thine
There lurks a wondrous spell;
It sparkles with a fire divine,
I know its magic well.
Thine are the lips of ruby red,
The teeth of pearly white,
The lily hand, the faultless head;
Thou, Queen of Love by right.

'Of auburn tresses, rich and rare,
Let other poets sing;
With thy dark locks nought can compare
Except the raven's wing.
Thy form is shaped in beauty's mould,
Befitting such a face,
Whose every movement doth unfold
An ever-living grace.

'With but a word thou can'st assuage
This tempest of the heart;
Then wilt thou calm its passions' rage,
And peace and joy impart?
One little word—would'st thou it hear?—
For fear you'd vainly guess—
Dear girl, I'll whisper in thine ear,
That little word is—"Yes!"'

Now, as it was hardly probable that Helen could construe this otherwise than as a direct offer of marriage, can it be wondered at that I remained in a very agony of doubt and apprehension until the end of two weeks, when my friend returned me the piece, saying he had picked it up outside my door on his last visit to my room, and had only kept it to scare me a little. He had, in fact, succeeded in scaring me a good deal.

Harry Mowbray had entered college, and after graduating, had gone to Paris, where he married and settled in business. Two years after his departure, the family followed him, and a year later, upon the death of his father, he retired from business, and went to reside permanently at his country seat in the south of France, which had first come into possession of the family, through purchase, by his grandfather.

Thus the years had slipped by. Helen had developed into a beautiful woman of twenty-two; and all this time, what had I been doing? Declaring my love; proffering vows of eternal devotion and fidelity, and prospering in my suit? Not a bit of it. I was pondering wearily over musty ledgers; becoming hopelessly entangled among intricate accounts and perplexing calculations; going home of evenings to my cheerless lodgings, moody and dispirited; for even had not my unconquerable bashfulness kept me tongue-tied, I felt it would have been the very madness of presumption to have aspired to the hand of the rich heiress; I, the dull, plodding clerk, subsisting upon the bare sufficiency of a small salary.

I visited occasionally at my friend's house, and then but briefly, for I was now fully alive to the necessity of breaking the chains which had so long bound me a silent, passive, suffering captive. If I were ever again to know a moment's peace, I must free myself, at whatever cost, from the unhappy passion that had so long, and so hope-

lessly, possessed me. But like the poor moth that flutters about the flame that singes its wings, and often destroys it, I was attracted towards Helen by a power I could not resist, and I still derived a melancholy pleasure from these brief visits, which were so soon to end. The time had come, and she had departed, and the word which would have either raised me to the topmost pinacle of happiness, or plunged me into the deepest abyss of misery, remained unuttered. Even the satisfaction of knowing my fate, melancholy as it might have been, was denied me.

Ten years had now elapsed since her departure, during which time I had constantly corresponded with her brother, for absence had not diminished the fervour of our early friendship. His letters were always charged with the kindest remembrances to me from his sister, and I certainly never forgot to remember her in mine. It is said that absence conquers love, and I suppose I should have been more than human had it been otherwise in my case. At first I had tried to bury my sorrows in a closer and more absorbing devotion to my daily duties, and after a time the fervour of my early love gave place to a tender memory, which threw a not unpleasing tinge of soft and sober melancholy over my subsequent life. My worldly affairs had prospered, for one morning I received from the senior member of our firm the pleasing information, that, in consideration of my long and faithful services and devotion to the interests of the house, I was to receive promotion, with a proportionate increase of salary, upon the first of the following year; and it is now three years since I became invested with the full duties, responsibilities, and dignities of first assistant to the head-bookkeeper.

CHAPTER II.

ANTICIPATION.

I RECEIVED one morning by early post the following letter:—

'BELMONT,

'August 10, 1878.

'MY DEAR HASTINGS,—Although you have in years past repeatedly declined all my invitations to make us a visit, I herewith send you another, and this time I shall accept no excuse, for you have now certainly earned the right to a good long vacation. I want you to come over and stay just as long as you please. I promise you a nice quiet time in the country, where you can fish, ride, and stroll about to your heart's content, with no one to molest or make you afraid. I know that you dislike noise and confusion, and I am sure that the murmuring of brooks, the rustling of leaves, and the melodies of birds will be the sweetest of sounds for a man of your quiet ways and poetic turn of mind. In the charms of a bright and ever varying landscape of waving woods, majestic mountains, blue skies, and gorgeous sunsets—in all which scenes you know the south of France is rich to repletion—you will be sure to find an unfailing source of delight. Need I say more? Helen will be delighted to see her *old playfellow* again, and so indeed shall we all. Now be sure to come and make us a good long visit, and thus atone for all past delinquencies in this respect.

'Ever truly yours,

'HARRY.'

Be sure to come? Of course I would. This had been one of the day-dreams of my life. My few rural excursions had been confined to Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and other river side resorts within easy distance of the city. But I did not think of those places as being in the country. In my poetical musings on the subject, I had always regarded it as a limitless ex-

panse of waving trees, emerald verdure and cloudless skies, where picturesque little cottages, with moss-thatched roofs, and windows peeping out from between hanging clusters of fragrant roses and odorous woodbine, were occasionally to be met with; and where, in place of the hard pavements and rough roadways of the city, nature provided for one's feet pathways over soft turf —compared with which the choicest carpets of Brussels, Axminster or Turkey would be hard and gritty—and among fragrant beds of perennially blooming flowers, where the streams, free from aught that could defile, sparkled pure and joyous in the glad sunlight, and where the woods were ever musical with the songs of their myriads of feathered inhabitants.

Its pleasures and pursuits I imagined, consisted in rising early and meeting the sun upon the upland lawn; then to return with sharpened appetite to breakfast, the chief charm of which should consist of newly-laid eggs, sweet butter and cream, and milk free from any aqueous element; and afterwards to take a stroll into the farm-yard, and examine your friend's different varieties of stock; then continue your walk to the dairy, praise its neatness and order, and if you are so inclined, indulge in a sly chat with a tidy, pretty, dimple-cheeked little divinity, who presides over the spot. Then to ramble over to the rustic little bridge which spans one of the clearest and most musical of brooks, and gaze dreamily down upon its tiny, babbling waves, or watch the leaves and twigs of the trees and bushes which prettily fringe its banks, now flutter merrily for a moment in the air, and then falling upon the water, hurry away for ever upon its eternal flow, whirling gaily round and round in a perfect delirium of merriment, which almost makes you dizzy to look at.

Then, as the warmth of the day increases, to seek out some sequestered spot. Perhaps some lovely grot or leafy arbour may invite your only too willing footsteps into its grateful shelter; or perhaps the cool, refreshing shade of some widely-spreading tree may entice you to repose at full length beneath it, and idly dream away the midsummer hours in true *dolce far niente* style. Then late in the afternoon to take a walk or drive through the woods and by the open fields, and drink in the beauties of nature presented by the ever-varying aspects of the landscape; and then later on—which would be the crowning glory of the day—to sit on the piazza and feast your eyes in quiet rapture upon the gold, crimson and purple of the sunset—the gorgeous colouring of those cloud draperies with which the mournful but adoring day delights to enrobe the glowing form of her declining god; and afterwards to pass the hours before bed-time in quiet and delightful intercourse with the members of your host's family. Or if again the beauty of the evening tempts you forth, to take an after-supper ramble among the woods, or muse along under the twilight shadows of some quiet-and sequestered by-path, with your ever-fragrant and never-failing companion, a cigar. Then, at not too late an hour, to refreshing slumbers and sweet dreams.

Fancy weaves in gaudy colours, and touches with an old-time Master's hand the canvas whereon it delights her to portray her glowing ideals of the beautiful and sublime. Were these day-dreams destined to fade, one by one, away, or was the reality to equal the ideal? The question I then asked myself, I must leave to the following pages to answer.

The pleasure, too, of once more seeing Helen formed no small ingredient in the sum total of the happiness I anticipated from my visit. She was still unmarried, and there could be no impropriety in the renewal of those old-time feelings of early friendship and kindly regard which we had entertained for each other before my unhappy passion had taken possession of me. But did I ever fear it to be pos-

No. With an increase of years, I hoped an increase of wisdom had come to me. Time had completely quenched my youthful love, and I should simply regard her as one might an old and dear friend; but with no warmer emotion. I was too old now, I flattered myself, for any romantic attachment. I had got bravely over all that nonsense, incident only to inexperienced youth, when everything looks bright with those roseate hues which life then wears for us, but over which a subsequent experience of the sober realities of existence soon throws a far more sombre colouring. No; all that was forever over with me. Had I seriously thought otherwise, I doubt if I should have accepted my friend's invitation.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING TO REALIZE.

THE stormiest of weather and roughest seas; decks flooded from one end to the other with water ankle deep; a wind that swept furiously over them, and dashed the spray with a fierce and blinding violence into the faces of shivering men and women; desperate and not always successful efforts to maintain a foothold upon the sharply inclined plane under them; frantic clutchings at posts, rails and masts while moving from one place to another; general discomfort, general disorder and confusion, and universal nausea—these were a few of the distressing incidents attendant upon the passage of the steamer from Folkstone to Boulogne, upon the morning of the seventeenth of August, 1878; on which I had, with many others, the misfortune to be a passenger.

I had at first sought shelter in the cabin, but its close, unwholesome atmosphere soon drove me back into the open air. And this I found far less already mentioned, even when supplemented by violent collisions between myself and flying stewards bearing large basins in their hands (in fact everybody seemed to be in somebody else's way), by the frequency with which I was sent sprawling at the feet of some young lady, or dropped before her upon my knees in the attitude of a devout but humble suitor for her hand and heart, and by the persistency with which I sat down unceremoniously in the laps of old ladies and trod upon the corns of irascible old gentlemen. And to these trials were superadded the loss of my hat, my breakfast and my temper.

When the panting, heaving steam monster at last rested, it disgorged me upon the land drenched to the skin, weak from excessive retching, and feeling thoroughly miserable. I sank feebly down in the nearest corner of the first railway carriage I reached, opposite a gentleman who was closely wrapped up and appeared to be as dry and comfortable and as snugly fixed in his corner, as I was the exact reverse of either. How he had managed it I couldn't imagine. He was one of those old travellers, perhaps, who best know how to adapt themselves to every emergency, and to preserve both their comfort and equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

'Why, Hastings, old fellow,' suddenly exclaimed a voice with a slightly foreign accent, 'I didn't expect to see you here.'

'I'm confoundedly sorry you do,' I feebly articulated, looking up and perceiving my opposite fellow traveller to be, as his voice had informed me, a Monsieur de Villefort, a resident of London and an old friend of mine, but whom I had not seen for several years.

'Sea air don't seem to agree with you,' he observed, slyly, eyeing me with a rather amused visage.

'The air's all right; it's the confounded water. Nobody but an idiot would venture across in such weather.'

I said this with all the savage emphasis of which I was capable in my enfeebled condition. 'But, how did you manage to keep so comfortable?' I asked.

'Why, you see, I had a convenient friend in the engineer,' he replied, and he gave me the free *entrée* of his apartment. I have crossed with him before, and it is not the first time I have been so favoured.'

'Why didn't I find you out at first?' I exclaimed, enviously, 'and throw myself upon your tender compassion for so snug a berth, too. But wasn't it contrary to the rules of the company?'

'Ah! my young voyageur,' said my friend, 'it is evident you haven't travelled much, or you wouldn't ask so ridiculous a question. You have yet to learn that the rigour of many such rules and regulations will generally relax under the seductive influence of a suitable douceur. Make a note of that, and profit by it accordingly in the future.'

I didn't know what a doo-cer was, but I looked as if I did. It may here be remarked that about the only French words I then understood were *oui* and *non*: I have now, however, a much better acquaintance with the language.

'Never mind, old fellow,' said my friend, thumping me violently upon the back, as if by that means to raise my spirits and diffuse some warmth through my shivering frame; 'I will take good care of you for the rest of the way, for I more than suspect that we are both bound to the same destination.'

I now learned from Monsieur de Villefort that he, too, had received an invitation from our mutual friend Mowbray to make one of a small party that was to assemble at his house to-morrow. I would soon forget all the discomforts of the journey, he assured me, in the round of pleasures that awaited us. And herewith Monsieur de Villefort, no doubt with the kindest intentions, and for my especial delectation and encouragement, enthusiastically launched forth into a somewhat detailed description. Guns, fishing-rods, horses, and every other means of enjoyment and diversion pertaining to a well-ordered country establishment, our friend possessed in abundance. There was everything, in fact, to gratify the most varied tastes, and it would be my own fault, he assured me, if I felt a single moment hang heavily on my hands. He had recently visited him, and was well qualified to speak of the grand style in which our friend lived; of his *recherché* dinners; the excellence of his wines; the rarity of his paintings and books; and the general sumptuousness that pervaded the *tout ensemble* (whenever he aired his native tongue I always looked more than usually wise) of his establishment, his mansion itself, indeed, being little smaller than a castle.

And then his stables, and the magnificent thoroughbreds that they contained; his retinue of men-servants and women-servants; the well-stocked fish ponds and game preserves that were profusely scattered over his broad ancestral acres; and then lastly, but by no means least, his charming wife and fascinating sister (this latter word with a sly twinkle of the eye upon the part of the speaker, and a visible increase of redness in the face upon the part of the hearer, showing that he had not, at all events, yet forgotten how to blush at the mention of her in his presence), from whom he promised me I would be sure to receive a most cordial welcome.

It may, perhaps, be as well to mention here, that Monsieur de Villefort was the person who had occasioned me the dreadful fright about that little piece of poetry before alluded to, and I felt sure that my early feelings toward Helen were at least no secret to him, and which at the time I must confess was a source of no little annoyance, as his continued jokes on

the subject had been no less disagreeable to me, in the old days.

Now this glowing description of the splendours of Belmont instead of raising my spirits served to cast a damper over all my bright anticipations. I detested a crowd, and above all a crowd of jabbering, gesticulating Frenchmen, who would I felt sure, from their native politeness, bore me to death with their well-meant but confounded attentions. They were all, doubtlessly, hard riders, skilful sportsmen and expert anglers, and were to meet at my friend's house for the purpose of indulging in those delectable pastimes. That small party already began to assume terribly huge proportions in my mind's eye. Now Harry had hinted at nothing of this in his letter. He was well aware of my shy, retiring habits, and how distasteful such surroundings would be to me. A nice, quiet time indeed! freedom from noise and confusion! and in a house full of men, women and children, and all of them French at that; the idea was preposterous. I was beginning to feel that I had been inveigled over under the most grossly false inducements.

I derived some comfort, however, from the hope that in their very commendable disgust for *le pauvre Anglais* who could neither hunt, fish, ride on horseback, nor play a game at cards or billiards; who was in fact totally ignorant of all those gentlemanly sports and polite diversions; they would leave me severely alone. Otherwise what was to become of those quiet morning rambles to the farmyard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge; those noonday reveries in that charming little grot or leafy arbour, or under the widely-spreading branches of that gigantic tree? And then those tranquil evening enjoyments in the familiar society of my host and his charming family, or those quiet after-supper rambles?—which I had promised myself.

If my day-dreams were to be violently interrupted at any mc
the discharge of a gun almost
very ear, or by the shouts an
a set of excited frog-eaters, all
on tearing, plunging, sci
horses, and preceded by a
howling, bellowing dogs, anc
gaged in the noble diversion
suing some poor unoffendir
devil of a fox to death; if
were to be thus disturbed
nights made hideous by th
carousals of these *bons viv*
what purpose had I accept
friend's invitation? Howeve
could be no turning back nov
must put as good a face as
upon the matter. But I fe
Harry had really played me
shabby trick.

CHAPTER IV.

A LATE DINNER FOLLOWED BY
OF BILLIARDS.

THE short time allowed us i
before the train start
Clermont, I employed in the pu
of a hat and umbrella and a bra
suit of outer garments. My o
and I had abruptly parted co
when about half-way across the
nel, and my umbrella upon la
had consisted of a few shreds o
cotton barely adhering to a bun
sticks. I wondered not that De
fort, as he assisted me to a
laughed until the tears streamed
his cheeks; for with my handke
tied about my head (and which b
way, as I had caught a severe c
was compelled to remove and blo
nose upon about every ten minu
De Villefort had offered me his, b
he was addicted to the vile hab
taking snuff I had politely decl
the offer); my garments hanging
and wrinkled about me; my vali
one hand and the melancholy w
already mentioned in the othe
must have presented, for a pe

bent upon the pursuit of pleasure, a woful spectacle indeed.

As I did not desire to appear in the least respect *outré* among the polite assemblage to whom it was now inevitable that I must be duly presented, I had purchased my suit of the costliest material and most fashionable style, which, not having had time to try on, I had selected upon the assurances of the salesman that it was exactly my fit, that it could not indeed have suited me better, had it been expressly made for me, etc., etc.

Three hours later, from my comfortable corner in a first-class compartment of the through night express, I was enviously regarding with wide open eyes, the form of De Villefort, who was peacefully snoring in his corner by the other door, his feet resting upon the seat before him, and his cap drawn down over his eyes. But for me sleep was, from the novelty of my situation, an impossibility. The storm was over, though the moon was at times hidden by heavy masses of cloud. The fleeting shapes of trees, houses, bridges, towns; the walls of old châteaux, tall and spectral looking in the wan moonlight, and at times the dark mass of some venerable cathedral; all shadowy and indistinct, appearing for a moment and then vanishing into darkness, had, at first, diverted my attention. Then my thoughts would revert with a painful persistency to the dreadful ordeal that awaited me on the morrow. Already the pleasing images I had conjured up were fast losing form and substance, and were fleeing from me, as vague and unreal as the objects in the outer darkness by which we sped. And so on through the night, sleepless, restless and weary.

A hasty breakfast in the station at Clermont, another railway journey, a short delay at Toulouse after leaving the train, and then towards six o'clock in the afternoon, after a two miles' drive, we were rolling along the broad avenue leading to Belmont, under the branches of grand old trees, and at times by the margin of a beautiful expanse of water. Harry was on the steps to welcome us, which he did in a right royal manner. He saluted me in true French style, upon both cheeks, and turning, presented me to his wife, who, at that moment, came forward followed by Helen. The latter's welcome was indeed little less warm than that of her brother's, putting me at once entirely at my ease; and after a few further words expressive of our mutual pleasure at this happy meeting, after so long a separation, I was conducted up a grand staircase, along several lofty corridors and into my chamber, to prepare for dinner.

'No,' I said to myself decisively, as I drew a chair to the window, and sat down—'No,' I repeated in a still firmer tone, as if I defied contradiction either from myself or some imaginary auditor, 'She is not the Helen of ten years ago. Time has certainly dealt very gently with her, but yet ——;' but yet *what?* That was precisely the the question I asked of myself without being able to obtain any satisfactory answer. But yet what? Grey hairs among the black; less sparkle in the dark expressive eye; less grace or symmetry of form, or less charm of manner? Certainly none of these. And yet ten years must make some change, I reasoned—but where was it? Not the Helen of ten years ago? Certainly not in years; but in what other respect? Well, what mattered it to me after all, further than the pleasure—a most natural feeling—that I should derive from perceiving how little my old friend *was* changed. Yes, I had to acknowledge to myself, she was still sufficiently like the Helen of that not so very remote period to make it perhaps a little unsafe for me to allow my thoughts to dwell too much upon the fact. But as for any possibility of the return of the old feeling; bah! the idea was ridiculous!

Only fifteen minutes left me to dress, and my valise not yet opened. I applied myself forthwith to my toilet,

took my new trousers in hand and then perceived, for the first time, to what an extent I had been made the victim of misplaced confidence. After the most frantic efforts, and being compelled to sit down several times from sheer exhaustion, I finally succeeded in squeezing myself into them; and then I felt that I should ever after live and die with those trousers on me, for by no possibility could I conceive of any means of extricating myself from them.

At last, thus arrayed in the latest Parisian mode, and feeling more thoroughly uncomfortable than I ever did in my life before, I descended the stairs, harrassed by the fear that the slightest deviation from the severely perpendicular might be followed by the most disastrous consequences. No wretched victim was ever conducted to the torture chamber with a livelier apprehension of the torments that awaited him, than had I as I approached the dining-room, and had any means of escape been possible at the moment, I think I should have beat an ignominious retreat in the very face of the enemy.

As I had anticipated, the dining-room was full of ladies and gentlemen, who were only awaiting my arrival to sit down. I have a shadowy recollection of having been forthwith presented; of having bowed my acknowledgments of their cordial salutations with a stiffness that would have frozen all the geniality in the blood of any one but a Frenchman; and then of dropping into my seat at table under a vague impression that my trousers had parted at both knees.

As an old and valued friend, I was accorded the seat at Harry's left hand, while upon his right, opposite to me, sat a portly French woman, of rather coarse features, and, as I afterwards thought, of exceedingly vulgar manners. Next to her was seated a Monsieur Bontemps, whose nature certainly did not belie his name, as he was assu-

wittiest and most entertaini
company. He would freq
the whole table in a roar
sally, in which I joined with
a pretence of comprehending
said as I could assume; and
ally, when he addressed hi
rectly to me, I would ende
conceal my embarrassment b
my head in a highly ap
manner and remarking 'oui,'
by laughing heartily, as I
he couldn't say anything th
funny. I fear that once t
and the 'oui' must have co
the wrong place, for after a
marks levelled directly at m
regarded me with a look
blank astonishment that I w
assume a most serious expres
substitute 'non' for my unlu
take, when, at the sudden d
discretion I wisely remaine
fearing I might make anot
perhaps worse, *faux pas*, an
diately became closely inter
examining the contents of
before me.

I would occasionally upon
to Harry; occasionally I say,
attention was almost wholly en
by the person upon his righ
mentioned, who discharged
almost without a moment's ce
volley after volley of the most
French I ever listened to. N
her shots ever came my way,
evidently regarded me as enti
neath her notice; at which I w
as well pleased, as I regarded h
feelings of the most intense
and aversion.

Helen and Mrs. Mowbray
the other end of the table, so
was effectually debarred from a
versation with them. A rathe
but quite pretty-looking youn
sat at my right hand, but, b
perhaps like myself, she was as
as an oyster, and hardly ever
her eyes from her plate. On
sheer desperation, I turned to

her to hazard a word or two in English, when she looked so frightened, and, as I imagined, indignant, that, quite abashed and scared myself at the presumption of which I had been unwittingly guilty, I immediately withdrew into my own shell, and abandoned all attempts at sociability in that quarter.

But a word or two as to the dinner itself? Such delicate fricasees and ragoûts; such choice entremets, and superb rotis; such rare wines; and such general excellence in the appointments and service! Such rattling of knives, forks, plates and glasses; such gabbering and gesticulating; such flying here and there upon the part of the attendants! No wonder that all was noise, jollity, enjoyment and good humour.

The person (I can never speak with the slightest respect of this creature) who sat at Harry's right—and I could never understand why she had been accorded that honour; for that he really enjoyed her conversation I could not for a moment suppose—having made a pause of some few moments' duration, I seized the opportunity to remark, in a tone bordering almost upon desperation—

'I hope, Harry, old fellow, you haven't become so Gallic in your tastes and habits as to have quite outgrown all your old English ways, and all your memories of old friends and the good times we used to have together, but can take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.'

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Harry, gaily; 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to min'? Never fear I shall forget dear old England. In fact I have just been telling Madame McMahon what a particular friend of mine you are, and of those very same happy old days. But unfortunately,' turning with a laugh to that individual, 'she shares the prejudices of some of her fellow-countrymen, and thinks that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. You take the application. But in justice to herself, I must say she does not consider me an Englishman but as thoroughly French in all respects as one native and to the manner born. The accident of my having been born on the wrong side of the channel she simply regards as a misfortune in which she graciously acquits me of all complicity or responsibility. I am sure, however, that when you become better acquainted, she will be compelled to admit how really clever a genuine, old-fashioned Englishman can sometimes be.'

During this speech the face of Madame McMahon wore as immovable an aspect as if she had comprehended not one word of its purport. That she had, however, I was certain; as we had been mutually addressed. But if Harry supposed that by this means I was to be inveigled into a conversation with this coarse and disgusting creature, he was wofully mistaken.

In my excessive embarrassment, I gave a feeble laugh and said, 'If you expect to prove it by me I am afraid that—that;' what I might further have said I have no idea, for this hesitation proved for me a most unlucky pause, as the enemy immediately entered the breach, and I was ignominiously routed, not only in regard to speech but every available idea that might have suggested itself. For not deigning to honour me with either word or look, she renewed her conversational assaults upon Harry with increased vigour.

Added to the keen sense of embarrassment and humiliation produced by this impolite treatment, was a feeling of such uncontrollable indignation not only at the direct cause of it, but at my general surroundings, amid which I was forced to be a mere spectator, and from which I alone derived no pleasure or enjoyment—that I could at that moment, with the most infinite gusto, have choked Madame McMahon on the spot, scalped Monsieur Bontemps with one of my host's carving-knives, and made an indiscriminate

assault upon the rest of the guests. Nay, I felt—strange contrariety of feeling to be sure—that I could have thrown myself at Helen's feet and made desperate love to her; something, *anything* for a vent to my pent-up feelings.

Whatever promised relief from such turbulent emotions, I ought surely to have gladly welcomed, but this now came in a manner so sudden, and was of a character so peculiarly distressing —consisting in short of a most ominous sensation in the region of my knees —that I doubt if this new cause for disquiet was not rather worse than that to which it had succeeded. Yes, they certainly were giving way this time, was the horrible thought that flashed through my brain. Involuntarily I darted out my feet to such a length that they came in violent contact with those of Madame McMahon. Had such a thing occurred under any ordinary circumstances, I would gladly have sunk through the floor, had any opening therein conveniently presented itself for the purpose. In the present rather exceptional state of my feelings, I assumed a total unconsciousness of having done anything in the least indecorous; for, besides, I couldn't have apologized had I wanted to, as assuming that she did not understand English—an idea I found quite agreeable to my purpose—the thought of getting Harry to act as interpreter between us, and translating my apology to her, was too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. In fact, I rather derived a secret satisfaction from my involuntary assault, only coupled with a regret that it had not been more violent and could not be followed up. I looked unconcernedly away, and only once did I feel conscious that her eye had been fixed upon me, and but for a moment, though with a deadly, penetrating, Gorgon-like stare, intended, no doubt, to be equally petrifying in its effect. But what she really may have thought of such extraordinary behaviour I cared not.

I was restored to a tolerable of composure upon ascertainin my alarm was groundless; but mained for the rest of the time and moody, until I arose, with a powering sense of relief, from the I shall not be missed, I thought, a lowed the others towards the pi and I will just say a word to I and then be off for a walk. I perform the first part of my inte I perceived, upon reaching the p door, would necessitate walking further end of the long room, Harry was at the moment engag showing a collection of prints to s of his guests, among whom was dame McMahon, still volubly co ing with her host, and eyeing a same time a print she held in her with a severely critical air; prol one of Hogarth's or Gilray's; if, in she considered any of those, bein works of Englishmen, worthy o notice at all.

To run the gauntlet of so r eyes was simply out of the ques So I turned towards the hall, an the moment caught Harry's eye. started towards me, divining my pose, perhaps, and with the inter of preventing my escape. To sn up my hat, hurry towards the f door, softly open and close it bel me, was the work of a moment. start away down the broad gravel w rejoicing in my newly-acquired libe was the work of another, but in next I heard Harry's voice hailing

'Aha, Hastings,' he exclaimed, 'i ing French leave in that mann Come back instanter, for I want for something particular. You can the grounds to-morrow.'

'I was going to the garden; know I am so fond of flowers,' I plied, sheepishly, though I was aware that he knew anything of kind, or, indeed, that I did myse but being detected in the act, snatched at anything as an excu for absconding in so disgraceful manner.

'Plenty of time for that to-morrow, old fellow,' said Harry. 'We want to make up four sets at whist, and as we are just one short, you are the man we want.'

'You can get some one else,' I suggested.

'No,' replied Harry, 'all the others are determined upon billiards, so you are just the man for the occasion.'

'But I don't play,' I said. 'You know very well I don't.'

'Oh, yes you do,' he replied, 'and I'll insure you a good partner, and that will help you along amazingly. Madame McMahon is a capital player, and as you were almost next-door neighbours at dinner, it is quite apropos that you should be partners at the whist table. So come along and help us out.'

I verily believe that had I, with all my old childish faith in juvenile story books revived within me, actually regarded Madame McMahon as a veritable ogress, ready not only to exclaim—

'Fe, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread,'

but fully prepared to put her benevolent intentions in that respect into immediate execution, I could not have heard this proposition with more dire dismay.

'No!' I exclaimed in a tone of more unalterable determination than I ever thought myself capable of; 'you must excuse me. You must find some one else; for really I know nothing about the game.'

'Pshaw!' laughed Harry. 'You are still the same diffident bashful old fellow you always were. I thought you had got over all your nonsensical objections to cards, and such other fashionable frivolities, as you used to call them, long ago.'

'I don't know why you should have thought so.' I said, almost angrily. 'No; really you must excuse me this time. Indeed you must.'

'Well, as you will,' said Harry. 'Perhaps you would like a quiet hour or two in the library.'

'The very place,' I replied; 'many thanks for the suggestion.' Harry accordingly conducted me to that apartment, which fortunately I found empty, and after directing my attention to several rare old volumes which he thought might especially interest me, left me to myself.

I took a seat by a small table in one corner, and picked up a copy of Tennyson, which I perused for a little while and then laid aside.

Now, how pleasant it would be, I ruminated within myself, as my eye fell upon a certain crayon portrait upon the wall near the door, if Helen would only happen in alone. How dearly I should like a talk about the old time, and how fortunate is it for me that I can regard her simply with the feelings of an old and dear friend. But did I really believe this? Whether I did or not, I could not then determine, for all further psychological research into the true nature of my feelings upon the subject was interrupted by the entrance of a lady, accompanied by one much younger, and evidently, from the strong resemblance between them, her daughter. The former smiled graciously upon me and then addressed me in the politest manner, and after an uninterrupted discourse—not one word of which I understood—of some five minutes' length paused, and regarded me with an expression which was unmistakably indicative of the unpleasant fact, that a reply upon my part was expected.

I arose awkwardly enough and bowed; turned alternately red and white, perplexed myself with fruitless speculations as to what the possible consequences might be should I hazard the reply of either *Oui* or *Non*; stammered, hesitated, and was looking as intensely foolish as possible, when to my great relief Helen entered the room, and taking in the situation at a glance, spoke a few words to this lady

who again turning towards me, said in an apologetic tone:

'Ah! pardon; but I did not know zat Mistaire Hasting did not speak ze French language; but vould he be so kind as to play vun leetle game of billyard with her?'

Mercy on me! Had it taken that length of time to prefer so simple a request. What would not that woman's tongue be capable of when upon some other rather more important and profound topic, I thought?

'I have,' pursued this lady, 'been informed by Monsieur de Villefort, zat Mistaire Hasting is vun famous player of ze billyards, and I desire ze honour of to match myself with him for vun leetle game.' She further went on to say that she was accustomed to regard herself as a very fair player, but would consider it no disgrace to be beaten by a player of Mistaire Hasting's transcendent abilities.

I politely informed her that what Monsieur de Villefort had told her was simply one of that gentleman's little pleasantries, of which I had before been made the victim; and that I really knew nothing about billiards whatever; absolutely nothing. That I had never played, or had hardly ever seen a game played in my life.

'Ah, no,' she said, with a knowing look and a sly twinkle of the eye, 'she would not allow Monsieur, from any polite considerations for herself to decline the wager of battle she had thrown down to him. In spite of his generous disinclination to take so great an advantage over her, as the immense disparity between the respective abilities would give him—and although she well knew she would be vanquished, she must nevertheless insist upon his acceptance of her challenge.

My situation was becoming desperate. I appealed to Helen for confirmation of the truth of my words; but all she could say was that she had often heard me declare that I cared nothing about billiards and that I had never played a game; but wh had acquired the art within t ten years, of course I knew best Madame was persistent; de that it was my sense of politene complaisance alone which deter from matching myself with her.

Despite the prevalent notior although a naturally impudent ma counterfeit modesty, it is not p for a bashful man to successfully terfeit impudence, it is nevert astonishing of what unblushing ance a truly modest man may times be guilty. From the ver peration of my position, a br idea, like one of those bright in tions which sometimes flash up in time of our sorest need, came relief; and like a wary general, instead of boldly confronting t upon the open field, resorts to brilliant strategic movement, h thereby to utterly overwhelm hi now adopted a new line of defen

I consequently proceeded to mate, assuming a somewhat sly ner, and peculiarly significant s that perhaps what Monsieur de fort had told her was not so ver from the truth after all; and th might possibly behoove her to lo her laurels. That I had in fact, various occasions, successfully lai all the champion players of Engl and that it was no unusual thin me to make a single run of five dred points; and that consequen must insist, simply as a matter of ness to herself, upon allowing seventy-five points to start with, game of a hundred. If some blu did irresistibly mantle my cheek these atrocious falsehoods, I felt that they would be accepted as a becoming expression of the modes would naturally feel at the mentio such superhuman achievements. I equally sure that she would im diately abandon all idea of contes a game with one who had such c dence in his own powers as to al his opponent seventy-five points

begin with. It *was* a brilliant conception; but practically, a wretched failure.

With a despairing glance at Helen, I followed Madame de Clerval (the name of this aggravating creature) to the billiard-room, which was located at the end of a long corridor, upon the second storey. As the challenger, she politely left to me the choice of tables. I told her that with my old-fashioned English notions, I would prefer a game upon a table with pockets; there being one of that kind in the room; a carom game, I calculated, required at least some little skill, but there was some probability that I might, by sheer brute force, put a ball into one of the pockets and so count something.

The room was brilliantly lighted; there was some ten or a dozen ladies and gentlemen present, and two tables were already occupied by De Villefort, Bontemps and a couple of ladies whose names I did not know. As Madame de Clerval and I took our positions at the other table, the chairs in its immediate vicinity were immediately occupied by several of the company, thereby dispelling the hope I had encouraged that the spectators would considerately devote their attention to the other players. They evidently expected to witness some extraordinary playing, as my opponent's reputation was doubtlessly well established, and of my performances it was quite natural, under the circumstances, that they should have entertained equally great expectations. Indeed, so far as I was concerned, I felt that their expectations would be gratified. I entertained, in fact, an irresistible conviction that it would be the most extraordinary playing that they had ever had the good fortune to behold. We began; but in mercy to myself let me draw a veil over all that followed, but if I must speak of it at all, let the briefest possible mention suffice.

Of the number of times I made the balls hit each other, but never the right ones; of the frequency with which my ball described, with the most charming geometrical precision, a straight line from the end of my cue into the nearest pocket; of the persistency with which I would play with my opponent's ball instead of my own; of the frantic efforts I made to reach the latter when it had rolled away from me, which I could have done with perfect ease by going round to that side of the table to which it was nearest, and as a result the frightful rent that my new coat sustained from collar to skirt, and the complete wreck of my trousers; of the astonishment depicted upon the faces of the spectators; of the quiet, though intense, enjoyment that it seemed to afford De Villefort—of all these I would gladly efface the memory, were it possible.

In the solitude of my room that night my thoughts were bitter indeed. Did I endeavour to delude myself with the idea that I must have fallen asleep here in my chamber upon entering it, and dreamed it all; and that those melancholy remnants upon the chair by my bed, could by no possibility belong to me, but must be the identical suit worn by—

> 'The man all tattered and torn,'
> Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,'

and which had, in some mysterious manner, found its way into my room, it was all in vain. For once my powers of imagination utterly failed me. Did I seek forgetfulness in sleep; I dreamed that I was the victim of that particularly distressing feature of indigestion—a feeling as if a piece of lead or unbaked dough were sticking in my gullet, which had been induced by a too rapid and voracious swallowing of my food at some grand dinner to which I had been invited, and that my doctor had finally succeeded, by some mysterious process known only to himself, in dislodging an immense billiard ball from my throat. And was all this alas! but a foretaste of the kind of rural enjoyment I was to expect?

CHAPTER V.

A FISHING EXCURSION INVOLVING A SERIOUS MISTAKE, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER DINNER, INVOLVING A STILL MORE SERIOUS ONE.

AS I awoke early the next morning, the words of a song trolled forth in a rich manly voice, near my window, fell pleasantly on my ear. A love ditty, I imagined, from the frequent recurrence of the word *aimer*, which alone I understood. Then followed a lively air from the opera of 'La Belle Hélène.' Absurd association of ideas to be sure; but could one of those rascally Frenchmen—yes, the idea certainly *was* absurd, though, perhaps, excusable enough, had I been a lover whose jealous fears were prone to take alarm at the veriest trifle—*could* one of those rascally Frenchmen be serenading Helen?

Five o'clock in the morning was, to be sure, rather an early hour to tender such a compliment; though, how did I know but that these people, with their queer ways and odd notions, might not consider that a proper time for such a performance? And if it were so, I being no lover, what business was it of mine. I felt so strongly inclined, however, to make it my business, that I sprang from bed, and strode wrathfully to the window. Though the offender, whoever he might be, was not visible, the prospect that was, in all its glowing beauty, was certainly enough to have calmed the most perturbed spirits.

My window looked directly over the garden, which was a combination of trim gravel walks, closely-clipped hedges and trees, smooth lawns, bordered by flowers and shrubbery; terraces, with balustrades, fountains, and statues; all thoroughly French in character and appearance. The mansion itself was an old chateau, now somewhat modernized, and certainly large enough to have held a small army. Harr bray's grandfather had purch from the agent of some Frenc or marquis, about the time of th revolution. The owner, it is sai French leave one fine morning, ing with him most of his portal perty. Some said that the unc mising old aristocrat had bec disgusted at the spread of thos embodied in the three words, 'l fraternité, egalité,' that he had out a more congenial form of g ment under which to pass his r ing days. Others had hinte probably with more truth, that t congeniality of his native land, a somewhat hasty departure ther were owing to the not altogeth reasonable apprehension of rec some fine morning, a polite r from Robespierre for his head. ever that may have been, and by ever happy stroke of good luc property had originally come int session of his family, certain i that Harry Mowbray was now th tunate owner of one of the finest e in the south of France.

The prospect, stretching away far Pyrenees, bright and glowi the early beams of the newly sun, was inexpressibly lovely, a stood gazing at it with mingled tions of admiration and delight. denly I heard my name pronou directly under my window, and, ing down, I perceived a Mon Mallet, a short, dapper little whose eccentricities of manner ha tracted my notice the evening be He waved his hand pleasantly tow me, saying,

'Bonjour, Monsieur Hasting;" perhaps thinking I might not un stand French, he continued: early valk is good for ze appetite, it is ze early bird, you know, catches ze vorm.'

I nodded my head pleasantly confirmation of the truth of the verb, which, as I observed he car a spade in his hand, I was half incl

to construe literally; but what in the name of reason, I could not help thinking, does he want to catch, or rather dig, worms for?

'I always prefare to dig for them myself,' he continued; 'and, besides, ze exercise, too, is good for ze appetite, and it is vary pleasant to me, ze smell of ze fresh airth.'

He sauntered jauntily on, humming to himself some air, and was soon out of sight.

'Digging worms for an appetite,' I exclaimed, with a laugh. 'I should have thought that a short turn about the grounds on horseback would have answered the purpose quite as well, besides being a much more agreeable occupation. These French certainly *are* queer people.'

As I closed the window, some one rapped at my door. I opened it to Harry, who excused his early intrusion upon me by saying that he wanted to have a chat with me about the good old times, which he regretted not having been able to do before. After an hour's pleasant talk about our old school days and old friends, recalling many delightful memories of our youthful years (and surely life can afford no truer or more unalloyed pleasure than the renewal in after years of such recollections with some old friend of our early days), he turned to leave me, when I could not help saying, half reproachfully, 'Harry, old fellow, how was it that you didn't say anything about the other guests you expected. I should have cut a pretty figure here in my old clothes, when presented, hadn't it been for De Villefort's information; and, as it is,' I added, with a laugh, 'I shall have to come to them now, unless you have a tailor within convenient distance.'

'Never mind those rags,' said Harry, with an amused look at the remnants of my Parisian finery. 'We'll take you to Toulouse and fit you out anew, if you choose. But I certainly do owe you an apology; but the fact is, my dear fellow, they more than half invited themselves, and I did rather hope you would not come until after their departure, as I was afraid you would not like it. But in a week they will all be gone, and I shall then devote myself exclusively to you.'

Half an hour after, dressed in the extra suit I had brought with me, I descended the stairs, and perceived Monsieur Mallet at the upper end of the hall, arranging some fishing tackle; and in a moment the mystery was explained. He looked up, spoke pleasantly, and presented a handsome rod for my inspection, which he informed me he had recently purchased. I soon discovered that he was an enthusiast upon the subject of fishing; and, evidently deeming me an appreciative disciple of old Izaac Walton, he immediately launched forth upon an enthusiastic and highly scientific discourse upon the piscatory art. And after boring me nearly to death with a minute description of various kinds of flies; of the times of year when each should be used, and for what particular kind of fish, he concluded by informing me that Monsieur de Clerval and he were going trout fishing after breakfast, and that he would be happy to have me accompany them. He added, that unfortunately he had forgotten to bring his book of flies with him, but doubted not they would do just as well with worms.

I thanked him, but replied that as I knew nothing about fishing, I would have to be excused. He shrugged his shoulders and observed that of course Monsieur must do as he pleased, but that he who never fished for trout, was ignorant of one of the greatest enjoyments of life.

The truth was that I had resolved to devote this morning to my first visit to the farmyard, the dairy and that rustic little bridge. So consequently I had also to decline invitations to ride, walk, shoot at a target, and several other polite pastimes, with which the company usually gratified their respective tastes during the morning hours.

Breakfast passed off tolerably enough (for I remained unmolested by anyone, Madame McMahon as usual entirely ignoring my presence), and was of course, in respect to the quantity and quality of the viands, irreproachable. Monsieur Bontemps, too, to my infinite relief, deigned not to address me a single word, having probably discovered that I was not quite so appreciative a listener as he had supposed; and with Harry I was content to exchange a word occasionally. I avoided Madame de Clerval's eye from very shame; for I felt that I had not only made a painful exhibition of my own incompetency, but I had a guilty consciousness of having brought the fair fame of the whole billiard fraternity of my native land into serious disrepute, for if its champions had been vanquished by me, what sort of an opinion could she have entertained of the far larger body of non-professional players?

I had equipped myself for my walk, and was about to start forth, when Madamoiselle de Clerval approached me with a most captivating smile, and asked me if I sang; to which I truthfully, but incautiously, replied that I did sometimes—for my own pleasure.

'Then Monsieur Hasting,' she said, 'will not, I am sure, refuse to join our little musical party in the parlour.' She added with an insinuating smile that she knew I sang because Monsieur de Villefort had told her so. There were several very fine voices among the company, and they were arranging to sing the grand second finale from Lucia de Lammermoor, and upon Monsieur de Villefort's assurances of the really superb tenor voice that I possessed, I had been selected to sustain the part of Edgardo. In the event of my knowing neither Italian nor French, he had suggested that I could just as well sing the words in English, If I objected to this as a little incongruous, she could assure me there were ample precedents for it. That she herself had heard different parts of the same opera sung in both Italian and German at the same time. A: to have their first r o'clock.

The idea of my fi of the impassioned gardo—I, who knev note of music nor a was so supremely could not refrain fro

I told her that M fort's information w this respect (it was a ter to allude to, s blushes to my cheel in regard to my abil player, and of those opportunity of formi ion.

Oh, no! (with an Hastings could not e on that ground. E and herself had cles little ruse; the char pleasantry he had and they were not to was only his complai site sense of politene ing gallantry to the fa him to play as he d so easy a victory ov fully appreciated his sideration for her.

This put quite a n matter. Possibly o enced in the wiles of ry than I, would no so highly elated at the so confident of their t so delighted was I at possibly she really be said, that assuming air, and giving a smil nificance, I observed t my little trick *had* b Madame de Clerval, might as well own up it. I begged to assure I considered her moth tal player, and I shoul disgrace even had I be by her. It was indee our in itself to have s tagonist. Gallantry t

was perhaps—though I blush to own it, as well I might— my distinguishing trait, but I really feared she overrated my virtues in that respect.

No; that was impossible; she was sure she had not. And inasmuch, I thought, as I had gone so far as to rend my garments in so worthy a cause she was—in her own opinion—doubtlessly quite right.

Was this the timid, bashful Edward Hastings who was conversing in this over-confident style of easy gallantry? Yes, truly; and had he but known it, as sorry a dupe to the seductive wiles of female artifice, as ever had occasion to reproach his blindness of self pride as the cause of it, after his eyes had been opened.

I suddenly remembered, however, that I had made an engagement to go fishing with her father and Monsieur Mallet, which I regretted, would of course deprive me of the pleasure of joining the musical party.

That being the case, she must excuse me, she supposed; but upon the next occasion of the kind, she should assert her claim, which fact I was to duly bear in mind.

Of course, after this, there was nothing to do but to hunt up Monsieur Mallet, and tell him that I had changed my mind and would go with them. At this the little man appeared much pleased, and promised me some rare sport.

Harry kindly equipped me with his own rod, a brand new one which had never been used, some lines and hooks, and a creel.

'By the way, Hastings,' he remarked, as thus prepared, I was about to join the others, 'I promised to take you to dine with Jack Morley (Harry's brother-in-law) this evening. I know you will like them. His mother and sister are plain old-fashioned people, and Jack himself is one of the best fellows alive. He lives in a quiet, snug way; has an excellent library, and is like yourself, a passionate admirer of Byron; and I can promise you a nice quiet time of it. I have to go to Toulouse on business to-day, and should I not be able to return until late, I will try to meet you at his gate at six o'clock. But if I am not there at that hour, don't wait for me but go in and make yourself perfectly at home. They will expect you. Now don't fail me.'

The prospect of having a nice, quiet time anywhere and with anybody, was so delightful, that I gladly assented to his proposal; and after receiving directions as to finding the house, I joined my two companions.

We were driven to a distant part of the grounds; and after alighting, followed our respective courses along the margin of a stream which ran through some pretty woods. Monsieur de Clerval started in an opposite direction from that taken by Monsieur Mallet and myself, by whom I was followed at a short distance. At the first toss of my line I threw it, not upon the water, but in among the bushes upon the opposite side; and when, after shortening it some six feet, I did succeed in throwing my hook fairly upon the stream, it was accompanied in its descent by such a shower of leaves, twigs and bits of broken branches, that any trout which might have been unsuspiciously lurking within fifty feet of me, must have been instantly put to flight.

I fished along for half an hour without a nibble, when I came to a deep pool. There was a large rock at the bottom upon the other side, and under that I was sure there were hiding numerous speckled beauties, so I dropped my hook down temptingly near to the crevice. I was probably not aware that trout did not nibble, otherwise I should hardly have allowed the splendid fellow who suddenly darted out and disappeared for a moment with the worm, to go tearing madly about in the water, now turning somersaults in the air, and then diving down deep into the pool, and bending my rod like a bit of whale-

bone. I had always understood it was the correct thing in fishing never to pull up at the first bite, but to let your fish get firmly hooked. Thinking I might now secure him, I concentrated all my strength in one tremendous effort, and threw my quivering victim high in the air; leaving him dangling, far out of reach, from an overhanging bough. In quiet despair, I contemplated his mid-air antics. I knew if he dropped he was gone. But how to prevent such a catastrophe? The tree must be climbed; or should I wade into the middle of the stream and, extending my hat aloft in my hands, wait until such time as it pleased him to tumble into it? Neither of these devices for securing my prize appeared agreeable, if practicable. But something must be done, and quickly. So, throwing off my coat, I adopted the only alternative, and scrambled up the tree, in a few minutes reaching the branch from which he still dangled. At that moment the frail limb upon which my feet rested gave way, and I only saved myself from falling by clinging on to the branch above me. I shook it with such violence that it snapped the line, and the fish immediately fell into the stream and was gone. Happy trout!

Had I been addicted to the use of strong expletives, the occasion would doubtless have justified language more forcible than elegant. The rascal would go about with a sore mouth for some time to come at all events, and that afforded me some satisfaction. I descended the tree, but made no effort to detach the remnant of my line, leaving it suspended from the branch as a melancholy warning to all other amateur disciples of old Izaak Walton who might come after me to temper their zeal with a little discretion when landing their first trout.

The persistency with which my hook would affix itself to every log and stump that happened to lie in my path; the number of times the end of my rod would become entangled among the branches above my head, and my line catch in some snag at the bottom of the brook, and defy all my efforts to detach it; the upsetting of my bait-box into the water, when I had the pleasure of beholding swarms of lusty trout dart from their hiding-places to fatten on the feast so munificently provided for them; the tearing of clothes and lacerating of flesh—all these were sufficiently exasperating; but when I sat down in the middle of the stream, then it was that the iron entered into my soul; then it was that patience ceased any longer to be a virtue; that was the last straw that broke the back of my long suffering humanity—for then it was that I launched forth into soliloquies, which if free, unlike Hamlet's, from suicidal intimations, yet breathed forth slaughter and destruction to the whole fish tribe. In the gall and wormwood of my spirit, I felt sure that had a course of trout fishing upon one of the narrowest, crookedest and shadiest of brooks been prescribed as a test of Job's patience boils would have been a highly unnecessary and ridiculous superfluity.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I COME to-night from a strange sanctuary,
Where God was, and the preacher, and two more;
No bells announced the solemn service hour,
No organ pealed a sounding voluntary.

The church was of no beauteous conformation,
No painted windows cast their varying dyes
Athwart proud columns and quaint traceries;—
I and one other formed the congregation.

The pulpit was an old bedstead, the preacher
A bedridden old woman, poor and dying,—
Whose numbered moments were so quickly flying
That very soon no human care would reach her.

The bearing of the ills of life and breath
For seventy years had worn her strength away;
Well had she borne the burden of the day
And now she shrank not face to face with death.

She seemed to watch the slowly setting sun,
Whose rays upon her ivied lattice fell,
As if his course and hers were parallel,
As if she felt that both their sands were run.

We saw her thin lips move, and heard her say,
Clasping her trembling, shrunken hands above her,
'My God, I thank Thee that the trial's over!'
And then she made a sign to us to pray.

After, to show us in what faith she died,
With trembling voice she sought aloud to read
The Church's oldest, kindliest, simplest creed,
But could not get beyond, 'was crucified.'

Then we, who watched her, saw her brow o'ercast
And her eyes fix with great solemnity,
As if their gaze would pierce eternity;
And then—the momentary shade was past.

There was a sudden clearing of the brow
As the freed spirit passed with scarce a sigh,
From the poor prison of mortality;
And shades of doubt and pain are over now!

Despite worn face and tresses silver-grey,
  Despite the battle-marks of life she bore,
  She looked triumphant as a conqueror,
She was most beautiful as there she lay.

We covered not her face, but left the ray
  Of the expiring sun to glorify
  Her features, who had taught us how to die;
Only we closed her eyes and went our way.

And walking homeward through the accustomed street
  It struck me strangely to behold again
The usual life of busy working-men,—
  To hear again the work-day tramp of feet.

To find the old, diurnal course of things,
  The creaking carts, the common sounds and cries,—
  The swallows skimming the canal for flies;—
So near the passing of the King of Kings!

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

III.

IT is a very great pity that a systematic effort had not been made years ago to collect interesting incidents connected with the early settlement of the Province. A vast amount of information that would be invaluable to the future compiler of the history of this part of the Dominion has been irretrievably lost. The actors who were present at the birth of the Province are gone, and many of the records have perished. But even now, if the Government would interest itself, much valuable material, scattered through the country, might be recovered. The Americans have been always alive to this subject, and are constantly gathering up all they can procure relating to the early days of their country, and more than that, they are securing early records and rare books on Canada wherever they can find them. Any one who has had occasion to hunt up information respecting this Province, even fifty years ago, knows the difficulty and even impossibility, in some cases, of procuring what one wants. It is hardly credible that the important and enterprising capital city of Toronto, with its numerous educational and professional institutions, is without a free public library in keeping with its other advantages. This is a serious want to the well-being of our intellectual and moral nature. The benefits conferred by free access to a large collection of standard books is incalculable, and certainly every

Canadian would take pride in as complete a list of works and papers relating to the land of his birth as could be got together. There are hundreds of men, both old and young, in this city to-day whose leisure hours are worse than wasted, and whose lives might be turned to better account if this boon were granted them. The policy hitherto of our Government has been in most respects a liberal one. It has placed our educational institutions on a footing that is not surpassed by any other country. It has provided asylums for the insane and imbecile; institutes for the deaf and blind; reformatories, etc., and all on a scale of great liberality. It has founded an agricultural college, and has encouraged the establishment of mechanics' institutes by annual grants. Why not endow a free library which will be a credit to the Province? Could it do a better or more popular thing?

The publishing interests of the Province were very small in 1830. All the school and miscellaneous books were imported from the United States, and there was but little alteration in this respect for fifteen years afterwards. But from the union of the Provinces, and the inauguration of the new school system, an end was put to the use of American school books. This gave an impetus to publishing, which has gone on increasing until nearly all the books used in our schools are not only printed at home, but many of them are the work of our own writers. I am not prepared to say when, or by whom, the first book in the Province was published. The earliest that I remember to have seen, except the Statutes and Journals of the House of Assembly, are now lying before me. The one a law book in two volumes, full calf, entitled 'Reports of Cases, &c., in the Court of King's Bench, in York, U. C., by Thos. Taylor, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. York, U.C. Printed by John Carey, King Street, 1828.' The other, a volume also in calf binding, is 'The Life of Lord Byron, by Mr. Galt. First Canadian Edition. Henry Chapman, publisher, Niagara, 1831.' This book is noticeable for its neat typography and binding.

Our publishers have by no means confined themselves to school books. During the last few years a larger number of miscellaneous books, by Canadian authors, and reprints of foreign works, have been produced, equal in every respect either to English or American issues. The want of an international copyright law has enabled American publishing houses, for the last half century, to amass fortunes out of the brain-work of English writers. Our publishers have been taking a leaf from their book, and have been reproducing popular American books at greatly reduced prices. So long as the American publisher could pirate from the world with impunity, he did not want any protection, but now, with the rapidly increasing number of popular writers at home, he finds himself placed on the horns of a dilemma. The old Adam having a tight grip of his acquisitiveness, he is rather puzzled how to steer his course, so that he can be protected on one hand, and continue his piracies as of old on the other. Men who have grown fat by illegitimate practices, as a rule, do not submit with a good grace when the tables are turned on them, and since our Canadian publishers have been taking a hand in the game, the light is begining to dawn upon our friends across the line, and this bit of side play, which has been going on in Canada, may be the means, after a while, of bringing about a settlement of this much-discussed question. Not long since, while in one of our book-stores, an American came in and asked for a Canadian copy of 'Betsy Bobbits,' remarking that many American books could be had over here for almost a quarter the price they were sold at in the States, and I am glad of it, said he, and hope you Canadians will keep at it, for we have been stealing books for more than forty years, and if there

is such a thing as retributive justice, it's about time it showed its hand.

The first printing office in the Province was established by Louis Roy, in April, 1793,* at Newark (Niagara), and from it was issued the *Upper Canada Gazette, or American Oracle*,'† a formidable name for a sheet 15 by 9'. It was an official organ and newspaper combined, and when a weekly journal of this size could furnish the current news of the day, and the Government notices as well, one, looking at it by the light of the present day, cannot help thinking that publishing a paper was up hill work. Other journals were started, and after running a brief course, expired; and when one remembers the tedious means of communication in a country almost without roads, the difficulty of getting items of news, it does not seem strange that those early adventures were short lived. But as time wore on, one after another succeeded in getting a foot-hold, and found their way into the homes of the settler. They were invariably small, and printed on coarse paper. Sometimes even this gave out, and the printer had to resort to blue wrapping paper to enable him to present his readers with the weekly literary feast. In 1830, the number had increased from the humble beginning in the then capital of Upper Canada, to twenty papers, and of these the following still survive :—The *Chronicle and News*, of Kingston, established 1810; Brockville *Recorder*, 1820; St. Catharine's *Journal*, 1824; *Christian Guardian*, 1829. There are now in Ontario 37 daily papers, 4 semi-weekly, 1 triweekly, 282 weeklies, 27 monthlies, and 2 semi-monthlies, making a total of 353. The honour of establishing the first daily paper belongs to the late Dr. Barker, of Kingston, founder of the *British Whig*, in 1834.

There is, perhaps, nothing that can give us a better idea of the progress the Province has made than a comparison of the papers published now with those of 1830. The smallness of the sheets, and the meagreness of reading matter, the absence of advertisements, except in a very limited way, and the typographical work, make us think that our fathers were a good-natured, easy-going, kind of people, or they would never have put up with such apologies for newspapers. Dr. Scadding, in 'Toronto of Old,' gives a number of interesting and amusing items respecting the 'Early Press.' He states that the whole of the editorial matter of the *Gazette and Oracle*, on the 2nd of January, 1802, is the following :—'The Printer presents his congratulatory compliments to his customers on the new year.' If brevity is the soul of wit, this is a *chef d'œuvre*. On another occasion, the publisher apologises for the non-appearance of his paper, by saying, 'The Printer having been called to York last week upon business, is humbly tendered to his readers as an apology for the *Gazette's* not appearing.' This was another entire editorial, and it certainly could not have taken the readers long to get at the pith of it. What would be said over such an announcement in these days?

We have every reason to feel proud of the advance the Press has made, both in number and influence, in Ontario. The leading papers are ably conducted, liberally supported, and will compare favourably with those of any country. Various causes have led to this result. The prosperous condition of the people, the increase of immigration, the springing up of railway communication, the extension and perfecting of telegraphy, and, more than all, the completeness and efficiency of our school system throughout the Province, have worked changes not to be mistaken. These are the sure indices of our progress and enlightenment, the unerring registers that mark our advancement as a people now, and

* Mr. Bourinot, in the February CANADIAN MONTHLY, says this was in 1763, no doubt a typographical error.

† 'Toronto of Old.'

will likely continue to do so in the future.

The only bank in the Province, in 1830, was that of the Bank of Upper Canada, with a capital of £100,000. There are now nine chartered banks owned in Ontario, with a capital of $17,000,000, and there are seven banks owned, with one exception, in the Province of Quebec, having offices in all the principal towns. There are also numbers of private banks and loan companies, the latter representing a capital of over $20,000,000. This is a prolific growth in half a century, and a satisfactory evidence of material success.

Insurance has been the growth of the last fifty years. During the session of the House of Assembly, in 1830, a bill was introduced to make some provision against accidents by fire. Since then the business has grown to immense proportions. According to the returns of the Dominion Government, for the 31st December, 1879, the assets of Canadian Life, Fire, Marine, Accident, and Guarantee Companies were $10,346,587. British, doing business in Canada, $6,838,309. American, ditto, $1,685,599. Of Mutual Companies, there are 94 in Ontario, with a total income for 1879 of $485,579, and an expenditure of $455,861.*

Fifty years ago the revenue of Upper Canada was £112,166 13s. 4d.; the amount of duty collected £9,283 19s. The exports amounted to £1,555,404, and the imports to £1,502,914. There were twenty-seven ports of entry and thirty-one collectors of customs. From the last published official reports we learn that the revenue for Ontario in 1879 was $4,018,287. That for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, the exports were $28,063,980, and imports $27,869,444; amount of duty collected, $5,086,579; also that there are fifty-six ports of entry and thirty-eight outposts, with seventy-three collectors.*

One of the most interesting features in the progress of Canada is the rapid growth of its marine. It is correctly stated to rank fourth as to tonnage in the maritime powers of the world. The United States, with its fifty-four millions of people, and immense coast line exceeds us but by a very little, while in ocean steamers we are ahead. In fact, the Allan Line is one of the first in the world. This is something for a country with a population of only five-and-a-half millions to boast of, and it is not by any means the only thing. We have been spoken of as a people wanting enterprise—a good-natured, phlegmatic set—but it is a libel disproved by half a century's progress. We have successfully carried out some of the grandest enterprises on this Continent. At Montreal we have the finest docks in America; our canals are unequalled; our country is intersected by railroads; every town and village in the land is linked together by telegraph wires, and we have probably more miles of both, according to population, than any other people. The inland position of the Province of Ontario, although having the chain of great lakes lying along its southern border, never fostered a love for a sea-faring life. This is easily accounted for by the pursuits of the people, who were nearly all agriculturists. But the produce had to be moved, and the means were forthcoming to meet the necessities of the case. The great water course which led to the seaports of Montreal and Quebec, owing to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, could only be navigated by the batteaux and Durham boats, and the navigator, after overcoming these difficulties and laying his course through the noble lake from which our Province takes its name encountered

* Inspector of Insurance Report, 1880.

* Canniff.

the Falls of Niagara. This was a huge barrier across his path which he had no possible means of surmounting. When the Town of Niagara was reached vessels had to be discharged and the freight carted round the Falls to Chippawa. This was a tedious matter, and a great drawback to settlement in the western part of the Province. Early in the century, the Hon. Hamilton Merritt conceived the plan of connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario by a canal, and succeeded in getting the Government to assume the project in 1824. It was a great work for a young country to undertake, but it was pushed on, and completed in 1830. From that time to this vessels have been enabled to pass from one lake to the other. This, with the Sault Ste Marie canal, and those of the St. Lawrence, enables a vessel to pass from the head of Lake Superior to the ocean. The Rideau Canal, undertaken about the same time as the Welland Canal, was also completed in the same year. It was constructed principally for military purposes, though at one time quite a large amount of freight came up the Ottawa and thence by this canal to Kingston. The St. Lawrence was the only channel for freight going east. All the rapids were navigable with the batteaux except the Lachine, and up to 1830 there was a line of these boats running from Belleville to Montreal.*

Our canal system was completed fifty years ago, and all that has been done since is the enlarging and keeping them in repair. The total number of miles of canals in the Province are 136.

The number of vessels composing our marine in 1830 is as follows: 12 steamers and 110 sailing vessels, with a tonnage of 14,300; and it is worthy of remark that at this date the tonnage on the lakes was about equal to that of the United States. The number of steam vessels now owned by the Province is 385, with 657* sailing vessels, having a total tonnage of 137,481, which at $30 per ton would make our shipping interest amount to $4,124,430.

A great deal has been done these last few years to protect the sailor from disaster and loss. Independant of marine charts that give the soundings of all navigable waters, buoys mark the shoals and obstructions to the entrance of harbours or the windings of intricate channels; and from dangerous rocks and bold headlands, jutting out in the course of vessels, flash out through the storm and darkness of the long dreary night the brilliant light from the dome of the lighthouse, warning the sailor to keep away. By a system of revolving and parti-coloured lights the mariner is enabled to tell where he is and to lay his course so as to avoid the disaster that might otherwise overtake him. There are now 149† lighthouses in the Ontario division: in 1830 there were only four. Another great boon to the mariner of the present day is the meteorological service, by which he is warned of approaching storms. It is only by the aid of telegraphy that this discovery has been made practically available; and the system has been so perfected that weather changes can be told twenty-four hours in ad-

* The reader may be interested in learning the amount of produce shipped from the Province in 1830, via the St. Lawrence, and the mode of its conveyance. It is certainly a marked contrast, not only to the present facilities for carrying freight, but to the amount of produce, etc., going east and coming west. Statement of produce imported into Lower Canada through the Port of Coteau du Lac, to December 30th, 1830, in 584 Durham boats and 731 batteaux: 133,141 bls. flour; 26,084 bls. ashes; 14,116 bls. pork; 1,627 bls. beef; 4,881 bus. corn and rye; 280,322 bus. wheat; 1,875 bls. corn meal; 245 bls. and 955 kegs, lard; 27 bls. and 858 kegs, butter; 263 bls. and 29 hds, tallow; 625 bls. apples; 216 bls. raw hides; 148 hds. and 361 kegs, tobacco; 1,021 casks and 3 hds. whiskey and spirits; 2,636 hogs. Quantity of merchandise brought to Upper Canada in the same year, 8,244 tons.—*Journal of the House of Assembly*, 1831.

* Report Marine and Fisheries, 1880.

† Ibid.

vance, with almost positive certainty. We have fourteen drum stations, eight of which are on Lake Ontario, four on Lake Huron, and two on the Georgian Bay.

The Montreal Telegraph Company, the first in Canada, was organized in 1847. It has 1,647 offices in the Dominion, 12,703 miles of poles, and 21,568 of wire. Number of messages for current year, 2,112,161; earnings, $550,840. The Dominion Company reports 608 offices, 5,112 miles of poles, and 11,501 of wire. Number of messages, 734,522; gross earnings, $229,994. This gives a total of 17,845 miles of telegraph, 2,282 offices, 2,846,623 messages, and gross earnings amounting to $780,834.*

The administration of justice cost the Province, in 1830, $23,600, and according to the latest official returns $274,013—a very striking proof that our propensity to litigate has kept pace with the increase of wealth and numbers. There were four Superior Judges, of whom the Hon. John Beverley Robinson was made Chief-Justice in 1830, at a salary of $6,000; the remaining judges received $3,600 each. Besides these there were eleven District Judges, and in consequence of the extent of country embraced in these sections, and the distance jurors and others had to travel, the Court of Sessions was held frequently in alternate places in the district. In the Midland District, this court was held in Kingston and Adolphustown. The latter place had been laid out for a town by some far-seeing individual, but it never even attained to the dignity of a village. There was, besides the court-house, a tavern, a foundry, a Church of England—one of the first in the Province—the old homestead of the Hagermans, near the wharf; a small building occupied for a time by the father of Sir John A. Macdonald as a store, and where the future statesman romped in his youth, and four private residences close at hand. When the court was held there, which often lasted a week or more, judge jury, lawyers and litigants had to be billeted around the neighbourhood. As a rule, they fared pretty well, for the people in that section were well off, and there was rarely any charge for board. The courts comprised the Court of King's Bench, the Quarter Sessions, and Court of Requests. The latter was similar to our Division Court, and was presided over by a commissioner or resident magistrate. The Quarter Sessions had control of nearly all municipal affairs, but when the Municipal Law came into force, these matters passed into the hands of the County Councils. The machinery in connection with the administration of justice has been largely augmented, for, beside the additional courts, we have six Superior Court Judges, one Chancellor, two Vice-Chancellors, one Chief-Justice, three Queen's Bench, three Common Pleas, three Court of Appeal Judges, and thirty-eight County Court Judges.

The manufacturing interests of the Province in 1830 were very small indeed. I have been unable to put my hand on any reliable information respecting this matter at that time, but from my own recollection at a somewhat later period, I know that very little had been done to supply the people with even the most common articles in use. Everything was imported save those things that were made at home. From the first grist mill, built below Kingston by the Government for the settlers—and to which my grandfather carried his first few bushels of wheat in a canoe down the Bay of Quinte, a distance of thirty-five miles—the mills at length increased to 303. They were small, and the great proportion had but a single run of stones. The constant demand for lumber for building purposes in every settlement, necessitated the building of saw-mills, and in each

* Annual Report of Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, 1881.

township, wherever there was a creek or stream upon which a sufficient head of water could be procured to give power, there was a rude mill, with its single upright saw. Getting out logs in the winter was a part of the regular programme of every farmer who had pine timber, and in spring, for a short time, the mill was kept going, and the lumber taken home. According to the returns made to the Government, there were 429 of these mills in the Province at that time.* There were also foundries where ploughs were made, and other implements, and a few Fulling mills, where the home-made flannel was converted into the thick coarse cloth known as full cloth, a warm and serviceable article, as many no doubt remember. Carding machines, which had pretty much entirely relieved the housewife from using hand cards in making rolls also were in existence. There were also breweries and distilleries, and a paper mill, on the Don, at York. This was about the sum total of our manufacturing enterprises at that date.

There are now 508 grist and flour mills, not quite double the number, but owing to the great improvement in machinery, the producing capacity has largely increased. Very few mills at the present time have less than two run of stones, and a great many have four and even more, and the same may be said of the saw mills, of which there are 853. There are many in the Province capable of turning out nearly as much lumber in twelve months as all the mills did fifty years ago. It is only within a few years that we have made much progress in manufactures of any kind. Whatever the hindrances were, judging from the numerous factories that are springing into existence all over the Dominion, they seem to have been removed, and capitalists are embarking their money in all kinds of manufacturing enterprises. There is no way, so far as I know, of getting at the value, annually, produced by our mills and factories, except from the Trade and Navigation Returns for 1880, and this only gives the exports, which are but a fraction of the grand total. Our woollen mills turned out last year upwards of $4,000,000,† of which we exported $222,425. This does not include the produce of what are called custom mills. There are 224 foundries, 285 tanneries, 164 woollen mills, 74 carding and fulling mills, 137 cheese factories, 127 agricultural and implement factories, 92 breweries, 8 boot and shoe factories, 5 button factories, 1 barley mill, 2 carpet factories, 4 chemical works, 9 rope and twine factories, 9 cotton mills, 3 crockery kilns, 11 flax mills, 4 glass works, 11 glove factories, 7 glue factories, 9 hat factories, 12 knitting factories, 9 oatmeal mills, 9 organ factories, 10 piano factories, 25 paper mills, 4 rubber factories, 6 shoddy mills, 3 sugar refineries, making, with the flour and saw mills, 2,642. Besides these, there are carriage, cabinet, and other factories and shops, to the number of 3,848. The value of flour exported was $1,547,910; of sawn lumber, $4,137,062; of cheese, $1,199,973; of flax, $95,292; of oatmeal, $215,131, and of other manufactures, $1,100,605.

We may further illustrate the progress we have made by giving the estimated value of the trade of Toronto in 1880, taken from an interesting article on this subject, which appeared in the *Globe* last January. The wholesale trade is placed at $30,650,000; produce, $23,000,000; a few leading factories, $1,770,000; live stock, local timber trade, distilling and brewing, and coal, $8,910,000; in all, $64,330,000,—a gross sum more than ten times greater than the value of the trade of the whole Province fifty years ago.

Another interesting feature in our growth is the rapid increase in the cities and towns. Some of these were

* Journals, House of Assembly, 1831.

† *Monetary Times*, December, 17, 18

not even laid out in 1830, and others hardly deserved the humble distinction of a village. The difference will be more apparent by giving the population, as far as possible, then and now, of a number of the principal places :—

	1830.	1881.
Toronto	2,860	86,445
Kingston	3,587	14,093
Hamilton, including township	2,013	35,965
London, including township	2,415	——
Brantford, laid out in 1830	——	9,626
Guelph, including township	778	9,890
St. Catharines, population in 1845, 3,500	——	——
Ottawa, contained 150 houses	——	——
Belleville, incorporated 1835	——	9,516
Brockville	1,130	7,608
Napanee, population in 1845, 500	——	3,681
Cobourg	——	4,957
Port Hope	——	5,888
Peterboro', laid out in 1826	——	6,815
Lindsay, " 1833	——	5,081
Barrie, " 1832	——	——
Ingersoll " 1831	——	4,322
Woodstock, population in 1845, 1,085	——	5,373
Chatham, settled in 1830	——	7,881
Stratford, laid out in 1833	——	8,240
Sarnia, laid out in 1833	——	3,874

I have largely exceeded the limit of my contribution, and must bring it to a close. The subject is one of more than ordinary interest to every Canadian, and I hope the humble effort I have made to show what we have done during the fifty years that are gone will induce some one better qualified to go over the same ground, and put it in a more attractive and effective shape. It is a period in our history which must ever demand attention, and although our Province had been settled for nearly half a century prior to 1830, it was not until after that, that men of intelligence began to look around them, and take an active interest in shaping the future of their country. There were many failures, but the practical sense of the people surmounted them, and pushed on. All were awake to the value of their heritage, and contributed their share to extend its influence; and so we have gone on breasting manfully political, commercial, and other difficulties, but always advancing; and whatever may be said about the growth of other parts of America, figures will show that Canada is to the front. At the Provincial Exhibition in Ottawa, 1879, the Governor of Vermont, in his address, stated (what we already knew), that Canada had outstripped the United States in rapidity of growth and development, during recent years, and the Governors of Ohio and Maine endorsed the statement. We have a grand country, and I believe a grand future.

'Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,
And free as happy, and as brave as free,
Proud are thy children, justly proud of thee.
Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange.
Once far and wide the unbroken forest spread
Their lonely waste, mysterious and dread—
Forest, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word,
Where only rang the red-browed hunter's yell,
And the wolf's howl, through the dark sunless dell,
Now fruitful field and waving orchard trees!
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.
Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands;
Here smiles a hamlet through embow'ring green,
And there the statelier village spires are seen;
Here by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill,
There the white homestead nestles on the hill:
The modest school-house here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds that seek its simple lore;
There Learning's statelier fane of massive walls
Woos the young aspirant to classic halls,
And bids him in her hoarded treasures find
The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds.'—*Pamelia S. Vining.*

Since writing the foregoing, I accidentally came across 'The Canadas, &c.,' by Andrew Picken, published in London, 1832, a work which I had never previously met with. It is written principally for the benefit of persons intending to emigrate to Canada, and contains notices of the most important places in both Provinces. I have made the following extracts, thinking that they would prove interesting to those of my readers who wish to get a correct idea of our towns and villages fifty years ago.

'The largest and most populous of the towns in Upper Canada, and called the key to the Province, is Kingston, advantageously situated at the head of the St. Lawrence and at the entrance of the great Lake Ontario. Its population is now about 5,500 souls; it is a military post of importance, as well as a naval depôt, and from local position and advantages is well susceptible of fortification. It contains noble dock-yards and conveniences for ship-building. Its bay affords, says Howinson, so fine a harbour, that a vessel of an hundred and twenty guns can lie close to the quay, and the mercantile importance it has now attained, as a commercial entrepot between Montreal below and the western settlements on the lakes above, may be inferred, among other things, from the wharfs on the river and the many spacious and well-filled warehouses behind them, as well as the numerous stores and mercantile employés within the town. The streets are regularly formed upon the right-angular plan, which is the favourite in new settlements, but they are not paved; and though the houses are mostly built of limestone, inexhaustible quarries of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are of the greatest importance to it and the surrounding neighbourhood, there is nothing in the least degree remarkable or interesting in the appearance of either the streets or the buildings. The opening of the Rideau Canal here, which, with the intermediate lakes, forms a junction between the Ontario and other lakes above, the St. Lawrence below, and the Ottawa, opposite Hull, in its rear, with all the intervening districts and townships, will immensely increase the importance of this place; and its convenient hotels already afford comfortable accommodation to the host of travellers that are continually passing between the Upper and Lower Provinces, as well as to and from the States on the opposite side of the river.

'York is well situated on the north side of an excellent harbour on the lake. It contains the public buildings of the Province, viz., the House of Assembly, where the Provincial Parliament generally holds its sittings; the Government House; the Provincial Bank; a College; a Court-House; a hall for the Law Society; a gaol; an Episcopal Church; a Baptist Chapel (Methodist); a Scots' Kirk; a Garrison near the town, with barracks for the troops usually stationed here, and a battery which protects the entrance of the harbour. Regularly laid out under survey, as usual, the streets of the town are spacious, the houses mostly built of wood, but many of them of brick and stone. The population amounts now to between four and five thousand.

'By-Town, situated on the southern bank of the Ottawa, a little below the Chaudiere Falls and opposite to the flourishing Village of Hull, in Lower Canada, stands upon a bold eminence, surrounding a bay of the grand river, and occupies both banks of the canal, which here meets it. Laid out in the usual manner, with streets crossing at right angles, the number of houses are already about 150, most of which are wood, and many built with much taste. Three stone barracks and a large and commodious hospital, built also of stone, stand conspicuous on the elevated banks of the bay; and the elegant residence of Colonel By, the commanding Royal Engineer of that station.

'The town-plot of Peterborough is in the north-east angle of the Township of Monaghan. It is laid out in half-acres, the streets nearly at right-angles with the river; park lots of nine acres each are reserved near the town. The patent fee on each is £8, provincial currency, and office fees and agency will increase it 15s. or 20s. more.

'The settlement commenced in 1825, at which time it formed a depôt of the emigration under the Hon. P. Robin-

son. The situation is most favourable, being an elevated sandy plain, watered by a creek, which discharges into the river below the turn. The country round is fertile, and there is great water-power in the town-plot, on which mills are now being built by Government. These mills are on an extensive scale, being calculated to pack forty barrels of flour, and the saw-mill to cut 3,000 feet of boards, per diem.

'The situation of Cobourg is healthy and pleasant. It stands immediately on the shore of Lake Ontario. In 1812, it had only one house; it now contains upwards of forty houses, an Episcopal church, a Methodist chapel, two good inns, four stores, a distillery, an extensive grist mill; and the population may be estimated at about 350 souls.

'The two projected towns of most consideration in this district (London district), however, are London-on-the-Thames, further inland, and Goderich, recently founded by the Canada Company, on Lake Huron. London is yet but inconsiderable, but from its position, in the heart of a fertile country, is likely to become of some importance hereafter, when the extreme wilds become more settled. The town is quite new, not containing above forty or fifty houses, all of bright boards and shingles. The streets and gardens full of black stumps, &c. They were building a church, and had finished a handsome Gothic court-house, which must have been a costly work.

'Guelph—Much of this tract belongs to the Canada Company, who have built, nearly in its centre, the town of Guelph, upon a small river, called the Speed, a remote branch of the Ouse, or Grand River. This important and rapidly rising town, which is likely to become the capital of the district, was founded by Mr. Galt, for the Company, on St. George's day, 1827, and already contains between 100 and 200 houses, several shops, a handsome market-house, near the centre, a school-house, a printing office, and 700 or 800 inhabitants.

'The Bay of Quinte settlement is the oldest in Upper Canada, and was begun at the close of the revolutionary war. We crossed over the mouth of the river Trent, which flows from the Rice Lake, and is said can be made practicable for steamboats, though at much expense, thence to Belleville, a neat village of recent date, but evidently addicted too much to lumbering.

'Brockville, a most thriving new town, with several handsome stone houses, churches, court-house, &c., and about 1,500 souls.'

NOTE.—In the continuation of my paper on 'Ontario Fifty Years Ago,' &c., in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for June, page 556, owing to the absence of a word or two which escaped my notice, Louis XIV. is made to appear as the originator of the Edict of Nantes. Every student of history knows that this celebrated Edict, which secured religious liberty to the French Protestants, was promulgated by Henry IV., in 1598, and that Nantes became their head quarters, and on the revocation of the Edict by Louis XIV., 1665—the period referred to—vast multitudes of the Huguenots left their country for ever. C. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

O TIME! O ruthless Time! How swift you flee,
Forever onward on a changeless way;
So that thy great results we scarce can see,
Before they vanish like the dying day.

Youth lifts the babe into a higher sphere,
And manhood's glories brighter bloom ;
But age progresses with each flying year,
In fated courses to the silent tomb.

O sin ! O cursed sin ! Thy settled blight
Shall fade beneath a rising morn,
When clouds roll back, and life and light,
Announce the world immortal born.

O Death ! Thou only conquerest the dust,
Thou hast no power upon the mind,
Thy sway is short, and even here, thou must
Thyself die out, and rest resigned.

Thine inmost nature doth betoken end ;
Thine icy fingers and relentless grasp
Bear the imprint of change, and quickly lend
A deeper loathing to thy cruel clasp.

Wreak then the worst on unresisting clay,
And in thy charnel-house consume the fair,
Lead genius, beauty, honour to decay,
And soon thou'lt know thine own despair.

When touched with keenest grief the struggling heart
First feels the anguish of a sudden woe,
And all the life-threads of our love must part,
Forever scattered 'neath the fatal blow ;

When 'mid the confines of some well-known place,
Where every corner speaks to memory,
Moves not the hand, nor smiles the cheerful face,
But all is dreary as the mist-bound sea ;

When all around seems as it used to be,
And one can almost wait to hear
The footstep's light approach, and phantasy
Brings a voice upon the listening ear ;

When all is changed, and all we knew has gone,
Then Death, thou hast thy triumph here ;
When days appear, and selfish man moves on,
Without one pause, one sympathetic tear.

But Death, thy victory is scarcely won,
When thou dost yield the fruits of toil ;
Thou only hast the sin-wrought tie undone,
And freed the spirit from an earthy soil.

Temptation past, dark time of trouble o'er,
The soul ascends in boundless flight,
Learns wondrous knowledge on a newer shore,
And basks amid resplendent light.

Still, there is left the lingering sense of pain,
The mournful numbness of unspoken woe,
We see the sleeping face, and dare in fear again,
With fondest hope, to trace the living glow;

For Death has conquered, and the grave,
Is witness to the triumph of his power,
But that shall fall, oblivion's sullen wave
Shall cease to flow, from Resurrection's hour.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

A REPLY.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for the months of September and November, 1880, two writers, Mr. George Anderson, M.P., and Mr. William Clarke, stated their views respecting the present position, the requirements, and the prospects of the Canadian Dominion. Both gentlemen think that the present relations between the 'premier colony' and the Empire cannot be maintained much longer. Both see, or think they see, dangers ahead calling for early action in the direction of placing Canada safely under the wing of one of the great powers occupying this continent. One gives his voice for one power, and one for the other. According to Mr. Anderson, our salvation lies in a closer union with the Empire; Mr. Clarke sees nothing for us but annexation to the United States. In making out these very different cases, both writers illustrate the difficulty of speaking correctly concerning the domestic needs, and the position of a people three thousand miles away; and the public opinion of England being a vital matter to us, we cannot allow it to be formed wholly upon the statements of those who do not know us. Let us state our own case, and it may be that the perils which, according to our English critics, menace our near future, will recede, if they do not vanish altogether; and the need of changing our political *status quo* may prove to be, so far, not very apparent.

Mr. Anderson's article, though professedly written with a view to the solution of Canada's alleged difficulties, and an escape from dangers which do not frighten Canadians from their propriety, contains so many libellous misstatements, that it can only be regarded as an elaborate attempt to injure Canada in English opinion. The article begins with the well-worn statement of the contrast between Canada and the United States, observed by

the traveller on crossing the Niagara river, or any other point on the border ; and it proceeds to demonstrate, by means which I shall show to be most unfair, that the difference in favour of the American side is owing to some fault in the people of Canada, or their political conditions. Mr. Anderson says :

'Even if the traveller comes to the conclusion, as he probably would, that the difference of political system is sufficient to account for the difference of development of national life in the two countries, at least up to the period of Confederation, it remains to be considered how far that change may affect the question, and whether it will be sufficient, within any reasonable time, of itself to bring about the needful remedy.'

I shall deal in the first place with Mr. Anderson's assumption that the difference of the political systems of the two countries is sufficient to account for the different development of their material life.

There can be no doubt that, upon the close of the War of Independence, the political system and the political status of the United States had much to do with their rapid advance. The spectacle of an heroic and successful assertion of rights have secured the sympathies of the populations of Europe, especially of the oppressed millions of Germany and Ireland. The words 'Liberty' and 'Equality,' were then fresh from the West, and no wonder they sounded sweet to the ears of the two great emigrating peoples, who hastened to profit by a policy now as it was then wise and generous, and which offered them blessings that no other country in the world then had to bestow. Thus, during a period when Canada had nothing to offer, Germany and Ireland established with the Republic those ties which have gained strength from that day to this. Willing hands and ready brains have never been wanting to make the most of the matchless resources at their disposal, and the first century of the country's existence showed the results of its policy in the development which amazed mankind at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876.

But the political differences of the two countries are growing less and less, and we must look to other causes for the comparative backwardness of Canada. These are not far to seek. The United States had the start of us by a century, and began life with unparalleled advantages. A population of four millions, led by the most sagacious men of the age, and full of the energy born of a successful struggle, in which they had enjoyed the moral support of mankind, possessing a social and political organization adapted to their peculiar and happy situation; territory embracing latitudes affording all varieties of climate; the results of a century and a half of colonization; the admiration and good-will of the world. Never before did promise so fair, or gifts so precious, attend a nation's birth. What, on the other hand, was Canada at the same time?

At the close of the War of Independence, the settlements of what was then Canada were confined to the Province of Quebec. Ontario, now the first and the mainstay of the Dominion, was a wilderness of the most stubborn sort, a forest wilderness. At the date of the conquest, twenty-three years before, the Province of Quebec contained some sixty thousand people of French origin, living under the grinding tyranny of a feudal system which was the worst possible form of polity for colonial progress. De Tocqueville, indeed, cites New France as the country affording the worst example of the evils of the *ancien régime*. They had in the very first days of their colonial history plunged into a war with the Iroquois, which lasted nearly a century, and they had during that time eaten their bread, when they had any to eat, in fear and trembling. Owing to the uncertainty

of their position, their susceptibility to the charms of the wilderness and to the profitable nature of the fur trade, which was in those days the chief support of the colony, they had to a great extent, and in spite of severe penal laws, forsaken the pursuits of a progressive people in favour of life in the woods with their Algonquin allies.

From a beginning so meagre and unpromising, within a hundred years in the case of Ontario, and within a hundred and twenty years in that of Quebec, those provinces have become what they are to-day. Ontario, with its population of some two millions, challenges the world to show a people blessed with greater happiness and well-being, or more industrious, more moral, or having better provision for education, or a more faithful administration of justice. In Quebec, the sixty thousand French have become a million, or thereabouts, of loyal and contented British subjects, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the institutions under which they have increased and prospered, holding their own well with the rest of our people in literature, in commerce, and in the learned professions, and perhaps a little more than their own in public affairs and in the civil service. Here is surely proof enough of the suitability to these colonies of British institutions as hitherto administered.

To his question as to whether Confederation is likely to meet the needs of Canada, Mr. Anderson himself finds a reply:

'Up to the present time, it must be admitted that the signs of improvement are rather meagre. The Confederation was brought about with some difficulty. . . . The Confederation has hardly reached union.'

It is quite true that difficulties were encountered in uniting these provinces, but when was a union so important so easily brought about? It is not true that the Confederation has at this day hardly reached union, and as to the first sentence I have quoted, a more astounding statement was never made, and I shall reply to it by giving a few figures from the blue books of the first thirteen years during which Confederation has been tried.

	30th June, 1868.	30th June, 1880.
Imports.....	$57,805,013	$86,489,747
Exports.....	47,499,876	87,911,458
Capital of Banks.	30,289,048	60,584,789
Circulati'n of B'ks	8,307,079	20,186,176
Assets of Banks..	71,697,748	181,741,074
Miles of Railway.	2,522	7,043
Earnings of Railways	11,906,116	23,561,447
Deposits in Savings Banks.....	1,422,046	11,052,956
Number of Letters Posted	18,100,000	45,800,000
Postage on Letters	1,024,710	1,648,017

During the year ending the 30th June, 1881, the bank circulation increased by $5,916,192, or twenty-nine per cent., and the assets by $17,253,204, or over nine per cent. The returns of the Post Office Savings Banks for the same period are still more satisfactory, the deposits having increased in the single year, by $2,262,557, or *fifty-seven per cent.* This speaks volumes for the prosperity of the country and the frugality of the people. The imports and exports for the last fiscal year are not yet published, but everything indicates that when they appear they will not disappoint any reasonable expectation.

The Census returns just issued show an increase of population during the last decade of 664,337, or 18.02 per cent. In comparing this increase with the 30 per cent. of the United States during the same period, it must be remembered that it is almost wholly due to our own unaided efforts, and not, as in our neighbours' case, to immigration. Deprive them of outside assistance, and they will not equal us in this important business; for I am told by the Rev. Abbé Tanguay that, while the average number of children in American families is only three and a fraction, Canadian wives, taken all round, present their lords with a mean

number, if it can be so called, of six pledges of affection. No wonder the crowds of chubby faces in the windows attracted the attention of Lord Dufferin. It should be remembered, too that five out of the ten years in which this was accomplished were passed in a state of depression without example in the history of the colony, and that during these five years very many of our people sought, however vainly, to improve their fortunes in the Republic. The attractions of our North-West, again, are scarce as yet placed fairly within the immigrants' reach, or brought to his notice; and fast as the settlements are already dotting the Great Lone Land, the work of colonization must proceed much more rapidly now that the plan of the Pacific Railway is decided upon, and the work fairly under way.

Mr. Anderson remarks that our imports decreased during four consecutive years. So did other people's. We had our hard times like the rest, and we were economical and we suffered less than either England or the United States. Had Mr. Anderson been in possession of the figures of our fiscal year, he would have seen that our imports, notwithstanding our 'hostile' tariff, had increased by $5,000,000 or nearly so, and, what is vastly more important to us, our exports went up by $16,500,000, exceeding our imports for the first time in many years.

Again, to quote Mr. Anderson:

'It is urged that, so long as this system continues, Confederation only enlarges the scale of what was, and continues to be, local and parochial.'

The work of our statesmen in giving direction to the destinies of half the American continent can hardly be called 'local' or 'parochial;' and the part which Canada seems likely soon to take in the concerns of the Empire may deserve to be styled, not local or parochial, but Imperial. Of this more hereafter.

The next paragraph of Mr. Anderson's article to which I shall call attention expresses the views of perhaps the majority of Englishmen as to the use of colonies:

'What is the value of any colony to Great Britain except in the prospect of a profitable trade? as mere outlets for surplus population their value is certainly not considerable, as is proved by the fact that the United States serve that purpose for us far better than do all the colonies put together. Unfortunately all take away, not the classes we want to get quit of, our pauper and criminal population, but the very marrow of our working classes.'

Such are the views which have hitherto prevailed in the nation of shopkeepers with regard to her colonies, with results far from pleasant to contemplate. Thanks to her home and colonial policy, England has now, in the United States, some five millions of the bitterest and most implacable enemies our country had, Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen, and others too, who might just as well have been loyal and contented subjects in her colonies. But like Mr. Anderson, his countrymen thought it 'far better' that they should go to swell the power of the Republic, and swear to fight her battles against all princes and rulers, *especially the Queen of England.*' Those words are conspicuous in the naturalization oath, and they will certainly not be forgotten. There is a certain dismal *naïveté* in Mr. Anderson's complaint in the above paragraph. Of course the paupers and criminals of England will not go where they would have to work. They have fat prey at home, and not much conscience about making the most of it. And those among the working classes who have energy and ambition and self-respect are not likely to remain any longer than they can help under the existing social conditions of England. The marrow of the working class is in its element here, the paupers and criminals would be uncomfortable. The reverse, alas, appears to be the case in England.

The change in our tariff which marked the accession to power of the present ministry was very unfavourably received at home; but the immediate reason for it was the necessity of providing for current expenditure, and our critics have so far omitted to say how we could have done so otherwise. Our Government were also desirous of increasing our trade with Britain at the expense of that with the United States, and this our blue books show to have been done. Mr. Anderson therefore, in attributing our new fiscal arrangements to 'American example or American influence,' forgets that they were objected to, both in England and in Canada, on the ground that they would be distasteful to the Americans. The Americans, however, unlike Mr. John Bright, never questioned our right to suit our fiscal policy to our circumstances. The internal results of the tariff have been, to give us a surplus after many years of deficits, and to place us in a position to complete our Pacific Railway, had it been necessary to do so, without external aid.

About the time when the printer was 'setting up' Mr. Anderson's article, our leading statesmen were in London. Their mission, said Mr. Anderson, 'was likely to fail,' because it 'ought to fail.' However, under their management, the danger he saw of our hypothecating our prairie estate to the United States for money to build our great highway was even then quietly passing away, if it ever existed, which few besides Mr. Anderson ever believed it did. It follows that all danger of a practical illustration of the Monroe doctrine, as a consequence of such hypothecation, has passed away too.

Mr. Anderson attaches much importance to certain letters written by a Mr. Barker, of Philadelphia, to General Garfield and the late Senator Brown, of Toronto. These letters suggest the bringing about of a fiscal union of Canada with the United States, by means of which, and by a system of 'judicious sap and mine,' applied to the British sentiment and the monarchical principles of Canadians, the Dominion will eventually fall, like a ripe apple into the lap of the Republic. For this fate, says Mr. Barker, Canada is 'ready,' and his reason for saying so is, that 'she,' when told that her tariff would imperil the British connection, said—'So much the worse for the connection.' 'She' never said any such thing. Those words were never spoken by a single Canadian, and have never been echoed by any other Canadian. An American's wish may not unnaturally be father to his thought here, but our own kith and kin should not be so ready to condemn us.

I now come to a number of statements so scandalously untrue, that it is hard to read them with any degree of temper:

'It must be admitted that hitherto advances to Canada, whether in the form of a loan or guarantee or investment, and whether made by Government or by private investors, have not been at all satisfactory.'

'We lent her £50,000 for the Welland Canal, and £20,000 for the Shubenacadie Canal; but small as these sums are, they have never been repaid, and we have at last written them off as bad debts. Nor have larger amounts been any more fortunate. In 1867, we guaranteed her three millions for making the railway from Rivière du Loup, Quebec, to Truro, Nova Scotia, no part of which has been redeemed. In 1869, there was a trifle of £300,000 for the purchase of some rights in Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and in 1873, we guaranteed other three millions, partly for the Pacific Railway, and partly for improvements in canals; but these sums also have been left outstanding.'

For the truth about these and other financial matters affecting Canada, and for testimony as to her invariable punctuality in meeting her engage-

ments, I might refer Mr. Anderson to our financial agents in London, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., and Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. I shall here reply to the above misstatements *seriatim*.

The £50,000 for the Welland Canal was a loan to a private company, and not, as Mr. Anderson states, to 'her,' meaning Canada. The £20,000 for the Shubenacadie canal was advanced by the Imperial Government to a private company, on the security of a mortgage, which was foreclosed in due course, the canal being then sold under the mortgage, and purchased by the Government of Nova Scotia. In the case of each of the larger amounts mentioned, the interest and sinking fund have been punctually met. It is not customary, as Sir Francis Hincks remarked, in a late number of the *Fortnightly*, to pay loans before they are due, and in the case of these the lenders would certainly decline prepayment, as they command more than par in the market. Should Mr. Anderson survive the years 1903, 1910 and 1913, when these loans mature, he will see how they fare.

In his determination to make out the worst case possible against poor Canada, Mr. Anderson debits her with the whole cost of England's wars with France between the years 1755 and 1762. This amounted to £80,000,000, and this sum, if left lying at compound interest from that time to this, would have become £2,967,741,628! *Ergo*, Canada's first cost to England was close upon *three thousand millions!* It is needless to say much in reply to talk like this. England did not go into that war for the sake of Madame de Pompadour's *quelques arpens de neige en Canada*, neither do public moneys usually lie at compound interest for a hundred and twenty years. What figures we should roll up if we applied this method to the cost of the Peninsular War, and all other questionable enterprises in which England has been engaged. For the cost of Canada, England has something to show, and something which her better and more generous minds are beginning to appreciate, as her social problems cry louder and louder for solution. This brings me to a passage in Mr. Anderson's article which deserves to be commended to the best attention of England's statesmen and people:

'So far, we have not taken advantage of her immense resources as we might have done, and as it was, both to ourselves and to her, our duty to do. The boundless outlet of the west has been to the States, not only an incentive to enterprise and a stimulus to their national life, but it has solved for them some of those social problems which perplex us, and which our limited space and crowded population almost preclude our solving at home. Yet all this time we have had the means of solution in those vast transatlantic territories of ours, but have taken small pains to learn their value or to turn them to profitable account, either for ourselves or for our colonists.'

Here Mr. Anderson shows that after all he has a pretty clear idea of the grand uses of colonies. A little way back he said they were of no value except 'in view of a profitable trade.' Make a worthy use of the colonies, and the profitable trade will be added. Neglect to do so, and you lose your national salvation and your profitable trade too. Hitherto England and America have presented the most striking contrast in the management of their business on this continent, the difference being altogether in favour of America. We have at various times, by our treaties, given away empires to our neighbours, because at the time when we gave them away they contained only possibilities which our stupid eyes did not see, but which our astute cousins soon turned into enviable realities. But at last, under the pressure of social troubles at home, all this is to be changed.

Had a wise and liberal colonial policy prevailed years ago, the problems which so perplex the statesmen of England might never have arisen, a much sounder state of things might have existed at home, and the development of the colonies would certainly have been vastly more advanced than it is. This, at last, seems to be dawning upon the English mind, and the importance of Canada as a means of deliverance from internal troubles must become apparent.

Notwithstanding the vast amount of discussion upon the land question, which the evils of the existing state of the landed interest have evoked, the many advantages attending an extensive and intelligently conducted emigration to Canada, have never yet been fairly stated. A remedy has been hitherto sought in home legislation, and from what we have seen so far, statesman after statesman may wear out his best powers, and ministry after ministry may fall, and the result, if any at all, may be a putting of new cloth into an old garment. But here is a remedy with which no legislative body can interfere, and from which other remedies, if needed, must follow. Let an extensive emigration of English and Irish tenant farmers set in, and the congestion at home will be relieved. The very class now most opposed to change in the land laws will be compelled to seek it, and if they are to exist at all in their present relations to the land, it must be under the condition of a different treatment of their remaining tenantry. The advantage to the out-going farmer may be briefly stated. Instead of farming hundreds of acres as a tenant, he may with his capital, farm thousands of acres as a proprietor, besides reaping the benefit of an inevitable and rapid advance in the value of his property. In Canada, where he has a fair field and no *dis*favour, the Irishman is a good subject, and a peaceable, thriving, happy man, as a man usually is when he has a couple of hundred good acres of his own, and nobody to hinder him from making the best of them. Nor would the benefit be less which would accrue to the manufacturing population of England. Although Mr. Anderson has said that the United States are of greater value as an outlet for surplus population, I would remind him that every man who settles in Canada consumes five times as much of British goods as he would if he settled south of the border. Mr. Anderson might, without a pang, see his countrymen flocking to a foreign country and becoming alien and hostile, but here is a consideration which may possibly appeal to him.

The great importance of Canada lies in the resources of the North-West, of which the grand feature which first meets the eye is the 600,000,000 acres of the Fertile Belt. It is not yet generally known in England that beneath these rich and virgin acres lie fields of coal and lignite covering hundreds of miles, that the wives of Hudson Bay officers are often possessed of little bags of gold nuggets picked up without much looking for in the streams, and that iron and copper are plentiful too. The progress of this region in the ten years or so during which we have possessed it has exceeded all expectation. The City of Winnipeg, ten years ago a scattered hamlet dotted irregularly over the prairie, is now a well-built, handsome town of some 12,000 inhabitants, whose condition may be estimated by the fact that they have, within the last year, expended over a million dollars on public buildings. Scattered abroad over the vast expanse of the fruitful plains are numerous flourishing settlements, homes of plenty and pledges of a cheering future. All these young communities are distinguished by a good order and security so often wanting in outlying settlements over the border. This progress has been achieved under difficulties which will very shortly disappear. The way to the North-West has so far lain through American territory, and

the emigrant has had to run the gauntlet of the emissaries of Uncle Sam, who leave no stone unturned to persuade him to tarry in the Republic. Within two years we shall have a summer route through our own country, reaching far out over the prairies, and within ten years the completion of our trans-continental highway will render us independent in the matter of transport all the year round. But though the North-West will be the grand field for future enterprise, the English tenant farmer will probably find himself more comfortable in the older provinces. In the best parts of Ontario, in that Western Peninsula which has been happily named 'Canada Felix,' improved farms are to be had at reasonable rates, where he will find himself in circumstances more congenial to his habits than in the new North-West, and the Canadian farmer whom he displaces will, no doubt, prove much the better man for the work of pioneering.

The dangers apprehended by Mr. Anderson are from internal collapse and American hostility. As to the former, I think I have shown that we are getting on pretty well. Indeed, though the achievements of fifty millions of people must necessarily be more conspicuous than those of four millions, the progress of Canada, even from the few figures I have given, is, relatively, at any rate equal to that of her great neighbour. As to the second danger under consideration, it has, since the close of the Civil War, grown more and more remote to Canadian eyes. The annexation party in the United States are careful to declare that force or coercion forms no part of their scheme. There is surely room enough on this vast Continent for two nations to find plenty to do without quarrelling, and even should the danger exist, how is it lessened by the means suggested by Mr. Anderson, whose propositions, I must admit, are put forward with becoming modesty and a sense of the difficulty of effecting any beneficial change? The difficulties attending the proposed changes in our relations to the Empire are lucidly stated in Mr. Clarke's article advocating annexation. But while Canadians will agree with Mr. Clarke in questioning the advantages of Mr. Anderson's plan, they will be in no hurry to accept the alternative of annexation. The life of the Republic passes on under their eyes, with much that is admirable, which we may adopt under our existing political conditions, but much to avoid, which we could not escape did we cast in our lot with our neighbours. 'The kings are going, and, with them, the poets,' wrote a great German author; and we see enough across the border to convince us that the poets are not the only good things that go with the kings.

All we ask of England is that she will send us as many as she can of that redundant population whose presence within her narrow confines perplexes her statesmen and philanthropists. The position has often enough been stated. There are men wanting acres, here are acres wanting men. And the peasant and the artizan are not the only classes for whom we can find work and room. No one can visit England without noticing the immense amount of money and energy wasted by the ever-increasing class of gentlemen upon pursuits comparatively frivolous and contemptible. Thousands of young Englishmen develop their matchless physique and social graces with apparently no object *but* development. Why should not these lead wholesome, useful, manly lives in the West, where they might build up a society as truly refined as that they leave behind, and on a sounder basis? Why spend their time and energies in galloping after foxes, slaughtering pigeons let loose from a trap, and other things of equally little use? The care of a thousand head of cattle on a prairie ranche will give a man all the galloping he wants, and he can gallop there for the benefit of mankind. The early settlements

of New England, Virginia, and French Canada, proved the compatibility of refinement and elevation of life with conditions simpler than those of old lands, and in later times the want of the gentleman element in new settlements has been widely felt.

There are signs of a change in England's attitude of scornful and fatuous indifference towards her 'premier colony.' All Canada asks is a calm, judicious study of the means by which her resources may be made available for the relief of the mother country, and for her own development. These objects are inseparable. To achieve one is to achieve the other. Let England do what Mr. Anderson has himself admitted to be her duty to her great dependency, and all the rest will follow. Hope will come to thousands now hopeless, and comfort to thousands now comfortless. The perplexities of statesmen at home will be materially relieved, and the sorely-needed readjustment of classes facilitated. Lastly, Mr. Anderson will get his 'profitable trade' with a people well able to give him good value for all he may send them.

What Canada wants is to build up a nation on the British plan, with such modifications as experience may suggest as suited to her needs. To do this no change is required in her political relations to the Empire. Only give her population, and, for all we can see to the contrary, she will grow to a stature and strength that will enable her to meet whatever the future may bring.

ON THE DEATH OF CARLYLE.

BY GOWAN LEA.

DUMB stands the world beside a new-made tomb,
Unuttered even is the burial prayer,
Yet not unhallowed is the silent air;
A grief too deep for tears or prayers—a gloom
World-wide; for earth has seen her richest bloom
Fade—pass into that cold and vague 'somewhere'—
That unknown sphere from which no traveller e'er
Returned to tell humanity its doom.
O mighty heart!—like to the changing sea,
To fury lashed, and back with sudden awe
Subsiding; as if Eolus set free
The tempests, and relenting, called them home—
To thee—as once upon the Mount—a law
Of Truth was given from yon celestial dome.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND EDWARD IRVING.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD.

ALL readers of Carlyle's 'Miscellanies' will remember his eloquent and impassioned lament on the death of Edward Irving, and his fiery denunciation of the 'Mad Babylon,' whose foolish flattering and blind worship, followed by base and heartless scorn and derision, had broken Irving's heart, and left him, in his agony of failure and desolation, 'nothing to do but to die.' In what Carlyle says of his friend in his 'Reminiscences,' we see little of the so-called inspired preacher and modern apostle, and that little most sad and pitiable; but there is a memorable picture of Irving in his early years, in which Carlyle's vivid pen shows him to us as the most large-hearted, generous, and lovable of human beings, with the noblest nature, the finest gifts, and a general opulence of genius and power. And seldom can anything more interesting in life and literature be met with than the friendship of these two highly-gifted, nobly-aspiring young men, in whom there was such a genuine sympathy and real agreement, and yet at the same time such a wide and vital divergence. Irving was the most brilliant, fluent, and expansive; Carlyle, the deeper, stronger and better balanced. Both were filled with enthusiasm for truth, for knowledge, for all great and high things. Both (as Carlyle says of Irving) were of the antique, heroic sort, and thought themselves fitted to reform the world. 'If this thing is true, why not do it? You had better do it. There will be nothing but misery and ruin in not doing it.' This was their conviction, which both, in different ways, carried out to the end.

Their first introduction to each other, 'with its small passage of fence,' was characteristic of both the young men, but especially of Carlyle; 'shy of humour, proud enough and to spare,' and, in his poor and depressed circumstances, naturally a little suspicious of some assumption of superiority in his already 'distinguished' compatriot, who had been much 'betrumpeted' in his hearing, 'with some trace of malice to himself;'—'there was never such another between us in the world,' says Carlyle. At that time Carlyle was twenty-one; Irving a couple of years older. 'He did not want some due heat of temper,' Carlyle says, 'and there was a kind of joyous swagger traceable in his manner in this prosperous young time. But the basis of him at all times was fine manly sociality, and the richest, truest good nature. Very different from the new friend he was about picking up. No swagger in this latter, but a want of it, that was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. Far too sarcastic for a young man, said several in the years now coming.'

The description of Irving's free, frank, brotherly kindness to Carlyle at Kirkcaldy, and of all his lovable qualities and irresistible attractions, to which the shy, proud, solitary stranger yielded, in spite of himself, with complete abandonment, has all the force and vividness of truth, all the charm and fascination of romance. Some months after their first brief meeting

in Edinburgh, at which the jar and check between them before alluded to had occurred, Carlyle had been offered an appointment as a sort of rival schoolmaster to Irving, and had nearly agreed to accept it; a circumstance which might, in meaner minds, have given rise to some bitterness and jealousy, especially on Irving's side, had not his friendliness, which, in a wide sphere, says Carlyle, might have been called chivalrous, put an end to such feelings for ever. They met for the second time by accident in Annan, and Irving, coming up to Carlyle, shook him heartily by the hand, as if he had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother. 'You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two,' he said. 'You know I am there. My house, and all that I can do for you, is yours; two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife.' 'The doubting Thomas,' Carlyle says, 'durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, "Well, it would be pretty."' But his doubtings, as far as Irving was concerned, soon vanished. Writing after the lapse of so many years, he still had brightly in mind, he says, 'how exuberantly kind good Irving was,' when he went to see him in Kirkcaldy. 'How he took me into his library, a rough, literary, but considerable collection—far beyond what I had—and said, cheerily, flinging out his arms, "Upon all these you have will and waygate," an expressive Annandale phrase of the completest welcome. . . . From the first we honestly liked one another, and grew intimate, nor was there ever, while we both lived, any cloud or grudge between us, or an interruption of our feelings for a day or hour. Blessed conquest of a friend in this world! That was mainly all the wealth I had for five or six years coming, and it made my life in Kirkcaldy a happy season in comparison and a genially useful.'

Irving, Carlyle says, was not, nor had been, much of a reader, 'but he had, with solid ingenuity and judgment, by some briefer process of his own, fished out correctly from many books the substance of what they handled, and what conclusions they came to. He delighted to hear me give accounts of my reading, which were often enough a theme between us, and to me, as well, a profitable and pleasant one. He had gathered, by national sagacity and insight, from conversation and inquiry, a great deal of practical knowledge and information on things extant round him, which was quite defective in me, the recluse. His wide, just sympathies, his native sagacities, honest-heartedness, and good humour, made him the most delightful of companions. Such colloquies, and such rovings about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have never had since.' And in Carlyle's old age, all those bright scenes, those long tireless walks and talks, those holiday rovings by land and water were beautiful to him still in the far away. He recalls their long communings in the summer twilights as they walked up and down the beach at Kirkcaldy—a mile of smoothest sand with one long wave coming in gently, steadily, and breaking in harmless melodious white with a mane of foam; their strollings in the summer woods till all was dark. With vivid and picturesque power of words he describes their walking tours and boating excursions through the grand and lovely scenes of their native land, famous for ever in history and romance; or through lonely pastoral regions filled with the memories of old melodious songs and traditions, with 'no company but the rustle of the grass under foot, the tinkle of the brook, or the voices of innocent primæval things.' There dwelt the shepherds of the Cheviots (with whom they lodged at nights); 'canty, shrewd, and witty fellows, when you set them talking, with a great deal of human sense and unadul-

terated natural politeness; knew from their hill-tops every bit of country between Forth and Solway, and all the shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being a kind of confraternity of shepherds from father to son. No sort of peasant labourers I have ever come across seemed to me so happily situated, morally and physically well-developed, and deserving to be happy as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatus nimium!* . . . . Moffat Dale, with its green holms and hill ranges, its pleasant groves and farmsteads, and voiceful, limpid waters rushing fast *for Annan* was very beautiful to us. But what I most remember was our arrival at Mainhill (there Carlyle's father lived) for tea.' There was 'mutual recognition' between Irving and Carlyle's father. This brave-hearted, high-minded peasant man 'charmed and astonished Irving, who, on his side, was equally unlike a common man, definitely true, intelligent, frankly courteous, faithful in whatever he spoke about.'

One scene, to him for ever memorable, Carlyle lingers over with mournful tenderness. In his mind's eye, he sees himself and Irving after a day's riding and walking, sitting by themselves under the bright silent skies, among the *peat-hags* of Drumclog, with a world all silent around them. 'These *peat-hags*,' he says, "are still pictured in me; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days, and wet still in rainy seasons); clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery, if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them. Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before. A colloquy, the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me, though the details of it are gone. . . At last the declining sun said plainly, you must part.' [Irving for Glasgow, Carlyle for Muirkirk.] 'We sauntered into the Glasgow-Muirkirk highway. . . . We leant our backs against a dry stone fence . . . and looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet awhile, loath both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he did of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well of me like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.'

At this time, Carlyle and Irving had both given up 'schoolmastering' at Kirkcaldy. Irving had the honourable post of assistant to Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow, 'approved of, accepted by the great doctor and his congregation; preaching heartily, and labouring with the "visiting deacons" among the poor radical weavers and holding free communings with them as man with man . . . would pick a potato from their pot, and in eating it get at once into free and friendly terms.' While Irving was thus prospering, Carlyle was in the midst of what he calls his most miserable, dark, sick and heavy-laden years. He spent his winters in Edinburgh, supporting himself by some private teaching when he could get it, and 'aiming timorously towards literature;' conscious of his powers, but almost despairing of their ever finding recognition. 'Well do I remember those dreary evenings in Bristo Street!' he exclaims; 'Oh, what ghastly passages, and dismal successive spasms of attempt at literary enterprise!' . . . Once, an actual contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review' was hazarded,

but never was heard of more. Other efforts in other directions also vanished, without sign. 'Sometimes Dr. Brewster,' he says, 'turned me to account (on most frugal terms always) in wretched little translations, compilations, which were very welcome, too, though never other than dreary.' He spent his summers at his father's farm of Mainhill for cheapness and health; and then Irving's visits to his family in Arran (seven miles from Mainhill), brought the friends together, and were beautiful days to Carlyle, the only beautiful he had. 'Life,' he says, 'was all dreary,' eerie, 'tinged with the hues of imprisonment and impossibility; hope practically not there, only obstinacy, and a grim steadfastness to strive without hope as with. To all which Irving's advent was the pleasant (temporary) contradiction and reversal, like sunrising to night, or impenetrable fog and its spectralities. The time of his coming, the how and when of his movements and possibilities, were always known to me beforehand. On the set day I started forth, better dressed than usual, and strode along for Annan which lay pleasantly in sight all the way. In the woods of Mount Annan I would probably meet Irving strolling towards me; and then what a talk for the three miles down that bonny river's brink, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters, and the twittering of birds! We were sure to have several such walks, whether the first day or not.'

'Irving,' says Carlyle, 'was generally happy in those little Annandale "sunny islets" of his year; happier, perhaps, than ever elsewhere. All was quietly flourishing in this his natal element; father's house neat and contented; ditto, ditto; or, perhaps, blooming out a little farther than that of his sisters, all nestled close to it; a very prettily thriving group of things and objects in their limited, safe seclusion; and Irving was silently, but visibly, in the hearts of all, the flower and crowning jewel of it. He was quiet, cheerful, genial, soul unruffled, and clear as a mirror, honestly loving, and loved all round. Alas, and in so few years after, ruin's ploughshare had run through it all!'

In their talks and discussions, wandering wide over the world and its ways, and all manner of interesting objects and discoursings, and coming back to themselves and their personal concerns, Irving's voice was always one of blessedness and new hope to Carlyle. 'He would not hear of my gloomy prognostications; all nonsense that I never should get out of these gloomy obstructions and impossibilities. The real impossibility was that such a talent, etc., should not cut itself clear one day. . . . . "You will see now," he would say, "one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?" Noble Irving! He was the faithful elder brother of my life in those years; generous, wise, beneficent, all his dealings and discoursings with me were. Well may I recollect as blessed things in my existence those Annan visits, and feel that, beyond all other men, he was helpful to me, when I most needed help.' 'But for Irving,' Carlyle says elsewhere, 'I had never known what the communion of man with man means.'

This communion ended when Irving went to London, having accepted the ministry of the Scotch Church, in Hatton Garden. This appointment promised him the means of realizing his highest aspirations. He had long desired a church of his own, in which he might make an attempt to carry out his great scheme of evangelization, and now the opportunity had come. Here was an opening, he said, in a letter to Mr. Martin, the minister of Kirkcaldy, afterwards his father-in-law, through which he might strive to demonstrate a higher state of Chris-

tianity, something more magnanimous, more heroical, than the age afforded. Yet the last evening he and Carlyle spent together in the hotel whence he started for London, in the early morning coach, he was, Carlyle says, 'more clouded with agitations, anxieties, perhaps with regrets also, than I had ever before seen the fine, habitual, solar light of him.' Carlyle, always of desponding mood, and with no such hopeful prospect as Irving's to cheer him, in parting with his friend, felt as if he were losing him for ever. 'Glad, as I was bound to be,' he says, 'and in a sense was; but very sorry I could not help being . . . . that night we did not laugh; laughter was not the mood of either of us.' Carlyle gave him a bundle of the best cigars he had ever possessed (a present to himself from a friend), for though Irving seldom smoked, it was agreed that as he was to travel night and day on the top of the coach, a cigar now and then might be of use; but, after all, Carlyle's gift was forgotten, left behind, as Carlyle learned months after, in the stall of the coffee room. They said farewell—'and I had in some sense,' says Carlyle, 'according to my worst anticipations, lost my friend's society (not my friend himself ever) from that time.'

In London, Irving was too deeply involved in business perplexities, and a life of constant strain and excitement, to write to the friend he had left behind. Their regular correspondence had here come to a *finis*, Carlyle says, and for a while it seemed as if his saddest previsions were to be fulfilled. 'I was not angry,' he says, 'How could I be? but was always sorry more or less, and regretted it as a great loss I had by ill-luck undergone. . . . . In the first month Irving, no doubt, had intended much correspondence with me, were the business hurly burly done, but no sooner was it so, in some measure, than his flaming popularity had commenced, spreading, mounting, without limit, and instead of business hurly-burly, there was whirlwind of conflagration.'

But he soon had shining proof, as he calls it, that Irving had not forgotten him. Through the influence his success as a preacher had already given him, he obtained for Carlyle the tutorship of Charles Buller (whose early death cut short a career of extraordinary promise); then a lad of fifteen, and his brother, Arthur, two years younger, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. The two boys came to Edinburgh, and boarded with 'a good old Dr. Fleming, then a clergyman of mark;' Charles was entered at Edinburgh University, and Carlyle took entire charge of his pupils as their intellectual guide and guardian. 'I always should remember,' he says, 'that Irving did then write copiously enough to Dr. Fleming and other parties, and stood up in a gallant and grandiloquent manner for every claim and right of "his young literary friend," who had nothing to do but wait silently while everything was being adjusted to his wish, and beyond it.'

Tutor and pupils were mutually pleased with each other, and from the very first Charles was 'a bit of sunshine in Carlyle's dreary Edinburgh element. So all-intelligent, seizing everything you said to him with such a recognition; so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me as I was with him. Arthur . . . also was a fine little fellow, honest, intelligent and kind.' Carlyle at once perceived he had entered on 'a fortunate didactic adventure, which it abundantly proved to be.'

Meanwhile, Irving's fame was rising higher and higher, making him, Carlyle says, 'the property of all the world rather than of his friends.' 'To me,' writes Carlyle, 'for many months back he had fallen totally silent, and this seemed as seal to its being a permanent silence. My love to Irving, now that I look at it across these temporary vapours, had not abated, never

did abate, but he seemed for the present flown (or mounted, if that was it) far away from me, and I could only say to myself, " well, well then, so it must be." '

Irving's love for Carlyle was in reality as little abated as Carlyle's for him. Two years after he had been made a minister of Hatton Garden church, in the autumn of 1823, he married Miss Martin, of Kirkcaldy, to whom he had been engaged for eleven years, and when he and his bride were on a wedding tour to the Highlands, ' the generous soul,' as Carlyle calls him, went round by Kinnaird, where Carlyle was then staying with the Buller family, that he might see his friend and induce him to accompany them on their journey. Carlyle had never liked Miss Martin, did not like her to the end, or think her worthy of being Irving's wife. His picture of her as a young girl is singularly unpleasing, and he believed that she had only succeeded in charming Irving through having the arena pretty much to herself. His real love seems to have been with Miss Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle, and with some hopes of winning her, if he were free, he made an attempt to gain a release from his engagement. But finding that no release would be given, he honourably resigned himself to his fate, and his letters and journals, published by Mrs. Oliphant, show that, as might have been expected from his noble and generous nature, he was the most loyal and devoted of husbands. 'Irving, on this his wedding jaunt,' says Carlyle, ' seemed superlatively happy, as if at the top of Fortune's wheel, and in a sense (a generous sense it must be owned, and not a tyrannous, in any measure) striking the stars with his sublime head. Mrs. I. was demure and quiet, though doubtless not less happy at heart, really comely in her behaviour. In the least beautiful she never could be, but Irving had loyally taken her, as the consummate flower of all his victory in this world—poor, good tragic woman—better probably than the fortune she had after all.'

Carlyle went with the newly married pair a day or two's journey, and parted with them at Taymouth, where his horse had been sent to wait for him. Irving and his wife went to dine with Lord Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle; Carlyle rode on to Aberfeldy, where he fed and rested his horse at ' a kindly and polite, but very hugger-mugger cottage,' and refreshed himself with a fraction of a scrag of mutton and potatoes—'in strange contrast, had I thought of that, with Irving's nearly simultaneous dinner at my Lord's.'

Irving had much to tell about London; ' of its fine literary possibilities for a man, of its literary stars whom he had seen or knew of, Coleridge in particular. He seems to have urged Carlyle to come to him and try his fortune in London. ' He would not hear of ill-health being any hindrance; he had himself no experience in that sad province. All seemed possible to him; all was joyful and running on wheels.'

Some months later, Carlyle accepted his friend's invitation. He had some money in hand, received for his 'Life of Schiller' and translation of ' Wilhelm Meister,' so that he was free to look about him for a while, and see if those literary possibilities of which Irving had spoken really existed for him. But he first paid a visit to his betrothed—'my own little darling, now at rest and far away'—a visit in retrospect ' most beautiful, most sad!' Even after all those years he remembered the 'gimp bonnet' she wore. He sailed from Leith, and on a beautiful June morning entered London River—' scene very impressive to me, and very vivid still;' and soon after mid-day arrived at Irving's house in Myddleton Terrace, Islington, ' as appointed.' He was received by Irving with the old true friendliness; ' wife and household eager to imitate him; and for the next ten months, on and

off, he saw a good deal of his old friend, his affairs and posture.' To Carlyle's clear, shrewd eyes, 'Irving's London element and mode of existence had its questionable aspects from the first, and one could easily perceive, here as elsewhere, that the ideal of fancy and the actual of fact were two very different things. It was as the former that my friend, according to old habit, strove to represent it to himself and to *make it be*, and it was as the latter that it obstinately continued being. . . . He was inwardly, I could observe, nothing like so happy as in old days; inwardly confused, anxious, dissatisfied, though, as it were, denying it to himself, and striving, if not to talk big, which he hardly ever did, to *think* big upon all this. We had many strolls together; no doubt much dialogue, but it has nearly all gone from me; probably not so worthy of remembrance as our old communions were. Crowds of visitors came about him, and ten times, or a hundred times, as many would have come if allowed; well-dressed, decorous people, but, for the most part, tiresome, ignorant, weak, or even silly and absurd.' Neither did his preaching carry Carlyle captive, he tells us, nor inspire him with any complete or pleasing feelings. 'The force and weight of what he urged was undeniable; the potent faculty at work like that of a Samson heavily striding along with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders; but there was a want of spontaneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be, and to have been, unwholesome to the honourable soul.' But all the time Carlyle recognised in him a beautiful piety and charity. 'Here was still the old true man, and his new element seemed so false and abominable. . . . He had endless patience with the mean people crowding about him and jostling his life to pieces; hoped always they were not so mean . . . took everything, wife, servants, guests, by the most favourable handle.' At this time he had a little baby-boy in whom, Carlyle says, 'he took infinite delight, dandling it, tick-ticking to it, laughing and playing with it; would turn seriously round then and say, "Ah, Carlyle, this little creature has been sent to me to soften my heart, which did need it."' The child died when fifteen months old, and Irving's grief for its loss was intense. 'The birth of other children,' Mrs. Oliphant says, 'and even their deaths, nearly as it touched him, never for a moment dimmed the little image of his first-born in his memory. He talked of this baby, wrote of him, dreamed of him for years afterwards.

Before Carlyle left London, he saw the foundation laid of the 'Caledonian Chapel' in Regent Square, the church in Hatton Garden not being able to hold half the immense audience attracted by Irving's preaching. 'Twenty years after,' he says, 'riding discursively towards Tottenham one summer evening, with the breath of the wind from northward, and London hanging to my right hand like a grim and vast sierra, I saw among the peaks, easily ascertainable, the high minarets of of that chapel, and thought with myself, "Ah, you fatal *tombstone* of my lost friend! and did a soul so strong and high avail only to build *you?*" And felt sad enough and rather angry in looking at the thing.'

After Carlyle's return to Scotland it was months before they met again. Then Carlyle rode from his farm at Hoddam Hill to Annan where Irving, on his way to London from Glasgow or Edinburgh, was to be for a few hours. When Carlyle arrived 'he was sitting in the snug little parlour, beside his father and mother beautifully domestic,' and Carlyle's thoughts contrasted 'the beautiful, affectionate safety here, and the wild,' tempestuous hostilities and perils yonder,' in London, where his course was evidently beset with

pit-falls, barking dogs, and dangers and difficulties unwarned of. From his father's they stepped over to his brother-in law's, and sat there talking for an hour. 'He gave his blessing to each in a sad and solemn tone, with something of elaborate noticeable in it, too, which was painful and dreary to me. He had his little nieces placed on chairs, and laid his hand on their heads as he blessed them by name. A dreary visit altogether, though an unabatedly affectionate one on both sides.' 'In what a contrast,' thought I, 'to the old sunshiny visits when Glasgow was head quarters and every body was obscure, frank to his feelings and safe!'

Their next meeting was at Comely Bank, near Edinburgh, where Carlyle was living with his newly-married wife. Irving was then preaching and communing on Scripture prophecy in Edinburgh, and his visit to the Carlyle's was only for half an hour. 'He was very friendly, but had a look of trouble, of haste, and confused controversy and anxiety, sadly unlike his old good self. . . . He talked with an undeniable self-consciousness, and something which I could not but admit to be religious mannerism. . . . At parting he proposed to pray with us, and did, in standing posture, ignoring, or conscientiously defying, our pretty evident reluctance. "Farewell," he said soon after, "I must go then, and suffer persecution, as my fathers have done."' Much painful contradiction he evidently had from the world about him, but also much jealous favour, and was going that same evening to a public dinner given in honour of him.

The Carlyles had a visit from him in Scotland once again, this time at their lonely moorland house of Craigenputtoch, where he stayed a night with them. 'This time,' Carlyle says, 'he was franker and happier than I had seen him for a long time. It was beautiful summer weather, pleasant to saunter with old friends in the safe green solitudes, no sound audible but that of our own voices, and of the birds and woods.' As he and Carlyle rode to meet the coach which was to take him away, he talked cheerfully of a beautiful six weeks' rest he was to have, to be spent on the Continent, Carlyle to go with him as *dragoman*, if nothing more. . . . The coach sooner than expected was announced. . . . . There was not a moment to be lost. Irving sprang hastily to the coach roof (no other seat left) and was at once bowled away, waving me his kind farewell, and vanishing among the woods.'

In the autumn of 1831, Carlyle and his wife removed to London for the winter. Before this, great changes had taken place in Irving's position, and the Caledonian Chapel, standing 'spacious and grand in Regent Square,' in which he now preached, was quite dissevered from Hatton Garden, and its concerns. Carlyle, on arriving in London, went to see him at his house near the new chapel, and found him sitting quiet and alone. He was brotherly as ever in his reception of his old friend, 'and our talk,' says Carlyle, 'was good and edifying.'

'He was by this time,' Carlyle writes, 'deep in prophecy and other aberrations, surrounded by weak people, mostly echoes of himself and his inaudible notions. . . . We were in fact hopelessly divided, to what tragical extent both of us might well feel! But something still remained, and this we (he at least, for I think in friendship he was the nobler of the two) were only the more anxious to retain and make good. I recollect breakfasting with him, a strange set of ignorant, conceited fanatics forming the body of the party and greatly spoiling it for me. Irving's own kindness was evidently in essence unabated; how sorrowful, at once provoking and pathetic, that I or he could henceforth get so little good of it!'

Irving's belief in new revelations, or rather the renewal of old revelations, to the Christian Church, was now becoming certain and fixed. He

had convinced himself that the second advent of Christ was so near that it might any day be expected; these were the 'last days,' and the promise that in the last days the Spirit should be poured out would certainly be fulfilled. Those miraculous gifts which the Church had once possessed, and which had only been suspended by the absence of faith and prayer, would now be restored. Such was his belief. 'His enthusiastic studies and preachings,' says Carlyle, 'were passing into the practically miraculous, to me the most doleful, of all phenomena. "The gift of tongues" had fairly broken out among the craziest and weakliest of his wholly rather dim and weakly flock. . . . Sorrow and disgust was naturally my own feeling. "How are the mighty fallen!" My own high Irving come to this by paltry popularities and cockney admirations muddling such a head!'

Though never now going to Irving's Church, Carlyle did once hear 'the tongues.' He and his wife had called at Irving's house one evening and were sitting alone with Irving in the drawing-room, Mrs. Irving having gone into another apartment with some fanatics, when suddenly through the open door 'there burst forth a shrieky hysterical "Lall, lall, lall!"—little or nothing but l's and a's continued for several minutes. Irving, with singular calmness, said only, "There, hear you, there are the tongues!" We, except by our looks, which probably were eloquent, answered him nothing, but soon came away, full of distress, provocation, and a kind of shame.'

Carlyle's explanation of his friend's miserable delusions seems the only reasonable one that could be given. He had gone to London in the very prime of his days, full of hope and vigour, determined, as he told Mr. Martin, to preach a higher and more heroic Christianity than this age had conceived, and in a moment, as it were, found himself in a blaze of glory. He was the lion of the day, and his Church of Hatton Garden the most famous place in London. The church could not hold half the crowds who besieged the doors, and entrance was only to be obtained by ticket. 'Rank, beauty and fashion, royal dukes and cabinet ministers were drawn into the vortex.' Such a combination of gifts in a preacher was, indeed, unique. Impassioned eloquence, prophetic conviction, a voice so powerful that it could be heard and understood at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and that could fall at will into the most touching and pathetic tones of tenderness and persuasion; a commanding figure six feet two in height, a noble head, long curling black hair, piercing eyes, made up such a presence, and such a power, magnetic in its influence, as rarely, if ever before, have been seen and heard in a pulpit. Men of commanding intellect and vain and trivial women alike listened to him for two and sometimes three hours at a time with rapt attention.

All this triumphant success and popularity seemed to Irving an assurance of his Divine Commission. 'Lady Jersey, sitting on the pulpit steps, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc., rushing to hear him week after week, listening as if to the message of salvation, were proofs of his apostleship. The noblest, the joyfullest thought had taken possession of his nobler, too sanguine, too trustful mind—that the Christian religion was to be a truth again, not a paltry form, and to rule the world, he unworthy, even he, the instrument, cruelly blasted all these hopes and dreams were, but Irving to the end of his life never could consent to give them up. This was the key to all his subsequent proceedings, extravagances, aberrations, wild struggles and clutchings towards the unattainable,' ending in 'miraculous prophecies, gifts of tongues and of healing, and other doleful phenomena.'

Once, before leaving London for Craigenputtoch, Carlyle, in his own house, had a serious and solemn inter-

view with Irving, Mrs. Carlyle being present, which none of the three ever could forget. He had privately determined that he must tell Irving plainly what he thought of his present course and conduct; and he thinks the meeting had been preconcerted by him and his wife for that purpose. He led the dialogue into that channel, he says, 'till, with all the delicacy, but also all the fidelity, possible to me, I put him fully in possession of what my real opinions was. To build such a tower as he was trying to build,' Carlyle said, 'pieces by pieces, till it soared far above all science and experience, and flatly contradicted them, on the narrow basis of a little text of writing in an ancient book was surely a course full of danger . . . Authentic writings of the Most High, were they found in old books only? They were in the stars, and on the rocks, and in the brain and heart of every mortal. And it did not beseem him, Edward Irving, to be hanging on the rearward of mankind, struggling still to chain them to old notions not now well tenable, but to be foremost in the van leading on by the light of the eternal stars across this hideous, delirious wilderness where we all were towards the promised lands that lay ahead.' Mrs. Carlyle said hardly anything, 'but her looks, and here and there a word, testified how deep her interest was, how complete her assent.' To all Carlyle said, Irving listened in silence, 'with head downcast, with face indicating great pain, but without the slightest word or sound from him' till Carlyle had ended; 'then made his apology and defence,' which did not, Carlyle says, 'do anything to convince me, but was in a style of modesty and friendly magnanimity no mortal could surpass, and which remains to me at this moment dear and memorable and worthy of all honour. Which done he went his way, no doubt with kindest farewell to us, and I remember nothing more . . . We had to go our way and he his, and his soon proved to be precipitous, full of chasms and plunges which rapidly led him to the close.'

For a couple of years the Carlyles were far away from Irving in their moorland home, and only heard of him and of his catastrophes from a distance. In Annan he had been formally expelled from the Scottish Kirk. 'A poor aggregate of reverend sticks in black gowns sitting in Presbytery to pass formal condemnation on a man and a cause which might have been tried in Patmos under presidency of St. John, without the right truth of it being got at!' He now had a new Irvingite church, established in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where he soon found he had to submit to the rules and regulations of certain Angels or authorities, so-called, perhaps as vexatious as those of his Presbytery of old.

In 1834, the Carlyles permanently settled in London, and Carlyle saw his friend again. 'How changed in the two years and two months since I had last seen him!' says Carlyle. 'In looks he was almost friendlier than ever, but he had suddenly become an old man. His head, which I had left raven-black was grown grey, on the temples, almost snow-white. The face was hollow, wrinkled, collapsed; the figure, still perfectly erect, seemed to have lost all its elasticity and strength. We walked some space slowly together, my heart smitten with various emotions; my speech, however, striving to be cheery and hopeful. . . . He admitted his weak health, but treated it as temporary; it seemed of small account to him. . . . He was to have a lodging at Bayswater, a stout horse to ride; summer, the doctors expected, would soon set him up again. His tone was not despondent, but it was low, pensive, full of silent sorrow.' Many difficulties and obstacles to Carlyle's seeing Irving again occurred, some of which Carlyle attributes to 'his poor, jealous, anxious, much-bewildered wife.' But at last

a day was fixed for the friends to dine together in Irving's house in Newman Street. 'The dinner,' Carlyle says, 'was among the pleasantest of dinners to me; Madam herself wearing nothing but smiles, and soon leaving us together to a fair hour or two of a free talk. . . . I went away gratified and for my own share glad, had not the out-looks on his side been so dubious and ominous. He was evidently growing weaker, not stronger; wearing himself down by spiritual agitations, which would kill him if not checked and ended. Could he but be got, I thought, to Switzerland, to Italy, to some pleasant country where the language was unknown to him and he would be *forced into silence*, the one salutary medicine for him in body and in soul! . . . I had to hear of his growing weaker and weaker, while there was nothing whatever that I could do.'

The last meeting on earth of these two friends took place at Carlyle's house, in Cheyne Row, late on the afternoon of a damp, dim, sunless October day. He was going to Scotland to pay visits among his friends, and if possible to take some rest. He sat with Carlyle and his wife about twenty minutes, and 'I well recollect,' Carlyle says, 'his fine chivalrous demeanour to her, and how he complimented her, as he well might, on the pretty little room she had made for her husband and self. "You are like an Eve," he said, smiling, "and make a little Paradise wherever you are." His manner was sincere, affectionate, yet with a great suppressed sadness in it, and as if with a feeling that he must not linger. . . . With a fine simplicity of lovingness he bade us farewell. I followed him to the door, held his bridle, doubtless, as he mounted, no groom being ever with him on such occasions, stood on the steps as he quietly walked or ambled up Cheyne Row, quietly turned the corner, and had vanished from my eyes for evermore. . . . . He died at Glasgow on the December following, aged only forty-three, and, except weakness, no disease traceable.' Twice in his 'Reminiscences,' Carlyle tells us with natural, though most sorrowful and sad satisfaction, that before his death Irving said to Henry Drummond — 'I should have kept Thomas Carlyle closer to me; his counsel, blame, or praise was always faithful; and few have such eyes!' 'My ever generous, loving and noble Irving!' Carlyle exclaims, in his anguish of long-lost love and regret.

In the bitter outbreak of antagonistic feeling which Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' evoked, it was inevitable that his simple, realistic portrait of Irving, though in every line it bears the impress of candour and truth, has been pronounced in some quarters a wholly inadequate likeness of the great modern apostle, and founder of the so-called Apostolic Church, round whose name some halo of divine inspiration still lingers. It is said that his attitude of scepticism towards all miraculous revelations, and his predetermined belief that the alleged Gifts of Tongues and of Healing which had bewildered and intoxicated his friend's imagination was simply the offspring of hysterical excitement, if not of fanatical imposture, made him incapable of comprehending such a man as Edward Irving and the spiritual influences which swayed his being. He could not, Mrs. Oliphant says, understand the true meaning of the face he attempted to paint, and gives only glimpses of it of the silhouette kind, revealing nothing of the prophetic passion which inspired Irving, and which was antagonistic to Carlyle's own nature. We must, however, remember that Carlyle had said Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Irving' gave no delineation of Irving's features, environment, or life, recognisable to him, but was rather a pretty picture, more or less romantic, pictorial, and not like to one who knew his looks; it might, therefore, have been expected that in defence of her

own portrait Mrs. Oliphant should pronounce Carlyle unable to comprehend what a true portrait of Irving was. It is true that Carlyle touches but lightly on those so-called spiritual phenomena which were to him only the pitiable delusions of a great intellect led astray by lights which were baleful *ignes fatui*, not light from heaven. But he fully recognised the purity and greatness of Irving's dream of hope and aspiration that the Christian religion was again to become a reality dominating all hearts and minds, and the world to be transformed into an Eden thereby; to this dream he held, Carlyle says, through every opposing reality, and walked his stony course like an antique evangelist, the fixed thought of his heart at all times, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!' At any rate, most people not influenced by religious or other prejudices, will be apt to believe that one who had been Irving's closest and most beloved friend, and with whom he had communed as with his own soul—a man, too, all compact of poetry and high imaginations, and who has done more to maintain the spiritual theory of the universe against the material one than any of the great writers of our time—was quite as capable of understanding what manner of man his friend was, and of comprehending whatever passion or inspiration, prophetic or otherwise, moved him, as any popular novelist or clever writer of books who was necessarily without that personal knowledge of his subject so invaluable to a biographer, and which Carlyle so eminently possessed.

In effect, Carlyle says of him in his 'Reminiscences,' what he said of him years before in his magnificent prose-poem on 'The Death of the Rev. Edward Irving.' Truthful above all things, he did not disguise his conviction that it was the poison of popular applause—'the mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, indifference and neglect,'—which had destroyed the strength and insight of his friend's mind, and rendered him a prey to the futile and miserable delusions which were his ruin. 'By a fatal chance, Fashion cast her eye on him as on some impersonation of Novel-Cameronianism, some wild product of Nature from the wild mountains. Fashion crowded round him with her meteor lights and Bacchic dances; breathed her foul incense on him, intoxicating, poisonous. Syren songs as of a new moral reformation—sons of Mammon and high sons of Belial and Beelzebub, to become sons of God, and the gum-flowers of Almack's to be made living roses in a new Eden—sounded in the inexperienced ear and heart. Most seductive, most delusive! Fashion went her idle way to gaze on Egyptian Crocodiles, Iroquois Hunters, or what else there might be, forgot this man—who, unhappily, could not in his turn forget. The intoxicating poison had been swallowed; no force of natural health could cast it out. Unconsciously, for the most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected, to walk on the quiet paths where alone, it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed singularity. O foulest circean draught, thou poison of popular applause! Madness is in thee and death, thy end is bedlam and the grave. For the last seven years of his life, Irving, forsaken by the world, strove either to recall it, or to forsake it; shut himself up in a lesser world of ideas and persons, and lived isolated there.' But through all his aberrations there remained in Carlyle's eyes, the unique greatness and lovable nature of this extraordinary man, 'one of the noblest natures—a man of antique heroic nature, in questionable modern garniture which he could not wear. . . . . His was the large heart with its large bounty, where wretchedness found solacement, and they that were wandering in darkness, the light as of a home . . . . .

he was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached him his. . . . One may say, it was his own nobleness that forwarded his ruin; the excess of his sociability and sympathy, of his value for the sympathies and suffrages of men.' 'Irving,' Carlyle says in the 'Reminiscences,' 'had a high opinion of men, and it always mortified him when he found it no longer tenable.'

He believed himself, Carlyle tells us, 'the Messenger of Truth in an age of shams; appointed a Christian priest, he strove with all the force that was in him to be it. . . . If the Bible is the written Word of God, shall it not be the acted word too? A half-man could have passed on without answering, as whole man must answer. Hence prophecies of Millenniums, Gifts of Tongues, whereat Orthodoxy prims herself into decent wonder, and waves Avaunt! Irving clave to his belief as to his soul's soul, followed it whithersoever through earths or air it might lead, toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded, had now nothing to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave. His last words, they say were: "In life and in death, I am the Lord's.'"

'THE NEW UTOPIA.'

BY D. LOUREY, M.B., BRANTFORD.

I LAUD not now, O peerless land!
With rainbow-wealth of beauty spanned,
Thy forests or thy streams;
Thy landscapes sunning in the noon,
Thy valleys sleeping 'neath the moon
As fair as Poet's dreams,
Thy rolling prairies yet untamed,
Thy mountain fastnesses unnamed.

The storm that brawls o'er Arctic seas
Is tempered to a bracing breeze
Ere it encounters thee;
The sun that smites the warmer zone
Is on thy cheek in kisses strown;
Thou art of Liberty—
Forever chartered to conserve
The iron will, the dauntless nerve.

Here Freedom woke her witching song
That rippling southward reached ere long
  The cabin of the slave;
To thee he fled, the friendly night
Abetted and concealed his flight;
  Behind the sleuth-hounds rave
In vain; when once he touched thy shore
The weary servitude was o'er.

To snow-clad lands thy fame has spread,
The fur-robed Icelander has read
  Of fields with verdure clothed;
Thy valleys stretching to the west
Have lured the Mennonite opprest
  By laws his conscience loathed.
They come, they come, from jostling States,
And Freedom opes to them her gates!

Come Albion, 'tis thy child invites,
Come from wild Scotia's ancient heights
  Where Covenanters knelt;
Send forth from every emerald vale
Thy sons, O Erin! here the Gael,
  The Saxon and the Celt
Disjoined by centuries of feud
Are fused in one vast brotherhood.

A triple brotherhood! nay! nay!
The Norse shall meet, but not in fray,
  With Teuton and with Sclave;
No Rhine shall bar the glad advance
Of peaceful Germany to France
  Mercurial and brave;
Come from all climes with love, and trust
Your discord with your fathers' dust.

O noble land! in Autumn days
When falls the Indian Summer haze
  In pre-millenial calms;
Thy maple tree with rapture burns,
And stately pine, and lowly ferns,
  With all between in psalms
As grandly sweet as Angel songs
Foreshow the doom of hoary wrongs.

So the prediction of the trees!
'Good will to men' floats on the breeze
  Like echo from afar;
'Peace on the earth.' Go, virtuous land,
And mould a nation strong and grand
  That hates intestine jar;
Then, 'neath our shade the peaceful ages
Shall verify the dreams of Sages.

MOSAIC AND MOSAIC?

BY REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D., TORONTO.

THE question of the authorship of the Pentateuch has increased in general interest since a professor of the Free Church of Scotland has been deprived of the function of his chair for holding views thereon, not proved incorrect, but held to be revolutionary.* It cannot be said that the views presented by Mr. Robertson Smith are new to the student, yet in the popularized form in which he has given them, whilst holding a chair in a church whose attachment to the traditional views of Reformed Christendom is avowed and acknowledged, they may justly be called new in their present relation to the general public who, therefore, have an interest in the answer to two leading questions regarding them: Are they true? and if true, do they seriously affect the confidence we would repose in that part of the Scriptures of which those utterances treat as indeed the very truth of God?

This paper professes to be a fragment, yet a contribution to that aspect of the question indicated by the title: Is the Pentateuch a literary Mosaic? If proved to be mosaic in its construction, is it necessarily non-Mosaic in its authorship? The question of the date of composition may be incidentally touched upon, but will not be the subject of general treatment, and the parts considered will not be those parts chiefly dwelt upon in the Robertson-Smith controversy, viz., the Law, but principally those which, beginning with the records of Creation close with the history of the Exodus.

The reader of these lines needs scarcely be informed that an opinion has long been held by many Biblical critics that the (so-called) books of Moses are made up of different and earlier records, representing different periods if not different peoples, and originating in different schools of religious thought. One mark by which these records may be distinguished according to this theory, is the occurrence of the word Jehovah (LORD) or 'Elohim' (God), as the name of the Supreme Deity. We quote from the article 'Bible' in the present edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'That the way in which the two names are used can only be due to difference of authorship is now generally admitted, for the alternation corresponds with such important duplicates as the two accounts of creation, and is regularly accompanied through a great part of the book by unmistakable peculiarities of language and thought, so that it is still possible to reconstruct.' Peculiarities of language can only be distinguished at first hand by accomplished scholars, hence the general reader is very much at the mercy of the critics; yet in a matter of moment such as this, and when accomplished critics differ, the ordinary reader would desiderate, if possible, some means of intelligent and independent reasoning thereon. This Essay proposes to exemplify such means.

That Genesis i. 1, to ii. 3, gives a complete account of creation, yet different from that contained in ii. 4 to 25, is very evident; that in the first the name Elohim (God) is exclusively employed; that in the other as invariably we read Jehovah Elohim (LORD God) as the name of the Deity, is

*Professor Blaikie thus writes in the *Catholic Presbyterian* justifying the Assembly in their final action. 'I am not saying the views are false, but they amount to a revolution.'

equally apparent. Difference, however, it is important to notice, is not inconsistency; the two accounts do present each its own distinct characteristic, but they do not present contradictory statements. Plainly, too, the record of Abraham in Egypt denying the relation which really existed between him and Sarai, chap. xii., is Jehovistic as a similar record in chap. xx. is Elohistic, and that there did exist a real distinction in the Hebrew mind between the use of these two names seems proved by such a fact as this—Psalm xiv. is repeated in Psalm liii. apparently for no other reason than for the sake of this distinction in the Divine names. Were these two lines of early worship? The examples thus far given are, however, readily noted; there are other sections in which the names appear to be used very much as we would use them today, indiscriminately, or changed simply for the sake of emphasis. Such at first sight would seem to be the continuous narrative of the Flood, Gen. vi., vii., viii. Here, however, our critics declare they have no difficulty in distinguishing the two documents which some redactor has ingeniously but not wisely interwoven, as though some editor had taken the Gospels, say, of Luke and John, and had endeavoured to construct a continuous narrative therefrom. How far this view is founded upon fact the ordinary English reader may determine for himself by the following attempt at separation; and he may be interested in learning the mechanical *modus operandi*. A worn out copy of the English Bible was opened and a pair of scissors taken in hand, the Elohistic sections were cut out and pasted consecutively on a piece of paper; the pieces left were afterwards pasted together exactly in the order in which they had been left, with the result seen in the other column; no additional words have been added. There has been separation, but no transposition, no addition, no subtraction.

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AND it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they *were* fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare *children* to them, the same *became* mighty men which *were* of old, men of renown. These *are* the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man *and* perfect in his generations, *and* Noah walked with God. And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, the end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this *is the fashion* which thou shalt make it *of*: The length of the ark *shall be* three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; *with* lower, second, and third *stories* shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life, from under heaven; *and* every thing that *is* in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every *sort* shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep *them* alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every *sort* shall

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AND the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. And God saw that the wickedness of man *was* great in the earth, and *that* every imagination of the thoughts of his heart *was* only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth: both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them. But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of beasts that *are* not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights, and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth. And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him. And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that *are* not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth, There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God [the Lord] had commanded Noah, and the Lord shut him in. And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creep-

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come unto thee, to keep *them* alive. And take thou unto thee of all the food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather *it* to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he. And Noah *was* six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth: and all the high hills that *were* under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils *was* the breath of life, of all that *was* in the dry *land*, died. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days. And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that *was* with him in the ark; and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the

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ing things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained *alive*, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters returned from off the earth continually: and the rain from heaven was restrained; And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: Also he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters *were* on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth *was* an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more; and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart *is* evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

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waters were abated. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth *month*, in the tenth month, on the first *day* of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen. And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth: And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first *month*, first *day* of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried. And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that *is* with thee, of all flesh, *both* of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, *and* whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark. And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth *upon* the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; unto your hands are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. But flesh with the life thereof, *which is* the blood thereof, shall ye not eat. And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man. And you, be ye fruitful, and multiply; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein.

That we have in these chapters two distinct accounts, distinct as the two accounts of the creation already referred to, will surely not be doubted by any who will take the trouble of comparing the above attempt at separation with an English Bible in their hands. Each record has its own characteristics; *e.g.* the peculiar use of the name of God already referred to, the distinction between clean and unclean beasts which is not found in the Elohistic document, the allusion to the 'fountains of the great deep' which is not in the Jehovistic, the recurrence of the number seven in various connexions in the last named. The covenant with Noah, also, as that with Abraham, Gen. xv. (as distinguished from xvii.) is Jehovistic. Much that is fanciful has doubtless been written concerning the 'fragment' theory; keen eyes have seen separate pieces of the Mosaic with an exactness denied to others; it were, therefore, easy to set up one critic to conclusively answer another, and in turn to quiet the answerer by the one that has been silenced; yet candour must acknowledge that the theory of different records out of which Genesis and the other books of the Pentateuch are composed, is not without foundation in fact, and is deserving of careful consideration. If the setting up of one from a school of criticism to answer another of the same school can conclusively falsify the general principles of that school, there is not a doctrine of Evangelical Christianity but in like manner may be proved false; and eager controversialists may do well to remember that some arguments are like a sword whose handle is a blade, the hand that wields and the body smitten are alike wounded, oftimes the hand the more severely. We require hands of steel before we use such a weapon.

From the examples given, and from others which a careful reader even of our English version may discover for himself, it would seem proved, as far as such a question is susceptible of proof, that parts of the Pentateuch are literary mosaics, the hand or hands that arranged the pieces may be utterly unknown; or in these earlier record, Moses may have done for them what Luke avowedly did in his gospel, 'having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, write in order concerning those things which have been fully established;' but that these are remains of earlier records incorporated into one appears to be a conclusion from which there is no escape.

This granted, is the Mosaic authorship thereby excluded from rational belief? Most emphatically not, and there are reasons that may be gathered from the records themselves why we should not hastily depart from the received opinion.

Revelation, in the theological sense of the term, did not begin with Moses. Leaving out of question antediluvian days, to Noah and to Abraham the word of God came; nor can we, on any orthodox ground, maintain Melchizadec to have been without a revelation from God. Whether these revelations were handed down traditionally, after the manner of primitive times, or in writing,* the results would be substantially the same. On the hypothesis that Moses wrote the Pentateuch substantially as it now stands, it is not thereby implied that he rewrote earlier revelations, which he resolved to incorporate with his own; it is quite competent to maintain, and it can be maintained successfully, that a Mosaic character does not carry with it even corroborative proof of a non-Mosaic authorship. Supposing the Elohistic and Jehovistic portions of Genesis and Exodus to have been two distinct lines of earlier revelation, Moses may well have gathered those (and others) together, making one completed whole. Would the authority of Paul over Evangelical Christendom be less had we a harmony of the synoptic gospels from his hand? Whe-

* We may be reminded that writing in Egypt was anterior to Abraham.

ther Moses did thus construct a harmony or compendium of earlier revelations is another question; our present position, arrived at, is this; there appear reasons for the belief that we have in the Pentateuch a gathering together of varied material; this proved has recorded nothing against the Mosaic authorship thereof, any more than the setting in order of things generally believed, by Luke, disproves his authorship of the gospel which bears his name. The record then may be both Mosaic and mosaic.

In further clearing the ground for the constructive argument regarding the authorship of these books, other considerations may be noted. Mr. Robertson Smith, in his published lectures on the 'Old Testament in the Jewish Church,' writes regarding the reply of orthodox commentators to alleged anachronisms, that there are, in the books of Moses, acknowledged additions by a later hand, presumably Ezra, the reputed establisher of the Old Testament Canon,—'As soon as we come to this point, we must apply the method consistently, and let internal evidence tell its own story. That as we shall soon see is a good deal more than those who raise this potent spirit are willing to hear.' If orthodox Christianity is not willing to hear any truthful spirit raised, so much the worse for orthodox Christianity. But has orthodox Christianity anything to fear from this spirit *soberly* uttering its secrets? Surely not. Let a few utterances be listened to. In the article on Hebrew Literature, vol. xi. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mr. Smith writes, 'It may fairly be made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the commandments on the tables of stone.' This, it is to be supposed, is a conclusion arrived at principally, if not entirely, from internal evidence and comparative philology. Mr. R. S. Poole, no mean authority in oriental archæology, writes, A.D. 1879, thus: 'The Egyptian documents emphatically call for a reconsideration of the whole question of the date of the Pentateuch.* It is now certain that the narrative of the history of Joseph, and the sojourn and exodus of the Israelites, that is to say, the portion from Genesis xxxix. to Exodus xv., so far as it relates to Egypt, is substantially not much later than B. C. 1,300, in other words, was written while the memory of the events was fresh. The minute accuracy of the text is inconsistent with any later date. It is not merely that it shows knowledge of Egypt, but knowledge of Egypt under the Ramessides, and yet earlier. Confirmatory of this, the fact is noted that the Egypt of the Prophets, in whose days some critics would place the authorship of the Pentateuch is not the Egypt of the writer of Genesis and Exodus; and foreign Egyptologists are beginning uniformly to treat these —according to their opinion—contemporary records, as of equal historical authority with the Egyptian monuments.

Mr. Poole also gives the following note regarding the late Mr. E. Deutch in a conversation held with that distinguished scholar. Mr. Deutch remarked 'that he could not explain the origin of Deuteronomy on any other hypothesis than its original Mosaic authorship, redaction being enough to account for its peculiarities.'

There is one other point on which this essay may touch ere it closes. There has been an attempt to separate the two accounts of the deluge in our English Bible, with what success the reader must determine. Did the mixing together of the two accounts make the record more concise? and if not, is it reasonable to suppose that Moses, inspired by God, would have thus bungled the matter? The hypothesis still remains to the orthodox commentator that the school of the Scribes, through whom came our Hebrew text, may in their redaction have attempted the harmony. It is well known that

* Mr. Poole appears here to have in view the more modern theories of authorship.

the only Hebrew text known to scholars is that of the Masorah, and that text is of the Christian era. Where did it come from? Were there varying texts before? The answer to these questions can only be provisional in our present state of critical knowledge, and therefore must not detain us; but in concluding this fragment, we may be permitted to say that it has served its purpose if it has aided in making clear to any that we have not by any means seen the last of a rational maintainance of the Mosaic authorship of what Evangelical Christianity has been pleased to consider its most ancient records of revelation.

At any rate, in the discussions of these, not by any means unimportant, questions, let us remember that truth is not to be established by a majority vote, nor by an Ephesian rabble cry, but by calm, reverent study and prayerful determination. We know, or ought to know, that work honestly and lovingly done can alone bear the pressure of eternity or endure the searching presence of the God of truth and love.

MR. MALLOCK'S 'ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

A REVIEW.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

MR. MALLOCK is one of those writers who, for good or evil, have won the popular ear. Anything he writes is sure to attract attention, and with many people even his opinions have great weight. The causes of this are not far to seek. He chooses popular topics for his subjects, and has hitherto taken in these matters a decided stand. He is master of an attractive and forcible style, and his worst enemies would allow that there are few pages of his works lacking instances of happy turns of expression, or of apt and witty illustration. He reasons upon hard subjects in a manner that all can understand, or at least think that they can. Last, but not least, those who love to read about people with sounding names, these to whom the novels of the late Earl of Beaconsfield were especially charming, must find Mr. Mallock's late novel, as well as the dialogues that have appeared every now and then in the *Nineteenth Century*, especially 'precious.' But there are other qualities which, if not decidedly merits, always make the works of Mr. Mallock worth a passing thought. He is the *enfant terrible* of the nineteeth century in England. If we may not call him a fool, he entertains none of those fears that attend upon the treadings of angels. He speaks out his mind boldly, and is not overawed by the authority of weighty names. Hence he has appeared to many people a kind of *Athanasius contra mundum*. If he had turned Catholic, we should all concede him the merit of having the courage of his opinions. As he has not done so, we must look upon him as a kind of Hamlet of religious thought, and though Hamlet was

not a practical or pure-minded man, he had a turn for saying very clever things, that distinguishes him from Shakespeare's other creations.

In turning to the work at present before us, we must begin by conceding that it is not properly speaking a 'Romance' at all, except in the sense that Disraeli called his 'Contarini Fleming' a 'Psychological Romance.' There is very little action and business about the tale, and it is mostly concerned with the development of the characters of the two leading personages. Vernon and Cynthia Walters are attempts to dramatise the type of character which our author analysed so ably in 'Is Life Worth Living?' The tale, as a whole, has been subject to severe criticism. It has been called (by the *Pall Mall Budget*) 'tedious, pointless, silly and nasty.' Nasty it is, but, except as a mere novel, it is neither tedious, pointless nor silly. Few people would care to be the author of the book, but the book has been written and we must make the best of it. If it is inconclusive and vague in its lesson, it is like the age, or that phase of the age, of which it is a too faithful photograph. People do not like to be told unpleasant truths, and shrink from this unflattering picture of themselves, and this is one reason for the chorus of reprobation with which it has been received. We must all allow, too, that the book is one that Horace would have pronounced unfitted '*virginibus puerisque*,' but so is very much that has passed unchallenged by the reviews. Mr. Mallock has always been fair game for the critics, and the secret of the attacks that the book has called forth may be gathered from the following sentence from one of them: 'It is not uninstructive to see this tremendous thinker, this *malleus hæreticorum*, as he is, when he descends to amuse himself with the lighter forms of literature.' For our part, without attempting to defend the morals of the book, which, by-the-by, are not inculcated or defended, but held up for our avoidance, and willingly conceding that it is one with which few writers would care to have their name connected, it is our purpose to examine it as a work symptomatic of the present age and its modes of thought.

The first thing that must strike everybody who has read Mr. Mallock's former works, is that his point of view is somewhat changed. Many opinions before maintained by him are here controverted or modified. He is not quite so sure about the benefits of being a Catholic. 'I admire goodness and hate evil—you might realize how intensely if you only knew my history; and amongst my Catholic friends have been the best people I have known. But how, with their eyes open, they can swallow so much nonsense—I suppose there is some explanation, but I confess it is quite beyond me.' But we must remember that these words are put into the mouth of Miss Walters. Again, Mr. Mallock has maintained and shown forcibly the need of an external power or will to exercise a power of dispensation in the case of sin, in order to make repentance possible. But now Vernon shakes off his former self, when under the influence of strong excitement. 'His late conduct ceased to give him any uneasiness. The memory of it fell off him like a cloak, and seemed so little a part of himself that he needed no repentance to get rid of it.' Mr. Mallock formerly saw in firm religious faith the one thing needful, and constantly puts this idea in the mouth of his hero, 'Given religious faith, all the rest becomes simple. Things worthy of your self-devotion at once surround you on every side, and you welcome—you do not deplore your sacrifices.' But this is at once corrected by Stanley, the Catholic priest of the story. 'I think you are paying religion a somewhat misplaced compliment. It, no doubt, does bring us happiness, but it does not bring it to us ready-made out of a bandbox.' He adds what is practically a rebuke of

the whole tone of 'Is Life Worth Living?'—'One of the worst spiritual signs we can detect in ourselves is, that we are touched with the pathos of our own condition.' Formerly our author was disposed to make religion the basis of love, now he reverses this. 'To love another, is to affirm the external world; it is to create creation, it is to open the eyes to God,' and these words come from Stanley.

I have said that the book is inconclusive; this is part of its essence. Since his chief work, Mr. Mallock has been trying his hand at Platonic dialogues upon various subjects, some of the interlocutors in these appearing in the present work. In such dialogues the truth does not wholly lie with any individual speaker. Thus in the 'Protagoras' of Plato, sometimes Socrates, at other times Protagoras, his opponent, is clearly on the right side. Mr. Mallock has carried his method into the present work. Sometimes we feel that he is in sympathy with Stanley, sometimes with Vernon or Cynthia Walters, whose lives are doubtless meant to be examples of the results of the unsettlement of belief produced by Positivism. Under these circumstances, it would be rather too nice a question to determine how far the writer commits himself to their religious views when they are really serious. How far, for instance, are Vernon's passionate religious ravings (alternating with sceptical doubts) to be considered as merely dramatically appropriate to his diseased mind, or how far are they to be taken as autobiographical, and in a sense the reflection of the author's own mind. Take, for instance, the following passage* :—'Teach me to know myself; humble my pride, enlighten me. Oh, my God, I am not mocking Thee. What I ask of Thee is what my heart is crying for. And yet if indeed Thou hearest me, I must seem like one awaking; for Thou knowest how faith has failed me, and how bewildered and dark my mind is. For even whilst I am crying to Thee, whilst I am trying to open to Thee all my secret being, I know not, I am not sure, if you have any existence—you, the God I am crying to. Perhaps you are only a dream—an idea—a passing phenomenon in man's mental history. And yet surely, if Thou existeth,' &c. Whichever way we take this passage, whether as the true Vernon or the true Mallock, the conjunction of faith and scepticism is curious, and forcibly reminds us of the worshippers of Baal on Mount Carmel, only the suggestion 'peradventure he sleepeth,' comes from the mind of the devotee, and not from the prophet of the true God. And when we contrast the calm and reverential reliance of the Materialist or the Positivist, whom the Orthodox miscall Atheist, upon the unknown cause and upon the laws that rule the universe—with the gashings and mental lacerations of the orthodoxy revealed by such books as this 'Romance,' the similarity of circumstances to the worshippers of Baal and Jehovah becomes more striking.

The point of view from which we are disposed to look at such a work as the present, is curiously illustrated by a passage describing Vernon's own feelings :—'He felt as though two worlds had come into collision, and he was surrounded by the dissolving fragments of both of them. The world of prayer, of penitence, and of aspiration, where sin was the one calamity, and communion with God the one success worth striving for; the world, on the other hand, of balls and duchesses, of private theatricals, and the gossip of

* In quotations the handy 'Seaside Library' has been followed. I am ur certain, however, how far it is a correct reproduction of the English edition. English reviews are ordinarily very exact, and the above passage varies considerably from the same passage as quoted by the *Spectator*. Thus for 'I must seem like one *awaking*,' the *Spectator* reads 'mocking.' A few words also are inserted between the third and fourth sentences. On p. 43, some omission has occurred in the reprint.

Mayfair—these two worlds seemed to have struck and wrecked each other and each seemed equally unreal.'

Precisely so! Each *does* seem equally unreal to the toilers of the nineteenth century, and this is exactly why it seems so ridiculous to test the faith of the world by the lazy loungers of Monte Carlo, which even Lord Turbiton pronounces 'the moral sewer of Europe—a great drain's mouth, open at the foot of the hills.' And unreal as is the world of fashion in one way, equally unreal in another is the monastic type of religion which Mr. Mallock depicts. The one world at least exists, though one may be permitted to hope that the days are not distant when the Old World will learn a lesson from the New, and that the class of Mrs. Cranes and Vernons lounging at watering places will die out like the chivalrous laziness of the Middle Ages. But the world of unpractical religious longings and aspirations has long died out as reality among Protestants, and only lingers as an ideal of the past, to be pitted by reactionists against the ideal of the future. The real religion of the world is far different. It is practical, it is a matter of everyday life; it is careless of dogma and concerns itself mainly with fact. To such an extent is this the case, that what Mr. Mallock intends as a satire upon Herbert Spencer, is almost the truth: 'this our mental condition,' wrote Vernon, as his eye caught a volume of that philosopher's writings in his library, 'Over our sins or longings, over inward peace or agony, to the teachers of the present day what sickly trifles, what phantoms such things seem! or at best, what a storm in a saucer! To the prophets of humanity an unskilful bricklayer is a more tragic object than a ruined soul!' The 'ruined soul' in Vernon's case is the product of laziness, super-sentiment, and *ennui*.

There is another tendency in the popular religion of the present day which is illustrated by the 'Romance of the Nineteenth Century.' Reviewers complain and justly too, of the incongruous mixture of pietism and mysticism with erotics! Such a fusion it must be remembered is not confined to the present age. Sometimes even politics have gone hand in hand with the softer passion. The most superficial student of Horace needs only to be reminded of his famous ode, 'Integer vitæ,' which beginning with a strain of almost Christian exaltation of sentiment ends up with the giddy Lalage, and with this we may compare Montrose's exquisite 'My dear and only love, I pray,' and Lovelace's lyric, 'To Althea from Prison,' both of them a combination of Cavalier loyalty and love sentiment. But the fusion of the present age is somewhat different. I will quote in illustration a pretty poem from a volume of 'New Songs by the Cambridge Lotos Club.' The poem is entitled 'In Pace,' and may remind my readers of Matthew Arnold's 'Requiescat.' The facts appear to be the same, but the implied sensuousness of the one is kept out of sight in the other:—

When you are dead some day, my dear,
  Quite dead, and under ground,
Where you will never see or hear
  A summer sight or sound;
What shall become of you in death,
  When all our songs to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath
  Has sung the summer through?

I wonder, will you ever wake,
  And with tired eyes again,
Live for your old life's little sake
  An age of joy or pain?
Shall some stern destiny control
  That perfect form, wherein
I hardly see enough of soul
  To make your life a sin?

For we have heard for all things born
  One harvest-day prepares
Its golden garners for the corn,
  And fire to burn the tares;
But who shall gather into sheaves,
  Or turn aside to blame
The poppy's pucker'd helpless leaves,
  Blown bells of scarlet flame?

No hate so hard, no love so bold
  To seek your bliss or woe;
You are too sweet for hell to hold,
  And heaven would tire you so.

A little while your joy shall be,
And when you crave for rest,
The earth shall take you utterly
Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place
For your still sepulchre,
And lay the flowers upon your face,
Sweet as your kisses were;
And with hushed voices void of mirth,
Spread the light turf above,
Soft as the silk you loved on earth
As much as you could love.

To go a step further—with the excuse for doing so that the words of Scripture and the traditions of Christianity have given, the hymns of Moody and Sankey sing of Christ and a future world in the words and alluring strains of a love song! Any one who compares their hymns with those that date from fifty years ago, and before that, will be sensible of a difference both in sense and sound. The Church of the past has been a worship of sorrow, and a celebration of joy; it has been a Church militant and a Church triumphant; it has been monastic and ascetic; is the religion of the future to become erotic, a kind of occidental Islam?

The best of Mr. Mallock's books (and in the present case the worst, in a certain sense) is that they are very suggestive. Almost every page gives food for thought of one kind or another. But I cannot omit noticing a quiet skit he 'gets off' upon a poem that appeared last January in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Matthew Arnold. The name of the poem was 'Geist's Grave,' and its subject was the author's favourite dog. The style of the poem will be gathered from the following verses:—

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

. . . . . .

That steadfast, mournful strain consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What, was four years their whole short day?

. . . . . .

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear.
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Mr. Mallock has ridiculed this amusingly. Vernon, just after a serious fit of the blues, receives a letter, over 'the bold signature of the Duchess,' complaining that her 'very heart was broken, and only a clever young man like you can be of the least comfort to me. My poor little darling Skye terrier, Prinny—the one thing on this earth I have loved best and longest—was run over and killed the other day by a young man with a tandem. . . . And now you—if you will, I want you to write an epitaph for me. My angel is being embalmed by a very accomplished bird-stuffer, and is to have Christian burial when I get back to England.' Thus solicited, 'with a tired, sleepy smile,' Vernon scribbles the following verses:

Thou art gone to sleep, and we—
May we some day sleep like thee.
Prinny, were this heart of mine
Half so true, my dog, as thine,
I my weary watch should keep
For a something more than sleep!

Almost all writings but those of a purely historical nature are, to a certain extent, autobiographical, and I believe this volume to be no exception to the rule. I have called Mr. Mallock a *quasi*-Hamlet of religious thought; like Hamlet and Vernon he is fond of registering his conclusions upon his 'tables' ('Yes, I will put my thoughts into shameless black and white; they shall have a solid body that I cannot pretend eludes me'). And in conclusion I will quote the following suggestive sentences about the artistic temperament, which it will be well for us to bear in mind in judging of the volume before us. 'What marks the poetic temper is the intensity of its sympathy; what marks the artistic

is the versatility. The artist not only feels much, but he also feels many things; and in this way he always preserves his balance. Every one at the beginning has had the makings of several characters in him. The artist has the makings of an indefinite number. Most men, farther out of their possible characters, harden or settle down with one, but the artist never does; for character is nothing but prejudice grown permanent, and the artist has no character, just as the chameleon is said to have no colour. His only identity has reference to his inner-self. And thus, when vulgar critics say with reference to some artistic writer's creations—when they say as they do of me, for instance, "Here are his own feelings; he has drawn this man from himself; they are at once right and wrong. He has not only drawn *this* man from himself, but he has drawn all; for he becomes himself some new man to be drawn from, every time he suppresses some newly-combined nine-tenths of himself."'

BOOK REVIEWS.

Kant and his English Critics. A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Glasgow: James Maclehose; New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1881.

NO English reader need now complain of being unable to obtain, at second-hand, a tolerably adequate knowledge of Kant's philosophy. The works of Prof. Caird, Prof. Monck, and Prof. Mahaffy, supplemented as they now are by the present treatise, afford abundant sources from which to obtain such a notion of the system of the great German thinker, as the average reader, who does not care to undertake the tough job of wading through the original works, may be well satisfied with. The volumes of Profs. Caird, Monck, and Mahaffy are expository; the present is in the main controversial, and will help very materially to a full knowledge of the various parts of Kant's system, by its criticism of the antagonistic doctrines and views of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Sidgwick, Dr. Sterling, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the late Mr. Lewes. We have great pleasure in welcoming the volume, as being, we believe, the first important contribution to metaphysics ever made by one whom we may claim as a Canadian. It is extremely able, being evidently the work of one who has thoroughly mastered its subject-matter, and is intimately acquainted with the extensive literature bearing upon it. Its tone towards opponents is in the highest degree courteous; and its style, when the extreme abstruseness of most of the subjects discussed is taken into account, remarkably easy and lucid. The author's plan takes him over nearly the whole ground covered by Kant; though the bulk of the criticism is directed to the elucidation of the positive portion of the philosopher's system, as distinct from the negative. Of the twelve chapters of which the work consists, the first is devoted to the problem and method of the *Critique*, and to Mr. Balfour's criticism of the transcendental method; the second to the *a priori* conditions of perception, and Mr. Sidgwick's view of Kant's refutation of psychological Idealism; the third to the *a priori* conditions of know-

ledge, the categories, and the schemata; the fourth to the relations of metaphysic and psychology, and to Mr. Lewes's theory of knowledge; the fifth and sixth to the principles of judgment, and Dr. Sterling's view of them; the seventh to Mr. Balfour's objections to Kant's proof of substantiality, and Dr. Sterling's view of the proof of causality; the eighth to the metaphysic of Nature; the ninth and tenth to Mr. Spencer's conceptions of Nature, and of Phenomena and Noumena; and the last two chapters to an attempt to show that Kant's theory of knowledge, while right in principle, is wanting in unity and completeness. This is a wide territory, but our author traverses it with the ease of one who has made himself thoroughly familiar with the whole ground.

While our own attitude towards Prof. Watson's conclusions is, in the main, one of agreement, we feel compelled at the same time to dissent from some of his criticism, especially that directed against the views of Mr. Spencer, much of which appears to us to be founded on misapprehensions of that writer's meaning. Moreover, Prof. Watson shows a tendency to unduly emphasise the differences between the views of the two philosophers whose ideas he is contrasting. After all, Kant, though usually classed as an Idealist, was a Realist to the extent at least of believing in the actual existence of things in themselves: while, on the other hand, Mr. Spencer, though a Realist in the same sense, is an Idealist to the extent of believing that we cannot know things in themselves, and that our knowledge is only (to use Prof. Watson's own words as applied to Kant) of 'objects constructed out of impressions of sense, as brought under the forms of our perception' (p. 51). Where there is substantial harmony on two points of so fundamental a nature, it seems hardly worth while to lay very much stress upon mere minor differences.

It may be worth while here to enlarge a little on one or two points on which we are at odds with Prof. Watson, with respect to his strictures on Mr. Spencer's views. With regard, for instance, to Mr. Spencer's contention that an Unknowable Absolute exists, Prof. Watson objects: 'If there is no knowledge of the absolute, we have no right to predicate its existence' (p. 306). Why not? A man born blind may at some particular instant be conscious of something touching his hand. *What* it is he does not know. It may be a brick wall, or a piece of wood, or something held by another person. Because the blind man does not know *what* it is he feels, is he therefore precluded from predicating that *something* is touching him? By no means. The illustration is a rough and ready one, but it will serve our purpose. A change takes place at some particular instant in a human consciousness: the change must have a cause: something in consciousness proclaims that the change was not self-determined: therefore—and the inference would be irresistible to ninety-nine men out of every hundred, to all, probably, who are not metaphysicians—the change must have been produced by an external something, that is, a Noumenon or Absolute. What that something is we do not know; all we know is, that of which we are conscious, namely, the sensation or representation, or, as Mr. Spencer would say, the symbol of the unknown reality. One of the conclusions which some Idealists appear to have reached is, that Reality cannot exist apart from Intelligence. On this point the metaphysical argument may be met by a physical one. Geologists tell us that a time was, at a remote period in the history of the earth, when neither man nor any other animal existed on it. Apart from revelation, then, and dealing with the subject not theologically, but philosophically, it may be confidently asserted that, at that time, no intelligence existed on the earth, or, for all we know, any where else in the universe. Does any one doubt that a noumenal universe existed then, although, so far as we know or can prove, no intelligence existed capable either of knowing a phenomenal universe, or of imagining an ideal one?

Mr. Spencer's argument, which also falls under Prof. Watson's strictures, respecting the existence and unknowability of the mind, as a thing in itself, is similar to the foregoing. Feeling or knowledge is experienced. But feeling and knowledge are not entities, suspended, naked and unadorned, *in vacuo*. It is impossible so to conceive them. The inference is irresistible that there must be something which feels or knows. What the nature of that something is, in other words, what is the nature of mind, we do not know. The mind being *the instrument* of knowledge, cannot be *an object* of knowlege. A knife cannot cut itself, nor can an eye see itself.

However, not to press objections which, after all, may possibly be invalid, we can cordially commend Prof. Watson's treatise to the careful study of the philosophic reader. Whether he agrees with or dissents from the conclusions sought to be established, he will find its acute criticisms marvellously stimulating.

The World: Round it and Over it. By CHESTER GLASS, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1881.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

Wherever in his interesting travels Mr. Glass sojourned, he happily reproduces for his fellow-Canadians the spirit of the place:—

In the Cathedral at Barcelona.

'Service was in progress, the high altar was brilliantly illuminated, while small boys in carried white surplices many more lights, which all served to bring out the surrounding gloom in more striking contrast. The bishop, the priests and the acolytes formed in a solemn procession, which was followed by about thirty beggars, who were either maimed, halt or blind, and each bearing in his hand a lighted candle. This was, to my mind, a most beautiful part of the service. The unfortunate poor, who are usually practically excluded from swell religious services, are here not only admitted, but are paid special attention to, and are made happy by being allowed to take a personal part in, or closely observe, a beautiful, and, to its followers, a most comforting religious observance. The large church was filled at 11 a.m. with a miscellaneous crowd, consisting of the poor, in tattered garments, mixed with richly-attired senoras and fashionably-dressed gentlemen, who all, here at least, met on equal ground.'

At the Gaming-Tables of Monaco.

'The men are usually cool, or at least present that outward appearance, while the women are by all odds the more restless and excited, the more reckless and daring of the two. I saw one woman so entirely absorbed in her play that she quite forgot the presence of the other players, stood up excitedly, placing her five-franc pieces on the wildest sort of combinations, all the while talking aloud in an incoherent way. She had lost a great deal, and was vainly trying to regain her ground. Many of the frequenters have strong faith in luck. One woman had a small pack of cards in her hands with a different number on the back of each. She would pick out a card at random and stake her money on the number drawn. This plan I do not think was as successful as it might have been, as she almost invariably was the loser, but still she clung to her idea with the tenacity of despair. Another woman, dressed very richly, did all her playing through the medium of her young son, who placed the money under her directions. Probably she thought that his innocence and youth might win the favours of the fickle Goddess of Fortune, and certainly the boy was wonderfully lucky. He staked high, and seldom lost. It was positively painful to watch the glistening eye, the fevered cheek, and the intense excitement of the mother, as she awaited the announcement of the fate of the tiny white ball.'

'At one of the roulette-tables I watched with interest the short career of an Englishman. He was a light-haired, delicate young fellow, apparently spending the winter in the south of France for his health. Evidently quite a stranger to the game, he modestly put down a five-franc piece on the red and won. Pleased at this, he again placed on the red, and lost. He then played several times, losing more than he won. Gradually the fatal passion laid hold of him; he took a seat vacated by one of the players, and sat down trembling with suppressed excitement. Drawing from his purse six or seven napoleons, he changed them at the bank, and laid the silver before him. This sum lasted him for about half an hour. The game looks so simple, and the chances, as far as can be seen, being quite as much in favour of a player as the bank, makes it most alluring. Fresh players and even old gamesters are always buoyed up with the hope that the luck must soon turn in their favour. Anxious to retrieve his losses, the young Englishman pulled some bank notes from his pocket-book, changed them and again commenced. He played a simple game, and did not try any intricate combinations. Sometimes he would win a little, but the tide, either of luck or good play was against

him, and he finally changed and lost what was to all appearances, his last bank-note. In all, he probably lost two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, and looked about as down-hearted, broken-spirited a man as I ever saw.'

'Not long ago, a wealthy Hungarian nobleman came here, touched the *tapis vert*, played wildly, and lost nearly a million francs. In despair he attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself, but was discovered and cut down before life was extinct. The Monte Carlo authorities tried to hush the matter up, and gave the unfortunate man ten thousand francs to leave the place.'

Among the Ruins of the Colosseum.

'Now, as one stands where the highest colonnade once was, with ruins and utter loneliness on every hand, it is difficult to imagine what the scenes here must once have been—to people the countless seats with shadows of so-called Vestal Virgins; of haughty Roman patricians and warriors; and of ignorant, excitable and debased multitudes; to clothe the decaying brick walls and seats with their original raiment of costly marble; and to fill the naked and disfigured arena with gladiators, beasts of prey, and helpless Christian martyrs. I have often wandered through the Colosseum, but last night saw it by moonlight. I went with my friend, with whom I am travelling, and a Canadian gentleman who has resided in Rome for several years. A Neapolitan guide, bearing a torch, led the way up dark stairways and along gloomy corridors, until we stood on the lofty balcony erected during the *régime* of Pius IX. The softening silver light of the moon gave to the stupendous ruins a ghost-like, unreal appearance. Away in the distance, the gas-lamps of the city—not a cloud in the heavens, and the moon, almost full, shone right down into the arena.'

The Railway System of Greece.

'The railway system of Greece is admirably managed. All the trains are through trains. The traveller is not annoyed by the anxiety of having to change cars at a busy railway junction. There are no Bradshaw's time-tables to confuse one's mind and make life a burden. The times of arrival and departure of the trains are clearly and explicitly set down, so that the simplest inhabitant can understand. Accidents are unheard of. A Tay Bridge disaster would be impossible. There are no railway kings coining collossal fortunes out of the hard earnings of the people. In the whole kingdom of Greece there are exactly seven miles of railway, extending from Athens to Piræus. The one intermediate station is quite harmless. You can't change cars. There is no bustle or confusion, for the simple reason that there is no one but the station-master, a soldier, and a small boy to bustle. The trains run each way every hour, so no one ever dreams of looking at the small written time-table hung up in the station.'

A Dead Sea Promenade.

'Sixty-four miles to the north, the Sea of Galilee empties itself into the Jordan. This water is the sweetest and freshest in Palestine, but the moment it enters the Dead Sea it becomes the heaviest and deadliest of salt water. Woe to the fish that so far forgets itself as to approach this basin of death! We went in for a swim; I never experienced such a peculiar sensation. The specific gravity of the water is so great that it is a physical impossibility to sink. I walked out to the depth of my shoulders, but could sink no further. After that I simply walked in the water without the slightest effort; doubtless I could have taken a promenade for forty miles, the whole length of the lake, without ever using my hands.'

Two Views of the Egyptian Sphinx.

'With all these defects, there is still a majesty, almost a sublimity, about this pagan god rising out of the desert which must be seen to be appreciated. The enormous eyes have an expression of benignity and power, and stare into the far East with an expectant, mysterious look.'*

The Milk-pedlar of Benares.

'He had come to the city a poor and friendless boy. From a simple carter of milk he rose finally to be the sole proprietor of a cow. After many years of

* All travellers do not look upon the Sphinx with so deep and peculiar interest as we did. A short time ago, an American, writing from Cairo to a friend, summed up his criticism as follows: 'My dear Jim,—I have seen the Sphinx: it is the ugliest thing I ever saw, except Tom Jenkins, the druggist.'

hard work and privation to himself and family, he accumulated a fortune. It was only thirty rupees (equal to twelve American dollars); but it was enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his days without toil. Before leaving the city he repaired to the Monkey temple with the rupees in his pocket to give thanks. Now, outside the temple is a large tank with trees surrounding it. The pedlar divested himself of his clothing in order to bathe before entering the holy shrine. A large monkey, perceiving the clothes lying on the stone steps, stealthily approached, seized the garments and hurried up a tree. The wretched pedlar turned around in time to see his hard earnings disappear amongst the branches in the clutch of a holy ape. He was in despair, prayed to the representative of Hanooman to give back the rupees just this once, and he would never ask any further odds of him. The monkey was quietly pulling on the trousers when he discovered the coins; after some cogitation, he took one rupee and threw it far out into the water; then he seized another in his paw and tossed it into the road. Thus he went on, alternately throwing one into the tank and another into the highway. The distracted pedlar picked up fifteen, but the other fifteen lay at the bottom of the water, and were lost. For many hours the poor man thought that Hanooman had been cruel, and dealt hardly with him; but finally he saw that the god had acted justly. He therefore entered the sacred building, and at the altar confessed what had for many years been a secret in his own breast. He told the god that it had been his daily custom to dilute his milk with water in the exact proportion of half-and-half. He had always denied this fact to his patrons, but now in contrition of heart he saw that just retribution had fallen upon him. The god, with far-seeing wisdom, had handed over fifteen rupees to the water, where it properly belonged, and he restored the other fifteen, which were honest profit, to the pedlar.'

With this Hindoo apologue,—which, under the sharp stress of public duty we have reproduced for use against Canadian milk-pedlars,—we now, for lack of space, reluctantly take leave of our entertaining traveller. We should have liked to follow Mr. Glass while he tells his adventures in the heart of China; among the far-off islands of Japan; on his homeward journey through California and the Yosemite Valley, and the Nevada Desert to Virginia City,—that Plutonian realm of the three bonanza kings; then away eastward to Salt Lake City and the "earthly paradise" of the Mormons; still onwards through Nebraska to Omaha; and then to Chicago, Detroit, and to his Canadian home at London. There, after his tour of 34,000 miles, and an absence of sixteen months, Mr. Glass must have excited among his fair friends much of the charming interest that Captain Cook and Commodore Anson excited among other Londoners, and in another century.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IF a boy gets on a wrong track it shows that his father's switch has not had a fair chance.

Wealth may not bring happiness, but it commands respect in a police officer.

There is generally thought to be a good deal more pleasure in bringing on the gout than in bearing it.

The world's idea of religion is explained by the adage, 'Be good and you'll be happy; but you won't have a good time.'

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Josh Billling says that 'a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.'

Mrs. Pennell says that, her minister's sermons are 'a little obscure, but,' she adds, 'I do like to sit and watch the expression of his mouth.'

BY THE SEASIDE.

'I stood by her side when the tide came in,
With its creeping kiss and wailing moan;
I held her fast—was she mine to win?
Might I call her, some day, my own?

I looked in the depth of her hazel eyes;
Close to her feet crept the restless sea;
In the tender tones that fond hearts prize,
I told her how fair she was to me.

I praised the grace of her queenly head;
The flashing waves sung low and sweet;
The bright eyes shone at the words I said,
While the light foam nestled about her feet,

I praised the sheen of her chestnut hair,
Never a word she said to me,
But closer she crept to my side down there,
By the restless, tossing, moaning sea.

'Could she be mine?' As I held her fast
I asked the driver, he spoke me fair,
And said, 'He would sell me, first and last,
For a hundred dollars, the chestnut mare.'

A lad delivering milk, was asked what made it so warm. 'I don't know,' replied he, with much simplicity, 'unless they put in warm water instead of cold.'

A girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

We all think that the world will break up when we die, for who will there be to carry it on? But somehow it gets on just as well, if not better when we have left it.

'Are you going to the ocean?' 'No I am not going to the ocean; I detest the motion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean, by way of Goschen.'

A doctor, who was one of the corps of physicians appointed to vaccinate the policemen, remarked, 'What is the use of vaccinating these fellows? They never catch anything.'

Lord Beaconsfield said there were many people who would resolve to lead virtuous lives, on the principle that 'virtue is its own reward,' if they could only get the reward in advance.

'Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?' 'Corse I did.' 'Then, why don't you go to her at once?' 'Well yer see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awfu 'fi should go too suddent.'

Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, his son, after the marriage of the latter, was very angry with him. He told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was very sorry, and immediately added: 'You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?' Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again.

A youth was heard to remark to a fat Teutonian: 'Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar.' 'Is dot so?' said Hans. 'When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too.'

A Georgia editor says: 'Gold in thirty-three counties in this State, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest.'

An auctioneer thus exalted the merits of a carpet: 'Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels; but I can most possitively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself.'

Alphonse Karr, talking of food adulteration, remarked: 'It's very curious, isn't it? If I poison my grocer, the very lightest sentence would be hard labour for life. But if my grocer poisons me—oh, that is a different thing. He is fined a few dollars.

Strong-minded wife: 'Eh, James, you are well up in languages. What is the difference between exported and transported?' Submissive husband: 'Why, my dear, if you should go to America, you would be exported, and I—well I—should be transported.'

A lady, no longer young, was one day deploring to Douglas Jerrold the fact that grey hairs were multiplying on her head. 'I really believe,' said she, 'that the oil of lavender which I use produces them.' 'Do you not think, dear madam,' said Jerrold, 'that it is the oil of thyme.'

Mrs. General Sherman says that during thirty-one years of married life her husband has never stayed out later than twelve o'clock at night. This is a new revelation to us. We never supposed that a married man stayed out after half-past nine o'clock at night unless he was the editor of a paper.

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. 'Thank you,' said the boy, as he turned over in the bed to adjust himself for a new nap—'thank you, I never eat anything during the night.'

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PARLIAMENTARY LAW AFFECTING LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C.

'LAWYERS, for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'have been eligible for members of Parliament.' And although English Parliamentary history shows that some of the members of the long robe became the unscrupulous defenders of unconstitutional sovereigns, it also shows that others distinguished themselves as the able and patriotic advocates of the liberties of the people, and, 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' led to successful issues those great contests between the House of Commons and the Crown, which resulted in the establishment of Parliamentary government, and of those constitutional rules by which the boundaries of Parliamentary privilege and Prerogative right are clearly defined and limited.

The training of the lawyer and his mastery of the principles of the Common Law, which are the foundations of our jurisprudence, fitted him for the legislative work of Parliament; and therefore we can well understand how the presence of lawyers in Parliament was recognised from early times. In 1300, when Edward I. summoned a Parliament to consider of his right to Scotland, the writs issued for the election of members recited the King's desire to have 'conference and treaty' with men learned in the law (*jurisperitis*), and others, upon his ancient right and dominion over Scotland (*a*). The University of Oxford was directed to elect four or five, and the University of Cambridge to elect two or three 'of their most discreet and learned lawyers' (*b*) (*de discretioribus et in jure scripto magis expertis*). And though it is alleged that the rule and intention of the early constitution of Parliament was that the constituencies should elect members from amongst their re-

(*a*) Luder's Parliaments, 63.

(*b*) Ibid. 266.

sidents, who should be acquainted with their necessities and grievances, yet in practice the electors swerved from this strictness, and elected outsiders (a). The number of practising lawyers who sat in Parliament, says Hallam, seems to afford the inference that this election of non-residents had begun in the reign of Edward III. It is not to be doubted that many practising lawyers were men of landed estate in their own counties (b).

But the lawyers of that time did not use their privileges wisely, for, says Hallam, 'these lawyers put forward many petitions in the name of the Commons which only concerned their clients, as we may guess from the number of proposals for changing the course of legal process which fill the rolls during this reign' (c).

In an unwise attempt to remedy this abuse, the House of Lords adopted an ordinance (not having the force of an Act of Parliament), in 46th Edward III. (1372)—and made, as stated in a note to Ruffhead's edition of the Statutes, 'after the dismission of the Knights of the Shire, which irregularity might perhaps be the reason why it was not entered upon the statute roll or printed in the Statute Book'—by which it was declared that no gentlemen of the law (*gentz de ley*) who conducted various businesses for other persons in the Courts of the King, and who brought before Parliament various petitions in the name of the Commons, which in no wise related to them, but only to the private persons for whom they were engaged, should be returned or accepted as members of Parliament, and that the *gentz de ley* then returned 'should not have any wages' (a).

Thirty-two years afterwards a Parliament was elected in accordance with this ordinance, to which historians have given the soubriquet of *Parliamentum indoctum*, or, 'The unlearned Parliament' (b). Sir William Blackstone, referring to it, says that by an unconstitutional prohibition, grounded upon an ordinance of the House of Lords, there was inserted in the King's writs for the Parliament holden 6th Henry IV. (1404), that no apprentice or other man of the law—*qui in jure regni docti fuissent*—should be elected a Knight of the Shire (c). And Sir Edward Coke, the great master of Parliamentary and Common Law, gives this testimony:—'At a Parliament holden at Coventry, anno 6, Henry IV., the Parliament was summoned by writ, and by colour of the said ordinance it was forbidden that no lawyer should be chosen knight, citizen, or burgess; by reason whereof this Parliament was fruitless, and never a good law made thereat, and, therefore, called *Indoctum Parliamentum*, or lack-learning Parliament.' And so it was, for only one Act, relating to first fruits, sheriffs, escheators, &c. (repealed in 1863), was passed in that Parliament. 'And seeing these writs were against law,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'lawyers ever since, for the great and good service of the Commonwealth, have been eligible; for as it hath been said the writs of Parliament cannot be altered without an Act of Parliament, and albeit the prohibiting clause had been inserted in

(a) By 1st Henry V. c. 1 (1413), it was enacted that the Knights of the Shire to be chosen shall not be chosen unless they be resident when they be chosen the day of the date of the writ of the summons to Parliament, and that the Knights and Esquires and others who shall be chosen of those Knights of the Shires be also resident within the same Shires in manner and form aforesaid; and that the citizens and burgesses of the cities and boroughs be chosen of citizens and burgesses resident, dwelling, and free in the same cities and boroughs, and not otherwise. The provision as to residence was repealed by 14 George III. c. 58 (1774) as 'unnecessary and obsolete.'

(b) Hallam's Middle Ages, 528.

(c) Ibid.

(a) 10 Ruffhead's Statutes (Appendix), 43; 1 Revised Statutes (Imp.) 217.

(b) 'If you were not assisted by the Judges, and the House of Commons by other gentlemen of the long robe, experience tells us you might run the hazard of being styled *Parliamentum Indoctum*.'—*Mr. Waller's Speech before the House of Lords*.—Barr. Anc. Stat. 338.

(c) 1 Bl. Com. 202.

the writ, yet, being against law, lawyers were of right eligible, and might have been elected knight, citizen, or burgess in that Parliament (*a*).'

James I., after dissolving the Parliament, which, on Sir Edward Coke's motion, had adopted the famous 'Protestation concerning the liberties of the House' (*b*), and with the intention, doubtless, of indicating his desire that Sir Edward Coke and the other leaders of the Parliamentary opposition should not be elected, issued a Proclamation in which voters for members of Parliament were warned 'not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who may seek reputation by stirring needless questions' (*c*).

Some further reasons, in addition to those above stated, have been suggested for the exclusion of lawyers from Parliament. Whitelocke says, they were excluded by the Crown, who apprehended opposition from them. Barrington, in his work on 'Ancient Statutes' (p. 373), supposes that the exclusion arose, not from contempt of the law, but of the professors of it, who at this time being auditors (stewards) to, and dependent upon men of property, received an annual stipend, *pro concilio impenso et impendendo*, and were treated as retainers. And Carte, the historian, thinks the reason why so many lawyers sought to become members of Parliament, arose from their desire to receive the wages then paid to members by their constituents, whilst from their profession they were obliged to be resident in London (*d*).

But in ancient law-making, as in modern legislative work, lawyers were found to be such valuable members of Parliament, that the rash and unconstitutional experiment of 1404 was never repeated, except in the abortive attempt of James I. to exclude 'curious and wrangling lawyers' referred to above. From the frequent reference made to them in the earlier Journals of the House of Commons, their presence appears to have been so needed that they were more frequently called upon for committee and legislative work than other members. For instance, we find orders like the following: 'The Serjeants of the Law to be warned for their attendance at the Committee for matters of the Union [with Scotland] this afternoon' (*a*). 'All the Serjeants at Law, and other lawyers to be sent for by the Sergeant of this House with his Mace, out of Westminster Hall' (*b*). 'A special order moved and made, that no lawyer of the House depart the town without license of the House' (*c*)—meaning that they should not leave the House to attend to their briefs on circuit. 'That the lawyers and serjeants be sent for—a collection of them' (*d*)—without indicating anything of their politics, or whether the collection was to be made in the Common Law or Equity Courts, or out of the 'senior' or 'junior' bar. Again, 'That the deficients of lawyers, if they come not by this day se'n-night be sent for by warrant' (*e*). And, as if to make it certain that the House was in earnest, it ordered 'the Sergeant to warn the lawyers to attend,' and directed 'the lawyers of the House to be put in writing, and to be noted if they be absent,' which was subsequently done, as appears by the entry, 'The names of the lawyers read that were absent' (*f*), but no punishment appears to have been awarded against these 'deficients.' And in the matter of 'impositions' or 'grievances,' the House desired 'that the King's Counsel may attend this afternoon, and all other lawyers of the House' (*g*); and when the report of the Committee on grievances was brough

(*a*) 4 Coke's Inst. 47.

(*b*) 'King James in Council, with his own hand, rent out this Protestation.'—1 Commons Journal, 668.

(*c*) Barrington's 'Ancient Statutes,' 337.

(*d*) Ibid.

(*a*) 1 Commons Journal, 184.

(*b*) Ibid. 188. (*c*) Ibid. 326.

(*d*) Ibid. 412. (*e*) Ibid.

(*f*) Ibid, 441. (*g*) Ibid, 421.

in, an order was made 'that the lawyers prepare themselves, and the report be disputed on Friday peremptorily' (a). Some time afterwards, however, an order was made imposing a fine upon those who came in after prayers. In the debate, it was urged that 'lawyers cannot attend in term time,' to which the Solicitor-General replied, 'that lawyers spend their time ill in Westminster Hall, if they, for their late coming, cannot afford to pay sixpence' (b).

But the House would allow lawyers of only one religious persuasion to practice, for later on we find an order 'that all lawyers of the House be added to the Committee respecting recusants, and by them consideration be taken of the best means to discover Popishly-inclined persons living in the Inns of Court and Chancery, or that are lawyers and practise the law, and to prevent all hurt which can grow by them' (c).

There was a time when there were no Queen's Counsel, with the right of pre-audience in the Courts. And as the House had so earnestly desired the attendance of lawyers at its sittings, it acted consistently in sending its Sergeant-at-Arms to the Courts with the following message:—'Ordered, that the Sergeant go to all the Courts to move them, from this House, to hear those of this House before any other, that so they may attend their service in this House, and yet not lose their practice' (d).

Young lawyers got into Parliament in those days, and one of them, designated as 'one of the busy young lawyers in the Proclamation [of James I.] that ought not to have been elected,' was, on the 16th of February, 1620, expelled from the House, after being called to the Bar upon his knees and informed by the Speaker, that 'his offence great, exorbitant, never the like, but that the House was very merciful, and might have imprisoned and further punished him.' His offence appears to have been that in a debate on a Bill respecting the Sabbath, which he desired should be called Sunday, he indulged in certain alleged atheistical sentiments, and called the laws against Papists 'gynnes and barracadoes,' and those against Puritans 'mousetraps,' and charged that the Bill 'was a mousetrap to catch a Puritan,' and he 'paralleled David's dancing to dancing at a May pole, which was a general scandal' (a).

The House occasionally usurped the the powers of our modern Benchers, and the prerogatives of the Courts in dealing with junior barristers and attorneys; for about the time of the expulsion of the young lawyer just referred to, the House appointed three separate committees to deal with the following offences:—'Against young lawyers making unfitting speeches against men in their pleadings;' 'to prevent the excessive fees of lawyers;' 'to provide against any lawyer taking fees in any one term, on both sides;' and 'against judges suffering their sons or favourites to practise before them, to prevent this, and against favourites in all Courts' (b). And later on (10th of March, 1605), a Bill was brought in and passed, 'to reform the multitudes and misdemeanours of attorneys and solicitors-at law, and to avoid certain unnecessary suits and charges in law' (c) —a measure which had subsequently to be supplemented by a Bill 'for abridging the number of unskilful attorneys, and for reducing them to an orderly practice.'

But attorneys were not looked upon with much favour by the House. They appear to have been occasionally thorns in the path of impecunious members; and for their daring in issuing and serving the ordinary legal

(a) Ibid, 441. (b) Ibid. 668.
(c) Ibid. 863. (d) Ibid. 479.

(a) Ibid. 521–5.
(b) Ibid. 595.
(c) Ibid. 837. 3rd James I., c. 7.

process against these impecunious members and their servants, they were declared 'guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House,' and sent to the Tower, or to Newgate, or to the easier custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to atone for their offences.

The jurisdiction of the High Court of Parliament over attorneys' Bills of Costs was asserted only once, as we believe. On the 4th of April, 1700, the indignation of the House of Commons was aroused against an attorney named Rogers, for sending to some clients of his—and who, as appears by the motion, were not members of Parliament—an exorbitant bill of costs, with a letter threatening to sue for the same; and as a terror to grasping and evil-minded attorneys, Rogers was made an example of, as appears by the following entry in the journals of the House, under the head of 'exorbitant charge by a solicitor, respecting a petition:'

'A complaint having been made to the House of an exorbitant and scandalous bill of charges, delivered by one Thomas Rogers, a solicitor, to the gunners of Portsmouth, in respect of a petition of theirs presented to the House the last session of Parliament, highly reflecting in divers articles thereof, upon the honour of the House and proceedings thereof, and the House being further informed that the said Rogers threatens to sue the Petitioners at law for the said demands; ordered, that the said Thomas Rogers be, for the said offence, sent for in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms' (a).

After having thus asserted its summary jurisdiction over the members of the legal profession, it was proper that the House should enforce those duties which relate to the discharge of the judicial and legislative functions of Parliament. All members of Parliament are called upon to legislate in respect of private and public rights for the public, or for those who may be suppliants or petitioners for special legislation. And in that capacity they are bound to act as judges rather than as lawyers or politicians. And in the performance of their legislative as well as their professional duties, the members of the Bar should ever remember that they belong to a profession which has always claimed and insisted that the highest honour and the highest character should be maintained by its members; a profession which, while it acknowledgesand upholds the absolute purity of the Bench, claims that the reflex of that purity is, and always should be, shed around the members of an honourable and learned Bar. They should remember, too, that their profession, because of its ability and trained power of argument, stands in the full light of a keen and searching public opinion, and that the reputation of high honour and integrity which is claimed for it should ever be maintained unsullied.

We have referred to the statements of Barrington and Hallam that many of the lawyers at the time of their exclusion from Parliament, in 1404, held retainers and received annual stipends from the great lords and men of property, and put forward petitions in the name of the Commons which only concerned their clients; and it was doubtless from the fact that, subsequently, many of the lawyers elected to Parliament, were in the habit of appearing as counsel in respect of private legislation before the House of Lords, that induced the House of Commons to discountenance such practice as inconsistent with the independence and duty of a member of Parliament. The earliest case which illustrates the action of the House occurred in 1558, and is thus reported: 'It was declared to the House by one of the burgesses that Mr. Story had not well used himself, being a member of this House, to go before the Lords, and be of counsel with the Bishop of Wynchester against the patentee [of his lands]; which by the House was taken to be

(a) 13 Commons Journal, 313.

a fault. Whereupon, Mr. Story excused himself by ignorance of any such order, and since had considered it, and doth acknowledge it not to be well done, and accordingly required the House to remit it, which willingly by the House was remitted.'(a) Subsequently the practice was expressly prohibited by a standing order passed on the 6th November, 1666, (b) in the following words:—'That such members of the House as are of the long robe shall not be of counsel on either side in any Bill depending in the Lords' House, before such Bill shall come down from the Lords' House to this House.' This rule has been relaxed only on rare occasions—once when the King's and Queen's Attorneys and Solicitors-General, then members of the House, were permitted to plead before the House of Lords for and against the Bill against Queen Caroline, and then it was understood they should not vote on it in the Commons; and again when Mr. Roebuck was allowed to appear against the Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill, which had passed the Commons, and then only because it was held to be a Bill involving a matter of public policy.

The foundation of this rule is the unwritten law of Parliament, which declares that 'a member is incapable of practising as counsel before the House or any Committee, not only with a view to prevent pecuniary influence upon his votes, but also because it would be beneath his dignity to plead before a court of which he is himself a constituent part. Nor is it consistent with parliamentary or professional usage for a member of Parliament to advise as counsel upon any private bill, petition, or other proceeding in Parliament' (c).

But although the unwritten law of Parliament had enabled the House to punish by expulsion members who had received moneys 'for their pains and services' in promoting private bills in Parliament, the House, on the 2nd May, 1695, affirmed the common law of Parliament, 'making it a high crime and misdemeanour for any one to presume to offer money to any member of the House to stimulate him in the discharge of his duties' (a), in the following words:—'That the offer of any money or other advantage to any member of Parliament for the promoting of any matter whatsoever depending, or to be transacted, in Parliament, is a high crime and misdemeanour, and tends to the subversion of the English Constitution.' (b)

Prior to this, and about 1571, complaint was made to the House that some members had been guilty of some gross breaches of parliamentary law in taking 'fees or rewards for their voices in the furtherance or hindrance of Bills offered in the House,' and a Committee was forthwith appointed to examine the matter, and on the following day they reported, 'That they cannot learn of any that hath sold his voice in this House, or in any way dealt unlawfully or indirectly in that behalf' (c).

In 1677, complaint was made to the House that Mr. John Ashburnham, a member, had received £500 for promoting the business of French merchants in connection with legislation. His was the first case of the kind recorded in the journals of the House. The charge was investigated and proved, and he was expelled under a resolution which declared that he had 'committed an offence to the dishonour of the House, and contrary to his duty as a member thereof' (d).

But this precedent before their eyes did not prevent a Speaker of the House (Sir John Trevor), who also held the judicial office of Master of

(a) 1 Commons Journal, 58.

(b) 8 Commons Journal, 646.

(c) May's 'Parliamentary Practice,' 377.

(a) 151 Hans. 3rd, S. 177.

(b) 11 Commons Journal, 331.

(c) Ibid. 93.

(d) 9 Commons Journal, 24.

the Rolls, and another member, the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. John Hungerford, M.P. for Scarboro'), in 1694, from receiving 'gratuities' from parties interested in the promotion of a private bill before the House, and which violation of Parliamentary law was doubtless the cause of the passing of the resolution above referred to. The City of London was at that time promoting 'The City of London's Orphans' Bill,' and after the passing of the Bill the city gave to the Speaker (Sir John Trevor) 1,000 guineas as a 'gratuity,' as expressive of its gratitude for his services in aiding in the passage of the Bill. For this act of dishonour he was expelled the House, and he had from the chair to put the resolution which declared, 'That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of this House, receiving 1,000 guineas from the City of London after passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour '(*a*). Such a crime could not be concealed, for, with a curious and quaint simplicity, the city officers entered in the books the payment to the accomplice in this crime, Mr. Hungerford, as follows :—'March 23, paid Mr. Hungerford, Chairman of the Grand Committee, for his pains and services, twenty guineas.' The city books with this entry were produced to the House, and thereupon it was ordered 'that Mr. Hungerford, a member, being guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour by receiving twenty guineas for his pains and services as Chairman of the Committee to whom the Orphans' Bill was committed, be expelled this House' (*b*). These cases doubtless led to the adoption of the standing order of 1695.

Other cases occurred during the same Parliament—one, the case of Mr. Henry Guy, the Secretary of the Treasury and a member of the House. His crime was charged in the bald term 'a bribe of two hundred guineas.' He was not expelled, but was committed prisoner to the Tower of London (*a*), under the following resolution :—'Resolved, that Mr. Henry Guy, a member of this House, for taking a bribe of two hundred guineas, be committed prisoner to the Tower of London, and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly' (*b*).

But the case which more accurately illustrates the position and duty of the lawyer in Parliament is the case where one Bird, an attorney, offered a fee of a guinea to Mr. Musgrave, a barrister and a member of Parliament, to revise a petition relating to a private Bill then before the House. Mr. Musgrave, according to his duty, at once reported the matter to the House, and an order was made directing Bird to attend the House and answer for his offence. The Journal reports the case thus :—

'The House being informed by Mr. Musgrave that Mr. Robert Bird, of Staple Inn, came to him yesterday, in the Court of Request, and desired him to present a petition, and pulled out some guineas to give him for the same; ordered, that Mr. Robert Bird, attorney-at-law, be summoned to attend this House upon Monday morning.

'Mr. Bird, attending according to order, was called in, and, being at the Bar, was told by Mr. Speaker that there had been a complaint made against him to this House for offering money to Mr. Musgrave, a member of this House to present a petition to the House. Whereupon he said that some persons did apprehend that a Bill depending in this House for settling an estate late of Mr. Howland, did affect their interest in part of that estate, and therefore desired him to prepare a petition to be presented to this House for the protection of their interests, which accordingly he did;

(*a*) 5 Parliamentary History, 908.

(*b*) 11 Commons Journal, 283.

(*a*) Commons Journal, 236, 275.

(*b*) The vote for his expulsion stood 66 yeas and 103 noes (11 Com. Jour. 307.)

and that he being a stranger to the proceedings of this House, and there being a title in the case, and knowing Mr. Musgrave to be a gentleman of the long robe, did intend to give him a guinea for his advice in that matter; but understanding by Mr. Musgrave he had committed an error in so doing, he begged pardon of Mr. Musgrave, as he now did of the House; and he then withdrew.

'Resolved, That the said Mr. Bird be called in, and that Mr. Speaker do reprimand him upon his knees at the Bar.

'And he was called in, and upon his knees reprimanded accordingly, and then discharged' (a).

About 1720, there occurred a scandal in English political history which brought discredit on the English name, and disaster on several of the leading statesmen and politicians. The South Sea Company and the Bank of England were competitors for the funding of the National Debt. The former won by corrupting the leading men of the Ministry and House of Commons. But their sin was soon found out; Parliament was hastily summoned, and met on the 8th December, 1720, for the nation 'could seek for relief nowhere but in Parliament;' and, true to its duty, the House effectively and expeditiously investigated the charge, and, on the 28th January following, expelled the guilty members.

The Parliamentary investigation disclosed that while the Company's Bill, authorizing the contract with the Government, was being promoted in Parliament, about £170,000 of paid-up stock had been placed to the credit of members of the Ministry and of the House of Commons, as a 'gift,' without any prior 'agreement' or 'understanding' whatever. The members implicated were the Earl of Sutherland, First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. John Aislabie, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. James Craggs, M.P., Postmaster-General;(a) and Mr. Charles Stanhope, M.P., Secretary of the Treasury. Of these, the Earl of Sutherland and Mr. Stanhope were cleared by a very narrow majority, or as a writer at the time observed, 'by the unworthy partiality of Parliament.' Mr. Craggs died pending the investigation, but his estates were confiscated to make good the losses of the Company; and Mr. Aislabie, who vehemently denied any corrupt intent or bargain in the matter, was expelled the House, and committed prisoner to the Tower.

Equally effective were the measures taken against the incriminated members of the House. Five were expelled the House, and committed prisoners to the Tower; and to make good the losses to the Company, the following sums were levied from their estates:—Sir Theodore Janssen, M.P. for Yarmouth, £200,000; Sir Robert Chaplin, M.P. for Great Grimsby, £35,000; Mr. Jacob Sawbridge, M.P. for Cricklade, £72,000; Mr. Francis Eyles, M.P. for Chippenham, £45,000; and Sir George Caswell, M.P., who had been knighted three years before for 'having loaned the Government large sums of money, at three per cent., when they could get it nowhere else,' £250,000 (b).

The ministers of the Crown and members of Parliament involved in this scandal were, by an Act passed in 1721 (7th George I. c. 28), disabled from holding any office or place of trust under the Crown, and from sitting or voting in Parliament thereafter, in order 'to deter all persons

(a) 11 Commons Journal, 275.

(a) This minister had acted as a Lord Justice of Great Britain during Queen Anne's reign, in the negotiations respecting the boundaries of the Hudson Bay territories after the Treaty of Utrecht.—*Ontario Boundary Documents*, 360.

(b) The proceedings of the House of Commons in investigating these charges against the Ministers and M.P.s, will be found in 7 Parliamentary History, 685-856.

from committing the like wicked practices for the time to come.' (*a*).

We pass by the days of Robert Walpole and the days when public contractors revelled in the possession of paid members of Parliament in their service, during the times of the great continental wars at the beginning of this century; for to the honour of the profession be it said, that the name of no lawyer of prominence stands associated with those days of public corruption. We now come to the days when public honour and public morality had triumphed over corruption in Parliament.

In 1830 the following case occurred: Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, member for Colchester, a solicitor, had entered into a partnership with Mr. Sydney, another solicitor, as solicitors and Parliamentary agents, and the firm sent a notice to a country solicitor, who was promoting a Bill before the House, that Mr. Harvey's practice and experience in promoting Bills in Parliament gave him facilities for conducting Parliamentary business which would be found very advantageous to his clients. The letter was franked by Mr. Harvey as M.P., and had on it what appeared to be the ordinary seal of the firm. The country solicitor brought the matter before the House, and petitioned Parliament to take into its serious consideration 'whether the practice, above disclosed, of members possessing an interest in Bills which were in progress through the House was not one which ought to be disallowed.' (*b*).

In the debate which followed Mr. (afterwards Lord) Brougham said: 'He marvelled to hear it a matter of doubt whether an individual, being a judge of some of the Courts at Westminster, a justice of Quarter Sessions, or even a member of any inferior judicature, exercising deliberate functions, could practise in those Courts or judicatures as counsel, agent, or solicitor. It was a proposition utterly repugnant in itself. The same rule must apply to the House of Commons' (*a*). And Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel gave these reasons against the practice:— 1st. Because it was consistent with the uniform practice of the House that lawyers should not take any part as members of Parliament in any proceedings wherein they were professionally engaged; and the same rule should apply to solicitors; 2nd. That any member taking pecuniary reward for his services did that which was incompatible with the discharge of any Parliamentary duty; 3rd. The practice referred to gave members of Parliament an undue preference over the other members of their own profession, and therefore it should not be sanctioned by the House (*b*). To put a stop to this practice, the House, by a large majority, adopted the following standing order:—

'That it is contrary to the law and usage of Parliament that any member of this House should be permitted to engage, either by himself or any partner, in the management of Private Bills before this or the other House of Parliament, for pecuniary reward (*c*).'

We have now shown from the written and the unwritten practice of Parliament; from the exposition of Parliamentary law by Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel, from the nature of the judicial and legislative functions incident to the position of a member of Parliament, that the independence and honour of the House is as well protected against the monetary influence of the subject as it is now protected by statute from the monetary and official influence of the Crown.

From the examples above quoted, it will be seen that the law of Parliament has been exemplified in such a

(*a*) Repealed by 30 and 31 Vic., c. 59, L. R. 2, Stats. 675.

(*b*) 22 Hansard, 2nd S., 727.

(*a*) 22 Hansard, 2nd S., 1025.

(*b*) Ibid, 1038.

(*c*) 85 Commons Journal, 7.

way that it was not necessary in order to constitute a breach of the law that there should be any payment, called in the rough vernacular 'a bribe,' or that there should be any prior agreement, understanding, or expectation that any money or fee would be paid for services in legislation. But if money had come to, and been accepted by, a member, whether as a 'gratuity' or as 'payment' for services rendered, the Parliamentary crime was committed which rendered the guilty member liable to expulsion. These examples show that from the earliest days Parliament has exercised a strict surveillance over its members in cases where there had been the reception of money for services rendered in the House; and that it has endeavoured by the extreme punishment of expulsion to war against the corruption of members and the 'selling of their voices' in Parliament. According to the common sense of the thing, the member who accepts a fee from private parties for services rendered in Parliament sells for money his judicial and legislative functions, and surrenders his independent and free judgment of right and wrong in respect of the measure before the House; his usefulness there 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth' is gone; and he becomes for the time being the representative of the private interest whose money is in his pocket, rather than the representative of the people he was elected to serve.

But while Parliament has thus punished the acceptance of money for legislative services, another, and equally dangerous interference with the judicial and legislative functions of Parliament, came prominently before the House, and was dealt with in consequence of the following case:—

In 1858, a charge was preferred against Mr. Isaac Butt, M.P., for Youghal, an able and eloquent Irish Queen's Counsel, that he had, while a member of Parliament, agreed, in consideration of receiving a large sum of money, to advocate and prosecute in the House of Commons, certain claims of the Ameer of Rhajapoor, in Scinde. A committee of the House was appointed to investigate the charge, and their report, while it acquitted Mr. Butt of the corrupt agreement charged, reported that he was to receive £10,000 to proceed to India to prosecute the Ameer's claims before the Local Government of Bombay; and that it was not shown that any payment to Mr. Butt had reference to any proceedings in Parliament (a). But to show the opinion of the House as to the employment of members in regard to matters which might thereafter come before them in their capacity as members of the House, the following resolution which applies equally to lay, as it does to legal, members was carried:

'That it is contrary to the usage, and derogatory to the dignity of this House, that any of its members should bring forward, promote or advocate in this House, any proceeding or measure in which he may have acted, or been concerned, for or in consideration of any pecuniary fee or reward' (b).

This resolution affirms the principle which should guide every member of Parliament, lawyer and layman, in his public duty. During the debate, the views of one of the leading journals were quoted by Lord Hotham, the mover of the resolution, as follows:—

'A barrister in Parliament is retained by a fee of exaggerated magnitude, to advise upon business professedly intended to be brought before an ordinary court of law. Consultations are gravely held, and suggestions gravely made, to the effect that the matter is one in which resort to a legal tribunal is hopeless. The legal member, to whom the retaining fee has been paid, is requested to undertake the case. He does so ostensibly as a representative of the people giving his unbiassed opinion on a matter of national con-

(a) 148 Hansard, 3rd S, 1855.

(b) 113 Commons Journal, 247.

cern—*really as a hired advocate, uttering purchased sentences*, on behalf of a cause in which his interest is only of the pounds, shillings and pence kind. The House cannot hesitate a moment in stringently enforcing the plain rule, that no legal member shall advocate or promote in Parliament any cause or matter in respect of which he has been professionally consulted as a fee'd advocate (*a*).

Sir Hugh (now Earl) Cairns, who was then Solicitor-General, warmly vindicated his legal brethren in the House, from the imputation sought to be cast upon them by some of the speakers, and—in words in which all honourable men will concur—added: 'That every member of the profession who entertains that feeling of honour which he believed was common to the whole body, would at once declare that he could not advocate, or even vote for any question in the House, in which he had been professionally engaged, lest he might unconsciously, perhaps, be biassed by the opinion which he had, as an advocate, expressed outside of the House (*b*).

The evil thus sought to be corrected, was that members of Parliament, who in their professional capacity as barristers, had been retained as counsel in cases, or who held the position of standing counsel for individual clients or corporations, should not 'confuse their two capacities,' and act as advocates outside, and judges inside of Parliament; or as the *Times* put it,—'have one hand raised in philanthropic declamation, and the other thrust behind to take the rupees.'

It will be seen that the resolution passed in 1858, extends to all cases of employment, professional and otherwise, the principle enunciated by the House of Commons three hundred years before, when it declared in 1558, that 'Mr. Story had not well used himself, being a member of this House, to go before the Lords and be of counsel with the Bishop of Wynchester, and which, by the House was taken to be a fault' (*a*); and also the standing order of 1666, which prohibited members of the House, who were of the 'long robe,' acting as counsel in promoting private bills before the Lords (*b*).

The views enunciated by Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Cairns in the cases above referred to, and the reasons which induced the House of Lords to pass the ordinance of 1372, which excluded lawyers from Parliament, show the sense in which Sir Edward Coke's words, that lawyers, 'for the great and good service of the Commonwealth,' are eligible for Members of Parliament, must be interpreted.

(*a*) 151 Hansard, 3rd S. 179. (*b*) Ibid. 193.

(*a*) 1 Commons Journal, 58.

(*b*) 8 Commons Journal, 646.

ONE FAITH IN MANY FORMS.

BY M. A. JEVONS.

WHAT is His Name? What name will all express Him,—
The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part—
So that all differing tongues may join a worship
Echoing in every heart?

Then answers one—'God is an endless sequence,
Incapable of either break or flaw,
Which we discern but dimly and in fragments!
God is unchanging Law.'

'Nay,' said another, 'Law is but His method;
Look back, behind the sequence to its source!
Behind all phases and all changes seek Him!
God is the primal Force.'

'Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater;
A living harmony, no dead-cold rule,'
Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty
Hath found his soul's best school.

'Law, force and beauty are but vague abstractions,
Too unconnected with the life of Man,'
One answers: 'Man hath neither time nor power,
Such mighty thoughts to scan.'

'But here upon the earth we find him living,
And though in little time he fail and pass,
And all his faiths, and hopes, and thoughts die with him,
Surely, as ripened grass;

'Yet Man the race—man as he may be—will be,
Once he has reached unto his full-grown height,
Calm, wise, large-hearted and large-soul'd, will triumph,
In self-renouncing might.

'Who will not own, even now, with sight prophetic,
Life is divinest in its human dress,
And bend before it with a yearning reverence,
And strong desire to bless?'

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also beauty,
Wisdom and force; for they are all divine!
But God includes them, as some great cathedral
Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, howsoe'er we apprehend Him,
Surely 'tis God himself we all adore—
Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest,
Heart of all hearts, and more. (*From the London Spectator.*)

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER V.

(*Continued.*)

I WAS about to give up in despair when I perceived, through a narrow opening among the trees upon my left, one of the loveliest little sheets of water imaginable. It was nearly circular in shape, and its banks were prettily fringed with the most delicate ferns and mosses; while numerous trees cast their cool, refreshing shadows far over its limpid bosom. It was just such a spot, I thought, which sportive fauns and coy dryads might choose for a retreat from the noonday heats, or where Diana, weary with the chase, would have delighted to lave her glowing brow and chaste hands. So charming a place certainly deserved some appropriate name; such as the nymphs' retreat, or Diana's bath. Doubtlessly that small piece of board nailed across the top of an upright post upon the further bank which I now perceived, contained the name which it had been thought appropriate to bestow upon it. The inscription ran thus:

Alevinière.
La pêche est défendu ici.

I could think of no word or appellation that at all corresponded with alevinière—some French term I suppose—so it was not to be expected I could decipher it, or the words underneath.

It was almost a sacrilege, I thought, that the glassy serenity of its waters should be disturbed by so much as a ripple—but it would never do to return empty handed, and this was my last chance. And although I felt I was doing despite to the spirit of the place and offering an insult to its guardian deity, I put on a fresh bait and threw in.

Phew! How they *did* bite! The water seemed literally to swarm with fish; and one after another I drew them out, large and small. This was glorious sport indeed, and I thought with an exultant but most pardonable pride, of the rich feast I was preparing for Harry's guests. I hallooed to Monsieur Mallet until I was hoarse, for I felt it was selfish to have all this fun to myself. He had certainly redeemed his word, and it was only fair that he should enjoy some of the rare sport he had promised me. I doubted not I should be regarded as the champion angler, and that the glory of this achievement would efface the disgrace of my failure at billiards; for they would all surely have to admit that fishing was really my strong point.

When I had caught between forty and fifty my second box of bait became exhausted. This was especially aggravating; for no sooner had I landed one trout than there had been another splendid fellow tugging away at the end of my line, and to leave off under such circumstances was not to be thought of.

I laid down my rod, and was looking about me for a suitable place to dig for some more worms when I heard Monsieur Mallet's voice a short distance away. I hurried out just in

time to behold the little gentleman in the act of picking himself up out of the stream, his hat floating away upon the current, and his clothes dripping with water, into which he had fallen, I learned, in his eagerness to secure a large trout which had broken his line and escaped. It was the poorest sport he declared, with two or three round French oaths, he had ever had. He had only three miserable little specimens to show me, which were not worth the trouble of catching.

Possibly the fact of my having gone before and frightened away all the fish did not suggest itself to him as the probable cause of his ill luck, but it did to me most forcibly. He walked on with me a short distance, and I was about to point out to him the little pond, when he observed, with a sly twinkle of the eye:

'Ah! if we could only fish zare, we might have ze rare sport indeed! You see zat sign, it says breeding pond, no fishing allowed here. Excuse me for ze liberty, but I thought I vould just mention it.'

'Oh!—yes—indeed,' I remarked, with a feeble laugh, and with about as ghastly a countenance as might be borne by anyone who wasn't exactly a corpse, 'that—that *would* be sport.'

Monsieur Mallet said he would try his luck a little longer, and then return. I begged him, in a tone of the most unfeigned solicitude, to return to the house now, as I feared he would take cold; but he replied that he was used to such mishaps, and felt no apprehensions whatever. I then said that I would return as I had had quite enough of it for one day; and after I watched him safely ont of sight, I hurried back, with a palpitating heart to the scene of my triumphs, and one by one those unfortunate trout were returned to their native element far more speedily than they had left it; and the entire surface of the water was soon covered with their floating carcasses.

'Why don't the infernal things sink!' I exclaimed in despair, as it dawned upon me that I should have dug a deep—very deep hole in the ground, and buried these damning evidences of my guilt. I picked up my rod—the upper joint had been badly split by the last fish, who had been a big fellow, and had fought desperately, and it now fell off—and with my basket hastened away from the spot, fearing Monsieur Mallet's return before I had effected my escape, and the discovery of the egregious blunder I had committed. I walked rapidly and reached the house just as the company were assembling to lunch. I declined Helen's pressing invitation to partake of it—she was sure I must have quite an appetite after my long walk—telling her I was greatly fatigued; had caught a severe cold, besides had a wretched headache (three atrocious falsehoods) and that I preferred the quiet of my own room. The truth was, I dreaded Monsieur Mallet's return. He would doubtlessly discover those fish and the remnant of my rod, which in my haste I had overlooked, and the affair would be too irresistibly ludicrous even for the polite gravity of a Frenchman. The story would be too good to keep to himself; the others would be told; and if De Villefort got hold of it. I knew I should never hear the end of it. That those unfortunate fish would, in some way or other, return to plague their destroyer, I felt certain.

As I reached the top of the stairs on the third story, distant shouts of laughter from below smote upon my guilty conscience. Yes, I thought, Monsieur Mallet has already returned, and is regaling the company with a narrative of my exploits. Had I thought for a moment of the extreme improbability of this, I need not have so unnecessarily tormented myself—but how true it is that a guilty conscience needs no accuser.

I remained in my chamber, in no enviable state of mind, until it was time for me to keep my appointment

with Harry; and having dressed, I descended to the main entrance, where I met De Villefort, just starting out for a walk.

'I am going to take an airing,' he said, 'and will walk your way. Harry told me he was going to take you to dine with the Morleys this evening, and I can assure you that you will have an enjoyable time of it, for they are most delightful people.'

'Yes;' I replied, 'as Harry has not returned I am to meet him there at six o'clock. If you are going that way I shall be glad of your company.'

As we walked along, De Villefort slyly observed that he would have to put me on my guard against the fascinations of the elder sister. 'She is a most charming young girl,' he said, 'and if you come away with a whole heart, it will be more than what nine-tenths of the *young* fellows who visit her, ever do.'

'I have no fear on that score,' I laughed. 'I'm too old for any nonsense like that.'

'Don't be too sure,' he remarked slyly. 'Older fellows than you have been caught in the toils before. If you don't come away with an ardent desire to become Jack's brother-in-law, I'm mistaken.'

I felt that if I had to become a matrimonial connection of Jack's, I might perhaps prefer to have it brought about in a different way, and in a much remoter degree. I laughed at the idea, but merely remarked, 'that would be love at first sight truly.'

'Though, perhaps,' added De Villefort with a sly look out of the corner of his eye at me, 'in the words of the old ballad you used to admire so much, you can say,

> "Some thought, none others can replace
> Remembrance will recall,
> Which in the flight of years we trace,
> Is dearer than them all."'

The allusion was too obvious to be misunderstood. I blushed, laughed, and remarked carelessly, 'Oh! yes, I suppose we all have some bright spot in our memory—— is this it,' I said, as De Villefort suddenly stopped before a pretty villa, thoroughly English in its appearance and surroundings, and possessing an air of extreme comfort and refinement—'the second house on the right—as I think Harry said.'

'Yes; charming spot, isn't it,' remarked De Villefort. 'So go in and enjoy yourself old fellow; but—don't forget my caution. Oh! by the way,' he added, 'I forgot to ask you if you had any luck this morning.'

'None at all—that is, none worth mentioning,' I replied,' hazarding a glance at his face; but as it wore a perfectly unconscious expression, I felt that my secret was safe so far, at least from him.

Wishing me good-evening he turned back towards Belmont, while I strained my eyes in a vain endeavour to ascertain if Harry was coming; but no object was visible in the long stretch of road that extended away towards Toulouse.

The bare idea of walking into a house, and making myself perfectly at home among its inmates, to whom I was an entire stranger, was suggestive of such cool, deliberate, effrontery, that it quite threw me into a profuse perspiration. But still, I thought, I couldn't stand here gaping at the house—and as Harry had told me I was expected, I might as well go in as remain here perhaps an hour longer for him to come. So I passed along the trim gravel walk to the front door and screwed up my courage sufficiently to give the bell a feeble pull. Perhaps, after all, I thought, Harry has arrived before me, and that will make it all right.

The door was opened, and I was about to present my card to the servant, when an elderly lady approached me from one of the inner rooms, and took me cordially by the hand.

'This is indeed a pleasure,' she said in the warmest tone of welcome, 'and one to which we have long looked for-

ward; and we only regret that Henry could not prevail upon you to come before.'

'Yes—I—I believe I am a little late,' I stammered, stupidly misunderstanding her.

'We have all heard so much of you; your name, indeed, is so often upon Henry's lips, that I quite feel as if I were welcoming an old friend of my own.'

To this kind speech I replied that *I* was very happy to see *her;* and after finally prevailing upon my hat to stay upon the peg from which it had persisted in falling some three or four times, I was conducted, in a somewhat flushed and heated state, into an elegantly-furnished apartment. A young lady arose upon our entrance, and approaching me, extended her hand in an exceedingly open and cordial manner, observing, at the same time, 'In welcoming so old a friend of Harry's, I really feel as if no introduction were needed. We have long anticipated this pleasure, and hoped for it sooner.'

The long cherished expectation of seeing me, entertained by this family —of which I had lived in total ignorance until the present moment—ought certainly to have been highly gratifying; and the overpowering emotions it seemed to afford them when they did were so infectious that I became quite overpowered myself, though not exactly with feelings of the same kind. My embarrassment was excessive, but I managed to convey the idea that the feeling was reciprocal, and that I myself, had long looked forward—Heaven forgive the polite lie—with the greatest pleasure to this felicitous occasion. In my conclusion I was about to sit down on the piano stool, when the young lady brought forward a large, comfortable arm-chair, and insisted upon my taking it.

'John,' she said, turning towards a person who sat in one corner of the room, and whom I had not before observed, 'this is Harry's friend of whom you have heard us speak so often—this is Mr. John Briarton, turning towards me—'I am happy to make you acquainted. Mr. Briarton is one of our particular friends.'

A rather tall and slender young man arose stiffly from his seat, made a stiff bow, and then sat stiffly down again. Indeed he was the stiffest piece of humanity I have ever seen; and a poker might have been considered limber in comparison.

Her graceful ease, and charmingly open and informal manner, soon put me quite at my own ease. De Villefort was right, I thought, she certainly was exceedingly beautiful; not at all like her sister Fannie (Harry's wife) though I thought I could detect a family resemblance—but she was far handsomer. Had I been twenty years younger, De Villefort's caution, I felt, might well need to have been heeded. That such advice was not heeded by Mr. John Briarton was soon very apparent. That young man had evidently hopelessly succumbed to the charm of his fair enslaver. This was shown by the tender glances he bestowed upon her, and the ill-concealed frowns with which he regarded me when I presumed to converse with her, or she with me—upon which occasion he would withdraw further into his corner, with a so apparent increase of stiffening in his back bone, that only to look at him actually infused an increased rigidity into my own spinal column. He deigned to hold no conversation whatever with me, and once or twice when I ventured to address a few words to him, his expression plainly indicated that my ideas were worthy only of his contempt. His motive for this strange behaviour I could not imagine, unless, indeed, he regarded me as a possible poacher upon what he considered as his own proper and exclusive domain; in which case he intended me to understand that I was to regard him as my mortal foe. The idea of my becoming his rival or anybody else's was exceedingly funny.

After half an hour's pleasant chat, dinner was announced.

'I regret that my son's absence,' observed my hostess—this was the first allusion made to Jack—'will necessitate my calling npon the kindness of my guest to assist me at table; but by two such old friends,' turning towards Mr. Briarton and myself, 'I am sure no apology will be required.'

My heart sank within me at these words. A pretty situation truly for a person who had never had a carving knife in his hand. But I replied that I should be happy to make myself of any possible use (alas! was I fast becoming an adept in the art of easy lying?) and that it would be a great pleasure to me.

With a steak or a plate of chops, I felt I might achieve a tolerable success; but with anything requiring animal dismemberment, my case was hopeless.

Mr. Briarton was placed at one end of the table, and I at the other. There was a large dish before me, and with the gloomiest forebodings I contemplated the cover that concealed the dreadful secret which lay beneath. Indeed, so disquieted had I become that I did not observe a strange young lady in the room; and I was only made aware of her presence by someone's saying, 'This is Cornelia; you have of course heard of *her*.'

I rose to my feet, blushing deeply, stammered an apology, bowed towards that person, and said:

'Oh! yes, indeed, I have heard of Cornelia—frequently.'

I was proceeding, in evident confusion, of ideas, to say something about my admiration for that noblest of Roman matrons and brightest ornament of her sex, when the waiter, removing the cover before me, revealed a pair of roast ducks, confirming my worst apprehensions, and effectually destroying all my interest in ancient history.

I looked anxiously at Mr. Briarton's dish of roast beef, as I took up my knife and fork and proceeded to mutilate in the most masterly manner the poor amphibious animals which had certainly offended me in no way that they should have been subjected to such barbarous treatment at my hands. And after supplying the wants of those who partook of my dish—Mr. Briarton having stiffly declined duck—I sat down flushed and exhausted, for I had laboured dreadfully over the refractory animals—whether because the ducks were tough or my knife dull, I didn't know—and proceeded to satisfy what little of my own appetite remained to me.

Although my hostess and her two charming daughters exerted their utmost powers in making themselves agreeable, I was far from feeling entirely comfortable. I wished Harry would come; but his absence I could easily account for, as he had been undoubtedly detained at Toulouse; but why Jack Morley himself should have been absent without leaving either apology or explanation, was something I could not understand. But as they were plain, old-fashioned people, this was perhaps nothing more than plain, old-fashioned behaviour on his part; though even with my limited knowledge of the usages of polite society, I could not help feeling somewhat annoyed too, by Mr. Briarton's conduct; though I took not the slightest notice of him, and I hoped that Miss Morley, likewise, was too intelligent and discriminating a person to care anything for such a puppy.

Our conversation turned chiefly upon books, and covered a wide range of subjects. 'Daniel Deronda,' 'Helen's Babies,' 'Through the Dark Continent,' and other popular works of the day came under review; upon all of which my two younger entertainers expressed the most intelligent and correct opinions. Their intellectual gifts indeed seemed not one whit less than their graces of conversation and manner, and I felt that I might, upon the whole, have passed a not altogether unpleasant evening had it not been for one unfortunate occurrence.

During a somewhat prolonged absence of the waiter from the room, who, from some cause or other, failed to make his appearance after repeated summonses, I politely volunteered, in a fit of temporary insanity, to open a bottle of champagne, partly hoping, perhaps, to efface, by the masterly manner in which I should achieve this performance, any unfavourable impressions they might very reasonably have entertained of my capacity as a carver. They apologized for putting me to the trouble, but if I would be so kind they would feel greatly obliged.

I raised the bottle in my hand, untwisted the wires about the cork and began to cut the strings. The neck of the bottle was pointing, inadvertently of course, directly towards that part of the table at which Mr. Briarton sat, and I had just severed the last string when the cork was discharged with a loud report, and struck that gentleman squarely between the eyes. The liquid, which foamed out in torrents over the tablecloth, I attempted to divert into a glass, but in the flurry of the moment I emptied the remainder of the bottle's contents into the younger sister's lap.

I do not propose—and if I did I should fall far short of the requirements of the occasion—to describe the nature of my feelings at the moment. To simply say that I was profuse in my apologies; that the colour of my face must have been reflected in the dishes before me; and that I made the feeblest of attempts to laugh it off with Mrs. Morley and her daughters, who begged I would not allow it to trouble me, as it was nothing at all—possibly Mr. Briarton thought otherwise; but he expressed no opinion—all this was no more than might have been expected of anyone under similar circumstances; but it conveys no idea whatever of the true state of my feelings.

I felt that I had disgraced myself in the eyes of my hostess and the young ladies, and that I had effectually destroyed all possibility of Mr. John Briarton's ever regarding me with feelings other than those of the deadliest animosity. After this, I thought, it mattered little what I did, or said, and a spirit of utter recklessness soon seemed to have taken complete possession of me. Of course I use this word, as applied to myself, in a somewhat modified sense. By this I mean that I appeared to be fast losing my reserve. That I began to chat and laugh in quite a free, unconstrained manner; verging at times almost upon an excess of animal spirits. That I acted, in a word, as ordinary and reasonable mortals would have done in the society of two beautiful and fascinating girls, who were employing, in their efforts to make themselves agreeable, all those powers of which they were possessed in so eminent a degree; but as much unlike the naturally sober and sedate Edward Hastings as could be conceived. All easily explainable, I suppose, upon the simple philosophical principle that when, happily a bashful man can forget his extreme sensitiveness and his over-anxiety to do just the right thing—in other words, the really more indifferent he is as to his appearance and manner, to the better advantage he shows. I should certainly have sunk under the mortification, which those unlucky ducks and that exasperating bottle had caused me, had I not, with an effort born of sheer desperation, risen gloriously to the imperative demands of the occasion.

With a gallantry, conceived in in spirit of pure audacity and utter disregard of the possible consequences of my rash act, I anticipated Mr. Briarton's intention, and offered my arm to the elder sister, leaving him to Mrs. Morley or Cornelia, or to both.

Upon reaching the parlour, I politely intimated that I should be charmed to hear her play and sing; both of which she did in so exquisite

a manner, that I quite went off into ecstacies, and actually paid her several very pretty little compliments. I was fairly thrown into raptures of admiration upon Cornelia showing me a collection of drawings and water-colours, all the work of her own fair hand, and upon my expressing an especial admiration for one in particular, she kindly pressed it upon my acceptance. I was really having a delightful time, and I rather hoped now that Harry would not come; and as to whether Mr. Jack Morley came or remained away, was a matter of perfect indifference to me. I was getting on well enough without either of them.

Mr. Briarton, on entering the parlour, had retired into his corner more rigid, gloomy and morose than ever, and most of the time had apparently been occupied with a book, but really, I doubted not, had been secretly taking mental and visual note of my every word and act that related in anyway to Miss Morley. I was confirmed in this idea the more, inasmuch as I had detected him several times in the act of casting glances of the deadliest defiance at me over the top of his book, and that I should be confronted with a black and terrible array of my offences at some opportune moment in the near future I doubted not either.

I glanced at my watch; it wanted a few minutes of ten, and for nearly two hours I had been steaming away under high pressure; and the tension had been so severe that I now began to experience serious premonitions of an impending collapse. But I must retire with flying colours, or I might weaken the highly favourable impression I flattered myself I had made. So I rose to go, expressing much regret to my hostess at not having had the pleasure of meeting her son, but hoping that it was only reserved for a future opportunity.

My words seemed to surprise them greatly. They certainly expected me to remain, and trusted that no feeling of delicacy on account of Harry's absence had induced me to take my departure, as they supposed I fully understood the cause of his detention; and that he would be greatly disappointed at not finding me here upon his return. My room was prepared for me whenever I wished to retire. Cornelia rose, saying that she would see that John carried my luggage up stairs in case it had arrived, and united with her mother and sister in expressing the hope that I would not think of leaving, as they had all expected that I had come to make them a good long visit.

Oh, no! I replied, I had not come to stay; and I thought it highly improbable that Harry would come now. They were exceedingly kind, but I must return to Belmont, though I should be very happy, with their permission, to call again.

I was about to extend my hand to Mr. Briarton, but that gentleman simply made me a distinct bow, in a manner which unmistakably indicated that no nearer approach to acquaintanceship would be tolerated. So, again resisting their urgent entreaties that I would reconsider my purpose and remain, I bid them good night, and started on my walk back to Belmont.

Exceedingly hospitable people, I thought to myself; no doubt they thought I came to stay for a month at least; but I don't see why they should have either. But it's the way they show their plain, old-fashioned hospitality, I suppose.

Despite the efforts I made to banish from my mind all thoughts from my unfortunate performance at the dinner table, they would return to annoy me; for a person so keenly sensitive as I was could not fail to be very disagreeably affected by so humiliating a *contre-temps*. I bitterly blamed Harry as the cause of it all, for had he been there, my services would undoubtedly have been dispensed with. I should be the laughing-stock of the whole family. No; I had not had a good time; I would not admit it. Instead

of passing a nice, quiet evening with Jack, smoking his cigars, and enjoying his books, I had been compelled to do the agreeable to an old lady and a couple of young girls, and to submit to the insulting treatment of a 'particular friend' of the family. Yes, Harry had played me a very shabby trick; and as for Mr. Jack Morley himself, his conduct was simply inexcusable, to say the least of it.

As I ascended the stairs, my temper was not improved by hearing loud shouts of laughter issue from one of parlours. I was certain they had got hold of that fish story by this time, and were making merry over it at my expense. I hurried up to my room, slammed the door after me, and went to bed in the worst possible of humours.

CHAPTER VI.

AN EXPLANATION THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE, FOLLOWED BY ONE THAT WAS.

'Pshaw! I have overslept myself!' I exclaimed, as I opened my eyes to the fact that the early morning sun was already flooding my chamber with his cheery beams.

This exclamation was evoked for the reason that I had, the day before, resolved that I would this morning put my long cherished purpose into execution; namely, to rise with the lark, and meet the glowing sun upon the upland lawn; and then, if the time before breakfast permitted, stroll into the farm-yard and the dairy, and over to that rustic little bridge.

What peculiar charms the two former of these places were supposed to have possessed for me, I must admit I had no very distinct idea; but I had always associated them with my ideas of rural life, as being necessary appendages to every country house. I might also perhaps have entertained the idea that a rustic little bridge was a necessary appendage, too; but that this was the case I was not quite so sure. I had seen nothing of the kind about the grounds as yet; but still a closer inspection might not fail to reveal it.

Two quick raps upon my door, accompanied by the sound of Harry's voice, brought me to my feet. When admitted, his first words were, in a tone of some little displeasure. I thought,

'Well, I must say, you are about the most unreliable fellow I ever knew. What excuse have you to offer for yourself?'

I regarded him with a slightly puzzled look, and said shortly.

'What do you mean?'

'Why didn't you come?' said Harry.

'Come where?' I replied.

'Absolutely forgotten all about it already,' he observed, regarding me with a despairing air.

'Oh! I understand,' I said, 'Why didn't *you* come?'

'It was really too bad of you,' remarked Harry;' especially after Jack had prepared the most sumptuous of dinners; bought a box of especially fine regalias, and laid in a supply of choice old Madeira; and all in honour of your visit. After your promise to me, old fellow, I must say it was very shabby of you not to come.'

Now, if Harry thought that by this puerile attempt at a joke, I was to be diverted from any feeling of displeasure that his own conduct in the matter might very reasonably have caused me, he was mistaken. But I would let him see that I could indulge in a little pleasantry of the kind myself; so I said, in a somewhat ironical tone:

'Oh, yes; I enjoyed the dinner immensely; relished the cigars and the Madeira beyond measure, and thought Mr. Jack Morley himself really one of the most hospitable and agreeable fellows in the world; and the plainness and old-fashioned ways of his mother and sisters particularly charming.'

'But no; old fellow, joking apart,' said Harry in a serious tone, 'why *didn't* you come?'

'With all my heart, joking apart,' I replied, 'why didn't *you* come?'

Just at this moment a light rap called me to the door, and upon opening it, I received from one of the servants, a note bearing my address, which, with some surprise, I opened and read. Its contents were as follows:—

'ROSEVALE,

'Aug. 20th, 1878.

'Edward Hastings, Esq.

'Sir,—Your unwarrantable intrusion into the house of Mrs. Percival last night calls for prompt explanation and apology, if indeed, under the circumstances, either be possible. Whether intended as a practical joke, a piece of harmless pleasantry, or an act of pure bravado, your conduct in masquerading under the assumption of a name and personality other than your own, is equally offensive; and for your audacious and extraordinary performances in the rôle of a buffoon—but which, perhaps, may sit quite naturally upon you—I assure you, sir, you will be held to a strict accountability.

'Yours, etc.,

'J. BRIARTON.'

'Briefly, but strongly expressed,' I exclaimed with a laugh, as I finished reading. 'I thought it would come. Poor Briarton! he is the most unreasonable of lovers. The extraordinary performances refer no doubt to those ducks and that champagne bottle, and the audacity probably consists in my having presumed to make myself agreeable to *his* lady love. As for the rest of the note, it seems to indicate a slight confusion of ideas, as he calls Mrs. Morley by the name of Percival, and appears to be doubtful about my identity too.'

'Harry, to whom all this, of course, was quite unintelligible, had been regarding me with a half-puzzled, half-comical look; but at mention of the name Percival, he burst into a loud laugh. He asked permission to read the note; which, having done, he indulged in another hearty burst of laughter, and regarding me with an intensely amused and comical expression, he exclaimed:

'Ten thousand pardons, my dear fellow; you certainly did keep your word, but you—you went to the wrong house, that's all.'

'What do you mean?' I exclaimed.

'Precisely what I say,' replied Harry.

'Pshaw! the idea's ridiculous, absurd—impossible,' I said. 'I followed your directions and made no mistake about the house.'

A sickening suspicion, momentarily strengthening, that I had fallen an only too ready victim to one of De Villefort's most successful practical jokes, began to creep over me; but the matter seemed so inexplicable—so impossible of solution upon any such supposition, however, that I vehemently scouted the bare idea of such a thing as mistaking the house.

'I think I can explain the matter,' said Harry. 'I know that Henry Percival has been expecting a friend, a Mr. Charles Mortimer, to visit him for some time past—in fact, now that I think of it, he did tell me that he was to arrive last night. He expected to be absent himself in Paris for several days, and asked me as a particular favour to call upon his friend. You were undoubtedly taken for him, as he is an entire stranger to the family; though how you could pass the whole evening there without the mistake being discovered, quite baffles my comprehension.'

'Yes; you are doubtless right;' I said, 'and I now blush at my own stupidity in not seeing it sooner. Let no one say after this that truth is not stranger than fiction. An explanation and apology, I suppose, is next in order, and then to settle accounts with De Villefort.'

'De Villefort; why, what has he to do with it?' asked Harry, with some surprise.

'Everything,' I replied. 'He took me to the house.'

'It must have been a mistake on his part,' observed Harry, 'though he certainly knows the place.'

But I knew that individual too well to give him the benefit of so charitable a doubt; and after requesting Harry not to speak of the matter; I finished dressing and followed him down stairs.

At my particular request I was placed at Helen's end of the table, as I could endure Madame McMahon's propinquity no longer. For being compelled to sit tongue-tied at every meal—the pale young lady on my right, in the meantime not having made the slightest response to my first advance, and Harry being compelled to be all ears—I simply felt to be no longer endurable.

After taking my seat, and exchanging the usual morning compliments with Mrs. Mowbray and Helen, the latter asked me if I had passed a pleasant evening.

'Well, no,' I answered quite thoughtlessly, 'I cannot say that I did altogether;' but the impoliteness of the reply flashing upon me the next moment, I made haste to flatly contradict myself by saying, 'Oh! yes! I meant to say that I did—that I had a delightful time.' My confusion could hardly have escaped their notice.

'And you doubtlessly thought Miss Morley exceedingly pretty and quite agreeable?' observed Helen, with a sly look at me.

'Oh! yes; very pretty indeed, and very agreeable,' I replied, blushing; 'you mean the—the elder sister, I presume?'

'I suppose *I* am the elder sister,' remarked Mrs. Mowbray, laughing, 'though I can hardly flatter myself that you intend the compliment for me.'

Confound my stupidity! I had put my foot in it again; and as these words were not calculated to restore my composure of mind to any very alarming extent, I said—as successful extrication from my embarrassment this time seemed simply hopeless:

'The truth is, Mrs. Mowbray, I was not at your brother's house at all, last night. I will explain everything to Miss Mowbray after breakfast, as I wish her advice upon a certain matter.'

Helen regarded me with a somewhat surprised and curious look; but evidently observing that I appeared greatly embarrassed, she merely remarked, with a smile,

'Oh! certainly; I shall be happy to afford you the benefit of my sage counsels.' The conversation then changed to other topics.

During breakfast I ventured several glances towards Monsieur Mallet, but as the gravity of his countenance—once when he caught my eye—quite reassured me, I was encouraged to hope that he had not discovered those fish. De Villefort's eye I studiously avoided; I would take some other time and place to pay my respects to him.

Shortly after breakfast I observed Helen enter the library, and thinking it a favourable opportunity for my purpose, I was hurrying after her when I was intercepted by Mdlle de Clerval.

'Oh! Mr. Hastings!' she exclaimed, with one of her most bewitching smiles, 'I must remind you of your promise.'

'Ah; what promise is that?' I said, quite innocently.

'Fie, fie!' she exclaimed, with a charming air of mock reproof, 'you men are so unreliable. Have you forgotten already? I mean your promise to sing.'

Mdlle de Clerval spoke English quite faultlessly; she was extremely pretty; her manners were very fascinating, though decidedly coquettish, I thought; and she had a captivating way about her that was quite irresistible. So I only did, I suppose, what any other young fellow, who had not the moral courage to withstand her blan-

dishments, would have done under the circumstances. I promised I would be present at the appointed hour; but if I took any at all it must be one of the most subordinate parts—even this I felt was a fearfully rash promise for me to give—and I must again disabuse her of any illusion she might be under, that I possessed any musical capacities, for I really had none.

'Ah no,' she said, 'Mr. Hastings cannot convince me of that. The naturally soft tones of his voice, when speaking, forbade the idea that he had no voice for singing.'

I blushed deeply at this compliment, which I knew to be so totally unmerited. But who of us can be insensible to flattery, especially when it comes from the lips of a young, beautiful and charming woman; certainly not I—not even while I felt myself to be so thoroughly undeserving of it—our self-pride—and who is without a touch of it?—is gratified, and that is sufficient. So I again repeated my promise that I would come and contribute my humble share to the general entertainment, and I was then suffered to depart in quest of Helen.

I found her alone in the library. She was writing at a small table in one corner, and as the morning's sun flooded the cosy little apartment with his warm and golden effulgence, I thought that never before had she appeared more beautiful, so like the Helen of old, as on this glorious summer morning. Her every motion had always been the embodiment of grace, ease, and quiet dignity; and now, although engaged in one of the most ordinary of occupations, her head slightly inclined over the paper upon which her eyes were intent, and resting lightly on her left hand, supported by her elbow, I thought her the very personification of grace itself. I was treading upon dangerous ground, and I knew it; but I could no more have contended with the emotions which she at that moment inspired me than could one of her fabled victims of old have withstood the wiles of the Siren.

She looked up with one of her old smiles, and said,

'I am writing to Alice Lea; you of course remember her.'

'Oh yes,' I replied, seating myself at a window, the furthest from her; 'I remember her well. But it is so long ago since I have seen her, that I doubt if I should know her now.'

'I hardly think you would,' said Helen, 'she has altered so greatly. She is as handsome as ever, though, and just as full of fun. And she is like myself (with a most becoming blush), still a spinster.'

'That is certainly, to the great discredit of some one,' I observed with a laugh.

'Whom do you mean,' said Helen with a roguish twinkle of the eye, 'Alice or myself?'

'Why, I—I mean Alice,' I stammered, blushing to the very roots of my hair. But fearing this reply might seem somewhat impolite, I added, with as gallant an air as I could assume; 'of course I intended to include Miss Mowbray.'

'How polite you have grown,' she laughed. 'You used to call me Helen.'

I never yet did pay, or try to pay, a compliment, or to say what by a violent stretch of courtesy might be called a gallant thing to the fair sex, without immediately falling into such a state of embarrassment, that I heartily wished the words unsaid. The polite things I had said to the supposed Miss Morley were uttered under the most exceptional circumstances, when I was responsible neither for my words nor my actions.

Helen's last remark rather added to my embarrassment, but I managed to reply with a laugh:

'Oh yes; but that was very long ago.'

'But not so long ago that I make it an excuse to call you, Mr. Hastings,' she remarked with a smile.

The charming ease and old time heartiness of Helen's manner were not

without their influence over me, and yet I was conscious at times of something very much like that old feeling of bashfulness and constraint, which I used to experience in her presence.

'The long ago,' she said pensively. 'Do you know, Edward, I often think of the happy days I spent in dear old England. It does indeed seem very, very long ago.'

'Yes,' I observed philosophically, and with more truth than gallantry; 'and we are both considerably older than we were then.'

'Our childhood days were always the happiest,' she said, 'and I often wish I could go back to them.'

'Yes,' I replied, in a sentimental tone; 'youth may be considered the youngest—the happiest period, I mean in—in our existence. But—surely Miss Mow—Helen; if you prefer it (with a blush)—surrounded as you are here by every home comfort and luxury, and with so many ways of making the time pass pleasantly and delightfully, can hardly consider the present less happy than the past. I should certainly not have thought it. But I sincerely pity that person whose experiences have been such that he cannot look back to even one bright spot in his past life.'

This was an exceedingly neat speech, and I felt quite proud of it. But my self-complacency was somewhat disturbed by Helen's observing, with a rather sly look directed towards me:

'But such is not your unhappy fate, I hope.'

'Oh! no,' I replied, with an attempted laugh, but blushing again to the roots of my hair—'I—I don't suppose—can say that—in fact I—I don't imagine that—that anybody can in fact.'

This was not quite so neat, and consequently I did not feel quite so proud of it. There had been something too, in Helen's expression I thought, as of a meaning deeper than the words conveyed, that made me feel decidedly uncomfortable.

'But this place,' she continued with a slight sigh, 'has not for me the true home feeling. Our earliest impressions are our strongest, and it matters not with how much of subsequent good or evil, happiness or misery, our after lives may be attended, they will return at times with a charm even heightened by that delightful glamour with which our memory invests them. How true the song—you always admired it—that,

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

I mean the home of our first young and fresh affections, and about which our memories will ever remain fragrantly entwined.'

'Yes,' I observed, 'you know what Byron says. That—

> "—— ever and anon of griefs subdued,
> There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,"

but—but I don't think that this would apply to you—what I meant to refer to was the—the electric chain you know, which Byron mentions when he says—

> "Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

The electric chain he means, you know, that binds our past to—to our present. What a beautiful expression and—and how true that—that.'

Now, why couldn't I leave poetry and sentiments alone. I should have inextricably floundered into a hopeless confusion of words and ideas, had not Helen relieved me, by observing in a more cheerful and animated tone:

'But we were speaking of Alice Lea. In her last letter she spoke particularly about you. She knew you were to visit us; and wondered if you remembered all the youthful pranks she used to play upon you.'

'I have not forgotten them,' I said, with a laugh. 'She was a terrible romp, and an awful tease, to be sure. If you have not closed your letter, you

may give her my kindest remembrances.'

'Of her being a terrible romp and an awful tease?' queried Helen, laughing.

'Oh, no,' I replied, laughing myself. 'She might consider me impolite. I wouldn't mention that, if I were you.'

At this moment a strain of music, faintly wafted in through the open door, brought with it a very disagreeable reminder. I rose to go, and had taken a step or two towards the door, when Helen looking up, said, with an arch look.

'Has my society grown so irksome to you already, that you are going to seek for more agreeable elsewhere?'

'Your society irksome, Helen? In your society alone, did I ever know what true happiness was!'

The reader must not suppose that I gave utterance to this tender sentiment. No; I only thought it, and dearly wished that I dared to.

'Certainly not Miss—a—Helen,' I replied. 'But I promised Miss de Clerval that I would join her musical party—to be sure I don't know anything about music—but I only promised to get rid of her. Though, I suppose, I must put in an appearance, if nothing more; for I should have more trouble in inventing an excuse than perhaps keeping my promise might give me.'

'Oh! by the way,' said Helen, laying down her pen, and folding her paper, 'upon what profound and *important* subject was it that you desired the benefit of my sage advice. I am sure, I don't know whether to feel complimented or not, since you seem to have forgotten all about it.'

I had indeed forgotten all about it. But what else could I think about but Helen, when Helen herself was before me?

Was I again yielding myself up, slowly but surely, to the old enthralment? If so, I felt that I must combat the feeling with every power within me.

'Oh! I had almost forgotten it,' I laughingly said, resuming my seat.

My account of the affair at Mrs. Percival's afforded Helen the greatest amusement. Several times she gave way to hearty laughter, in which I could not help joining. The little episode of the champagne bottle she found especially amusing, and also Mr. Briarton's behaviour, whom she said, she knew to be of an exceedingly jealous disposition, and who had been paying court to Miss Percival for some time. So entertaining indeed did she find my story, that she insisted upon knowing the full particulars; and I concealed nothing from her. She laughed heartily over Mr. Briarton's note, and doubted not, she said, that it would be followed by a challenge to mortal combat. Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' she declared, was nothing to it; and in this new version of 'The Mistakes of a Night,' in which I myself had sustained the principal rôle, I had acquired sufficient material to write a piece equally diverting. She assured me, however, that I need have no fear that any offence would be taken by the family at my mistake; and she agreed with me in thinking that I had fallen a victim to one of De Villefort's most successful practical jokes. And it was arranged that we should call at Mrs. Percival's that afternoon, when I could make all proper explanation and apology. The matter thus disposed of, I again rose to go, when Helen said:

'Oh, by the way, Edward, recurring to the subject of music, I have a new piece upon which I should like your opinion. If you can spare me a few moments more I will just run it over. It is a sprightly little thing, and, as that is the kind of music I believe you used to like most, I am sure you will be pleased with this.'

Now, why did I not, at this very instant, flee from the spells of the enchantress, as fraught with the deadliest peril to my peace of mind and my soul's repose, instead of fatuously following her into an adjoining apartment, and standing by her side at the

piano, as I had so often done in the old days, and watching those dainty fingers flit over the keys with all their old masterly skill and grace—for Helen was a superb musician and sang as well as she played—why did I not, at least, steel my heart against every dangerous emotion, every painful recollection that might arise; why did I not compel myself to listen with dull ears and an unappreciative spirit—but, pshaw! ask the poor moth why it flutters around the fatal flame, until, with singed wings, it drops dead into that which has consumed it. It's answer would be mine.

As she finished, she asked me how I liked it. I pronounced it lovely, beautiful, exquisite! How, indeed, could it be otherwise when Helen herself was the performer?

'If not too much trouble, Helen,' I said, 'I would like to hear you sing; I suppose you remember some of my old favourites.'

'Oh, yes!' she replied, taking one from a collection of songs upon the stand at her side; 'this, I believe, used to be one of them.'

It was one of the loveliest of all Verdi's impassioned melodies; the aria, 'Ernani Involarni.' I was always keenly susceptible to the influence of music—it possessed for me, indeed, a spell indescribably delightful—and now, as I listened entranced, what memories of the olden time—she often had sung it for me before—the well-remembered tones of that voice awoke within me. It was said of Rubini, I think, that he had tears in his voice; and I may say of Helen's that there was a vein of melancholy—I know of no fitter word—pervading its tones that gave it its greatest charm. It was a pure soprano of great richness and power, and admirably adapted to interpret the sentiment of Verdi's impassioned strains. My heart seemed bursting with a suppressed cry; a loud long cry of yearning love, anguish and despair, and sometimes, I think, that once a wild idea crossed my mind of throwing myself at her feet and revealing the sorrowful secret of a lifetime!

When she had sung one or two more of my favourite songs, I expressed my thanks and rose to go.

'How is it,' I said, 'that Miss de Clerval has not secured your services for this morning's entertainment?'

'I begged off to write to Alice,' she replied.

'I don't know how they could have spared you,' I said. 'Indeed, Helen, the operatic stage has lost one of its brightest—no, I don't mean that exactly, because it never possessed you; what I mean to say is that the operatic stage is now without one of its brightest—no; I—I don't mean precisely that either;' with increased confusion and growing desperation; 'what I *do* mean to say is this, that the operatic stage would find you one of its brightest ornaments—that is if you—if you were a member of it.'

I fear the effect of this compliment was somewhat marred by the bungling manner in which it was expressed; but I never yet did attempt anything of the kind without making an egregious failure of it, or, in common parlance, putting my foot in it.

She received it, however, very graciously, and with a most becoming blush, observing that she feared I considerably over-rated her abilities.

'That is quite impossible,' I said, 'and I am sure——'

'Ah! you truant; I have found you at last,' a voice at this moment interrupted me just behind us.

I turned and beheld Mdlle. de Clerval. She was standing in the partly opened door, and regarding us with an expression which seemed to say, 'So I have caught you at it, have I?'

'A thousand pardons,' she exclaimed, 'for my mistake. Had I known that Mr. Hastings was so agreeably occupied I should not have thought of intruding upon him, but I supposed Miss Mowbray was alone. I have been looking for him, though, every-

where; for what purpose his guilty conscience, I am sure, will tell him.'

This young lady, I felt, allowed herself entirely too much freedom of manner; and the way in which she was laying siege to me and following me about, I thought, was actually indecent. I felt provoked at the interruption, and fear that in my inmost heart I was ungallant enough to wish her at—well, anywhere but where she was. I said, however, as politely as I could:

'I must ask your pardon, Miss de Clerval'—Mademoiselle would have stuck in my throat and choked me; 'but I did not think it was so late.'

'I don't doubt,' she remarked, with a sly smile, 'that you have found the time pass quickly, and should not think of tearing you away from such charming society, only—we are all ready, and waiting but your arrival.'

'Helen,' I said, turning towards her with a sort of forlorn hope, 'perhaps you can convince Miss de Clerval that I don't know how to sing.'

'Why, no, Marie,' she said, 'I know Mr. Hastings does not sing; and you are quite mistaken in supposing so.'

Bless her dear heart for those words!

'It is very clever of you to say so, Helen,' remarked Miss de Clerval, with a very significant smile; 'Mr. Hastings does not sing—that is not *to-day*. Now confess, Helen, that you are a little selfish in wishing to monopolize Mr. Hastings, and keep him all to yourself. Your little ruse is very clever, but really *ma chère*, I can see quite through it, and am not to be deceived.'

Gracious heavens! Was there absolutely no way of convincing this persistent young woman that really I did *not* know how to sing? And, actually, I was becoming so exasperated that a wild idea for an instant possessed me, of rushing into the parlour, and treating the company to a specimen of my vocal powers by bellowing them all deaf. Then possibly they might begin to entertain a suspicion that they had been but the victims of the wildest delusion.

But I had given my word, and I supposed there was no escape for me; for in the hands of this accomplished coquette, I was as pliant as wax.

'I will keep my promise to be present,' I said, 'but only as one of the audience. And Helen,' I added, with a laugh, 'if you will accompany me, perhaps our united efforts may be successful in disabusing the company of the idea that I am a sort of second Mario, as I have no doubt De Villefort has led them to believe.'

I had no sooner entered the parlour than I was greeted with such flattering exclamations as '*Il est arrivé, Il est venu*,' etc. My presence, in fact, seemed to afford the company the most unbounded delight; and three or four young ladies approached me, and one of them politely put into my hands a roll of music.

'What is this?' I feebly asked, with an air of utter helplessness.

'Your part; *votre rôle*,' responded a chorus of voices.

I turned the piece over several times; opened it upside down; reversed it; glared at it; folded it up again, and handed it back to the young lady from whom I had received it, and all with an air of such utter imbecility that it might seem as if I had not the first intelligent idea of what I was doing.

Helen, however, was at my side, and emboldened by her presence, knowing I could rely upon her for full corroboration, I informed the group that had gathered about me, that I was exceedingly sorry to disappoint them, but I knew nothing about music—not one note from another, in fact—and I would appeal to Miss Mowbray for confirmation of this statement, but with their kind permission I would take my seat among the audience, as I was excessively fond of music, though no musician myself, as I had said; and I doubted not I should greatly enjoy the performance.

Having thus, awkwardly enough, extricated myself from my embarrassing position, I was about to add, as a matter of mere politeness, a few words of apology for the disappointment I had occasioned them, when I happened to catch De Villefort's eye. He was regarding me with a villainous grin, so unmistakably expressive of the intense enjoyment my position was affording him, that, overcome by a sudden feeling of irresistible indignation and anger, I turned on my heel and walked off to another part of the room, without deigning another word.

Among the audience was that *bête noire* of my waking hours, Madame McMahon, and being compelled to pass close to her, to take my seat in the only chair remaining unoccupied, I heard her commenting in very audible Anglo-Saxon—probably for my especial benefit—upon the insufferable insolence of these 'Engleesh.' I gave her one glance of ineffable contempt—though my blood was boiling—and took my seat next to Monsieur de Clerval.

My defection, of course, caused some change in the programme, and during the interval, we conversed pleasantly together, he remarking, among other things, that he regretted to hear from Monsieur Mallet of our poor luck at fishing. He had caught, he informed me, some eighteen or twenty very fine trout. Possibly he thought it had been owing to the difference in our bait, as he had used the artificial fly, otherwise he could hardly account for our ill-success. I thought that I could, very well; but I left him to the undisturbed enjoyment of this pleasing delusion, as it would have been an act of cruelty—to myself—to have undeceived him.

The music was about to begin when a servant entered the room, and, approaching me with a small silver plate in his hand, presented me with a card. I lifted it off, and read upon it the name—Mr. John Briarton. The servant made some remark in French, which Monsieur de Clerval kindly interpreted for me as meaning that 'the gentleman was awaiting me in the blue drawing-room.'

Though possibly of all in the world the person whom I should have least cared to see, I was rather glad of this excuse to withdraw from the room; for, having been at first the observed of all observers, which was sufficiently embarrassing, I was sure, from the peculiar looks that were at times thrown upon me by several of the company, and by the exchange of low spoken words among them, that I was being made the subject of ill-natured remark, probably on account of my having excited expectations which I had failed to fulfil; so my position was disagreeable enough; and I was glad of any opportunity to escape from it.

My rising abruptly, just as the music began, of course drew every eye upon me, and so embarrassed me, that in taking a step I stumbled clumsily over Monsieur de Clerval's feet, and in the effort to regain myself, knocked my chair over. With a flaming countenance, and looking straight before me, to avoid the black looks of anger and displeasure, which I felt sure my awkwardness had drawn upon me, I managed to reach the door; but exactly how I accomplished it, I have only the mistiest recollection.

As I entered the room where Mr. Briarton was, he rose and observed, in a manner somewhat less stiff than formerly, I thought,

'I addressed a note to you this morning, Mr. Hastings, which ——'

'Which I received,' I said, cutting him short, for I was feeling thoroughly angry, and totally indisposed to show him the least courtesy, 'and permit me to add, sir, that I do not intend to discuss the subject further than to say, that, without considering myself in any way whatever accountable to you for the unfortunate mistake of last night, I propose to make at the earliest opportunity full explanation and apology to Mrs. Percival and her daughters; and you will oblige me by in-

forming them of my intentions in the that respect. I wish you good morning, sir.'

'Let us shake hands,' exclaimed Mr. Briarton, advancing towards me, as I was about to leave the room.

I paused involuntarily, and regarded him in astonishment. Had he taken leave of his senses; else how account for this sudden outburst of amiability?

'The fact is Mr. Hastings,' he said, actually with a smile, 'I came to offer you an apology.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, somewhat abashed at my former warmth of manner.'

'Yes, sir,' he continued, 'to offer you an apology. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Henry Mowbray this morning by a fortuitous but most felicitous chance, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus presented to explain everything to me in a manner eminently satisfactory. Again, I say, sir, let us shake hands upon the amicable termination of an affair, which you must admit, sir, wore at one time a highly threatening aspect, and which, sir, might have resulted in the most serious consequences, if not worse, to one or both of us. Once more, sir, I say, let us shake hands.'

'Oh! certainly,' I said, suiting the action to the word, sharing with him perhaps something like a vague feeling of relief that I had escaped the dangerous uncertainties which usually attend upon a couple of persons when in the attitude of confronting each other with loaded pistols in their hands, and so many measured feet of ground between them. For such his words had hinted at, I imagined.

'Perhaps, sir,' said Mr. Briarton, with a jocose air, 'you may be able to recognize that small article of portable property;' pointing towards a table in one corner of the room, upon which lay a hat.

'It looks like my hat,' I replied.

'It *is*, sir,' he said, 'and perhaps you may wonder how it came into my possession.'

'I was not aware that it had,' I said with a laugh, caused more by Mr. Briarton's queerness of manner than by his words.

'Oh, yes,' continued that gentleman, with an air of excessive good humour, 'but as you know, sir, it is usually considered that a fair exchange is no robbery, I do not intend to bring an action against you for *petit* larceny.'

I looked at him, thoroughly perplexed, and was about to ask him for an explanation of his words, when he sprung another of his conundrums upon me, saying,

'It may, perhaps, Mr. Hastings, have puzzled you to account for the way in which your name became known to me.'

'Well, no,' I replied, 'I hadn't really given it a thought.' And this he followed up with still another conundrum, by holding out towards me a small card, and observing, with an air of much humorous enjoyment.

'And it also perhaps may puzzle you to account for the manner in which I became possessed of this little article of personal property, which you may possibly be equally competent to identify.'

There was no perhaps about it. I *was* considerably puzzled. So much so, in fact, that the suspicion was creeping over me, that Mr. John Briarton was neither more nor less than an amiable lunatic, inclined to moroseness upon occasions, but perfectly harmless at all times.

'Yes,' I said, receiving it from him, 'it is one of my visiting cards.'

'This, sir,' he said, with the manner of a person who was endeavouring to repress his risibilities until he had reached the full climax of his joke; and pointing towards my hat, 'will explain that. I found this card in your hat where you left it last night, when you appropriated mine.'

'Oh, then,' I replied, reddening, though joining in the hearty laugh which my mistake occasioned him, 'I owe you an apology; so we can cry quits.'

The exuberance of spirits and good humour with which Mr. Briarton fairly seemed to bubble over—so entirely unlike his manner of the previous evening—I was quite at a loss to account for, except upon the supposition that actuated by his jealous fears of a possible rival in myself, he had been goaded to the point of at once bringing Miss Percival to terms, the terms being highly gratifying to himself, and it was to be supposed, to the young lady in question likewise.

'So we are to have the pleasure of seeing you again shortly,' he remarked with the most affable manner.

'Yes,' I replied; 'Miss Mowbray and myself promise ourselves the pleasure of a call upon Mrs. Percival this afternoon.'

'Miss Mowbray, I believe, is a particular friend of Miss Percival,' observed Mr. Briarton. 'Really charming young lady; do you not think so, sir?'

I replied that I certainly did think so.

'Such an eye; such dignity of bearing, such grace, and such wonderful vivacity! In short,' said Mr. Briarton, with the manner of a person who was imparting a secret in the strictest confidence, 'you behold before you, Mr. Hastings, the happiest man in the world.'

I did not exactly see the connection between the fact of Helen's undoubted desert of the encomium he had passed upon her, and that of his being the happiest man in the world, but I attributed the irrelevancy to the rapidity with which he glided from one subject to another.

'And her intellectual gifts too,' pursued Mr. Briarton with an air of the greatest satisfaction. 'That young lady, sir, has a mind that would do credit to an Hypatia, a Cleopatra, or any other illustrious female of antiquity, distinguished for her mental endowments. She is, sir, in a word, a most charming girl.'

I felt a little provoked at the rather familiar way in which I thought he had spoken of Helen, and I could not help saying with some slight displeasure.

'Permit me to remind you, Mr. Briarton, that girl is scarcely an appropriate term to apply to a lady who is but a few years my own junior, and I, I need hardly say, cannot be called a very young man.'

'Very good indeed, Mr. Hastings—capital!' he said, laughing as if he thought I had said something really very funny. 'But without intending the slightest personal reflection, sir, permit me to correct you by observing that the lady in question is considerably more your junior than by a few years only. If I cannot with exact truth, sir, say sweet sixteen, I may, however, veraciously remark, by the trifling addition of but two years, charming eighteen.'

'As a particular friend, Mr. Briarton, of that lady,' I said with considerable warmth, 'I cannot permit her to be triflingly spoken of. You must yourself, sir, see the impropriety of such remarks.'

'Your sentiments do you credit, sir,' he replied, 'and I doubt not would be highly appreciated by the lady herself. But be assured, sir, you are quite mistaken. Indeed, Mr. Hastings, it has always been a maxim with me that the male member of the firm hymeneal should invariably be, if not more than a day, the senior of his female partner, in order that he may properly maintain that position of superiority which the wisdom that cometh by greater number of years, but which is, in fact, the distinguishing endowment of his sex, justly entitles him to. These being my expressed sentiments, Mr. Hastings, it is scarcely to be expected that I should ally myself matrimonially with a lady who would be—again, sir, I assure you, I design no personal reflections—at least ten years my senior.'

Mr. Briarton, if in his right mind, was assuredly one of the most incomprehensible of rational beings; and I could not refrain from a hearty laugh

despite the displeasure his words had caused me, as I said:

'Pardon me, Mr. Briarton; but I fail to see exactly what your matrimonial opinions have to do with the matter. I am sure you do not wish to offend me; but it is not agreeable to me to have the lady made the subject of a joke.'

'My matrimonial opinions, sir?' he exclaimed, evidently much amused; 'it would be decidedly funny if I had no opinions whatever of my own upon a matter that so nearly concerns me. My matrimonial opinions, sir? They have everything to do with the matter. Inasmuch as that young lady is disposed to cast upon me the eye of connubial affection, I——'

'Mr. Briarton,' I exclaimed, now thoroughly angry, 'I can suffer this to to proceed no further. You may think it humour, sir, but it is misdirected and in exceedingly bad taste. It is very disagreeable to me; and I shall certainly not allow Miss Mowbray to be made the subject of any unbecoming jest in my presence.'

'Miss Mowbray!' he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; 'well that *is* good, I must say. I was speaking of Miss Percival, sir.'

'Oh!' I said, feeling exceedingly foolish, and reddening to the roots of my hair, 'I beg your pardon, but I really thought you were alluding to—to Miss Mowbray.'

Mr. Briarton burst into another hearty laugh. 'That *is* a joke,' he exclaimed. 'Let us shake hands upon the happy removal of this second misunderstanding.'

I again responded to this further manifestation of his friendliness, but with the secret feeling that if there were the slightest possibility of the successful consummation of my own highest hopes causing me to behave like this poor idiot, I might, perhaps, prefer to postpone it to an indefinite period of time.

'The ladies,' he said, 'will be delighted to see you, sir, and *I* shall have the pleasure of presenting you to your other self—your other self, sir,' and here again his risibilities quite overcame him, as if he had given expression to the funniest idea ever conceived.

'So Mr. Mortimer has arrived,' I remarked.

'He did, sir, shortly after your departure last night—fresh from the Exposition. Wonderful display, sir; wonderful! You may imagine our astonishment.'

Whether their astonishment was evoked by the wonderful display, or by the unexpected arrival of a second Mr. Mortimer, I did not trouble myself to inquire.

As Mr. Briarton was about to leave he regarded me with a peculiarly humorous twinkle of the eye, and said with the manner of a person who had reserved his best joke for the last,

'Excuse me, Mr. Hastings; but really—ha!—ha!—no offence meant I assure you, sir—I must beg you to give me timely warning when you open—ha! ha! ha!—your next bottle of champagne. It afforded us all the greatest amusement I assure you, sir; it positively did;' and indulging in another hearty outburst of laughter, probably to show me that he cherished no ill-feeling towards me upon the matter, he took his departure.

With the comforting assurance that I had made myself the laughing stock of the whole family, I returned to the drawing-room in no very pleasant mood, but with a feeling of relief at my deliverance from the society of this idiot; and I fear that the high opinion I entertained of Miss Percival was somewhat diminished at the thought of the very questionable taste that would lead her to link her fate and fortune with those of such a fool.

As I was leaving the room, my eye fell upon the card which he had returned to me; and as I took it up, I could not help thinking, had I only used it as I had intended, what trouble and vexation would have been spared me.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTRE DAME DES ANGES.*

BY 'FIDELIS.'

SOFTLY falls the July evening, in its fading fair and sweet,
Through the pine boughs gleams the river, flowing swiftly at our feet,
And the mazy islands, mirrored in its calm and quiet breast,
Seem enfolded in an atmosphere of heavenly peace and rest.
And the spirit of the Sabbath seems to rest on rock and tree,
On the woodland and the river, far as the eye can see;
Only the birds' sweet evensong in liquid music swells,
And, soft and faint, we catch the chime of distant Sabbath bells!
Yet, though the scene around us is fair as scene can be,
Our thoughts go wandering eastward as the river to the sea,
To where an old grey city sits throned in rugged state
And guards our noble river at its rocky entrance gate.
All stained with many a winter storm, she keeps her rocky hold,
With the mountains round about her, like Jerusalem of old,
While many a noble memory of siege and hard-won fight
Clings round those grim old ramparts like rays of sunset light.
Yet not to gallant deeds of arms upon the hard-fought field,
And not to knightly honours won where knightly foemen yield,
Does thought most reverently turn, when, from the ages' wreck,
We gather thy most precious things,—old chivalrous Quebec!
A nobler glory shines on thee, that time can ne'er efface,—
The glory of the Christian love that shed its tender grace
About the rude colonial life that kept its foothold here,
Through many a shock of savage arms and many a tempest drear.
On from embrasured rampart,—on from bastioned citadel,
The eye still travels onward, on one green spot to dwell,
Where winding in his silver curve, St. Charles tenderly
Seems to caress the meadows fair where best he loves to stray,
For there the rude stockaded huts and grass-thatched roofs arose
Of *Notre Dame des Anges*, where men who Christ's dear service chose,
Braved for His sake the bitter cold, privation, suffering, dread,
And even to the burning stake could follow where He led!
The huts and palisades are gone, no ruins mark the spot,
But graven stone or monument their memory needeth not;—
Brebœuf and Lallemant burned their names deep on our history's page,
Their martyr fires shall light the past for many a future age.
Their inmost faith is ours, and though *we* worship not as they,
Fain would we keep their spirit fresh in Canada to-day:—
No truer heroes ever found a grave beneath our sod,
Than these who sealed by life and death their love to man and God!

* See description of *Notre Dame des Anges* in the first chapter of Parkman's 'Jesuits in North America.'

THE DAWN OF ENGLISH ART.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VT.

I.

IT is to Hogarth that we must ascribe the honour of having been the true promoter of the Renaissance in England, as were Cimabue and Giotto in Italy. Before his time, English art was in its dawn; in fact art scarcely existed there save as an exotic.

Perhaps it may be considered a singular circumstance that art should have flourished at such an early date, not only in Italy and Spain, where climate and surroundings were congenial, but even in the gloomy Netherlands, and yet should have failed of any especial original development in England before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Yet such was the case. 'All the various schools of Italy, Spain, Flanders, Germany and Holland had bloomed and decayed, and the French school had attained a considerable development before a national school of English painting was so much as founded.'

But M. Taine says: 'A work of art is determined by an aggregate, which is the general state of the mind and surrounding circumstances, and that a certain moral temperature is necessary to develop certain talents; if this is wanting, these prove abortive; consequently, as the temperature changes, so will the species of talent change. And in every simple or complete state, therefore, the social medium, that is to say, the general state of mind and manners, determines the species of works of art, in suffering only those which are in harmony with it.' Thus we may be surprised that in the unpropitious Netherlands art should have flourished at such an early period; but M. Taine says, 'consider the German character;' he calls them 'the great labourers of the world.' 'In matters of intellect none can equal them,' he says. 'In erudition, in philosophy, in the most crabbed linguistic studies, in researches of the laboratory, in all science, in short, whatever stern, hard but necessary and preparatory work there is to be done, that is their province. Patiently they bide their time and work out the great problem of the universe.'

But, although national English art can only be said to begin with Hogarth, there were a few English painters before his time who claim a passing notice; and perhaps a brief account of the state of art in Great Britain before the eighteenth century may be of interest to the reader.

Mr. Vertue (to whom the antiquarian world owes many obligations for his valuable researches relating to the history of art) has taken great pains to prove that painting existed in England before the restoration of it in Italy by Cimabue. He says, 'if what we possessed of it in those ignorant times could be called painting, I suppose Italy and every nation in Europe retained enough of the deformity of the art to contest with us in point of antiquity. That we had gone backward in the science farther almost than any other country, is evident from our coins, on which there is no more human similitude than an infant's first scrawl of the profile of a

face; and so far, therefore, as badness of drawing approaches to antiquity or ignorance, we may lay our claim to very ancient possession.*

'As Italy has so long excelled us in the refinement of the art, she may leave us the enjoyment of original imperfection.'

Mr. Vertue says also that the earliest place in a catalogue of English painters is due to St. Wolstan, bishop of Worcester, in 1062, and to Ervenius or Erwen, his master, an illuminator of MSS.

In no country, however, has painting risen suddenly into eminence. 'The future Scott, Lawrence, or Chantrey, may be indicated afar-off in the barbarous ballads, drawings or carvings, of an early nation'—says Allan Cunningham. Coarse nature and crude simplicity are the commencement as elevated nature and elegant simplicity are the consummation of art. But poetry, painting, sculpture, and music are the natural offspring of the heart of man. They are found among the most barbarous nations, and they flourish among the most civilized. Arising not from necessity or accident, but entirely from nature, they can never be wholly lost to us, even in the most disastrous times. It is true that the poetry of barbarous nations is rude, and their attempts at painting uncouth, yet even in these we may recognise the foreshadowings of future excellence. In Great Britain, painting was centuries in throwing off the fetters of mere mechanical skill, and in rising into the region of genius.

The original spirit of England had appeared in many a noble poem, while the two sister arts were still servilely employed in preserving incredible legends, in taking the likeness of the last saint whom credulity had added to the calendar, and in confounding the acts of the apostles in the darkness of allegory.* Even when Cæsar landed in Great Britain, he found the inhabitants acquainted with the arts and arms; and his savage successors, the Saxons, added to their native ferocity a love of splendour and a rude sense of beauty still visible in the churches which they built, and the monuments which they erected to their princes and leaders.

'Their works were called ornamental, but the graces of true art, the truth of action and the dignity of sentimentality, are wanting,' says Allan Cunningham—'and they seem to have been produced by a sort of mechanical process, similar to that which creates figures in arras.'

Thus, as before remarked, as the conditions under which any work of genius can become possible, are a region and climate friendly to art; the stimulus of a beautiful landscape; and a keenly responsive æsthetic nature in the people. It is not strange that in those early times Great Britain should have failed to produce any very remarkable works of genius, nor that painting, which requires seclusion and repose for its development, should have made so little progress; for it was not likely to obtain patronage from a fierce nobility, whose time was mostly passed in warfare, and whose feet were seldom out of the stirrups.

All art was neglected, save that which embellished armour, and weapons, and military trappings. 'Elegance was drowned in absurd pomp, and luxury in grotesque extravagance.'

In fact, all the early works of art in Great Britain were from the hands of foreigners, for it was the interest

* The indefatigable labours of Mr. Vertue left nothing unexplored that could illuminate his subject, and led him to many particularities that are at least amusing. He had for several years been collecting materials for this work. He conversed with most of the virtuosi in England, and he noted down everything he heard from them. He visited every collection, attended sales, copied every paper he could find relating to the arts, and wrote down everything he heard, saw or read.

Mr. Vertue's collection of works on art amounted to nearly forty volumes.

* Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the British Painters.'

of Rome to supply the island with painters as well as priests, whose mutual talents and zeal might extend and embellish religion.

For many centuries the country continued in gross ignorance of all that genius, beauty, or grandeur gave to art. 'Now and then the effigy of a prince or an earl was painted, legends were imaged forth for the church, pageants were stitched and daubed for the nobles; stones were quarried for the manufacture of saints; trees cut down in the royal parks to be chipped into apostles; and art, to the ordinary eye, seemed in full employment. But of true art there was none.'

In the time of Henry III., however, there were a few painters of some originality, but the most valuable artists of that age in England were the illuminators of MSS.

Henry III., a good and pious king, founded many cathedrals and churches; he employed the crude talent of the natives in the building and embellishing of these cathedrals and palaces, and enriched them with sculpture and painting. He succeeded in attracting to his court some foreign artists, 'and the manufacture of saints and legends was carried on under the inspection of one Grillian, a Florentine.'

The royal instructions of 1233, are curious, and give us an insight into the character of art at that period, for in those early times the professional equipment of an English artist was curiously compounded. He was at once a carver of wood, a maker of figures, a house and heraldry painter, a carpenter, an architect, a goldsmith, an upholsterer, a mason, and sometimes too he was a tailor, for paintings and statues then were ordered exactly as tables and chairs are now.

There is extant a curious example of the character of the times, and a scale by which we can measure the public admiration of art. It is a contract between the Earl of Warwick and John Rag, citizen and tailor, London, in which the latter undertakes to execute the emblazonry of the earl's pageant in his office of ambassador to France.

In the tailors' bill, gilded griffins mingle with Virgin Marys; painted streamers for battle or procession with the twelve apostles; and 'one coat for his grace's body, lute with fine gold,' takes precedence of St. George and the dragon.*

From that period—the time of Henry III.—Mr. Vertue could discover no records relating to the arts for several reigns.

'In Italy,' he says, 'where the art of painting has been carried to an amazing degree of perfection, the lives of the painters have been written in numberless volumes, alone sufficient to compose a library. This country, which does not always err in vaunting its own productions, has not a single volume to show on the works of its painters. In truth it has very rarely given birth to a genius in that profession. Flanders and Holland have sent us the greatest men that we can boast, among whom are Holbein, Rubens and Vandyck.'

Horace Walpole, however, whom I shall repeatedly quote, goes so far as to ascribe the invention of oil painting to the English.

From the fact of a picture of Richard II. having been done at that time, with the words 'Invention of painting in oil, 1410,' affixed to it, he argues that Jan Van Eyck might have visited England and thus obtained the secret of oil-painting. The fact that Jan Van Eyck's name was found on the back of some old pictures at Chiswick, and one in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, seems to be a proof that he visited England, in which case, Horace Walpole says, it is highly probable that he learned the secret at that time.

During the long reign of Edward

* Allan Cunningham.

III., art and learning were much more in favour.

Mr. Vertue says: 'Many portraits are preserved at Windsor in illuminated MSS., and there is also a portrait taken from a bust of the same age, the face of which is far from being executed in a contemptible manner.'

The King encouraged poetry and learning; a better taste and less barbaric splendour distinguished the court; the country became rich as well as powerful, and the martial barbarism of the preceding reigns was toned down into something like elegance.

The art of painting during the reign of Edward the Black Prince partook of the warlike spirit of the King. 'The royal commissions for saints, virgins and apostles, gave way to orders for gilded armour, painted shields, and emblazoned banners. St. Edward was less in request than St. George.' During the civil wars which succeeded, art continued to work patiently at its old manufacture. No new paths were explored, and the painter seemed to have no other aim than that of reproducing the resemblance of that which had preceded him.

Those works were the first blind groping of art after form and colour. The faces were without thought, the limbs without proportion, and the draperies without variety.

But, during the next century, the demand for saints and legends began to diminish somewhat, and a more rational taste to dawn. Portraits were frequently attempted: they were grim and grotesque, it is true, but they showed glimpses of feeling and truth of character which distinguish true works of art. . . . . About this time another branch of art, in what was thought to be a far humbler pursuit, began to make rapid progress, and to rise in importance.

The illustration of missals, and of books of chivalry and romance, became a favourite pursuit with the nobles and a lucrative employment to artists. Many of these illuminations were beautiful; 'but their beauty was less that of sentiment than of colour.' The drawings were often stiff, but many of the ornaments were painted in good taste and highly finished. In some of the finest illuminations there was a vivid richness and delicacy of hue approaching the lustre of oil-painting.

'They are valuable also for their evidence of the state of art, for the light which they throw on the general love of mankind for literature, and for the information which they indirectly convey concerning the condition of our courts and nobles,' says Allan Cunningham.

They were richly bound and clasped with silver or gold, and deposited in painted cabinets and in tapestried rooms. They were exhibited on great occasions, and their embossed sides and embellished leaves were admired by nobles, knights and poets. They were the pride, and formed part of the riches, of their possessors.

'The art of printing and the Reformation threw these illuminated rarities first into the shade, and afterwards into the fire. The zeal of the reformers was let loose upon the whole progeny of the Church of Rome, and *wooden saints and gilded missals served to consume one another.*' The manufacture of tapestry also aided in diffusing a love of painting over the country, and was carried to a high degree of perfection. The ladies of rank worked at it with their own hands, and the rich purchased it in great quantities to adorn their churches and palaces. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry VIII., but it was probably well known and in general use much earlier. The traditional account that the English learned it from the Saracens has, probably, some foundation.* But as painting rose in fame,

* Allan Cunningham's 'Lives of the British Painters.'

tapestry sunk in the estimation of the people, and by degrees the fanciful creations of the loom vanished from the walls of the palaces and churches, and the art is now neglected.

But all this time painting was slowly gaining ground, till in the reign of Henry VI., England really possessed one celebrated artist of her own. This was William Austen, the founder and the artist of the famous monument to Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick,* in St. Mary's Church, at Warwick, a work which shows Austen to have been little inferior to his celebrated Italian contemporaries, Donatello and Ghiberti.

Henry VII. was one of the first British monarchs, who paid any attention to the arts or encouraged painting; he employed some distinguished foreign artists, among whom Jan Mabuse was the principal.

In the time of Henry VIII., and later, in the reigns of the Charles', the munificence of those sovereigns attracted to their courts some few celebrated artists of the Dutch school, among whom were Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyck, all of whom did much to enrich the country with beautiful works of art. Henry VIII. in imitation of his rivals, Charles V. and Francis I., was very anxious to be considered a patron of the fine arts. He therefore invited Raphael as well as several others of the great Italian masters over to England, offering them great inducements if they would settle in the country. A few of the lesser luminaries really left the sunny skies of Italy for a time, and accepted the generous patronage of the English king.

Holbein was certainly the greatest artist who visited the English court in Henry's reign; and what the Italian masters accomplished in Spain and France was done by Flemish and German masters in England.

Holbein came to England with a portrait of Erasmus, and a letter of introduction from that great scholar to Sir Thomas Moore, who received him very kindly, giving him apartments in his house at Chelsea, and employing him to paint the portrait of himself, his family and friends.* Having enriched his apartments with the productions of Holbein, Sir Thomas adopted an expedient to introduce him to Henry VIII. He arrranged the pictures in the great hall in an advantageous manner, and invited the king to an entertainment. On entering, his Majesty was so impressed with the beauty and merit of the productions, that he anxiously enquired for the artist. Holbein was then presented to the king, who immediately took him into his service, giving him apartments in the palace with a liberal pension, besides the price of his pictures.† Holbein painted the king several times, and also the principal personages of the court. He is chiefly distinguished as a portrait painter, although he was not exclusively such. He painted in oil, in distemper and in water colours, and he also excelled in wood-engraving, of which works the most important are a set of wood-cuts, entitled 'The Dance of Death,' after his own designs, consisting of fifty-three small upright plates.

One of the finest of the great painters' works is the portrait of Morett, the jeweller of Henry VIII., now in the Dresden Gallery, where it was long miscalled a Leonardo da Vinci.

The so-called Meyer Madonna, also in the Dresden Gallery, representing the family of the Burgomaster Meyer, is probably a copy of the Darmstadt picture of the same subject.‡

Many ordinary English painters imitated the great German master; but although numerous pictures said to have been Holbein's, have been handed down to succeeding generations, the

* Richard, Earl of Warwick, died in 1439.

* Holbein was born at Basle, in 1498.

† Spooner's 'History of Art.'

‡ Wormin's 'Epochs of Painting.'

names of these painters have not been preserved, and it is not till we come to the Elizabethan age, that we meet with the first really good English portrait-painter, Nicholas Hilliard, who was born in 1547. Hilliard was chiefly a miniature painter; he painted Mary Queen of Scots, and also Queen Elizabeth; he continued in vogue during the reign of King James, and a great number of portraits from his hand are still extant. Several were exhibited in the first National Portrait Gallery in 1866, and are highly prized by connoisseurs, possibly more on account of their variety and curiosity than from their intrinsic merit as works of art.

During the reign of Charles I., who was a noted patron of art, Rubens and Vandyke came over to the English court, and were generously patronized by the king. Rubens did a great deal for the encouragement of art in Great Britain. He was the son of a distinguished magistrate in Antwerp, and was born in 1577. He was sent to England on a secret mission by the Infanta Isabella of Spain, to ascertain the disposition of the government on the subject of peace. The King, Charles I., who, as before remarked, was an ardent lover of the fine arts, received the illustrious painter with every mark of distinction, and immediately employed him in painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where he represented the apotheosis of his father, James I., for which he received £3000.

In one of the frequent visits with which the king honoured him during the execution of the work, Rubens alluded with great delicacy and address to the subject of a peace with Spain, and finding the monarch not averse to such a measure, he immediately produced his credentials. Charles at once appointed some members of his council to negotiate with him, and a pacification was soon effected. The king was so highly pleased with the artist's paintings, and particularly with his conduct in this diplomatic emergency, that he gave him a munificent reward, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood. He also presented the painter with his own sword, enriched with diamonds; his hat-band of jewels, and a gold chain which Rubens always wore.

Rubens painted the portrait of Charles I. when in England, and also that of his Queen, Henrietta Maria.

Vandyke, another eminent Flemish artist, was the son of a glass-painter of Antwerp, and was born in 1599.

Hearing of the great encouragement extended to the Arts by Charles I., he determined to visit England. He went to London in 1629, expecting to be presented to the king, but his hopes not being realized he crossed over to Paris, and from there returned to Antwerp. Charles, however, having seen a portrait by Vandyke of the musician Laniere, requested Sir Kenelm Digby to invite him to return to England. Accordingly, in 1631, he arrived a second time in London, and was received by the king in a most flattering manner. He was lodged at Blackfriars, where His Majesty frequently went to sit for his portrait, as well as to enjoy the society of the artist. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1632, and in the following year he was appointed painter to the king. Prosperity now flowed in upon the artist in abundance, and although he worked with the greatest industry, often painting a portrait in a day, he never could fulfil all his commissions! Fond of display, he kept a splendid establishment, and his sumptuous table was frequented by persons of the highest distinction.

As he was anxious to execute some great work in England, he proposed to the king to decorate the walls of the Banqueting House (of which the ceiling was already adorned by Rubens) with the history and procession of the Order of the Garter; but the project was put an end to by his death. Vandyke took a high place in portrait painting; he was unrivalled for the delicate beauty of the hands

and was a perfect master of drawing and *chiaro-oscuro.* 'Man in his noblest form and attitude was ever present to his fancy, for no one has ever equalled him in depicting manly dignity. All his men are of robust intellect, for he is a painter of mind more than of velvet or silk, yet he throws a cloak over a cavalier with a grace that few have attained.'

'Vandyke's pictures,' observes Barry, 'are not less remarkable for the truth, beauty and freshness of the tints than for the masterly manner of their handling or execution.'

His attitudes are graceful and natural, and although he seldom flatters, his portraits impress one with the feeling that he has not only selected the most suitable attitude for his figures, but that he has chosen the best view of the countenance. Reynolds says of the St. Sebastian and Susanna in the Dusseldorf Gallery, that 'they were done when he was very young; he never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring; it kills everything near it. This is Vandyke's first manner, when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the *sun in the room;* in his pictures afterwards he represented common *daylight.*'

There are some very fine portraits by him of distinguished personages, besides the Royal Family, in the mansions of the English nobility.* Charles I. had made a very fine collection of the works of the old masters; his galleries and cabinets were filled with all the monuments of genius which he could procure in other countries or his own. He treated with the greatest attention all the foreign artists who visited the English Court, as before remarked, and introduced their productions into his palaces. Inigo Jones was his architect, and Vandyke was his painter.

Of the contents of King Charles's galleries, we have various accounts, but all agree that they contain many works of very high talent. The merit, however, of commencing this royal collection is due to Henry the Eighth. It contained in his time one hundred and fifty pictures, including miniatures; and when we reflect on the deficiency of public taste, we cannot but feel that he did much for art. The influence of a king of true taste, like Charles, was soon visible in the nation and the collection of paintings commenced by Henry was greatly increased under Charles' supervision.

Foreign countries, knowing the King's refined taste, now propitiated the English court with gifts of the fairest works of art. The States of Holland sent Tintorellos and Titians. The King of Spain presented the Cain and Abel of John of Bologna, with Titian's Venus del Pardo; and other States courted Charles by gifts of a similar nature, though of less value. He employed skilful painters to copy what he could not purchase. Through the interposition of Rubens, he obtained the cartoons of Raphael, and by the influence of the Duke of Buckingham, the collection of the Duke of Mantua, containing eighty-two pictures, principally by Julio Romano, Titian and Correggio. Thus the great gallery of Whitehall was rendered a place of general attraction, and there the king was oftener to be found than in his own apartments, as well as all who loved or encouraged art.

The gallery of Whitehall contained in all four hundred and sixty pictures, mostly by the finest artists. Correggio, Romano, Permegiano, Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Tintoretto, Leonardo da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Vandyke, and Holbein were represented, and all were the private property of the king, who considered this noble gallery but as the commencement of one much more valuable and magnificent; and throughout his life he continued to collect materials with taste and enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, his munificence did

* Spooner's 'History of Art.'

not succeed in calling into being one good English painter, unless we except William Dobson, who gained the title of the English Vandyke.

He was articled to Sir Robert Peake, a painter and picture dealer, with whom Dobson's chief education consisted in copying the works of Titian and Vandyke. Vandyke seeing some pictures by this artist exposed for sale in a shop window, sought him out, and found him living in a miserable garret; he relieved his necessities, and generously recommended him to Charles, who took him into his employment, and on the death of that great artist, appointed him his sergeant painter, with a pension of £300 a year.

Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks of him as one of the greatest artists England had produced. 'His touch was bold and free; his colouring warm and harmonious,' says Reynolds. His works were highly esteemed, and are to be found only in the public galleries and among the collections of the nobility of England. Dobson was the painter of several good historical pieces, as well as portraits. Two fine examples of his work were exhibited at Manchester in 1857—Sir Charles Cottrill, master of ceremonies to Charles I., and Sir Balthazar Gerbier in the same piece.*

Robert Walker, another very good artist in the time of Cromwell, comes next.

He had a clever manly touch, without much refinement of colouring or glazing, says Wormin, and his head of Cromwell in the Pitti Palace, where it has been attributed to Lely, is the work of a ready master. The Duke of Tuscany's agent paid £500 for this portrait in Cromwell's life time, which was then considered a great price.

In the time of Charles II, the Vandervelds, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, were the favoured masters of the day, and we are told that 'the few common-place painters, whom England then produced, assiduously copied the manner of these much belauded foreigners.' Richard Gibson, the dwarf, was born in 1615, and died in 1690.

He was one of Lely's imitators; he had considerable reputation as a painter, but excelled chiefly in water colours; there is a great drawing of Queen Henrietta by him, at Hampton Court. The Parable of the Lost Sheep, which was the innocent cause of Vandervoorst's death, was one of his best productions.

Abraham Vandervoorst was the keeper of the king's collections, and prepared a catalogue of his pictures as they were arranged in the palace, at Whitehall; he was also Charles' medallist, and he appears to have enjoyed a distinct salary of forty pounds a year for each office. These favours seem to have made Vandervoorst very nervous. The king had requested him to take particular care of a miniature, by Gibson, the Parable of the Lost Sheep, alluded to above; poor Vandervoorst put it away so carefully that when Charles asked him for it he could not find it, and in despair he hanged himself: it was, however, found after his death.

George Jameson, called, by Walpole, the Scottish Vandyke, was another good painter of the time. He was a fellow-pupil with Vandyke in the school of Rubens, at Antwerp, about the year 1616. He had quite a successful career, and was noticed especially by Charles I., who visited Edinburgh in 1633, and sat to Jameson for his portrait, with which the king was so well pleased that he presented the painter with a diamond ring.

Charles the Second's Riley was one of the best native painters that England had produced. Horace Walpole says, 'I have seen draperies and hands painted by Riley that would do honour to either Lely or Kneller.

Riley was born in 1646, but received little notice till the death of Sir Peter Lely, when one of the courtiers being

* Wormin's 'Epochs of Painting.'

persuaded to sit to him, the picture was shown to the king. Charles himself then sat to him, but this almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing his profession. Looking at the picture, the king exclaimed, 'Is this like me? then odds fish, I am an ugly fellow!' This discouraged Riley so much that he could not bear to finish the picture.

James and his Queen sat to him; so did their successors, and appointed him their painter: he gained considerable reputation, and had a fine collection of pictures, drawings, etc.

Sir Peter Lely was of a Dutch family, and was born in Westphalia, in 1618. His real name was Vanden Fals, and his father was a 'captain of foot,' who, having chanced to be born in rooms over a perfumer's shop, which bore the sign of a lily, took, fantastically enough, the name of Du Lys, or Lely, which he transmitted to his son.

The younger Lely came to England in 1641, the year of Vandyke's death, and became a celebrated painter of women. His works are characterized by a beautiful colouring and graceful attitude. Vandyke was his model, but far inferior to that celebrated artist in simplicity, elevation of design, and purity of colour, 'he endeavoured to supply his want of taste with affectation and *clinquant*.'

'His nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. His habits were a sort of fantastique night-gown, with a single pin.' He was, in truth, the ladies' painter, as most of his portraits were ladies and very beautiful. No one knew better than he how to paint 'the sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul,' 'the cheek of cream,' and the delicate hands, some of his female portraits rivalling those of Vandyke. His style is well illustrated in the so-called Beauties of Charles II., of which one of the best pictures is the Princess Mary as Diana.

Samuel Pepys says, in his memoirs, that he called at Mr. Lely's, who was 'a mighty proud man and full of state,' where he saw the Duchess of Cleveland 'sitting in a chair, dressed in white satin; also Lady Castlemain, a most blessed picture, of which he was resolved to have a copy.'

Lely was commissioned to paint the portrait of Cromwell, who said to the artist, 'Mr, Lely, I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything as you see me; otherwise I never will pay one farthing for it.'

At last Lely was appointed Court painter to Charles II., who, also, conferred on him the order of knighthood. He amassed a large fortune, gained a great reputation, and was for many years the most eminent painter in England. Of the numerous works which he painted, upwards of seventy are still in Great Britain—portraits of ladies of rank and note, and men of birth or genius.

It was at this time, during the reign of Charles II., that allegory became the fashion, and walls, ceilings, and staircases were profusely decorated with the most unmeaning classical and so-called historical subjects, 'in which real historical characters in wonderful costumes were represented with the attributes of the gods, surrounded by impersonated virtues, and gods and goddesses, shepherds and shepherdesses, swains and nymphs, disporting themselves in foolish wantonness over acres of canvass.'*

The Italian Verrio was the first to introduce these wonderful 'historico-allegorico-mural' decorations. Charles II., wishing to revive the manufacture of tapestry at Mortlake, sent over to England for Verrio; but, changing his purpose after the painter's arrival, consigned Windsor to his charge instead.

Horace Walpole says of him, 'Antonio Verrio was an excellent painter for those things for which he was em-

* Mrs. Heaton.

ployed; *i. e.* without much invention; and with less taste his pencil was ready at pouring out gods, goddesses, kings, emperors, and triumphs over those public surfaces on which the eye never rests long enough to criticize, and where one would be sorry to place the works of a better master, I mean ceilings and staircases. The New Testament or the Roman history cost him nothing for ultramarine; that, and marble columns and marble steps he never spared.

The first picture Verrio drew for the king, was his majesty in naval triumph in the public dining-room in Windsor Castle. He painted most of the ceiling there, one whole side of St. George's Hall, and the Chapel. On the ceiling of the former he painted the Earl of Shaftesbury in the character of Faction dispersing libels; on another ceiling he revenged a private quarrel with the housekeeper, Mrs. Marriot, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies. With still greater impropriety he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and one or two other friends in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.*

The king paid him generously for his work, giving him large sums of money for much worthless decoration, which has now almost entirely disappeared. He also gave the artist lodgings at Hampton Court, a pension of £200 a year, and a place as master gardener.

Verrio was extravagant, and kept a fine stable, and often pressed the king for money with a freedom which his majesty's own weakness indulged. He went one day to the king to ask for money as usual, but, finding his master occupied with business; he waited a little at the door. His majesty seeing him, called out, what is it Verrio, what do you want now? 'Some more money your majesty,' replied the artist. 'More money,' called out the king, 'why I thought I gave you £1000 only last week; at this rate it costs you more to support your household, than it does me mine.' 'Well, but your majesty does not have to keep a public table as I do,' replied Verrio; the king laughed and gave him the money. On the accession of James II., Verrio was again employed at Windsor. He painted the king and several of his courtiers in the hospital of Christ's Church, London. He has placed his own portrait in the room where he represented the history of Mars and Venus; and for the Bacchus bestriding a hogshead, he has, according to his usual style, borrowed the countenance of a *dean*, with whom he was at variance. At last he condescended to serve King William and was sent to Hampton Court, 'where among other things, he painted the great staircase, and as ill as if he had spoiled it out of principle,' we are told. But his mural decorations continued in fashion for many years, and were the admiration of all the young artists of his time.

Sir Godfrey Kneller was another favourite master of the period. He is said 'to have united the greatest vanity and the most consummate negligence of character; at least where he offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre; and he met with customers of so little judgment, that they were fond of being painted by a man who would gladly have disowned his works the moment they were paid for.' In fact he was so covetous that he made his reputation subservient to his fortune. 'Historic painters,' said he, 'make the dead live. I paint the living and they make *me* live.' And this was the reason he gave for preferring portraiture. Sir Godfrey's father was an architect of Lübeck, who intended his son for the military profession* With this view he sent the youth to London to study mathematics and fortification. But young Godfrey showed such a great taste for painting, that

* Horace Walpole.

* Sir Godfrey Kneller was born in 1648.

his father allowed him to follow the natural bent of his genius, and when he was seventeen sent him to Rome, where he became the pupil of Carlo Maretti, and afterwards of Bernini. He then went to Venice, where he received great attention from the principal families among the nobility, for whom he painted some portraits which were much admired. After he had completed his studio, he went to England, as he had heard 'that England contained the golden fleece for the Jason of portraiture.'

The secretary of the Duke of Monmouth, having seen some of Kneller's portraits, sat to him for his picture, which, on being shown to the duke, the latter was so much pleased with it that he sat for his own, and induced the king, his father, Charles II., to have his portrait painted by the same artist. But the king had promised the Duke of York his picture, to be painted by Sir Peter Lely, and, unwilling to go through the ceremony of a double sitting, he proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time.

Lely, as much the older man and the established painter, took the light and station he preferred. Kneller took the next best, and went to work with so much expedition that he had nearly finished his portrait when Lely had only laid on his dead colouring. This novelty pleased, and Kneller immediately found himself in possession of great reputation and abundant employment; and the great number of portraits he painted proves the stability of his reputation.

He had the honour of painting ten sovereigns—King William, the Czar Peter, Charles II., James II. and Queen, William and Mary, Queen Anne, George I., Louis XIV., and the Emperor Charles V. In fact, all the sovereigns of his time, all the noblemen of the court, all the men of genius in the kingdom, and almost all the ladies of rank or of beauty in England, sat for their portraits. When he painted the head of Louis XIV., the king asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him. Kneller modestly replied, that if His Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might make a drawing for himself, he should consider it the highest honour he could receive. The king complied with his request, and the painter drew him on grey paper with black and white chalk. Kneller painted Dryden in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work. The poet repaid this by an epistle containing encomiums such as few painters deserve:

> 'Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
> That nature seems obedient to thy will,
> Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught,
> Lives there, and wants but words to speak the thought.'

To the incense of Dryden was added that of Pope, Addison, Prior, Ticknell, and Steele. No wonder the artist was vain! says Allan Cunningham. However, the vanity of Kneller was redeemed by his naïveté, and rendered pleasant by his wit. 'Dost thou think, man,' said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil, 'dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No! God Almighty only makes painters.'

When Kneller heard that Jervas, who was a very pompous man, had set up a carriage with four horses, he said, 'Ah, mine Got, if his horses do not draw better than he does, he will never get to his journey's end.'

After the death of Lely, Kneller stood at the head of the profession in England, and his character was made so conspicuous by the many royal favours heaped upon him that it is not at all strange that he met with the great encouragement he did. In those days, kings governed the fashions, and fashions always govern the world. Sir Godfrey Kneller was the *fashion*; therefore it is not surprising that he became very rich and married a high-born English lady. He left no family, however, to succeed to his wealth and

country-seat of Whitton. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted, in 1692, and presented with a gold medal and chain, worth £300.

Of all his works, Sir Godfrey was most proud of the 'Converted Chinese,' at Windsor; but the series of forty-three portraits, known as the 'Kit-Cat Club,' is, perhaps, the most popular. That Kneller possessed powers of a high order is admitted by his severest critics, for some of his best portraits are painted in a masterly manner; but his most sincere admirers, who are good judges, acknowledge that the greater part of his works are a disgrace to himself and his patrons.*

Kneller lived to paint George I., and continued in favour throughout his reign.

Both of the Vandeveldes were, from 1675, established in England in the service of Charles II. and James II., each with an allowance of £100 a year. The son made pictures from the drawings of the father, as the elder Vandevelde was paid for making draughts of sea-fights, and the son for putting the said draughts into colours. The drawings they generally made on prepared canvass in pen and ink. The sea-pieces at Hampton Court, painted in 1676-82, are probably their joint productions.

William Vandevelde the elder, was born at Leyden, in 1610, but settled in Amsterdam, and acquired great distinction there, executing many works for the Dutch Government. His pictures now seem to be very scarce. Among the most important works of William Vandevelde, the son, are the following large sea-pieces:—'A Storm Rising,' at Bridgewater House, and 'A Calm,' at Manchester House.

The National Gallery possesses two cabinet pieces of great beauty, equally chacteristic, showing the same contrast of calm and storm, and both signed W. V. V.†

Joseph Highmore, a good portrait, but an indifferent historical painter, was likewise a pupil and imitator of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was a man of great general acquirements; he had considerable anatomical knowledge, and made the drawings for Cheselden's Treatise on Anatomy; we owe to him also, says Wormin, one of the best works on perspective—'The Practice of Persptive, on the Principles of Dr. Brook Taylor, in a series of examples from the most simple and easy to the most complicated and difficult.'

Thomas Hudson was a portrait painter, who was all the fashion at one time. He was the scholar and afterwards the son-in-law of Richardson (of whom I shall speak hereafter), and was the first man of his profession after the retirement of his father-in-law. He was the instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who afterwards, by effecting a revolution in the English art, overthrew the popularity of Hudson. The latter left off the practice of his profession, and retired to his villa at Twickenham, where he remained for the rest of his life.

But with the accession of the Georges to the English throne, a more active era in painting had commenced, and the foreign artists were from this time gradually but steadily superseded by native talent, which, both in quality and quantity, soon completely surpassed that of the foreigner.

Laguerre, Dahl, Denner, the miniature painter Amegourie, and Jean Baptiste Vanloo, were the last of the host of foreign artists who reaped a harvest in England. Laguerre was a pupil of Le Brun, and the assistant and imitator of Verrio, with whose name his will be preserved long after their paintings shall have disappeared, both being immortalized by that well-known line of Pope's—

* Spooner's 'History of Art.'

† Wormin.

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

'The same redundancy of history and fable is displayed in the works of both; the same amount of *torsos* and flaunting drapery and angels, with wide-spreading wings.'

Laguerre being born in Paris, in 1663, Louis XIV. did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name.

He there studied in the Royal Academy of Painting. In 1683 he came to England with a painter by the name of Ricard, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him a great part of the large pictures in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and succeeded so well that he afterwards obtained a great many commissions, and executed numerous halls, ceilings, and staircases, particularly at Lord Exeter's, at Burlington, the staircase at old Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and a good many rooms at Marlborough House, in St. James' Park.

King William gave him lodgings at Hampton Court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in *chiaro oscuro*, and being appointed to repair those valuable pictures, 'The triumph of Julius Cæsar,' by Andrea Mantegna, he had the judgment to imitate the style of the original instead of new-coating them in vermilion and ultramarine, a fate that befel Raphael, even from the pencil of Carlo Marratti.*

Laguerre was at first chosen to decorate the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, but was set aside by the prevailing interest of his rival, Sir James Thornhill, though Sir Godfrey Kneller—through pique to Thornhill—employed him to paint the staircase of his house, at Wilton, where Laguerre distinguished himself beyond his common performances.

In 1711, he was made director of an academy of painting in London, and would have been chosen governor on the resignation of Kneller had he not been defeated again by his rival Thornhill. 'In fact he was,' says Vertue, 'a modest unintriguing man; God had made him a painter and there left him.

Charles Jervas was another popular painter in the time of George I.

Horace Walpole says, 'No artist of so much eminence as Jervas is taken so little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums. One would think Vertue forsaw how little curiosity posterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed them such wretched daubings. Yet, between the badness of taste of the time, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession, and his own vanity thought no encomiums disproportionate to his merits.' Yet he is said to have been defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most essential talent of a portrait painter, likeness. In general, his pictures were a light, flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as life.' It is a well-known story of him that, having succeeded in copying (he thought in surpassing) a picture of Titian's, he looked first at the one and then at the other, and then, with the greatest complacency, exclaimed, 'Poor little Tit.! how he would stare!'

But what principally recommends the name of Jervas to posterity was his intimacy with Pope, and by that partial man was artistically much overrated, being at the best, we are told, 'but a weak, diaphanous enlarger of fans and fire screens.'

He was, for a long time very much in love with Lady Bridgewater; having ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes. So entirely did the lovely lady possess his imagination that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble Lady Bridgewater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him for her picture, he ran over the beauties of

* Horace Walpole.

her face with rapture, 'but,' said he, 'I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear!' 'No,' said Lady Bridgewater; 'pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?' He turned aside his cap, and showed his own.* Jervas studied under Sir Godfrey Kneller for some time; he was permitted to copy what he pleased in the royal collection, and to take copies also from the cartoons at Hampton Court.

The friendship of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank, extended his reputation, to which the *Tattler*, No. 8, contributed considerably, calling him 'the last great painter that Italy has sent us' (he was born in Italy). His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called Raphael's earthern-ware, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings, by Fiamingo, were sold after his death. But, we learn that most of those deathless beauties, whom Pope promised his friend 'should bloom in his colours for a thousand years,' have met the usual fate, and perished among the lumber of garrets long ere this.

'Another master of the time, Jonathan Richardson,' says Walpole, 'was undoubtedly one of the best painters of heads that had appeared in England.' He was a pupil of 'Charles the Second's Riley'—with whom he lived for years, and whose niece he married.

According to Walpole, his heads were distinguished for vigour and boldness of colouring, as well as freedom and firmness of execution; but his pictures were destitute of imagination, and his attitudes, draperies and backgrounds were totally insipid; nevertheless, his paintings were above the average mediocrity of his contemporaries. As an art-critic he was perhaps the most original that England had yet produced. He published some essays on 'The Whole Art of Criticism,' which may still be read with profit; his writings were considered more matter of fact and comprehensive than any others in the English language. One of his reasons for writing, he said, was to correct a *false taste*.

He was not a highly educated man, but had given his son a university training, and once making use of the expression that he looked at classical literature through his son, Hogarth drew Richardson, Jun., impaled *with a telescope*, the sire peeping through it at a copy of Virgil.

The taste and learning of the son are visible in the joint works he produced with his father. Besides the 'Art Criticisms,' they published 'An Argument in Behalf of the Science of a Connoisseur,' and, in 1722, brought out 'An Account of some of the Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings and Pictures in Italy, with remarks by Richardson.' As there was a good deal of singularity in his style and expression, those peculiarities struck superficial readers, and between the envious and jealous the book was much ridiculed. There were a few paintings and drawings by his son, for he painted a little too, and considered himself a connoisseur in Art. Richardson had a great collection of drawings, the sale of which lasted eighteen days.

At the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1842, a picture of Horace Walpole by him was bought by the Earl of Waldegrave for one hundred guineas.

Richard Wilson, Francis Hayman, the recorder of the old splendours of Vauxhall, and one of the first members of the Royal Academy; Allan Ramsay Kent, art referee in general; and Sir James Thornhill, the successor and imitator of Verrio; end this line of mediocrities, and bring us down to the date when, for the first time English Art began to be something more than a mere name.

*[Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting.'

LAKE ONTARIO.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

AS oft we fly in fancy's wayward dream
From wonders near to loveliness unseen,
And lakes, skies, mountains unfamiliar, seem
More fair than aught the actual sight may gleam,
So I in thought a wanderer have been,
And feel my longings with the mystery
Of scenes far distant, beauties more serene,
Till waking suddenly, I gazed on thee
Oh, loved Ontario, and knew thy majesty.

No petty lake thou seemest, hid away,
Flower-gemmed and shadow-haunted, 'midst the trees ;—
More like a Titan in thy mighty play,
And godlike in thine anger when the breeze,
Fresher and fresher blows, until one sees
Thee rent as human hearts by miseries,
The smiles, the calm that gentle bosoms please,
Fade, while the waves, white-capped, and stormy, rise
And shriek into the gloom that shrouds thee from the skies.

And Nature, cunning sorc'ress with delight
Her varied spells flings o'er thy waters free,
Till we behold thee flush'd with sunset bright,
Or sparkling in the morn's glad jubilee ;
But most night makes a solemn haunt of thee,
When through Heaven's vault the watchful stars hang clear,
So wondrous clear, it seems that, longingly,
Each would sink downward like a glorious tear
And in thy peaceful breast forever disappear.

Nor in rude terrors are thy shores arrayed,
Nor rock nor chasm a lonely grandeur sheds,
It is as Nature here soft touches laid,
Bidding the mountains lift their distant heads,
A gentle beauty with thy changes weds,
Low hills that tell the fertile soil beneath,
While as a girdle round thee verdure spreads,
Till the soft plains with fancied odours breathe,
And smiling groves a pleasant memory bequeath.

A change doth come upon them when the air
Through a soft haze transmits the golden ray,
And deeper, deeper grow the sunsets fair
Till it is grief to link them with decay,

And earth, grown envious, paints in colours gay
Her drooping foliage, till from Heaven the hues
Seem caught by Nature and far, far away
Red, gold and crimson glowing tints diffuse,
Till, spell-bound rapt, the death that lurks beneath we lose.

Beauty and grandeur thine associates are
And wed to thee was solitude of old,
When Ocean held us in our homes afar
Knowing thee not, what ages hast thou rolled
And to lone shores thy changeful story told?
Sure thou was wrought for giants, not for men,
Thou and thy sister lakes, and rivers bold,
Vast woods and plains that stretch beyond our ken,
A splendour on us bursts that mocks both sight and pen.

Yet man was with thee; see the light canoe
That noiseless darts from out the wooded shore,
The fierce dark eye that sweeps the covert through
Ere the wild owner leaps upon the strand,
The Indian knew thee, with his dusky band:
Oft on thy shores his wandering steps he stay'd,
Cleft thy blue waters with unerring hand,
Or raised the deadly whoop, in peaceful glade,
Such was he then, but now in waning fears arrayed.

Our chain is on him, and he knows decay;
His step fades from the land he called his own;
His were the lakes, the torrents, and his sway,
Rude and unlicensed o'er the plains was thrown,
We brought him culture, peace, strange arts unknown,
To tame his savageness and make him mild,
And now behold him, how degraded grown?
Alike with winds and waters nature's child
He shrinks before us fierce, unalterably wild.

Now commerce makes of thee her daily mart,
And cities young and growing stud thy shore;
Man views thee as the miser's dearer part;
Yet there are moments, or at thoughtful hour
Of earliest dawn, or when beneath the power
Of the night-wind thy fresh'ning waves we break
And watch the moonlight fall in silvery shower,
When we feel all thy grandeur, mighty lake!
And thoughts that mark us higher in our bosoms wake.

ACROSS THE SEA ;

OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

II.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

ON our way down the St. Lawrence to the sea we had delightful weather, and the passengers amused themselves in the best way they could—ship-quoits, reading, writing and whist, alternating. On each side of the river we saw the homes of the *habitans*, the happiest, because the most contented, people in the world. A peculiar race they indeed are. Though they cannot be credited with energy or inventiveness, they certainly can be commended for quiet industry and thrift. They go on the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by ambition and satisfied with their lot. What was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. Taking little thought for the morrow, they let the morrow take thought for itself. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' About politics, unlike their western brethren, they trouble themselves little. They generally vote as the priest desires, and they look up to their county member as a wonderful being, endowed with great power. Is he not eloquent, and does he not procure an occasional grant from *L'Assemblée Legislative* to their county exhibition? Can he not talk learnedly on every subject? Do his speeches not appear in the *Gazette?* Does he not dine with *Son Excellence? Ma foi, oui. Ah, qu'il est sage, cet homme-là*, is their verdict. Their own want of knowledge is simply astounding. They know that there are such countries as '*Les Etats, La France, et L'Angleterre,*' but I fancy some could be found who think that Napoleon is still Emperor of France. They have heard of Russia, and know it is somewhere. As a rule, very temperate is 'Jean Baptiste.' Whiskey is almost unknown, but he now and then indulges in a '*coup de bon gin.*' Only sometimes, on the way home from market, does he ever get tipsy, but then he is under the care of *la bonne femme*, who pilots him safely home. The oddest sight in the world is to see him on the way to market with his load of vegetables made up in bunches for sale. A very few dollars would probably buy the load, yet to sell that, if living up in the mountains, he must start at four in the morning, and only get back late at night. He doesn't drive—not he—there he sits, meekly on the left, his *bonne femme* has the reins, and both himself and his horse are under petticoat government. Such a hen-pecked individual is not likely to be very warlike, though Chateauguay tells a different tale. Any youth who has gone through *L'Ecole Militaire* is looked upon as a budding Napoleon. They are generally content with a second-class certificate, but are lost in wonderment at his genius if a lad should take a first class. '*Une vraie première classe,*' they incredulously exclaim. '*Une*

vraie, vraie première classe.' '*Mon Dieu, qu'il est adroit.* As a rule, the *habitant* leads an industrious, moral life. He has full faith in the power of his priest to ensure for him future happiness, and the Curé—good man—certainly counsels him to avoid evil and do good. 'Jean Baptiste' fulfils the injunction, 'Be virtuous, and you'll be happy.' He is indifferent as to having a good time.

Nothing eventful occurred on the voyage, and we reached Liverpool after a rather longish run. At Liverpool I soon felt at home. Entering the coffee-room of the 'Adelphi Hotel,' a well-known voice exclaimed: 'Why E., where in the world did you spring from,' and, looking in the direction whence it came, I saw an old acquaintance from the 'Queen City,' who informed me that he intended that day sailing for Canada, having apparently done the lions to his satisfaction. On my way to the business part of the town, for Liverpool, though possessing nearly a million inhabitants, cannot lay claim to the title of city (think of that, ye people of St. Catharines!), I came across half a-dozen Canadians, who seemed to be not at all sorry to be turning their faces homeward.

The evening of our arrival, the Mayor gave a banquet to three of Her Majesty's Ministers—Colonel Stanley, Lord Sandon, and Mr. Asheton Cross. I happened to receive an invitation which I availed myself of, being anxious to hear these distinguished men. Their manner of speaking is entirely different to that of our public men. There was no effort whatever at impassioned sentences. No endeavour to win their hearers by gesture eloquent with meaning, or by tone of voice resonant with feeling. How unlike the withering utterances of Blake, the fiery eloquence of Fraser, or the keen, incisive tones of Cameron—so fierce in debate, and so gentle, yet firm in his intercourse with his fellow-men! How astonished the orators of old would have been! I wonder whether the feeling of admiration or of contempt would have filled the minds of Burke, Grattan, Pitt or Fox, could they but have heard their representatives of to-day in the House of Commons. Colonel Stanley and his *confreres* spoke simply in a quiet, business-like way. No effort to amuse was mingled with that to inform. They spoke slowly, as if carefully weighing every word, and as if considering the impression it would convey to the public through the press.

I cannot but allude to a remark made by one of the guests before the speaking commenced, which I supposed evidenced pretty fairly the amount of information possessed by the average Englishman concerning Canada. I happened to be placed next to the Mayor's brother, who presided at the head of one of the tables. He was most kind, and, after chatting for some time, introduced me to a gentleman on my right, a colonel somebody or other, a rather distingué looking-man. After a remark or two, he asked me,

'When did you return?'

I answered that 'It was my first visit to England.'

'Where from?' he replied.

'From Canada,' I answered.

'You a Canadian!' he exclaimed, 'I thought you were an Englishman.'

He then, in a quiet way, looked me over, apparently astonished that I had not moccasins on my feet, or some evidence of fur about my dress. I happened to eschew the wines that were temptingly offered, and confined myself to drinking 'poll.' My newly made acquaintance appeared to wonder at that, and remarked, 'You seem most abstemious.' Puzzling himself over what the usual beverage of a Canadian must be, he suddenly asked, 'By the way, do you make beer in your country?' I am ashamed to say that I almost laughed in his face; but after a moment, I quietly answered 'that we not only made it, but drank

it too; and that as far as my observation went, the imbibing powers of the Canadians were unfortunately quite equal to those of the English.'

Referring to the careful, cautious way in which the distinguished speakers, on this occasion, delivered themselves, as if weighing every word, and considering the interpretation that might be put upon it by the newspapers, I was afterwards much struck by the great difference observable in the style of utterance of the press in the two countries respecting their public men.

In the former, when exception is taken to their actions by their opponents, it is almost always done in a respectful way, and argument is used there, while personal abuse of no mild character is too often resorted to here. The characters of our public men are so berated that a stranger, taking it for granted that such words would not be lightly written, would be more than likely to conclude that our statesmen were corrupt and unprincipled, and of a very low type indeed.

The close of the dinner was followed by our introduction to the ministers and several other prominent men, and as my eye did homage to these descendants of men whose names were, centuries ago, high up on England's roll of honour, I could not but contrast their manner when conversing with my insignificant self with that of some of Ontario's public men. There was an unaffectedness and straightforwardness as striking as their courtesy was graceful. The affectation of superiority, so common in our public men, was entirely absent. They seemed as anxious to acquire as they were willing to impart information. I could not but contrast them with some of our leading men, with whom, during my official life, I had had the honour of being brought into contact, who, while they endeavoured to impress one with a sense of their superiority and the loftiness of their position, only disgusted you with their rudeness and surprised you by their ignorance. They felt important, and attempted a haughtiness that was as ridiculous as the gravity of the monkey, and in them became simply offensive pomposity. There are some notable instances of men who, having been armed with a little brief authority, have displayed such insolence of office as to disgust and alienate their friends and supporters; a course of conduct which has resulted in some cases in their being relegated to the cold shades of obscurity from which they should never have been brought forth. These men have mistaken positive rudeness for what they have ignorantly imagined was independence of manner. They forgot that, after all, they are but the creatures of the people's will, and that those who have made can *unmake*. But, fortunately, there are very many instances of the contrary, men whose geniality and considerateness are as conspicuous as their ability, and who are both honoured and liked.

Just as in the old country you have men that have been alluded to as 'Old Pam,' and 'Dizzy,' and 'Albert Edward,' so on this side men speak with a loving familiarity of 'John A.,' and other favourite and genial statesmen. On the other hand, the superior manner of some chills those that venture to approach their presence, and causes dislike; while men cannot but have a fondness for those that, like themselves, show their humanity by their little weaknesses—akin possibly to their own. The majority of men claim as one of themselves a good fellow who can unbend sufficiently to enjoy a good story, have a kindly word for every one, and who likes a 'little game.'

How different the actual character of public men sometimes is to the impression conveyed by public journals respecting them. The writer's long connection with the Ontario public service taught him not a little of inner political life, and the true character of the public men of that Province. During that period he served under

eight chiefs. An experience of so long a time, and of so many chiefs, with such different characteristics, ought to somewhat qualify him to form an estimate of what manner of men they are. One of the present ministers of Ontario, certain newspapers are given to describing, as half the time asleep, dozing peacefully in his official chair, indifferent to the cares of State. The actual fact is entirely the contrary. Beneath an apparently indolent manner, there exists great decision and promptness of character. My personal observation taught me that no minister was more quick at arriving at the actual facts of a case through a few pertinent questions than was the one attempted to be belittled. If an attack is made upon the department in his charge, he does not allow it to go idly by, but quickly combats and promptly repels it. His manner of speaking is an evidence of what I say. During a debate he may have appeared listless and indifferent, but when he rises to speak his whole manner changes, and with rapid utterance and vigorous argument takes his part. In the administration of his department there is an entire absence of fuss, but a vigilant supervision is felt. He is loyally supported through liking, not served through fear. So, too, in the case of one whom his opponents try to belittle by characterising his speeches as *vox et preterea nihil*. Is it a matter for derision that, being gifted with strong lungs, the strength of his convictions should sometimes cause him to add force to his argument by the thunder of his voice. Are we not told, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' It is true that an impulsiveness of manner, and occasional *brusquerie* sometimes offends, but no more warm friend, loyal and true, can a man ask for than he. Few give so much time and care to their work.

I spent four or five days in Liverpool, during which I had a look at the docks and public buildings. I was particularly struck by the way every inch of ground in the suburban parts was utilized, and at the narrowness of the roads. Each house, though it might have only a frontage of about half as much again as that of one of the houses in our ordinary terraces, had some pretentious name at the side of the entrance, such as Northwood, Bellevue, &c., &c. They all had, however, a small strip of ground in front and at the side of the house.

In Liverpool I was first made acquainted with the Englishman's desire for tips, of which I had much experience afterwards. One couldn't get in or out of a Hansom without some able-bodied man or boy rushing to open the flaps, and then shamelessly holding out his hand for a tip. If you asked a poorly-dressed man the direction of a street, his face wore a much injured look if his reply were not rewarded, and oftentimes, to one's additional chagrin, one found that that reply savoured more of falsehood than of truth. I never met any one, either in London or Liverpool, who honestly confessed that he could not give the desired information. Two streets to the right, three to the left, then you come to a square, and on its left you will find, &c., &c., would, I think, make any inquirer feel that he was in drill parlance, 'as he was.' The dodges of the cabbies would have been amusing, had they not been expensive. On one occasion a friend of mine hailed a Hansom, and directed the driver to take us to St. Paul's Cathedral. He gravely called a man from the sidewalk, saying, 'I say Bill, can you tell me the way to St. Paul's?' Receiving a reply, he slowly drove on. Looking down the street we first crossed, before us we saw the spire of St. Paul's, not three minutes' walk from where we were. The rascal coolly drove *away* from the cathedral, his intention, evidently, being to favour us with a drive of an hour or so. My friend shouted to him: 'A nice sort of Cabby you are, not to know where "St. Paul's" is. None of your non-

sense ; drive us there directly,' which was accordingly done. On receiving his fare, he loudly protested that he had made a mistake, a statement which we clearly made him understand we did not believe.

In London, I was at first fairly stunned with the noise, and, for the first time in my life, experienced the feeling of being lonesome in a crowd. Unfortunately, nearly all to whom I had letters of introduction — it not being the season—were out of town, so at first in the way of sight-seeing, I had to paddle my own canoe, half the pleasure being lost through want of a congenial companion. Shortly, however, at the 'Alexander' Hotel, I met some Quebec acquaintances, and with them at once drove out to Hampton Court, one of the monuments of the great Cardinal. 'Had I but served my God as I have served my king, He would not have deserted me in my old age,'— so regretfully sighed Wolsey, as he found the king's face turned from him, and himself stripped of all the magnificence with which he had loved to surround himself. As we all know, Hampton Court, with his other properties was taken possession of by bluff King Harry the VIII., when it suited his purpose to discard his favourite. Turned into a royal residence, it was in later reigns greatly added to. It contains a magnificent collection of paintings, and the portraits of the beauties of Charles II's. court. Imbued as I am with a keen appreciation of 'lovely women,' I was sadly disappointed at not having an opportunity of seeing them, for whatever the faults of the 'Merry Monarch,' he had indeed an eye for beauty, though it could not be said that any one of the fair at whose shrine he worshipped, was to him 'a joy forever.' As fickle as a woman, enduring constancy was no part of his character.

Our time was too limited to permit of our seeing the interior of the palace, so we had to content ourselves with the outer surroundings. Innocently I was led into the maze, and after wandering about for some time, my friend suggested that it was time for dinner, and that we had better return to the Court. Before long I became a-*maze*-d indeed at the difficulty in getting out. We tried the right—then the left—to find ourselves as we were. Every now and then we came across others in a plight similar to our own. The old soldier in charge from his elevated post, now commenced to direct us, but all in vain, and, on my angrily pitching into him, he of course commenced to chaff. Now then, two gentlemen from the horseguards—*to the right.* Although deprecating the rank he bestowed on us, we went *to the right. By your left* shouted our tormentor—*by our left* it was. Now then, governor, addressing my companion, this way quick. Make way for the two gentlemen from the horseguards, he now roared, of course calling the attention of the people who were standing near him. Well, at last, hot and angry, we got out, and bestowing our blessing on the old soldier, made our way back to the court.

During dinner our anger turned to laughter, for the situation, if annoying, was certainly ridiculous. We drove quickly home to the 'Alexander,' stopping at an old-fashioned inn, where the landlord served us with the condecension of a 'Brummel' and the charges of a 'Delmonico.'

The following day, in American parlance, we did the 'Tower,' a building with which, as everybody knows, are associated memories of the most stirring events in English history. Arrived there, we found a number of 'Innocents abroad'—like ourselves—gathered together in an outer room, waiting for the arrival of a guide. A 'Beefeater' shortly appeared, dressed in a most fantastic costume, and marshalled us into line. I don't propose to give a minute description of the Tower or of any of the public places I have visited. They have been too often described by more able pens.

I would only endeavour to portray the first impressions given us by the sight of places long familiar to my mind through pages of history that I had loved to dwell upon; but, in saying that, I would certainly not imply that the memories connected with the Tower could afford me pleasure; far from it; for are they not associated with tales of murder, of strife, of wrong? If the walls could but speak, what scenes of woe, of anguish, of hopeless despair, they would depict. As the places were pointed out where had languished the heroes of my boyhood, I could not but feel disgust at the 'good old times' of which the present generation hear so much. Good old times! indeed!—times when might alone was right, and successful ambition cut down all who happened to stand in its path. Brothers, in their lust for power, slaying brothers, and sisters, like Mary and Elizabeth, keeping one another's life in a state of perpetual dread. Edward IV. murdering his brother Clarence, and Edward's own two sons in their turn murdered by their uncle, Richard III. Lord Hastings, for opposing this Richard's evil ambition, was ordered by him to instant execution. Essex, a victim of that virgin Queen (who appears to have delighted in destroying those upon whom she had once smiled), cut off at thirty-four years of age—a life full of promise, suddenly ended by the caprice of a woman. As a soldier and a courtier, he took front rank, but the greater qualities a man in that age appeared to be endowed with, the more exposed he seems to have been to the successful machinations of his enemies. Sir Walter Raleigh, a soldier, statesman and author, confined in the Tower twelve years; released in order that he might search for gold in South America, and, in consequence of Spanish jealousy, again imprisoned and finally beheaded. We remember the story of his ready gallantry in throwing his cloak in front of Elizabeth over a muddy spot that she was about crossing in one of the streets of London, so that she might, by stepping thereon, be saved from contact with the mud. 'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fail,' wrote he on a pane of glass in a window that he knew Elizabeth must see, which brought the rough and ready Tudor-like reply, 'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.' If this poetical interchange had reference to the courtship of Elizabeth. his heart evidently did fail him, and no wonder, for she appears to have been endowed with masculine vigour rather than with feminine grace. His heart did not, however, fail him in the dread hour of death, when he stood on the scaffold in his sixty-sixth year, with hopes unfulfilled and the arrow of disappointment piercing his heart, and met his fate resolutely and bravely. The Countess of Salisbury, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, all three underwent the bitterness of death. In strong contrast with these sad tales is the story told of John, King of France, taken prisoner at Poictiers by the Black Prince, entertaining Edward III. and his courtiers in the Tower.

It was but fitting to pass from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, where, in many cases, the slayer and the slain lay not far from one another. Catholic Mary and Protestant Elizabeth—in life deadly enemies, in death lying peacefully together; the effigy of the latter, with hands raised to heaven as if imploring that mercy she had denied on earth. Her heart was evidently not filled with the quality of *mercy*, and she could not have believed with Portia that

> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown.'

One would have thought that the agony of suspense that she herself must have suffered when a prisoner at the hands of her sister Mary would have taught her compassion for the fair, if frail, Mary, Queen of Scots, and saved the beauteous neck from the

axe of the executioner. What cold, cruel women were these two daughters of bluff King Hal. The whirligig of time does, indeed, bring strange revenges. The same hand that had signed unhappy Mary's death-warrant signified by gesture her assent to the proposition that Mary's son should succeed to her throne. I suppose she knew that any opposition of hers would be useless, and among her bitter thoughts must have been one that it had come to pass that to the son of the woman that she had consigned in her prime to a cruel death she must relinquish the pomp and the power that she had loved so well; and that fate had decreed that to him her sceptre must pass. Truly, the ways of Providence are past finding out. How they persecuted one another in those days—under the mask of religion, burning and imprisoning one another—outwardly for conscience sake—practically, to destroy or remove some rival whose interests clashed with theirs, and, at the same time, Protestant and Catholic alike, pretending to be followers of one who preached above all things mercy and forgiveness, and taught us to pray 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' It does seem to me that—at the dread day—it will matter little whether on earth we called ourselves Protestant or Catholic.

Those sombre thoughts have been called forth by the sight of the tombs of two of England's Queens—hard-hearted, cruel beings, Mary and Elizabeth—belonging to the sex to which we men gallantly give the credit of being specially endowed with the attributes of mercy and gentleness. Have we not to look far over the pages of history to find the reigns of any two of our sex in which were enacted deeds of cruelty and bloodshed that could equal those perpetrated under the sway of these sweet, gentle creatures, who, if they themselves did not personally act, certainly *did* approve. 'Qui fecit per alium, fecit per se.' And now let me get back to the Abbey. It was with a strange sensation that I looked upon the helmet that our gallant king Harry the Fifth wore at Agincourt, and not far off is his tomb. The hand of the recumbent figure has been cut off. The tombs of our kings what a sermon they preach, reminding us—lesser mortals—'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'

What matters all their greatness to them now. Many of the figures were mutilated, in some cases, I am told, by Cromwell's order. Some friends of mine who had been travelling through England, told me that in many cathedrals were to be found similar traces of his handiwork. I confess that it was with feelings not of regret that I saw marks of cuttings on the pavement of the cathedral shewing where they had taken it up in order to remove from the sacred spot the remains of this 'brave, bad man.' I am not much of an admirer of the Stuarts, but to me the execution of Charles I. appears indefensible. It may be said that his death was necessary in order to ensure the peace of the kingdom, and to prevent the cavaliers from having his name as a rallying cry, but being dead he still spake to them through his son, and, as events proved, not without avail; though unfortunately, that son did not sustain the character of his father. Apart from his inborn idea of the divine right of kings, which resulted in an arbitrariness that alienated the Commons and the people, the character of Charles the First, the martyr king, was, by no means, altogether faulty.

His peculiar and erroneous ideas had been instilled in him from his youth up, but he was '*sans peur et sans reproche*.' His life and death showed that. In that dissolute age, his private character was without stain. In this generation, her most gracious Majesty is deservedly extolled for her many virtues and her

blameless life. How much more credit should we give the martyr king when we contrast the different age in which he lived, when, as a witty Frenchwoman once phrased it, 'people had no morals to speak of.' It is a pity that his son, the merry monarch, who never did 'a wise thing and never said a foolish one,' had not followed in his footsteps. Quite in keeping with his character, was the fact I noticed that, in the Crown Jewel room, among the crowns, his was the largest and most glittering. And yet it has always appeared to me that he rather purposely affected frivolous manners, and that underneath these, there were startling qualities he was too lazy to manifest. Strange it is that the adversity of his youth had not developed them, but the mercurial temperament inherited through his mother's blood, and the training of the French court, left its stamp upon his character so markedly as to obliterate the strong qualities that his Scotch blood, one would suppose, must have endowed him with.

With great interest we looked upon the tablet to Wolfe, the young soldier to whom Canada owes her Red-cross flag and her liberty. He is represented as seated on the ground, his shoulders and head supported by a soldier. In front of him is another soldier with an eager expression on his face, and right arm extended, pointing in the direction of something going on of apparently great consequence. It is evidently meant to portray Wolfe's last moments.

It will be remembered that, when dying, he was roused to consciousness by the cry of 'they run, they run.' Asking who ran, he was answered 'the French.' 'Then I die happy,' he exclaimed, and his spirit winged its way to the God of battles. In the British Museum, I saw the cloak upon which he died, and it may be imagined what interest it possessed to one—a native of Quebec—to whom the Plains of Abraham were as familiar as the play-ground of his school. The nation's sorrow at his death was well described by the lines—

'Oh, Wolfe! like a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pray, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.'

It did not seem to me that the monument to Palmerston was as imposing as it should have been. Here and there are occasionally seen two names close together of those that history tells warred with one another all their lives, notably Pitt and Fox. I could have spent a month in the Abbey, so full of interest did its surroundings appear to me to be. What memories of mighty men and of the great past it recalled! I noticed many among those in charge of our guide whose countenances wore simply an amused look, as if they were going through some old curiosity shop. On coming to the Coronation chair the guide told us that in it had been crowned the Kings and Queens of England for the past 600 years. 'Was Queen *Victoria* crowned in it,' asked an oldish man with a strong Tunker accent. 'Yes,' replied the guide in an indignant, though sing-song tone of voice. 'I have told you that in it were crowned the Kings and Queens of England for the past 600 years.' 'Why, you don't say,' replied the American. 'Why, I've got a better chair than that *myself* at home.' That was *his* estimate of historical surroundings.

In the Poets' Corner, I saw in unpretending letters, the name of 'Charles Dickens.' Many will remember a lecture given by Canon Kingsley, on Westminster Abbey, in Toronto some two or three years ago. The lecturer spoke of memorials to the mighty dead, and said that the greatest ambition a man could have would be so to distinguish himself, that when he passed away his memory might be deemed worthy of a tablet in the Ab-

bey. He concluded, 'my friends, it should be the ambition of every Canadian to win a right to have his name inscribed on the roll of honour in Westminster Abbey. It is my great hope that the time may come when I may have *my bust* in Westminster Abbey, and I repeat it, it should be the ambition of every Canadian to have HIS BUST THERE.' The audience mistook or pretended to mistake his meaning—the word 'bust' conveying to their minds, an entirely different meaning to what he desired to express, namely: what is called a spree or jollification. The shout of laughter that went up I shall never forget, nor the puzzled expression of the Canon, who failed to see in the subject of his remarks any cause for merriment. He must have concluded that we were the most rude or the most ignorant people in the world, to behave in so light a way, when so grave a subject was being alluded to. Well, the worthy Canon himself has since passed away, and his hope that he might have his bust in Westminster Abbey, is almost realized. A tablet bearing his name is there.

The next morning was devoted to St. Paul's Cathedral, which was founded, A. D. 612, by Ethelbert, King of Kent. On its site were four churches that were all successively destroyed—the last in the great fire of London in 1666. The present church is capable of holding 12,000 persons. The interior is much more imposing than one would expect from the exterior. Here are monuments to Sir John Moore, Nelson, Cook, Howe, Dr. Johnson, and other notab'es. There, too, are the remains of Wellington, and fittingly those of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

The British Museum was next visited. What a collection of curiosities! To take in at all what one saw there would require much more time than I had at my disposal. Everybody was talking about Cleopatra's Needle which was being 'set up' in one of the streets of the city. I had occasion to pass it several times while it was being placed in a perpendicular position. There was always a crowd looking on. It did not strike me as being as imposing as I had expected. After being buried in the sand for centuries it now stands on English ground, bearing testimony to the skill of a people that were mighty long ages ago, and appropriately enough, the remains of the Queen of Egypt, during whose reign it was fashioned, are in the same great city. In the Museum is pointed out Cleopatra's mummy. Where is Antony who sacrificed an empire for her sake?

(To be continued.)

AVE IMPERATRIX.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Grey pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go:

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat:

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded Khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women, who have lost their lord,
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land—
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest-like on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What words of love can dead lips send!
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end! Is this the end!

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go,

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchmen shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

—*Selected.*

CHESS AND CHESS-PLAYERS.

With some reflections on games and sports generally.

BY JOHN WHITE, GODERICH.

AN extraordinary amount of attention is given now-a-days, to sports and games of all kinds. 'Sporting papers' innumerable abound and thrive; even the sober 'dailies' appear to have gone out of their recognised province, or, at least, to have extended it, in devoting whole columns to the chronicling of feats of prowess and skill in pastimes of nearly every description.

Not only is the result of each important (?) match duly announced at the earliest possible moment, but the preliminaries, the attendant gossip and rumour relative to each, are discussed, to an extent endurable only to the most enthusiastic votary of the particular sport or game so amply recorded.

That the public taste is largely in this direction is evident from the avidity with which such reports are read and looked for, and the very general and regular manner in which they are prepared and provided.

It is generally conceded that exercise in the open air is not only necessary, but beneficial, both physically and mentally, when taken in moderation, in proper time and place, with due regard for the capability of each *physique;* so that the frame will not be over taxed, or the powers strained beyond their natural capacity to bear; but there is grave danger and evil also in not adhering strictly to the proper conditions under which it should be followed, and the limit to which it should be indulged in. So also with sedentary recreations; while they may often pleasantly and even profitably release the mind during leisure hours, if used in moderation, with favourable associations; when they are allowed to engross the attention, and encroach upon time to the exclusion of more important subjects, they inevitably tend to demoralize and destroy.

Chess-players claim for their favour-

ite, that it is the 'king of games;' possibly from its exceedingly complex nature, and the intense hold it takes of the imagination and intellect; but herein lies its greatest danger; since to excel in it requires not only a vast amount of practice and study, but a waste of more time than should properly be given; and an almost complete surrender of thought and attention.

An ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of the game, are all necessary to the achievement of fame in the annals of chess. Many of its votaries, possessing all the above enumerated qualifications, but lacking the elements requisite for the pursuit of some higher and more useful calling, have yielded to the fascination of the game, devoting to its practice all their energies, giving up their best days to that which should, at least, be merely a temporary recreation.

If continued and persisted in, such a course inevitably leads to a most deplorable result. Unfitted for healthy and honourable pursuits or useful occupation of any kind, the infatuated devotee of this most engrossing of all sedentary games, becomes a prey to a species of mania; his nervous system, overstrained by the unnatural excitement, his affections perverted, will submerged, his health becomes seriously impaired, and he breaks down prematurely, too often becoming a mere wreck of his former self; passing into obscurity, after having, perchance, achieved, as his only reward, a questionable distinction; his vanity flattered by the praise and admiration of mistaken friends, by whom he will soon be forgotten, or, at least, remembered with mingled feelings of pity and contempt.

The picture is by no means overdrawn, neither are such cases so rare as might be supposed; all the large cities furnish numerous such examples, so great a fascination does the game and its associations possess for ill-disciplined minds, with a bias for disease and a craving for unwholesome and unnatural excitement.

The centres of civilization in the old world and on this continent also, attract a class of men, who frequent chess-clubs or coffee-houses, and endeavour to improve their limited or scanty finances by a mild species of gambling, playing chess with novices or amateurs for a small stake wagered on each game.

These are the 'professionals' of chess, and they are nearly always successful, their opponents being generally inferior, both in skill and experience.

How contemptible does such a vocation appear to the man of healthy and active intellect who is following a useful and honourable career; yet, let him cast the mantle of charity even upon these, when he reflects that such a life may be the outcome of oppression, weakness or misfortune, and forms the pitiful resource from dejection or despair of minds which have become unfitted for higher and nobler pleasures and pursuits.

The foregoing applies, of course, only to those who may be weak and imprudent enough to surrender themselves entirely to chess; both as a profession and amusement; comparatively few who play the game go so far or sink so low as to be classed among professional chess-players. Many learn the game, who never indulge in its practice to an unreasonable extent, being satisfied with an occasional *partie*, or discovering only tedious difficulties or wearying distraction, where others describe elegant combination and ingenious strategy.

Nervous temperaments are afflicted after its practice by a recurrence of the positions which have arisen in recent encounters, interfering with the natural rest, and disturbing the brain to an unwholesome degree; this is a very frequent form of attack, and has driven numerous would-be disciples of Caissa, to other recreations. Many

romantic and pleasing incidents are narrated and preserved which have been associated with the game, more particularly in Eastern lands, where it originated and is still largely practised. Several of these incidents are familiar to amateurs generally, and it will be unnecessary further to describe them, than as largely partaking of the marvellous and supernatural.

The lover who is brought into unwonted proximity to the fair fingers of his Dulcinea over a game, may well be pardoned for retaining pleasing recollections of chess; but this style of game is seldom played according to the legitimate and recognised rules, and most frequently subsides into a species of amusement which the veterans of the chess-world facetiously and contemptuously denominate 'skittles:' the highly essential rule of 'touch and move' being completely ignored, moves are made and 'taken back' with ridiculous ease and frequency, the whole *séance* being conducted in utter defiance of all the laws as laid down by the best-known and most respected 'authorities.'

The couple who isolate themselves by pairing off for chess in a social gathering are not in harmony with their surroundings; not only will they most likely be exposed to the merry gibes and lively banter of their more healthily occupied friends, but their game will probably be subject to playful interruption and mildly-contemptuous criticism, unfavourable to its expected enjoyment, and rendering impossible the concentration which its character demands.

Although to become proficient at chess, undoubtedly needs quickness of perception, liveliness of imagination, and even genius of a certain kind among its other requisites, there is no more general mistake concerning the game than to suppose it requires a high order of intellect; for, on the contrary, the great majority of its devotees, who have become slaves to it in a manner, are men whose tastes and habits have became vitiated, depraved or debased, and whose peculiarities and eccentricities become more marked as they advance in years; whatever talent or ability they may have becoming warped or blunted by its misdirection, and finally repressed and destroyed by being continually confined and exercised within one narrow and unwholesome orbit.

Among many notable examples of the terrible effects of intense devotion to the game, may be cited the case of a well-known American player, who, some years ago, achieved a world-wide reputation for his matchless skill, creating a temporary furore during his brief career.

Flushed with victories, his vanity, flattered by the plaudits of injudicious friends, he attempted and performed unrivalled feats of skill and endurance, overtaxing his powers, until the time came when, the necessity for his prodigious efforts being over, the excitement which had sustained him subsided, and there came, as in all other similar cases, a corresponding period of reaction and depression; the nervous system, strained to unnatural tension, broke down entirely, leaving the physical health entirely shattered and the intellect enfeebled and beclouded, a prey to puerile fears and morbid fancies, quite unfitted for any active or useful occupation or profession.

A still more injurious form of the chess-fever, comes in the solitary habit of poring for hours over intricate positions and problems, than which, we know of no study so calculated to enervate, depress, and unnerve the mind for all healthy and generous sentiment and action. The *player* can, at least, enjoy in some degree the warmth of human sympathy or applause in his defeats or victories, and retain to some extent his social qualities by the companionship; but the problematist has not even this to commend his unfortunate taste, which will eventually overshadow or destroy in him even the

qualities necessary for the manlier *rôle* of a practitioner.

Among numerous other celebrities in the world's history who exhibited a passion for chess, may be mentioned Charles I. of England, the first Napoleon, Marshal Saxe, the historian Gibbon; all these were men of undoubted ability, of commanding genius; but their foibles and eccentricities were marked in a like degree, and in each and every one of them there existed the unwholesome craving for intense intellectual exercise and excitement which this game seems peculiarly fitted to provoke.

The calm, well-balanced mind, exercised to a legitimate degree in peaceful and active pursuits, turns from such vicious food as altogether foreign to its nature and requirements, possessing sufficient resources of a stronger and higher character to keep it in the necessary and healthy occupation.

Another objection to the practice of chess remains in the fact that triumph is always bought at the expense of an opponent. The conclusion of a game frequently leaves the victor elated and jubilant, but the vanquished suffers a humiliating mortification, which is seldom concealed and exhibits itself in a variety of disagreeable manifestations, according to the character of the individual. In the majority of instances these cases occur; very few players being able to sustain a defeat with perfect equanimity or good-humoured indifference. So powerfully are the interest and attention excited and retained that chess forms, without doubt, the greatest trial of temper of any sedentary game played merely for its own sake, without the addition of any considerable money stake or wager of any kind. To the possessor of a sensitive and generous mind, the above, alone, might form valid cause for discontinuing its practice; unwilling to give pain, his pride will yet revolt from admitting the superiority of his adversary, which his own defeat might be taken to imply. Chess Clubs are too often the scene of numerous petty bickerings and unseemly squabbles, some of which partake largely of the ludicrous element; whilst others extend to angry and violent wrangling or dispute. Rival claimants for fame, jealous of each other's reputation for skill, are also peculiarly sensitive to the criticisms which may be passed upon their own performances, and receive graciously whatever flattery or praise may fall to their share from the admiring spectators; whilst he who is almost invariably beaten, comes too often to feel for his victorious antagonist the bitterest hatred and deep-rooted detestation.

To fix an average for the duration of a game is an utter impossibility; as that depends partly on the species of opening adopted, and largely on the temperament and style of the players themselves.

When a first-rate or 'professional' sits down with an amateur or novice, much his inferior in skill, the combat is generally over in a few minutes; but when 'Greek meets Greek' then comes the 'tug of war' with a vengeance; anytime from two to four hours will almost certainly be occupied in the encounter, during which time the attention of both will be closely rivetted, all their skill employed, and powers taxed to the utmost to secure a victory. It may also be noticed in this connection that, although chess is very generally supposed to be an intellectual game, the possessor of the sturdiest and most vigorous physique has much the best chance in such a strife as this; for, although his opponent may be quite equal or even superior in skill, the less robust frame will be unable to sustain with facility, the long-drawn concentration and tedium of the conflict; the attention will begin to flag, or the perceptive faculties to be obscured by the intolerable strain, and presently he makes an error or slip, generally taken advantage of by

his fresher antagonist to get a superior position, which eventually terminates in victory.

Different altogether is the effect of such strife as this to that which follows the healthy weariness of out-door exercise and amusement, for what may justly be claimed a safety-valve for exuberant vitality, predisposing to sound rest and sleep, whilst the former leaves instead restlessness and feverish excitement.

There comes a period in the lives of many blessed with redundant health and spirits, when the youthful frame seeks, as a necessity, its further development in the practice of such games as cricket, lacrosse, baseball, &c., or in sports of various kinds and feats of strength and skill.

Such exercise and amusement under the genial influence of fresh air and sunshine, can scarcely fail to be beneficial in every way, if not too violently pursued; prudence being observed in the choice of associates, and in not allowing the amusements to become mere hobbies, excluding higher and more essential pursuits and aspirations.

A very common danger, however, with games of all kinds, is that they frequently bring in their train objectionable acquaintances, 'the professionals' of each, together with temptations of various kinds, drinking, gambling, &c. The evils attendant on cards and billiards especially, are innumerable; the former, more particularly, having been instrumental in the ruin of many, who, beginning, perhaps, with an apparently harmless game, among a few friends in the home circle, have sought a more extended and varied acquaintance with it, eventually finding themselves engulfed in a vortex of vice and crime, from which escape seemed impossible.

It is the first element of evil in each and every game, sport or amusement, which should be carefully shunned and repressed; for, once fostered and pursued, the downward tendency is dangerously easy and rapidly progressive.

In view of these facts, does not the question arise;—would it not be better to avoid the danger by abstaining altogether from recreations having in themselves the germ of evil; particularly as substitutes, if sought for, can always be found more entertaining and more instructive.

In the last century, much astonishment was created by the appearance of one or two celebrities in the chess arena, who exhibited their powers of conducting two or three games 'blindfold,' or without sight of board or men. Now-a-days such performances are by no means rare; we may frequently hear of or read reports of meetings where there have been as many as eight or ten games played simultaneously in this way, by some one who possess a faculty astonishing to many who have but a superficial acquaintance with the game.

It will not appear so difficult or wonderful when we reflect that there are but a few regular 'openings' or ways of beginning a game generally recognized and adopted as best; and that each of these has its distinctive features, peculiar to itself, and to a player of good memory and constant practice, so familiar that it becomes comparatively easy for him to recall the answering moves either in attack or defence. Of course, great powers of concentration will be required to grasp and master all the combinations as such a game or games advance in complication, and the brain requires to photograph these everchanging features, retaining each succeeding one until the conclusion.

Such feats can only be performed by one peculiarly constituted for them, after long practice and study; and, although their effects may not, at once, be apparent, can never fail to be injurious to the individual who attempts them, overstraining his powers by the long sustained and unnatural effort.

The so-called master of the game

is, in reality, its veriest slave, most of his thoughts are tinged by its effects upon his mental constitution, and he is happiest when in his favourite haunt, surrounded by its feverish atmosphere.

A limited experience may claim in favour of chess that it is only a quiet and harmless recreation, with, in the main, gentlemanly associations;—to this, we reply that: if the player's demeanour and appearance be outwardly calm, his heart and brain are throbbing with repressed excitement, ruinous to sound health. In regard to its harmless character, we have endeavoured to describe some of its attendant evils and grave dangers; as to its being a recreation, it appears, in almost every case, to be a severe mental effort and labour; and finally, that its tendencies are nearly always mean and selfish, much more frequently productive of evil than of good.

To those who begin to be aware of the insidious and baneful effects of chess, who find that they may be in danger of becoming victims to its, for them, powerful fascinations, or, of their being tempted to devote to it precious time, which should rightfully be given to some useful, peaceful and honourable calling, ordinary prudence will suggest the propriety and absolute necessity of its being abandoned at once and for ever. Multitudes of young men, starting in life with fair prospects and average abilities, unsuspicious of its pernicious effects, have been led away to become completely infatuated by it, sinking gradually into a career terminating often in disgrace and ruin.

SONG-CROWNED.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

THEY kneel above me on the altar stairs,—
High priests, round whose great brows the diadem
Of song flames like an aureole: to them
The high gods listen, and their songs are prayers.
And those flower-bordered singing robes of theirs
Flow down unheeded to my lowly place
So near that I may kiss the radiant hem,
And catch immortal fragrance unawares.
But they who stand so high in heaven's grace
Chant on, in such a rapt inspirèd madness,
That I who kneel with veiled unlifted face
While that divinest rain of music swells,
Dare not look upward with wide eyelids bold,
Lest I should see what their clear eyes behold—
The awful place where perfect Beauty dwells,
And die of the full blaze of that supremest gladness.

MR. J. A. FROUDE ON THE OXFORD REVIVAL.

BY LL.B.

TAKING up a late number of *Good Words* (for July, 1881), I find 'Reminiscences of the High Church Revival. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Letter vi.' After a lengthy quotation from Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua*, in which the latter tells how he came to have certitude of the Christian religion as a whole and the 'Catholic Church' as its present living embodiment, Mr. Froude proceeds to dilate at some length upon the passage quoted, and, in the course of his remarks, to give the reasons why (to use his own expression) 'he could not go with Dr. Newman, but preferred to steer away into the open ocean'—an ocean, I fear, almost boundless and islandless. In the course of his comments, Mr. Froude has the following passage, which, it appears to me, is calculated to convey, especially to unthinking minds, notions radically opposed to what I am convinced are entitled to be considered, at least, as 'the better opinion'—and these regarding not alone historical facts, but, moreover, the philosophical deductions to be drawn from them. Here is the passage to which I refer:

'Religious knowledge has grown like all other knowledge. Partial truths are revealed or discovered. They are thought to be whole truths, and are consecrated as eternal and complete. We learn better; we find that we were too hasty, and had mistaken our own imagination for ascertained realities. "No truth, however sacred," Cardinal Newman says, "can stand against the reason in the long run, and hence it is that in the Pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times was all but disappearing from those portions of the world where the intellect was active and had had a career." What is the fact? In the early stages of the Greek and Roman nations certain opinions had been formed about the gods; and certain religious services had been instituted. In these traditions there was much that was grand and beautiful; there was much, also, that was monstrous and incredible. As civilization developed itself, both conscience and intellect protested and declared that the Pagan theology could not be true. If the Olympian gods existed, they were not beings whom it was possible to reverence; and, the established creed having broken down, men were left face to face with nature to learn from fact what the Divine administration of this world really was.'

Dr. Newman has written a 'Theory of Development,' in which he maintains the development of our religious knowledge: do not Mr. Froude's opening words seem to blend harmoniously in the same strain? These two writers differ as the poles; but has not Mr. Froude been unwittingly maintaining in some measure his adversary's position?—a development of religious knowledge? Let us clearly understand Mr. Froude. He has drawn a general proposition from particular ones. He is combating Dr. Newman's views with respect to a particular religion—Christianity; and this he does by deducing from the history of the Greek and Roman nations the general

proposition, that religious knowledge develops, and then, without much apparent ground, placing Christianity within the same category. But I must deny the correctness of his view of the religions of Greece and Rome. Was their history one of development? Was it not rather one of retrogression? This I affirm, and to convey what I conceive to be the correct view of the matter, I cannot do better than make use of Mr. Lorimer's 'Institutes of Law,' where many eminent authorities are considered and quoted (p. 96).

'No where,' says Müller, 'have we seen the original character of the worship of Zeus as the God, or, as he is called in later times, the Father of the Gods, as the God of Gods, drawn with so sure and powerful a hand as in Welcker's *Mythology*. When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God, as the Supreme Being, stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of one God, the Father of men, we find in Greece a worship of nature. The powers of nature worshipped as such were afterwards changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the King and Father. This third phase is what is generally called Greek mythology; but it was preceded in time, or at least rendered possible in thought, by the two prior conceptions, a belief in a supreme God, and a worship of the powers of nature.'

The same remarks are indubitably true of the religion of the Romans, and what is here shown to be the case with regard to the religions of these two nations is, by Mr. Lorimer, supported by a large body of weighty authority, shown also to be the case with regard to the oriental religions. If these views are correct, Mr. Froude has based his conclusion of a growth of religious knowledge upon false premisses, and the facts seem to point in the opposite direction, that is to say, towards a retrogression not a growth—a development—of religious knowledge. And coming now to the religion which we accept as true—as divine—shall we say that our knowledge of the truths of Christianity have grown like all other knowledge; that partial truths were revealed; we thought them whole truths, and consecrated them as eternal and complete; but now we have learned better? No. Shall we not rather believe that the truths of Christianity—the Articles of the Christian Faith—were 'once (for all) delivered to the saints'—that it is our duty to 'hold fast' that 'form of sound words,' that 'form of doctrine'—that it is better to 'stand in the ways and ask for the old paths,' where is the good way and walk therein, recognising that upon us have 'the ends of the world come,' that is, God has made his final revelation to man? The truths revealed may be but partial; we do not consecrate them as eternal and complete, in the sense Mr. Froude means. 'Now I know *in part*, *then* (and not till then) shall I know even as I am known.' Shortly: 'What God has given us from heaven cannot be improved; what man discovers for himself does admit of improvement; we follow old times then *so far* as God has spoken in them; but in those respects in which God has not spoken in them we are not bound to follow them. Now what is the knowledge which God has *not* thought fit to reveal to us? *Knowledge connected with this present world.* All this we are left to acquire for ourselves. . . . But let us turn to that knowledge which God has given, and which, therefore, does not admit of improvement by lapse of time; that is *religious knowledge.*' This kind of knowledge, then, *as knowledge*, it must be insisted, does not grow. Truths have been revealed to us; though transcending our reason, they are consonant with it: we *apprehend* them now; we shall *comprehend* them, 'When the day dawns and the shadows flee away.'

And here, in conclusion, I may fit-

tingly call attention to a fact which will be found well worthy of consideration, and which will, perhaps, enable my readers to better appreciate my meaning in the preceding remarks inasmuch as they will understand more fully from what point of view I have written. The fact is this: that in the *creeds* of the 'Catholic' communion we find little more than easily apprehended statements of historical facts revealed to us in Holy Scriptures; while in the *confessions* of the 'Protestant' communions we find dogma, definitions of faith, and the acceptance of these hard and fast doctrinal definnitions made the conditions of communion.

I venture to disagree with much more of Mr. Froude's letter, but space will not permit of my now lengthening these remarks.

PRIÈRE.

[*Song. Translated from the French, by* GOWAN LEA; *Author of 'Translations from the German,' 'Translations from the French,' 'Sonnets,' &c., &c.*]

AH, if you knew how I deplore
My solitude continually,
Sometimes before my cottage door
You would pass by.

If you but knew the joy I took
In meeting but your fleeting glance,
Up to my window you would look
As 'twere by chance.

If you but knew what comfort sweet
My heart has known when near you stood,
You could not hesitate to meet—
No sister would.

If you but knew what I could tell—
My *love*, and if you knew the *how*,—
I almost think, perhaps,—that—well—
You'd enter now.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY THE HON. SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, K.C.M.G.

IN a contribution to the CANADIAN MONTHLY for August, Mr. William Norris has renewed the expression of his 'detestation as a Canadian' of the political position of his country. He had previously, in the number for June, made a new effort to convince his countrymen, that the Independence scheme, which he had unsuccessfully advocated, about six years ago, was worthy of support. The ostensible object of the second article is to complain that 'freedom of discussion' is not tolerated in Canada, in other words, that leading public journals refuse the use of their columns to an advocate of revolution, leaving him to inculcate his views by other means. I have already had an opportunity of discussing the 'Political Destiny of Canada' with a much more formidable antagonist than Mr. William Norris, and I have failed to discover in the various papers contributed by that gentleman even an attempt to answer the arguments which I have adduced in opposition to the views of revolutionists, whether advocates of Annexation, or of what in my judgment is the more indefensible scheme, of Independence. Under these circumstances I should not have felt called on to notice Mr. Norris' late papers, had he not gone out of his way to make a most unwarrantable personal attack on me, which I shall very briefly dispose of. Mr. Norris insinuates that I remain in Canada to earn a pension by advocating Imperialism. Having adopted Canada as my country fifty years ago, I venture to think that my claim to give expression to my opinions is quite as good as that of Mr. William Norris, or any of his co-revolutionists. I cannot imagine that Mr. Norris is so deplorably ignorant as to be unaware, that the recipient of a pension, conferred by Act of Parliament, on a class of public servants for special services rendered to the Crown, is just as independent in the advocacy of opinions as any other individual in the community. I am charged by Mr. Norris with 'endeavouring to suppress necessary freedom of discussion.' The advocates of revolution entertain peculiar views regarding 'freedom of discussion,' as I have more than once pointed out. There is perfect freedom of the press in Canada, and the propagandists of annexation and independence avail themselves of every opportunity to endeavour to make converts to their views, happily, having reference to the public tranquillity, without any appreciable success. When, however, the fallacy of the arguments of such writers is exposed, there is at once a cry of interference with the 'freedom of discussion.' It is charged against me by Mr. Norris, that 'I mounted into power on the strength of my liberalism,' the obvious meaning of which is that I am inconsistent in not adopting the views of Mr. William Norris. If I had felt it my duty to change my political views, I would have had no difficulty in finding precedents for doing so in the English history of our own times, but I am unaware that, during a long public career, I have ever modified my views on any question of importance. Referring to the opinions of

another writer, whom he charges with 'taking the rôle of a party man and defending his leaders,' Mr. Norris proceeds; 'he does this after the example of Sir Francis Hincks.' This remark I must acknowledge my inability to comprehend, and I can only reply, that having long since entirely withdrawn from party connection, it is inapplicable to me. So much for the personal attack.

Mr. Norris is one of those advocates of change, who feel aggrieved at being described as an annexationist. I am not unaware, that in a pamphlet published in 1875, Mr. Norris declared that 'the political institutions of the United States are, in a great measure, one of the main sources of the widespread immorality which prevails. The doctrine of universal suffrage is held by Canadians generally, as being responsible for the most of it; but the fault or evil lies deeper.' Elsewhere in the same pamphlet, referring to universal suffrage, Mr. Norris declared that 'at present it may be said with truth to be the source of most of the corruption which is eating into the heart of the United States, and which threatens at no distant day to engulf the whole nation.' Mr. Norris likewise drew attention to a 'material difference in the institutions of the two countries,' owing to 'the nature of their administrations and governments,' and he maintained that 'the susceptibility of the government to the will of the people, as expressed by their representatives, which is the main characteristic of the English system of government, is entirely wanting in that of the United States.' Again, 'The contrast between the Canadian and American governments in this respect is striking and very unfavourable to the latter. Under the Canadian system, the Executive is constantly under the control of the people and susceptible to their will.' I must confess that the impression left on my mind, after a careful perusal of Mr. Norris' pamphlet of 1875, was that the author, having a decided repugnance, as well to Universal Suffrage as to the political institutions of the United States, was so apprehensive that Canada would inevitably be absorbed in the neighbouring Republic, that he had reluctantly arrived at the conviction that her only safeguard was in Independence. He declared that Independence would create a nationality, which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that power. Nothing but independence can ever avert this misfortune, which, like a black cloud, continually overhangs the country.'

The independence, of which Mr. Norris has constituted himself the special champion, he has himself candidly admitted, would have to be maintained by external influence. After referring to several of the European States, whose independence is sustained by the policy of the greater powers, Mr. Norris proceeds to state: 'The independence of Canada must be sustained, if granted, by similar means.' Strange to relate, Mr. Norris, who writes in a tone of decided hostility to Great Britain, appears to have no doubt that she would not hesitate to guarantee the independence of Canada, at the constant risk of war with the adjoining Republic. The danger to which Great Britain is liable, owing to its connection with Canada, has not unfrequently led to expressions of opinion, as well by leading statesmen, as by influential public journals, that it might be her interest that the subsisting connection, which is believed by many, if not by Mr. Norris, to be most beneficial to Canada, should be dissolved. Mr. Norris has not failed to remind the readers of his pamphlet, that the London *Times* met the unreasonable complaints of some Canadians, that Great Britain had sacrificed their interests by consenting to the Treaty of Washington, with the petulant retort, 'Take up your freedom, your

days of apprenticeship are over.' Notwithstanding these complaints and retorts, no member of either the Imperial or Dominion Parliament has ventured to propose the dissolution of the connection; and Mr. Norris has himself candidly admitted that his scheme of independence is disapproved of by 'the great body of the Canadian people.' It is almost amusing to read on one page of Mr. Norris' pamphlet his denunciation of the Imperial Government, and on another, his assurance that Great Britain would, out of mere generosity, undertake to guarantee the independence of the ungrateful people who had voluntarily severed a connection, all the advantages arising from which were derived by them. Referring to the Treaty of Washington, Mr. Norris describes the English Commissioners as 'four foreigners, whose interest it was to obtain the best terms for their own country, by the sacrifice of Canada,' adding, 'independence, and independence alone, will put an effectual stop to this spoliation; without it, it will continue.' Then it is affirmed that Canada was made to contribute to the Alabama losses, a statement which contains about as much truth as the previous one, that 'the Colonial Government received an intimation to move for a settlement of what is known as the headland question.' One party in the country, according to Mr. Norris, 'submitted to the most galling Downing Street slavery with seeming pleasure and satisfaction.' This is not a description of old times, but 'after responsible government was conceded.' It is said that 'one chief clerk can govern Canada now, whereas, before Confederation, it took four or five.' I might cite many more extracts to prove that the *animus* of Mr. William Norris towards Great Britain is anything but what might be expected from one who boldly claims at her hands no less a favour than the 'guarantee of her independence.'

No one, I imagine, can draw any other conclusion, after reading the chapter in Mr. Norris's pamphlet, entitled, 'Could Canada support Independence?' than that he was convinced that without a guarantee from Great Britain, her absorption by the United States would be her 'manifest destiny.' Poor England! Her reward for conferring on Canada practical independence, and relieving her from a vast number of obligations incident thereto, is to be told that, 'if above all, it was England, which initiated and encouraged Canadian nationality, then England would guarantee Canadian independence, otherwise she would be false to that career which, for the last two hundred years, has made her respected by the world as the first nation, not only in power but in honour, and the respect with which she regards and fulfils all her obligations. This guarantee would not cost England much.' The foregoing passage is by no means consistent with the general tone of the author's comments on England's treatment of Canada; but I need not pursue that branch of the subject. Knowing, as I do, that in the event of the separation of Canada from Great Britain, no such guarantee as Mr. Norris has suggested would be given, I have felt myself warranted in declaring the independence scheme of Mr. Norris even more indefensible than the other revolutionary project of annexation.

I confess that the passages that I have already cited from Mr. Norris's pamphlet of 1875 led me to believe that he was attached to monarchical institutions, although I have never seen any suggestion as to the mode of maintaining them in a state of independence. Believing, as I do, that the inevitable consequence of separation from Great Britain must be the adoption of Republican institutions, it seems to me that it would be the height of absurdity to maintain two distinct federal republics on the same continent, with the necessary additions of separate armies, navies, diplomatists, and customs officers. Mr. Norris is one of the very few of those,

favourable to revolution, who advocates independence in preference to annexation, and he seems to admit that those 'on the Canada side,' as he terms his adherents, if he really has any, are 'young, foolish and enthusiastic,' an opinion in which he will find many to agree with him. It is true that he characterizes me as 'an effete publicist' and 'a politician of a past generation,' but he must surely be aware that I am by no means singular in my opinions. I have just been reading a lecture recently delivered in Manchester by the Rev. A. J. Bray, of Montreal, who is certainly neither 'effete' nor of a 'past generation,' and I find that he assured his audience that 'wherever the British flag is unfurled, there are no people more loyal to the institutions and Queen of England, than the Canadians.' I fear very much that Mr. Norris has imbibed even more advanced views than he held in 1875, for I find in one of his recent contributions that he looks on 'universal suffrage' as a question 'in the near future' in England, and that 'when it comes, as come it will, the monarchy will not last long,' indeed he almost fixes the time for the revolution, for he says, 'there may not be a crowned king in Britain itself twenty years hence. The French Republic is silently honeycombing all the monarchies in Europe.' I have perhaps dwelt too long on Mr. Norris's visionary projects, and I have had other opportunities of discussing the grievances of which he complains. There is, however, one topic which he has introduced, and on which I regret to be obliged to acknowledge, judging from the tone of the press, that he holds opinions that are very prevalent. He observes:—'The power of conferring titles and imperial rewards on colonists will be found always detrimental to Canada, not only in the making of treaties, but in less important affairs. Canadian legislators will constantly have their eyes turned to see what may influence Downing Street to bestow them, not to what the interests of Canada require.' I have never before seen the objection to 'imperial rewards' stated so offensively, but I admit that, in many influential quarters, a good deal of jealousy has been manifested as to the conferring of titles. There is, perhaps, no one living in Canada precisely in the same position as myself, as regards this question. The orders conferred on me, on two different occasions, were in recognition of services rendered in other colonies of the Empire, and whatever may be the merits or demerits of my Canadian public service, I received for it no special recognition. I can, therefore, discuss the question, as regards Canada, with strict impartiality. For a long period of years, England, like nearly all European States, has deemed it sound policy to reward public services—civil, military, and naval—by admission to orders of merit, established by statutes of the Crown, and limited as to the number of admissions. The memorable reply of Lord Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar, to those who implored him to throw off his decorations, so as not to be a mark for the sharp-shooters of the enemy,—'In honour I gained them, in honour I will die in them,'—is a good illustration of the value set upon decorations for merit by all classes, from the recipient of the Victoria Cross down to the young girl who is proud of the decoration of a ribbon, as a reward for proficiency or good conduct. I know of no great state without an order of merit but the United States, and it is not a little singular, that in no country are titles of distinction so prevalent. The titles of Honourable, Judge, General, and Colonel are so common, that it is difficult to find an individual who is not addressed by one of them. Republican France has not abolished the national orders of merit. In process of time, as the Indian Empire and the Colonies became more important, and as the United Kingdom itself increased

in population, it was found that the long established order of the Bath did not afford room for all those whose public services were deemed worthy of recognition. It was accordingly determined to establish a new order of merit, 'The Star of India,' and to extend to the colonies generally, the old order of St. Michael and St. George, which had previously been conferred in recognition of services, rendered in Malta and the Ionian Islands. In the year 1868, new statutes were enacted, authorizing admission to the order of St. Michael and St. George, of such persons 'as may have held, or shall hereafter hold, high and confidential offices, or may render extraordinary and important services to us, as Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, in relation to any of our colonial possessions, or who may become eminently distinguished therein by their talents, merits, virtues, loyalty or services.' I presume that the most pronounced advocate of revolution would hardly object to the establishment of an order of merit for colonial services, and I have not failed to remark that although there were, on the occasion of the Queen's last birthday, a considerable number of promotions, and admissions to the order of St. Michael and St. George, outside of Canada, no complaint on the subject has been made from any other colony of the Empire. I can well imagine the storm of indignation that would have raged among Mr. Norris and his 'young, foolish and enthusiastic' friends, if the statute had contained the words 'excepting the Dominion of Canada,' immediately after 'in relation to any of our colonial possessions,' and yet that would be the proper mode of giving effect to the wishes of the authors of the thoughtless criticisms which have been made on the subject. As to the persons selected, the responsibility must necessarily rest on the advisers of the Crown in England, who naturally must be influenced, as regards Canadian appointments, by the advice of the Governor-General of the Dominion. When it is borne in mind that the numbers in the three classes of the order, for all the colonies, are respectively 25, 60 and 100, there need be little danger of admissions except for merit. The other colonies would doubtless, have no objection to the exclusion of Canadians from the order, and if rumour is to be believed, instances have occurred of Canadians declining to be members of an Order, of which the Queen herself and several of the Royal family are members. I have, perhaps, dwelt too long on this last subject, which is only incidentally noticed by Mr. Norris, in the quotation which I have given. I may, however, call attention to his insinuation that Sir John A. Macdonald may have been influenced in his conduct as a Commissioner at Washington by the hope of obtaining the rank of K.C.B., which had actually been conferred on him several years previously, in recognition of his services as Chairman of the Delegates who had charge of the Confederation measure.

I do not intend to dwell at any length on the very extraordinary views entertained by Mr. Norris on the political questions of the day, but if there are any persons in the community, even among the 'young, foolish and enthusiastic,' with whom Mr. Norris is proud to be associated, who look to that gentleman as their leader, it may be desirable to direct their attention to his very peculiar views on these present-time public questions. He professes great admiration for the 'National Policy,' and approves of the Pacific Railway, and thinks that 'it is a matter of the greatest surprise to Canadians how it is that any party can be found to oppose them.' Dr. Canniff having defended the National Policy, Mr. Norris remarks, 'it can only be said that it will be a small business defending what no one attacks,' and this is published at the

very time that Mr. Blake and several of his friends were engaged in exposing the demerits of the very measures of which Mr. Norris approves. But, says Mr. Norris, 'the Liberal party must be educated,' and the sooner they set about it 'the sooner will they return to power.' The whole political disquisition is simply a mass of inconsistency.

To conclude, I need not discuss the questions of Imperial Federation, or Annexation, both of which schemes have been unequivocally condemned by Mr. Norris, and, as he has himself admitted that, without Great Britain's guarantee, Canada could not maintain her independence, and as there is not the most remote probability that such guarantee would be given, I deem it unnecessary to dwell further on Mr. Norris's papers.

THIS HARP IS MUTE.

A MELODY.

BY T. H. F.

'Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!'

THIS harp is mute; the fairy hand
That touched its magic chords of old,
Hath vanished, and it lieth now
As silent, still, and cold.

Its strings are broken, and the voice
That once to their's sweet music kept,
Like the hushed tones of this lone harp,
In silence long hath slept.

This heart is dead, to it alike
Is pain or pleasure, joy or woe;
The voice is still that thrilled *its* chords,
To rapture's wildest glow.

Within this heart, but now its urn,
Where fires of passion uncontrolled
Once burned, the ashes now repose—
No marble half so cold.

Without a hope, without a fear,
Pleasure and pain alike are fled;
What is there left to fear or hope,
If love itself be dead?

Yet sometimes on the whispering gale,
And sometimes o'er the murmuring sea,
Like cadence of a dying strain,
A tone comes back to me.

And oft when to the moonlit wave
The evening zephyr whispers low,
Methinks that I can hear therein,
A voice of long ago.

This heart is dead; for her it lived;
With her it died; therein no more
Shall passion or shall grief revive,
For ever, ever more.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(III.)

CHAPTER XX.

A JOURNEY TO TORONTO.

TO make my narrative intelligible to those who are not familiar with the times of which I am about to write, I must revert briefly to the year 1834. During that year I made my first business visit to Toronto, then newly erected into a city. As the journey may be taken as a fair specimen of our facilities for travelling in those days, I shall describe it.

I left our shanty in Sunnidale in the bright early morning, equipped only with an umbrella and a blue bag, such as is usually carried by lawyers, containing some articles of clothing. The first three or four miles of the road lay over felled trees cut into logs, but not hauled out of the way. To step or jump over these logs every few feet may be amusing enough by way of sport, but it becomes not a little tiresome when repeated mile after mile, with scarcely any intermission, and without the stimulus of companionship. After getting into a better cleared road, the chief difficulty lay with the imperfectly 'stubbed' underbrush and the frequency of cradle-holes—that is, hollows caused by upturned roots—in roughly timbered land. This kind of travelling continued till mid-day, when I got a substantial dinner and a boisterous welcome from my old friend Root and his family.

He had a pretty little daughter by this time.

An hour's rest, and an easy walk of seven miles to Barrie, were pleasant enough, in spite of stumps and hollows. At Barrie I met with more friends, who would have had me remain there for the night; but time was too valuable. So on I trudged, skirting round the sandy beach of beautiful Kempenfeldt Bay, and into the thick dark woods of Innisfil, where the road was a mere brushed track, easily missed in the twilight, and very muddy from recent rains. Making all the expedition in my power, I sped on towards Clement's tavern, then the only hostelry between Barrie and Bradford, and situated close to the height of land whence arise, in a single field, the sources of various streams flowing into the Nottawasaga, the Holland, and the Credit Rivers. But rain came on, and the road became a succession of water-holes so deep that I all but lost my boots, and, moreover, it was so dark that it was impossible to walk along logs laid by the roadside, which was the local custom in daylight.

I felt myself in a dilemma. To go forward or backward seemed equally unpromising. I had often spent nights in the bush, with or without a wigwam, and the thought of danger did not occur to me. Suddenly I recollected that about half a mile back I had passed a newly-chopped and partially-logged clearing, and that there might possibly be workmen still about. So I returned to the place, and shouted for assistance; but no person was within hearing. There was, however, a small log hut, about six feet square, which the axe-men had roughly put up for protection from the rain, and in it had left some fire still burning. I was glad enough to secure even so poor a shelter as this. Everything was wet. I was without supper, and very tired after thirty miles' walk. But I tried to make the best of a bad job: collected plenty of half-consumed brands from the still blazing log-heaps, to keep up some warmth during the night, and then lay down on the round logs that had been used for seats, to sleep as best I might.

But this was not to be. At about nine o'clock there arose from the woods, first a sharp snapping bark, answered by a single yelp; then two or three yells at intervals. Again a silence, lasting perhaps five minutes. This kept on, the noise increasing in frequency, and coming nearer and again nearer, until it became impossible to mistake it for aught but the howling of wolves. The clearing might be five or six acres. Scattered over it were partially or wholly burnt log heaps. I knew that wolves would not be likely to venture amongst the fires, and that I was practically safe. But the position was not pleasant, and I should have preferred a bed at Clement's, as a matter of choice. I, however, kept up my fire very assiduously, and the evil brutes continued their concert of fiendish discords—sometimes remaining silent for a time, and anon bursting into a full chorus *fortissimo*—for many long, long hours, until the glad beams of morning peeped through the trees, and the sky grew brighter and brighter; when the wolves ceased their serenade, and I fell fast asleep, with my damp umbrella for a pillow.

With the advancing day, I awoke, stiffened in every joint, and very hungry. A few minutes' walk on my road showed me a distant opening in the woods, towards which I hastened, and found a new shanty, inhabited by a good-natured settler and his family, from whom I got some breakfast, for which they would accept nothing but thanks. They had lately been much troubled, they said, with wolves about their cattle sheds at night.

From thence I proceeded to Bradford, fifteen miles, by a road interlaced with pine roots, with deep water-holes between, and so desperately rugged as to defy any wheeled vehicle but an ox-cart to struggle over it. Here my troubles

ended for the present. Mr. Thomas Drury, of that village, had been in partnership with a cousin of my own, as brewers, at Mile End, London. His hospitable reception, and a good night's repose, made me forget previous discomforts, and I went on my way next morning with a light heart, carrying with me a letter of introduction to a man of whom I had occasionally heard in the bush, one William Lyon Mackenzie.

The day's journey by way of Yonge Street was easily accomplished by stage—an old-fashioned conveyance enough, swung on leather straps, and subject to tremendous jerks from loose stones on the rough road, innocent of Macadam, and full of the deepest ruts. A fellow-passenger, by way of encouragement, told me how an old man, a few weeks before, had been jolted so violently against the roof, as to leave marks of his blood there, which, being not uncommon, were left unheeded for days. My friend advised me to keep on my hat, which I had laid aside on account of the heat of the day, and I was not slow to adopt the suggestion.

Arrived in town, my first business was to seek out Mr. William Hawkins, well-known in those days as an eminent provincial land surveyor. I found him at a house on the south side of Newgate (now Adelaide) street, two or three doors west of Bay Street. He was living as a private boarder with an English family; and, at his friendly intercession, I was admitted to the same privilege. The home was that of Mr. H. C. Todd, with his wife and two sons. With them, I continued to reside as often as I visited Toronto, and for long after I became a citizen. That I spent there many happy days, among kind and considerate friends, numbers of my readers will be well assured when I mention, that the two boys were Alfred and Alpheus Todd, the one loved and lamented as the late Clerk of Committees in the Canadian House of Commons—the other widely known in Europe and America, as the present Librarian of the Dominion Parliament.

My stay in Toronto on that occasion was very brief. To wait upon the Chief Emigrant Agent for instructions about road-making in Sunnidale; to make a few small purchases of clothing and tea; and to start back again, without loss of time, were matters of course. One thing, however, I found time to do, which had more bearing upon this narrative, and that was, to present Mr. Drury's letter of introduction to William L. Mackenzie, M.P.P., at his printing-office on I think Hospital Street. I had often seen copies, in the bush, of the *Colonial Advocate*, as well as of the *Courier* and *Gazette* newspapers, but had the faintest possible idea of Canadian politics. The letter was from one whose hospitality Mackenzie had experienced for weeks in London, and consequently I felt certain of a courteous reception. Without descending from the high stool he used at his desk, he received the letter, read it, looked at me frigidly, and said in his singular, harsh Dundee dialect: 'We must look after our own people before doing anything for strangers.' Mr. Drury had told him that I wished to know if there was any opening for proof-readers in Toronto. I was not a little surprised to find myself ostracized as a stranger in a British colony, but, having other views, thought no more of the circumstance at the time.

This reminds me of another characteristic anecdote of Mackenzie, which was related to me by one who was on the spot when it happened. In 1820, on his first arrival in Montreal from Scotland, he got an engagement as chain-bearer on the survey of the Lachine canal. A few days afterwards, the surveying party, as usual at noon, sat down on a grassy bank to eat their dinner. They had been thus occupied for half an hour, and were getting ready for a smoke, when the new chain-bearer suddenly jumped up with an exclamation, 'Now, boys, time for

work! we mustn't waste the government money!' The consequence of which ill-timed outburst was his prompt dismissal from the service.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME GLIMPSES OF UPPER CANADIAN POLITICS.

IN the course of the years 1835,-'6 and '7, I made many journeys to Toronto, sometimes wholly on foot, sometimes partly by steamboat and stage. I became very intimate with the Todd family and connections, which included Mrs. Todd's brother, William P. Patrick, then, and long afterwards, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly; his brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas D. Morrison, M.P.P.; Thomas Vaux, Accountant of the Legislature; Caleb Hopkins, M.P.P., for Halton; William H. Doel, brewer; William C. Keele, attorney, and their families. Nearly all these persons were, or had been, zealous admirers of W. L. Mackenzie's political course. And the same thing must be said of my friend Mr. Drury, of Bradford; his sister married Edward Henderson, merchant tailor, of King Street West, whose father, E. T. Henderson, was well known amongst Mackenzie's supporters. It was his cottage on Yonge Street (near what is now Gloucester Street), at which the leaders of the popular party used often to meet in council. The house stood in an orchard, well fenced, and was then very rural and secluded from observation.

Amongst all these really estimable people, and at their houses, nothing of course was heard disparaging to the reformers of that day, and their active leader. My own political prejudices also were in his favour. And so matters went on until the arrival, in 1835, of Sir Francis Bond Head, as Lieutenant-Governor, when we, in the bush, began to hear of violent struggles between the House of Assembly on the one side, and the Lieutenant-Governor supported by the Legislative Council on the other. Each political party, by turns, had had its successes and reverses at the polls. In 1825, the majority of the Assembly was Tory; in 1826, and for several years afterwards, a Reform majority was elected; in 1831, again, Toryism was successful; in 1835, the balance veered over to the popular side once more, by a majority only of four. This majority, led by Mackenzie, refused to pass the supplies; whereupon, Sir Francis appealed to the people by dissolving the Parliament.

What were the precise grounds of difference in principle between the opposing parties, did not very clearly appear to us in the bush. Sir Francis Head had no power to grant 'Responsible Government' as it has since been interpreted. On each side there were friends and opponents of that system. Among Tories, Ogle R. Gowan, Charles F. Fothergill, and others, advocated a responsible ministry, and were loud in their denunciations of the 'Family Compact.' On the Reform side were ranged such men as Marshall S. Bidwell and Dr. Rolph, who preferred American Republicanism, in which 'Responsible Government' was and is utterly unknown. We consequently found it hard to understand the party cries of the day. But we began to perceive that there was a Republican bias on one hand, contending with a Monarchical leaning on the other; and we had come to Canada, as had most well-informed immigrants, expressly to avoid the evils of Republicanism, and to preserve our British constitutional heritage intact.

When therefore Sir Francis Head threw himself with great energy into the electoral arena, when he bade the foes of the Empire 'come if they dare!' when he called upon the 'United Empire Loyalists,'—men, who in 1770 had thrown away their all, rather than accept an alien rule—to vindicate once

more their right to choose whom they would follow, King or President—when he traversed the length and breadth of the land, making himself at home in the farm-houses, and calling upon fathers and husbands and sons to stand up for their hearths, and their old traditions of honour and fealty to the Crown, it would have been strange indeed had he failed.

The next House of Assembly, elected in 1838, contained a majority of twenty-six to fourteen in favour of Sir F. B. Head's policy. This precipitated matters. Had Mackenzie been capable of enduring defeat with a good grace; had he restrained his natural irritability of temper, and kept his skirts cautiously clear of all contact with men of Republican aspirations, he might and probably would have recovered his position as a parliamentary leader, and died an honoured and very likely even a titled veteran! But he became frantic with choler and disappointment, and rushed headlong into the most passionate extremes, which ended in making him a mere cat's-paw in the hands of cunning schemers, who did not fail, after their manner, to disavow their own handiwork when it had ceased to serve their purposes.

CHAPTER XXII.

TORONTO DURING THE REBELLION.

IN November, 1837, I had travelled to Toronto for the purpose of seeking permanent employment in the city, and meant to return in the first week of December, to spend my last Christmas in the woods. But the fates and William Lyon Mackenzie had decided otherwise. I was staying for a few days with my friend Joseph Heughen, the London hairdresser mentioned as a fellow-passenger on board the *Asia*, whose name will be familiar to most Toronto citizens of that day. His shop was near Ridout's hardware-store, on King Street, at the corner of Yonge Street. On Sunday, the 3rd, we heard that armed men were assembling at the Holland Landing and Newmarket to attack the city, and that lists of houses to be burned by them were in the hands of their leaders; that Samuel Lount, blacksmith, had been manufacturing pikes at the Landing for their use; that two or three persons had been warned by friends in the secret to sell their houses, or to leave the city, or to look for startling changes of some sort. Then it was known that a quantity of arms and a couple of cannon were being brought from the garrison, and stored in the covered way under the old City Hall. Every idle report was eagerly caught up, and magnified a hundredfold. But the burthen of all invariably was, an expected invasion by the Yankees to drive all loyalists from Canada. In this way rumour followed rumour, all business ceased, and everybody listened anxiously for the next alarm. At length it came in earnest. At eleven o'clock on Monday night, the 4th of December, every bell in the city was set ringing, occasional gunshots were fired, by accident as it turned out, but none the less startling to nervous people; a confused murmur arose in the streets, becoming louder every minute; presently the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, echoing loudly along Yonge Street. With others I hurried out, and found at Ridout's corner a horseman, who proved to be Alderman John Powell, who told his breathless listeners, how he had been stopped beyond the Yonge Street toll-gate, two miles out, by Mackenzie and Anderson at the head of a number of rebels in arms; how he had shot Anderson and missed Mackenzie; how he had dodged behind a log when pursued; and had finally got into town by the College Avenue.

There was but little sleep in Toronto that night, and next day everything was uproar and excitement, heightened by the news that Col. Moodie, of

Richmond Hill, a retired officer of the army, who was determined to force his way through the armed bodies of rebels, to bring tidings of the rising to the Government in Toronto, had been shot down and inhumanly left to bleed to death at Montgomery's tavern. The flames and smoke from Dr. Horne's house at Rosedale, were visible all over the city; it had been fired in the presence of Mackenzie in person, in retaliation, it was said, for the refusal of discount by the Bank of Upper Canada, of which Dr. Horne was cashier. The ruins of the still-burning building were visited by hundreds of citizens, and added greatly to the excitement and exasperation of the hour. By-and-by it became known that Mr. Robert Baldwin and Dr. John Rolph had been sent, with a flag of truce, to learn the wants of the insurgents. Many citizens accompanied the party at a little distance. A flag of truce was in itself a delightful novelty, and the street urchins cheered vociferously, scudding away at the smallest alarm. Arrived at the toll-gate, there were waiting outside Mackenzie, Lount, Gibson, Fletcher and other leaders, with a couple of hundred of their men. In reply to the Lieutenant-Governor's message of inquiry, as to what was wanted, the answer was 'Independence, and a convention to arrange details,' which rather compendious demand, being reported to Sir Francis, was at once rejected. So there was nothing for it but to fight.

Mackenzie did his best to induce his men to advance on the city that evening; but as most of his followers had been led to expect that there would be no resistance, and no bloodshed, they were shocked and discouraged by Col. Moodie's death, as well as by those of Anderson and one or two others. A picket of volunteers under Col. Jarvis, fired on them, when not far within the toll-gate, killing one and wounding two others, and retired still firing. After this the insurgents lost all confidence, and even threatened to shoot Mackenzie himself, for reproaching them with cowardice. A farmer living by the roadside told me at the time, that while a detachment of rebels were marching southwards down the hill since known as Mount Pleasant, they saw a waggon-load of cordwood standing on the opposite rise, and that supposing it to be a piece of artillery loaded to the muzzle with grape or canister, these brave warriors leaped the fences right and left like squirrels, and could by no effort of their officers be induced again to advance.

By this time the principal buildings in the city—the City Hall, Upper Canada Bank, the Parliament Buildings, Osgoode Hall, the Government House, the Canada Company's office, and many private dwellings and shops, were put in a state of defence by barricading the windows and doors with two-inch plank, loopholed for musketry; and the city bore a rather formidable appearance. Arms and ammunition were distributed to all householders who chose to accept them. I remember well the trepidation with which my friend Heughen shrank from touching the musket that was held out for his acceptance; and the outspoken indignation of the militia sergeant, whose proffer of the fire-arm was declined. The poor hair-dresser told me afterwards, that many of his customers were rebels, and that he dreaded the loss of their patronage.

The same evening came Mr. Speaker McNab, with a steamer from Hamilton, bringing sixty of the 'men of Gore.' It was an inspiriting thing to see these fine fellows land on the wharf, bright and fresh from their short voyage, and full of zeal and loyalty. The ringing cheers they sent forth were re-echoed with interest by the townsmen. From Scarborough also, marched in a party of militia, under Captain McLean.

It was on the same day that a lady, still living, was travelling by stage from Streetsville, on her way through Toronto to Cornwall, having with her

a large trunk of new clothing prepared for a long visit to her relatives. Very awkwardly for her, Mackenzie had started, at the head of a few men, from Yonge Street across to Dundas Street, to stop the stage and capture the mails, so as to intercept news of Dr. Duncombe's rising in the London District. Not content with seizing the mail-bags and all the money they contained, Mackenzie himself, pistol in hand, demanded the surrender of the poor woman's portmanteau, and carried it off bodily. It was asserted at the time that he only succeeded in evading capture a few days after, at Oakville, by disguising himself in woman's clothes, which may explain his raid upon the lady's wardrobe; for which, I believe, she failed to get any compensation whatsoever under the Rebellion Losses Act. This lady afterwards became the wife of John F. Rogers, who was my partner in business for several subsequent years.

In the course of the next day, Wednesday, parties of men arrived from Niagara, Hamilton, Oakville, Port Credit, and other places, in greater or less numbers—many of them Orangemen, delighted with their new occupation. The Lieutenant-Governor was thus enabled to vacate the City Hall and take up his head-quarters in the Parliament Buildings; and before night as many as fifteen hundred volunteers were armed and partially drilled. Among them were a number of Mackenzie's former supporters, with their sons and relatives, now thoroughly ashamed of the man, and utterly alienated by his declared republicanism.

Next morning followed the 'Battle of Gallows Hill,' or, as it might more fitly be styled, the 'Skirmish of Montgomery's Farm.' Being a stranger in the city, I had not then formally volunteered, but took upon myself to accompany the advancing force, on the chance of finding something to do, either as a volunteer or a newspaper correspondent, should an opening occur. The main body, led by Sir Francis himself, with Colonels Fitzgibbon and McNab as Adjutants, marched by Yonge Street, and consisted of six hundred men with two guns; while two other bodies, of two hundred and a hundred and twenty men, respectively, headed by Colonels W. Chisholm and S. P. Jarvis, advanced by bye-roads and fields on the east and on the west of Yonge Street. Nothing was seen of the enemy till within half-a-mile of Montgomery's tavern. The road was there bordered on the west side by pine woods, from whence dropping rifle-shots began to be heard, which were answered by the louder muskets of the militia. Presently our artillery opened their hoarse throats, and the woods rang with strong reverberations. Splinters were dashed from the trees, threatening, and I believe causing, worse mischief than the shots themselves. It is said that this kind of skirmishing continued for half-an-hour—to me it seemed but a few minutes. As the militia advanced, their opponents melted away. Parties of volunteers dashed over the fences and into the woods, shouting and firing as they ran. Two or three wounded men of both parties were lifted tenderly into carts and sent off to the city to be placed in hospital. Others lay bleeding by the road-side—rebels by their rustic clothing; their wounds were bound up, and they were removed in their turn. Soon a movement was visible through the smoke, on the hill fronting the tavern, where some tall pines were then standing. I could see there two or three hundred men, now firing irregularly at the advancing loyalists; now swaying to and fro without any apparent design. Some horsemen were among them, who seemed to act more as scouts than as leaders.

We had by this time arrived within cannon-shot of the tavern itself. Two or three balls were seen to strike and pass through it. A crowd of men rushed from the doors, and scattered wildly in a northerly direction.

Those on the hill wavered, receded under shelter of the undulating land, and then fled like their fellows. Their horsemen took the side-road westward, and were pursued, but not in time to prevent their escape. Had our right and left wings kept pace with the main body, the whole insurgent force must have been captured.

Sir Francis halted his men opposite the tavern, and gave the word to demolish the building, by way of a severe lesson to the disaffected. This was promptly done by firing the furniture in the lower rooms, and presently thick clouds of smoke and vivid flames burst from doors and windows. The battalion next moved on to perform the same service at Gibson's house, three or four miles further north. Many prisoners were taken in the pursuit, all of whom Sir Francis released, after admonishing them to be better subjects in future. The march back to Toronto was very leisurely executed, several of the mounted officers carrying dead pigs and geese slung across their saddle-bows as trophies of victory.

Next day, volunteers for the city guard were called for, and among them I was regularly enrolled and placed under pay, at three shillings and nine pence per diem. My captain was George Percival Ridout; and his brother, Joseph D. Ridout, was lieutenant. Our company was duly drilled at the City Hall, and continued to do duty as long as their services were required, which was about three weeks. I have a vivid recollection of being stationed at the Don Bridge to look out for a second visit from Peter Matthews's band of rebels, eighty of whom had attempted to burn the bridge, and succeeded in burning three adjoining houses; also, of being forgotten, and kept there without food or relief throughout a bitter cold winter's night and morning. Also, of doing duty as sentry over poor old Colonel Van Egmond, a Dutch officer who had served under Napoleon I., and who was grievously sick from exposure in the woods and confinement in gaol, of which he soon afterwards died. Another day, I was placed, as one of a corporal's guard, in charge of Lesslie's stationery and drug-store, and found there a saucy little shop-boy, who has since developed into the portly person of Alderman Baxter, now one, and not the least, of our city notabilities. The guards and the guarded were on the best of terms. We were treated with much hospitality by Mr. Joseph Lesslie, late Postmaster of Toronto, and have all been excellent friends ever since. Our corporal, I ought to say, was Anthony Blachford, since a well-known and respected citizen.

Those were exciting times in Toronto. The day after the battle, six hundred men of Simcoe, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dewson, came marching down Yonge Street, headed by Highland pipers, playing the national pibroch. In their ranks, I first saw Hugh Scobie, a stalwart Scotsman, afterwards known as publisher of the *British Colonist* newspaper. With this party were brought in sixty prisoners, tied to a long rope, most of whom were afterwards released on parole.

A day or two afterwards, entered the volunteers from the Newcastle District, who had marched the whole distance from Brockville, under the command, I think, of Lieutenant-Colonel Ogle R. Gowan. They were a fine body of men, and in the highest spirits at the prospect of a fight with the young Queen Victoria's enemies.

A great sensation was created when the leaders who had been arrested after the battle, Dr. Thomas D. Morrison, John G. Parker, and two others, I think the Messrs. James and William Lesslie, preceded by a loaded cannon pointed towards the prisoners, were marched along King Street to the Common Jail, which is the same building now occupied as York Chambers, at the corner of Toronto and Court Streets. The Court House stood, and

still stands, converted into shops and offices, on Church Street; between the two was an open common which was used in those days as the place of public executions. It was here that, on the 12th of April following, I witnessed, with great sorrow, the execution of Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, two of the principal rebel leaders.

Sir F. B. Head had then left the Province.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VICTOR AND THE VANQUISHED.

IT is now forty-three years since the last act of the rebellion was consummated, by the defeat of Duncombe's party in the London district, the punishment of Sutherland's brigands at Windsor, and the destruction of the steamer *Caroline* and dispersal of the discreditable ruffians, of whom their 'president,' Mackenzie, was heartily sick, at Navy Island. None of these events came within my own observation, and I pass them by without special remark.

But respecting Sir Francis Bond Head and his antagonist, I feel that more should be said, in justice to both. It is eminently unfair to censure Sir Francis for not doing that which he was not commissioned to do. Even so thorough a Reformer and so just a man as Earl Russell, had failed to see the advisability of extending 'responsible government' to any of Her Majesty's Colonies. Up to the time of Lord Durham's Report in 1839, no such proposal had been even mooted; and it appears to have been the general opinion of British statesmen, at the date of Sir Francis Head's appointment, that to give a responsible ministry to Canada was equivalent to granting her independence. In taking it for granted that Canadians as a whole were unfit to have conferred on them the same rights of self-government as were possessed by Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen in the old country, consisted the original error. This error, however, Sir Francis shared with the Colonial Office and both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. Since those days the mistake has been admitted, and not Canada alone, but the Australian colonies and South Africa have profited by our advancement in self-government.

As for Sir Francis's personal character, even Mackenzie's biographer allows that he was frank, kindly and generous in an unusual degree. That he won the entire esteem of so many men of whom all Canadians of whatever party are proud — such men as Chief Justice Robinson, Bishop Strachan, Chief Justices Macaulay, Draper and McLean, Sir Allan N. McNab, Messrs. Henry Ruttan, Mahlon Burwell, Jno. W. Gamble, and many others, I hold to be indubitable proof of his high qualities and honest intentions. Nobody can doubt that had he been sent here to carry out responsible government, he would have done it zealously and honourably. But he was sent to oppose it, and, in opposing it, he simply did his duty.

A gentleman well qualified to judge, and who knew him personally, has favoured me with the following remarks apropos of the subject, which I have pleasure in laying before my readers:—

'As a boy, I had a sincere admiration for his [Sir Francis's] devoted loyalty, and genuine English character; and I have since learnt to respect and appreciate with greater discrimination his great services to the Crown and Empire. He was a little Quixotic perhaps. He had a marked individuality of his own. But he was as true as steel, and most staunch to British law and British principle in the trying days of his administration in Canada. His loyalty was chivalrous and magnetic; by his enlightened enthusiasm in a good cause he evoked a true spirit of loyalty in Upper Canada, that had well-nigh be-

come extinct, being overlaid with the spirit of ultra-radicalism that had for years previously got uppermost among our people. But Upper Canada loyalty had a deep and solid foundation in the patriotism of the U. E. Loyalists, a noble race who had proved by deeds, not words, their attachment to the Crown and government of the mother land. These U. E. Loyalists were the true founders of Upper Canada; and they were forefathers of whom we may be justly proud — themselves "honouring the father and the mother"—their sovereign and the institutions under which they were born—they did literally obtain the promised reward of that "first commandment with promise," viz: length of days and honour.'

William Lyon Mackenzie was principally remarkable for his indomitable perseverance and unhesitating self-reliance. Of toleration for other men's opinions, he seems to have had none. He did, or strove to do, whatsoever he himself thought right, and those who differed with him he denounced in the most unmeasured terms. For example, writing of the Imperial Government in 1837, he says:—

'Small cause have Highlanders and the descendants of Highlanders to feel a friendship for the Guelphic family. If the Stuarts had their faults, they never enforced loyalty in the glens and valleys of the north by banishing and extirpating the people; it was reserved for the Brunswickers to give, as a sequel to the massacre of Glencoe, the cruel order for depopulation. I am proud of my descent from a rebel race; who held borrowed chieftains, a scrip nobility, rag money, and national debt in abomination. . . . Words cannot express my contempt at witnessing the servile, crouching attitude of the country of my choice. If the people felt as I feel, there is never a Grant or Glenelg who crossed the Tay and Tweed to exchange high-born Highland poverty for substantial Lowland wealth, who would dare to insult Upper Canada with the official presence, as its ruler, of such an equivocal character as this Mr. what do they call him—Francis Bond Head.'

Had Mackenzie confined himself to this kind of vituperation, all might have gone well for him, and for his followers. People would only have laughed at his vehemence. The advocacy of the principle of responsible government in Canada would have been, and was, taken up by Orangemen, U. E. Loyalists, and other known Tories. Ever since the day when the manufacture of even a hob-nail in the American colonies was declared by English statesmen to be intolerable, the struggle has gone on for colonial equality as against imperial centralization. The final adoption of the theory of ministerial responsibility by all political parties in Canada, is Mackenzie's best justification.

But he sold himself in his disappointment to the republican tempter, and justly paid the penalty. That he felt this himself long before he died will be best shown by his own words, which I copy from Mr. Lindsey's 'Life of Mackenzie,' vol. ii., page 290.

'After what I have seen here, I frankly confess to you that, had I passed nine years in the United States before, instead of after, the outbreak, I am very sure I would have been the last man in America to be engaged in it.'

And, again, page 291:—

'A course of careful observations during the last eleven years has fully satisfied me that, had the violent movements in which I and many others were engaged on both sides of the Niagara proved successful, that success would have deeply injured the people of Canada, whom I then believed I was serving at great risks; that it would have deprived millions, perhaps, of our own countrymen in Europe of a home upon this continent, except upon con-

ditions which, though many hundreds of thousands of immigrants have been constrained to accept them, are of an exceedingly onerous and degrading character. . . . There is not a living man on this continent who more sincerely desires that British Government in Canada may long continue, and give a home and a welcome to the old countryman, than myself.'

Of Mackenzie's imprisonment and career in the United States, nothing need be said here. I saw him once more in the Canadian Parliament after his return from exile, in the year 1858. He was then remarkable for his good humour, and for his personal independence of party. His chosen associates were, as it seemed to me, chiefly on the Opposition or Conservative side of the House.

Before closing this chapter, I cannot help referring to the unfortunate men who suffered in various ways. They were farmers of the best class, and of the most simple habits. The poor fellows who lay wounded by the road side on Yonge Street, were not persons astute enough to discuss political theories, but feeble creatures who could only shed bitter tears over their bodily sufferings, and look helplessly for assistance from their conquerors. There were among them boys of twelve or fifteen years old, one of whom had been commissioned by his ignorant old mother at St. Catharines, to be sure and bring her home a check-apron full of tea from one of the Toronto groceries.

I thought at the time, and I think still, that the Government ought to have interfered before matters came to a head, and so saved all these hapless people from the cruel consequences of their leaders' folly. On the other hand, it is asserted that neither Sir Francis nor his Council could be brought to credit the probability of an armed rising. A friend has told me that his father, who was then a member of the Executive Council, attended a meeting as late as nine o'clock on the 4th December, 1837. That he returned home and retired to rest at eleven. In half an hour a messenger from Government House came knocking violently at the door, with the news of the rising; when he jumped out of bed, exclaiming, 'I hope Robinson will believe me next time.' The Chief Justice had received, with entire incredulity, the information laid before the Council, of the threatened movement that week.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RESULTS IN THE FUTURE.

WHATEVER may be thought of Sir Francis B. Head's policy —whether we prefer to call it mere foolhardiness or chivalric zeal—there can be no doubt that he served as an effective instrument in the hands of Providence for the building up of a 'Greater Britain' on the American continent. The success of the outbreak of 1837 could only have ended in Canada's absorption by the United States, which must surely have proved a lamentable finale to the grand heroic act of the loyalists of the old colonies, who came here to preserve what they held to be their duty alike to their God and their earthly sovereign. It is certain, I think, that religious principle is the true basis, and the one only safeguard of Canadian existence. It was the influence of the Anglican, and especially of the Methodist pastors, of 1770, that led their flocks into the wilderness to find here a congenial home. In Lower Canada, in 1837, it was in like manner the influence of the clergy, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, that defeated Papineau and his Republican followers. And it is the religious and moral sentiment of Canada, in all her seven Provinces, that now constitutes the true bond of union between us and the parent Empire. Only a few years since, the statesmen of the old country felt no

shame in preferring United States' amity to Colonial connection. To-day a British premier openly and even ostentatiously repudiates any such policy as suicidal.

That Canada possesses, in every sense of the word, a healthier atmosphere than its Southern neighbour, and that it owes its continued moral salubrity to the defeat of Mackenzie's allies in 1837–8, I for one confidently hold—with Mackenzie himself. That this superiority is due to the greater and more habitual respect paid to all authority—Divine and secular—I devoutly believe. That our present and future welfare hangs, as by a thread, upon that one inherent, all-important characteristic, that we are a religious community, seems to me plain to all who care to read correctly the signs of the times.

The historian of the future will find in these considerations his best clue to our existing status in relation to our cousins to the south of us. He will discover on the one side of the line, peaceful industry, home affections, unaffected charity, harmless recreations, a general desire for education, and a sincere reverence for law and authority. On the other, he may observe a heterogeneous commixture of many races, and notably of their worst elements; he will see the marriage-tie degraded into a mockery, the Sabbath-day a scoffing, the house of God a rostrum or a concert-hall, the law a screen for crime, the judicial bench a purchasable commodity, the patrimony of the State an asylum for Mormonism.

I am fully sensible that the United States possesses estimable citizens in great numbers, who feel, and lament more than anybody else, the flagrant abuses of her free institutions. But do they exercise any controlling voice in elections? Do they even hope to influence the popular vote? They tell us themselves that they are powerless. And so—we have only to wish them a fairer prospect; and to pray that Canada may escape the inevitable Nemesis that attends upon great national faults such as theirs.

(*To be continued.*)

CONSCIOUS.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

TO know a song of songs in all the air,
And strive in vain to catch the echoes faint!
To love in truth, a flower surpassing fair,
Yet lose its perfectness with blind restraint!

To hate this darkness and to long for light,
Yet grovel closer to our shadowy earth!
Essay, with sparrow's wings, the eagle's flight,
What boon is knowledge of our own unworth?

The untold sweetness of the flower and song
Hath here a herald. A glad hope that we,
Rejoicing in full noontide, shall be strong,
Whispers the secret of futurity!

POLITICS CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, M.A., HALIFAX, N.S.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY has shewn that murder can be elevated to one of the Fine Arts—no one has yet shewn that politics can be raised to the same plane. If it could be done the world might possibly be happier and wiser. Notwithstanding the great varieties and diversities of government which prevail in the world, from the Absolutism of Russia to the Democracy of the United States and Canada, it is wonderful to note how similar are the conditions of political success, and how singularly, in all countries, men come to the front as the result of accident, circumstance, and even caprice. There is so much unaccountable in political elevations and political falls that the whole matter is looked upon as a game —a mere chance—a toss of the die. And yet, in the face of this jumble, is it not extraordinary how inexorably it happens that clever, able men are almost always found in every age and every country to lead and guide the destinies of the State?

It is interesting to philosophize upon the incidents and circumstances which go to favour the 'game' theory in politics. It is not necessary to travel out of our own country for illustrations. In selecting men to carry the standard of the party in election contests, constituencies are inscrutably capricious. Devoted service to the cause is passed over; splendid fitness is ignored; fond aspiration is overlooked, and some man, who has no special qualifications, no desire for political life, and has done nothing to merit the confidence of the party, is selected as the candidate, and wakes up, to his great surprise, some fine day, to find himself an M.P., and able not only to ventilate his views in the presence of the whole country, but, also, to have a direct voice in the making of laws and the moulding of institutions. This looks as if politics were, indeed, a game, and that no one who was wise would think of troubling his head about it, because the old Calvinistic doctrine of election governed the case. If he has been 'pre-ordained' to Parliament, he will get there. If not, of course there is an end to the matter.

It is almost touching to dwell on the subject of disappointed ambition on the part of many who have had ardent yearnings for public life. Properly speaking, the word ambition has only one meaning—a desire to become eminent in statecraft. It transcends every other worldly application of the term. A man may be ambitious to be rich; a youthful pedagogue may fasten upon a college presidency as the coveted goal of his hopes; a curate may patiently long and struggle for a bishopric: a young barrister fixes his eye on a chief-justiceship as the crowning glory of a human life. All these are the legitimate and natural aspirations of professional life. But the concentrated essences of all these little aims are not to be compared to one burning throb of his heart who has learned to dream of political eminence—in whose ears have rung the imaginary plaudits of admiring multitudes, and whose soul has been captivated by the Syren who sings of power. There are higher ambitions

than that which longs to be the leader of a party—the ambition to build up a well-rounded manhood, thereby fulfilling, not only the duties of life with fidelity, but the conditions necessary to a higher and purer existence. This, truly, is the loftiest aspiration in the range of human effort. But when we come down to matters of a mere earthly and selfish kind, the only thing really worthy of being considered the goal of hot ambition is the House of Commons. As compared with the population of the country, the number who have been inspired with this ambition is fortunately small; but, still, how many have felt the insatiable yearning for political life, and have died with their fondest hopes unfulfilled. If this failure had been the result of fixed law, whereby, in the race for distinction they had been left behind, on the merits—been outstripped by men of greater capacity and stronger claims,—the disappointment might have been less keen; but to have seen their chances slip away from them to light upon the shoulders of men of infinitely less ability, who possess neither claim nor desire for the honours which are thrust upon them —this awakens a sense of injustice which ministers to the bitterness of baffled hope.

I have in my mind the case of a gentleman in one of the finest constituencies in Nova Scotia. He was a large and independent farmer, of education, literary taste, and refinement of manner. Above all, he had a life-long aspiration for a seat in Parliament. He was a supporter of Joseph Howe, whose splendid genius and brilliant parts as a politician, made public life worth seeking in Nova Scotia. The county had frequent elections, and was allotted three seats in the Assembly. The Liberal party had not many men suitable for public life. He had no great competition to contend against. For years, at every succeeding election, he toiled for the success of his party, expecting that the next would bring him to the front. He distinguished himself on the public platform; he made himself personally familiar with every section of the county; he was active in every organization and movement of his party; in a word, he neglected none of those means which ordinarily tend to secure the object aimed at. Yet, time after time, he was passed over at the party convention, while men, vastly his inferiors in ability, and who had never given the matter of a seat in Parliament a serious thought, had to be urged to accept the honour which was thrust upon them. I remember the very last Convention which my friend attended. He thought, on this occasion, that his name would be sure to be accepted by the party. He had got his strongest rival to decline a nomination. But the fates were against him. A most inferior old fellow was fished up at the last moment. A ballot was taken, and my friend had scarce half-a-dozen votes. He went away a bitterly disappointed man, and shortly afterwards died.

This case is given merely for the purpose of illustrating the accidents of political life. Hundreds of similar cases have occured within the boundaries of Canada. In the face of these, how can politics be considered as a Fine Art? How can it be reduced to a practical science, and not a game of chance? In some countries such things as pocket-boroughs are in existence, and have been in the past to a still greater extent. There it is possible that a man, born of rich and influential parents, may 'secure an interest,' and get into Parliament to a certainty. In such a case, a young man may design himself for the profession of politics, and base his life-work on this assumption. But in Canada there is no such thing as a pocket-borough. There are a very few constituencies which are so strongly Liberal or Tory that the successful candidate of a party may be practically the master of the seat. But, in

every case, the aspirant has to run the gauntlet of the party convention. This is the important distinction between English and Canadian pocket-boroughs, if we have any of the latter. In the former, the candidate is put forward by some noble lord and he is elected; but who shall be the candidate, in Canadian politics, is a question for a free assembly, chosen fairly; and, in scarcely any instance, would it be entirely safe for a politician, no matter if he be the leader of the party, to dictate to this convention. From these incidents in our political system one general principle may be deduced, namely, that the professional politician stands in an entirely different position from any other professional man in the country. In other words, there can be no such thing as the political profession. You can ask a young man if he intends to be a lawyer, physician, engineer or clergyman, but it is the merest satire to ask him if he intends to be a politician, because, if he feels in his soul that he has a genius for political affairs, and his nearest and most impartial friends recognise qualities of special fitness for the duties of a public man, neither he nor his friends can tell if he will ever be able to command a constituency.

Yet it does seem a little strange that such an important field of labour as statecraft opens up should be left entirely to the chances of the hour. No man is permitted to stand in a court of law to advocate the rights of an individual until he has had a long and special training for the profession of the law. Is less caution necessary when a man is to be intrusted with the political destinies of a whole nation? Under an enlightened and seemingly faultless system of government, we have, in theory at least, nothing but amateur politicians. Out of over two hundred members of the House of Commons, but a small percentage are selected for any special fitness to transact political business. A city constituency will select a successful merchant to represent its commercial interests. Sometimes an agricultural county resolves to protect its special interests by sending a farmer to the Commons. But all this is sheer nonsense. If anyone will take the trouble to look at the matter carefully, the proper man to represent commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and all other interests, is a trained, professional politician. We see this illustrated every day. A man may have every quality which goes to make up a successful merchant—may understand trade in all its practical details, and still have no understanding of the relation which legislation bears to trade. Edward Blake is a lawyer, and Chas. Tupper is a physician by profession; and neither of them, probably, was ever engaged in a commercial transaction in their lives. Yet, either one of them could annihilate a half dozen Chambers of Commerce in the discussion of any fiscal question. Why? Simply because they are trained politicians, and have made a special study of questions touching the influence of legislation on the various departments of industry. Joseph Howe was a printer and journalist, and yet, at the Detroit Convention of representatives of Boards of Trade from all parts of the United States and Canada, 'men who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the products of a Greek Isle,' he rose above them all in his ability to grapple with the great question of commercial reciprocity. Why? Because he was a trained politician, and had made this subject a special study.

In theory, at all events, this amateuring in politics is unsound and absurd. It is working fairly well, because, by accident, a few of the ablest men in the country generally manage to get seats in Parliament, and their presence keeps the rest straight. But no one can tell, under the present system, how soon we may wake up and find ourselves governed by a Praise-

God-Barebones Parliament, without one man of experience or commanding ability in it. Nothing is more fatal than mediocrity in government. As Carlyle has said so often and so forcibly, the history of the world is the biography of a few great men. Nations invariably take their cue from their intellectual rulers. They become great and powerful, when they have great and powerful men to guide their destinies, while everything sinks into anarchy and confusion when petty beings stand at the helm and shape affairs. No one can affirm with certainty of conviction, that we shall always have Macdonalds, Blakes, Mackenzies, and Tuppers, in the Parliament of Canada. We may possibly have greater men, but it is equally possible that the House of Commons of Canada may sometime be without an able statesman, and that would be a greater calamity than if our North West should break away and drift over in the direction of China.

Pages might be filled with illustrations of the petty tactics, paltry intrigues and clever schemings, whereby nominations to parliament are now secured in this country. Indeed, if all these ingenious manipulations could be embodied into anything definite and reliable, politics would quickly develop into a Fine Art. But no sound teacher will hold up low and unworthy ideals to those whom he desires to lead into elevated and worthy channels of action. Is it not possible to frame certain rules or precepts, by following which the very highest type of man may rely upon gaining an entrance to public life, and adorning it by his pursuit of it? To be able to say to a young man who gives unmistakable evidences of a genius for political matters: 'By pursuing a certain course faithfully, persistently and ardently, you will be sure to attain the object of your ambition, and be sought after and elevated to your proper sphere in the counsels of the nation?' If this can be done, we may not despair of being able to have at all times at our command, men fit to guide and govern the country.

It may be premised that our young ideal has no special course of training to pursue for his chosen calling. There is no college where statecraft is taught. Canada has no diplomatic service where young men can be trained to public business. He will have to select some regular profession to employ his energies and obtain his living. It is to be presumed that any young man who expects to be anything in this country is poor; but, if he be an exceptional case, and inherits wealth, the necessity for work is not in the least removed. It may not be essential to his livelihood, but it is to his success. No idler is going to carve a name for himself in Canadian history, except by accident. The very first rule which our ideal must observe in this march toward political eminence, is that nothing really great can be achieved in this age without labour—systematic, continuous labour.

To pass over briefly the incidental qualities necessary, it may be said, of course, that our young friend shall be well educated—a professional training is desirable. Not but what numbers of uneducated men, not only find their way into public life, but into the highest positions as well. But this is accidental and quite wrong. Of the professions most likely to strengthen and develop qualities essential to success in public life, the law stands ahead of all others. A barrister, if he makes any progress in his profession, must needs be addressing courts and juries. He acquires the art of thinking clearly, and it is fitting that he who makes the laws should understand something of the principles upon which laws rest. It does not follow that eminence in the legal profession foreshadows shining qualities of statesmanship. An ideal lawyer would probably be a poor politician. The only thing urged is, that the legal profession is the best stepping-stone

to political life. Its training is most serviceable, and its duties most likely to put a man forward and advertise his abilities.

Another quality worth considering, is moral character. Many will be surprised, no doubt, that this is mentioned as an essential to successful political life. The history of Constitutional Government reveals the unpleasant fact that many men of small claims to moral worth have been elevated to high places. Our own country is not without such examples. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that moral character is of value to a man seeking political preferment. I am speaking now of 'value' in its lowest sense. Character should be maintained for its own sake quite irrespective of any worldly rewards; but, as a matter of mere policy, a man who aspires to political eminence will find that a stainless character will tell in his favour. Temperance, chastity, business integrity and a desire to merit the respect of society, are characteristics which cannot be despised by any one aiming to stand conspicuously before the world.

Having now a well-educated young man of good abilities, high character, professional training and a steady application, how are you going to ensure his entry into political life? What are the *essential* and *peculiar* qualities with which he must be endowed? Here the powers of definition become almost impotent. How can one describe the fervour of political aspiration—the wild, throbbing ambition, and fierce, indomitable determination, which now and then animate a high soul and goad him on to success or despair! But these lofty conceptions must be laid aside for the time, and we drop into the region of the definable. Our young ideal must be fond of politics and must take pleasure in considering and discussing political subjects, and enjoy the atmosphere of political intrigue. This last word is used in its natural and legitimate sense. There is not much politics going on unless there is a little wholesome scheming. He must have a taste for political subjects, so that the study of those questions which are dividing political parties in his own country and other countries—for the game of politics is the same everywhere—is not a task to which he resolutely devotes himself, but a natural instinct which he cannot resist. You cannot manufacture a gradgrind statesman by mere artificial labour and study: like the poet, the ideal politician is born, not made. He should be ambitious for political honours, and anxious to figure on the great stage of public life. Not a mere petty idea, originating in vanity, that a seat in Parliament would be something worth while. Two-thirds of the respectable people in the country have a little lurking hope that they may yet be nominated some day. This bit of harmless vanity does not partake of the essential properties of political ambition—that hot thirst and invincible resolve, growing into a definite and unconquerable purpose. These are what the real statesman has felt, and the young statesman must feel. It is so common to hear the most brilliant of our public men declare solemnly—almost tragically, that they never had any desire for political life—that it has been forced upon them, and that they would far rather go back to that profession, etc., or that privacy, etc., which was more consonant with their tastes and desires. Bah! take no stock in this sort of talk. There is nothing in it. Every one of them would go to the verge of sacrificing his soul to be Premier.

The most important thing for our young aspirant to do is to ally himself early with one of the great political parties, stick to it loyally, and work in it and for it zealously. The selection of parties is of no small importance, but is usually an easy matter. There is a bias inherited from parents and other surrounding influ-

ences, which generally fixes the line of almost every man's politics insensibly but effectually. But a young man who has determined to be a public man himself, and who realizes that all he has to obtain must come through and from the party with which he allies himself, should go a little deeper into the matter than mere accident or prejudice. He should take care to ascertain which of the two parties, in the main, is nearest to his own views and leanings. If he be liberal and progressive, and anxious that all barriers, which stand in the way of equal rights and liberties to all mankind, be broken down, then, of course, he will identify himself with the Liberal party. If his mind goes rather in the direction of staying the vandal hands of iconoclasts and levellers, he will ally himself with the Conservative party. As a matter of fact, very few clever young men, born in the middle classes, ever start Conservative. Nearly every brilliant young man is a Liberal, and most of them Radicals. Age and office chasten this spirit of progressiveness, and they become moderate Conservatives. Who can doubt that the moderate Whigs will develop into Conservatives within a few years in Great Britain; while those who are now called Radicals, will guide and constitute the Liberal party. Fresh relays of still greater Radicals will crop up. Few of us begin to realize what vast scope still remains for progress in the political affairs of the world.

Having chosen the camp in which he is to pitch his political tent, our young friend must become active in the cause. Government by party—well-organized and thoroughly-disciplined party—is the highest and best type of Constitutional government yet invented. Not a variety of parties; not Left, Left-centre, Right and Reactionist, but two clearly defined, opposing hosts in one or other of which every man must be, or be nobody. The strongest point of excellence in the British form of government over the American, is found in the fact that the Ministry going into the House of Commons and running the gauntlet at every division, develops strong and well-marked party lines, whereas in the United States the Cabinet being independent of Congress, party lines get mixed, and there is not a clear party government. The great leaders do not meet in Congress every day and fight for existence, and stand or fall upon the result of a vote. Loyalty to party on the part of those actively engaged in political affairs, is as noble and commendable as loyalty to the Queen in times of war; desertion of a party for any other than the strongest and most cogent of reasons, founded on public expediency, is as base as treason to your country's flag on the field of battle. Any one who expects to win the highest rewards in political life must be active and zealous in promoting the interests of the party. It is a favourite idea with some respectable people to cry out 'country before party.' There is nothing in this idea if looked at closely. Both parties are seeking the good of the country in their respective methods. This is the safeguard of party government. The very highest aim of each party is to out-do the other in promoting the well-being of the State. It is only in this way that they can hope to secure popular support; and therefore in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, by working for the party, a man is working for the best interests of the country as well. Of course, governments and parties commit blunders and wrongs, and must be punished for them; but it can scarcely be said that it is the deliberate aim of a government or a party to blunder or to do wrong.

The prime thing to be done by our young ideal is to make himself useful to his party. He must be present at its meetings, earnest and attentive in its deliberations, and zealous in its interests. We always reap what we sow. A man who is sincerely in love

with any cause or organization and works for it, is sure to be recognised and promoted in it. The political organization is the greatest in the country. It is far-reaching. It has branch societies in every constituency. The debates of parliament are reproduced in every hamlet, east and west. The same banners which are proudly floated in the great cities, are flung out on a smaller scale, but with the same mottoes, in the backwoods polling section. The rewards of each party organization are the highest honours in the gift of the country. This is, indeed, a great field for a young man to work in, and here it is that he is sure to find his reward, if worthy. Be a faithful, vigilant and untiring worker in the cause of party, and political success must come.

A word of caution. Our ideal must beware of self-seeking and demagoguism. If he enters the organization merely to scheme himself into political life he may succeed, and he may be seen through and ignominiously fail. Selfishness usually meets its reward. Nothing weakens one's moral strength so much as self-seeking. No young man of real genius, of genuine ambition, will enter upon the work of a party with the sole aim of advancing his own interests. The real enthusiast will think only of the cause. The soldier who fights bravely in battle, thinking only of his country and flag, will be rewarded for his bravery and devotion. Thus in political warfare, the man who fights for his party and cause with the single aim to advance them, will be sure to be rewarded. In the struggle his merits will become conspicuous. But very few men at any period of the country's history are able to excel in political matters. The number of those who can effectively address either the House of Commons or a large political gathering in Canada, can be easily counted upon the fingers. The ability to grapple clearly and logically with political questions, and, at the same time speak with fluency and force, is a rare acquirement, and will make its possessor of value to the party. He must be sought out and put forward. Here is the passport to political life.

Under our present system the brightest young genius is liable to many discouragements and disappointments. He must expect to see mediocrity lionized, humbug rewarded, demagoguism applauded. He need not be surprised to see ignorant and stupid old fogies thrust into the very best positions to conciliate this interest or catch that faction. He must take it for granted that merit will often be ignored, while trickery and humbug will be triumphant. But these are the accidents. The day for the success of truth and manliness will surely come. Patient merit will receive its due. When chicanery, expediency and makeshifts fail, and the cause has got to have men at the head of it to put a soul in it, then mediocrity and makeshifts may step aside and make room for genius and ability.

It is not intended to pursue our young ideal through his career in Parliament. This depends upon the thousand unforeseen developments of time. But it would open a magnificent future for this country if every man of talent who entered public life could make himself believe that the very highest and best thing he could do was to be honest, manly, and to follow lofty ideals. It would be a great blessing if men ambitious for political life could divest themselves of the idea that statesmanship was a low game of selfish interest; that people could be easily fooled, and kite-flying was the surest mode of gaining and preserving power. The people of Canada are capable of being fooled and deceived. Charlatanry may have its day; but let every man who has aspirations for a name and place in political life absorb the idea that he only will be gratefully remembered in history who sought preferment by honourable and legitimate means; who addressed him-

self, not to the ignorance, but to the intelligence of the people; who appealed, not to prejudices, but to reason; and who strove rather to raise his country to a higher plane of political and moral eminence, than merely to be the recipient of temporary applause gained by unworthy means. Let statecraft be ennobled by a race of honourable public men, and every other class will partake in the general elevation. In a free state, Parliament is the greatest moral factor in the country.

'IT IS I.'

BY ESPERANCE.

(Mark vi. 50.)

BRIGHTLY falls the summer sunshine
On the pathway 'neath thy feet,
Lending all its joy and brightness,
All its light without its heat;
Filled thy world with summer gladness,
Filled thy heart with answ'ring joy,
Falls across the golden sunshine,
Not a shadow of alloy.
Through the bird-songs all around thee,
From the bright, unclouded sky—
Hush thy dancing heart to listen!
Christ is speaking: 'It is *I*.'

Darksome shades are gath'ring round thee,
Threat'ning clouds o'ercast the sky—
Now the tempest is upon thee,
And the storm-wind rushes by!
All thy heart is bowed in terror,—
'Who shall prophesy the end?
Where the lightning flash shall quiver,
Where the thunder-bolt descend.'
Deafening is the rolling thunder,
Loud the storm-wind roaring by,
But through all the whisper stealeth,
Courage giving! 'It is *I*.'

'It is I'—In storm or stillness,
Or in shadow or in shine,
Lord, we know the hand that giveth
And that taketh, still is thine.
Whilst the daylight gilds our pathway,
Blithely sounds our grateful hymn;
But the notes fall flat and tuneless
When the sunlight waneth dim.

Teach us in the night of sorrow
Still to own Thy name of 'love,'
Though the world be dark around us,
Though the clouds be dark above.
Teach our hearts—so weak and faithless—
On Thy faithfulness to rest,
On Thy strength to lean their weakness—
Tried and trusting, *doubly* blest!

'Tis Thy '*loved* ones' Thou dost chasten,
For when'er our footsteps stray,
Trials *must* ensue to lead us
Back into the 'narrow way.'
Yet when trials come we murmur,
Willing rather to abide,
Wandering still than let them lead us
Safely back unto Thy side.
Ah, dear Lord, the longing give us
Still to follow as we should!
Hearts to welcome any sorrow
Which shall make us what we would.
So the storm may rage around us,
Fierce and long the tempest be,
Gratefully our hearts will greet it,
Humbly owning: It is Thee.

THE CANOE CONVENTION ON LAKE GEORGE.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

THEY are found only on the latest local map of Lake George, these isles of the blest—that is to say, of the American Canoe Association. Some five miles northward from Crosbyside they rest; three of them: blue in the haze, green in the sunshine on the waters of this most enchanting of American lakes. The second week of August saw them the centre of the canoeing interest. Thitherward under sail and paddle came sun-browned, blue-shirted ones, from as far west as Wisconsin and as far east as Maine. Most of them had been some days or weeks on the way, taking their vacations in the open air; cruising in their canoes by day, and sleeping in them or in tents beside them by night. There were clergymen, lawyers, doctors, journalists, manufacturers, foundrymen, merchants, students, and all the other trades and professions; for the A. C. A. is eminently Catholic in its scope, and says, 'no' to a candidate for admission to its ranks only on the most obviously objectionable grounds.

Gradually the main island assumed the appearance of a considerable camp, while the second in size was appropriated by the Cincinnati club, which sent the largest single delegation, and was in itself the centre of a life and

enthusiasm that were unknown upon the main island.

Among the most notable of the arrivals early in the week was that of the Canadian contingent, hailing from Peterboro' and Ottawa. They arrived in the midst of a heavy blow from the northward, the sea running quite high and the lake covered with white caps. The Canadians use the open hunting canoe, built on the general lines of the aboriginal 'birch,' but beautifully finished in bass, cedar, and other woods, and polished like highly finished cabinet-work. The voyageurs had come down the Dominion rivers and Lake Champlain, bringing their camp equipage with them, and, in the eyes of canoeists from lower latitudes the dainty craft were weighted down perilously low in the water. It seemed like harnessing a high-spirited racer to a lumber waggon, this loading a light and graceful creature with five or six times its weight of men and material. On they came, however, rising cork-like over the seas, the long-bladed paddles flashing, and lithe, muscular forms of the Canadians bending to the work as it became necessary to veer to one side or the other in order to avoid an unusually threatening series of waves. Presently they swept round into the lee of the island, saluted gracefully with their paddles in answer to the cheers from the shore, then landed, and in an hour or so had their tents pitched and the Union Jack of England flying at their landing.

These Canadians carry home with them the hearty admiration of their American brethren. With two centuries of canoeing behind them, they came down to Lake George as modestly as if they expected to learn something from us neophytes; and when the leader, Mr. Edwards, of Peterboro', was unanimously chosen vice-commodore of the association for the ensuing year, he actually protested against it as too great an honour.

Wednesday was announced by the local press and on the hotel bulletins as 'ladies' day,' and the camps and canoes were prepared for inspection. The canoes, with all sail set, were taken out of the water and arranged in line along the main path of the island, everything being ship-shape and man-o'-war fashion, as far as practicable. By the middle of the forenoon visitors began to arrive, with their escorts, from the various hotels on the mainland, and presently the wooded island was gay with bright dresses and parasols, which went from boat to boat and from tent to tent, full of interested curiosity about every detail of camp life. The ingenious contrivances in the way of portable stoves, compact cooking-kits, and all the appliances to which canoeists resort to increase comfort while taking up but little room, were fully explained. If the fair visitors were not entertained, they certainly pretended to be, and the canoeists only regretted that the hours of reception could not be prolonged until the moon and the camp-fire shed their romantic light over lake, island and mountain.

It is the fashion among canoeists—set, I believe, by Commodore Longworth, of the Cincinnati Club—to carry tin horns wherewith to signal one another, and add to the *éclat*—if the term be a proper one in this connection—upon occasions of general excitement. That the said horns break hideously in upon the stillness of day and night goes without saying; but, on the other hand, they are convenient to attract attention where the voice will not reach, and do most effectively welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.

Under the energetic superintendence of Mr. N. H. Bishop, late secretary and man-of-all-work of the association, the island has been cleared of its tangled underbrush, and a well-proportioned log-cabin has been erected thereon. The walls of the main room are covered with charts—Mr. Bishop being a specialist in this line of collection—and here, around a pine table,

the canoeists meet to discuss their business matters, or to keep dryer than they could otherwise do in rainy weather.

Beside the cabin, every evening, there roars a huge camp-fire, and around it, in the picturesque poses which men assume when not hampered by the chairs and habiliments of civilization, gather of an evening the denizens of the island. Songs, speeches, recitations, mimicry, go the rounds, and the neighbouring shores ring with the echoes of careless laughter. It is a remarkable evidence of the make-up of this association, that not a song was sung or a story told that might not with propriety have been repeated in any presence.

Out-of-door exercise from an early hour is not, however, conducive to late hours, and long before mid-night quiet ordinarily reigns, the 'Cincinnati yell' being, as a general thing, the last sound that breaks upon the ears of the sleepers. This yell, learned, I believe, from the Osage Indians, is a peculiarly wild war-whoop, ending with a canine diminuendo, which is extremely effective and appropriate on all occasions when noise is the order of the hour.

Thursday, the opening day of the races, saw the prettiest sight of the week. The wind was favourable, and near half a hundred fairy craft ran down to Crosbyside under sail. Every style of rig; standing, balance and Chinese lugs, lateens like those of the Italian felucca, leg o' muttons, plain boom, gaff and sprit sails, all were filled by the northerly breeze, and the lower reaches of the lake were thickly sprinkled with white sails and the flashing blades of paddles. One upset occurred, successfully and safely performed by a member of the New York Club, who subsequently distinguished himself by winning every sailing race in which he started, and presently all hands were at Crosbyside, making ready to participate in the three days' regattas which followed.

Of these I will say nothing, save that, as was appropriate, a Western son of Anack carried off the two principal prizes assigned for the muscular paddle, while salt-water seamanship secured the two which were assigned for the sailing races.

The ceremonies ended on Saturday night with a supper tendered by Mr. Crosby, of the Crosbyside Hotel, and on Monday the canoeists departed for their respective homes, or for the conclusion of cruises interrupted by the programme of regatta week.

The Association may now be regarded as an accomplished fact. Its membership is about 150, and its composition is as unexceptionable, its purposes as healthful and health-giving as can readily be in any such organization. Sporting characters, in the objectionable sense of the term, are unknown upon its rolls, and it seems destined to fulfil its mission of developing a spirit of good fellowship and *camaraderie* which can hardly be attained in like degree by any other athletic association in the land. The secretary is M. C. A. Neide, Slingerlands, N.Y.

Of the recreation in its general aspects, a word may, perhaps, be appropriately said in conclusion. The term does not properly describe the craft, and, indeed, the pundits of the guild are puzzled to find a terse definition of the word. The aboriginal canoe, 'birch,' or Kayac, with its paddle, is, perhaps, the purest type; but modern ingenuity turns out a boat which is in all essentials a little yacht. It is fitted with sails, lockers, watertight life-saving compartments, is decked over, affords comfortable sleeping accommodations for its crew of one, and is in all respects a safe and convenient vessel in which to cruise on lakes and rivers, and along the sea coast. Long, and in some cases adventurous, voyages have been made with its aid, and the accidents have been remarkably few. The whole life of the canoeist, indeed, teaches self-

reliance and readiness under all circumstances to act promptly and with judgment.

Eternal vigilance is the price of dry flannels in a canoe cruise, and readiness of resource is a characteristic of the canoeist as it is of the sailor. No out-of-door sport that is worthy the name is without its dangers, and anything that will, within reasonable bounds, foster a spirit of healthful adventure must tend to develop a finer quality in the manhood of the race. Baseball, cricket, rowing, tennis, and the other stock out-door gymnastics, have their times and seasons, but the canoe takes rank in some respects—in many, as its disciples believe—above them all. It brings its devotee nearer to nature, and opens to him possibilities of pure and genuine recreation such as none of the others can afford.—*Christian Union.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURES AND ESSAYS.*

BY THE REV. J. F. STEVENSON, D.D.

ANY book by Mr. Goldwin Smith must be full of interest. His mind is not easy to classify, indeed, but for that very reason, among others, his views become an instructive and entertaining subject of study. Most minds reflect the average tone of contemporary thought and feeling only too exactly. They are plastic in excess to the spirit of the age, with scarcely a throb of individual character or a flash of original insight. So valuable is any divergence from the beaten track that even eccentricity, if it be not too self-conscious, is a relief and a stimulant, and anything like freshness and novelty of vein is a positive boon.

The main position of Mr. Mill's essay 'On Liberty' is, I think, incapable of a successful answer. Both truth and goodness, as he maintained, are brought out by the free contact of all forms of honest thought and genuine feeling. The man, therefore, is best serving his fellows who resolutely refuses to smother his convictions or in any way to play tricks with himself He can give us nothing better than he has, and he has nothing better than his real character and his deliberate thinking. We are not all great men, but we may all be true men, true, at least, to ourselves.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the subject of much criticism, some of it sufficiently keen, not to say vituperative, but his severest critics have never charged him with concealing his genuine opinions. This book is as outspoken and incisive as anything he has written, and may be said to abound with strongly marked, if not with original, views. It consists of a number of papers published in various magazines, some Canadian or American, some English, and of a few addresses delivered on public occasions. None of these utterances are political, except indeed incidentally, but with these exceptions they touch

* 'Lectures and Essays,' by Goldwin Smith. Printed for the Author, by Hunter, Rose & Co. Toronto, 1881. 336 pp. 8vo.

a variety of subjects, historical, literary and speculative. The book is printed for private circulation only, because, as the author says, 'the great public is sick of reprints.' Of this we are by no means sure; at all events, it is safe to say, that the public, whether great or small, is far from being sick of such books as this.

It is, of course, impossible, in a brief paper to give even an idea of the contents of the nineteen articles of which the volume consists. All that can be done is of the nature of general characterization and then of selection more or less illustrative.

It may be said of this book that it is a sort of voice lifted up in an unsympathetic age in favour of positive convictions in moral and religious criticism. A vein of moral decisiveness and of strong religious belief runs through all the papers of which it consists. How far this is from the prevailing tone of literary authorship our readers well know. The great philosopher of modern times whose worship is a part of the intellectual orthodoxy of the day, has elaborately demonstrated that no man can be either an Atheist, a Theist, or a Pantheist. Some of us may be under the illusion that we believe in a God, and some that we do not believe in a God, while still others may fancy that they, in thought, regard the universe as infinite and eternal, and transfer to the great whole as thus conceived some, at least, of the attributes commonly regarded as divine. Let me assure you, on the authority of Mr. Herbert Spencer (which is, of course, final), that we are all quite mistaken. We do not think these things, we only 'think that we think' them. No man who imagined himself to have a conviction in religion, or even morals, ever really had it. He only fancied he had it, or perhaps I should more correctly say, he fancied that he fancied that he had it. If you ask the proof it is easy and direct. Mr. Herbert Spencer has no such convictions, and it is evident that all thinking that differs from his must be pseudo-thinking; all mankind must think as he does when they really think at all. That follows from the idea of Development, of which Mr. Spencer is the prophet, when it is regarded as a theory, and the consummate result and perfect flower when we speak of it as a process.

On the literary side the current temper is the same. We have 'grown out,' as we say, of all serious convictions, not because we know why, but because we have an indefinite impression that the process by which they are formed is not easy, and that the convictions themselves are not absolutely certain. All thought, except that which can be tested by the senses, we distrust, and all moral earnestness fills us with 'immense *ennui*.' This last is a phrase of the superfine school, who preach to us 'sweet reasonableness' in the name of One who would have dealt pretty sharply with that religion for the *crême de la crême* whose confession of faith is '*odi profanum vulgus*,' and whose ritual and commandments are summed up in the direction: 'Conform to whatever you find established, however hollow and unreal, because there is nothing new and nothing true, and it does not matter.'

It is this spirit with which Mr. Goldwin Smith wages irreconcilable war. Like all the rest of us, he is more or less perplexed to adjust the different aspects of his thinking. He finds the new knowledge of nature disturbing to the beliefs which the conscience and the spiritual powers demand. But he refuses to give up the problem as insoluble. Still more emphatically he refuses to consider it as settled in the negative. And, if possible, most emphatically of all, he refuses to accept as substitutes for a solution the schemes which eliminate the very data of the problem itself, which give us a religion without a God, and an immortality without an existence.

The first two essays in the volume

are on the 'Greatness of the Romans,' and on the 'Greatness of England.' The influence of the mind we have indicated appears in both. The greatness of Rome appears in its respect for law, that of England in the energy of character and regard for liberty, bred by favourable conditions of climate and race. Rome made great rulers, England raised robust men. The element of moral conviction, and firmness of will as flowing from it, is apparent in both. With still greater emphasis, the same tendency is manifest in the third essay, on some of the incidents of the Thirty Years' War. The craving for moral healthiness and fervour draws Mr. Smith to the Protestant side in all cases of conflict between the Reformed Church and the Church of Rome. This is easy to understand. The Church of Rome is an elaborate system adapted with wonderful delicacy and skill to the æsthetic and emotional aspects of the religious mind. But it may be questioned whether any man believes the doctrines of that Church taken in detail as personal convictions. They are matters not of conviction but of authority. The consequence follows almost inevitably that the Church of Rome possesses attractions for the sceptical mind about equal to those with which she charms the dogmatical. The sceptic sees in her an excellent policeman for the ignorant, and a doctrine just as likely to be true as any other, in a region where no truth is to be had. It is the man who bases his life upon conviction, as distinguished both from doubt and from authority, to whom she is distasteful. The superfine party compliment the Church of Rome. They talk of her universality, of her urbanity, above all, of her artistic gorgeousness. Her long stretch of historical continuity is charming to them. All this, from their point of view, is intelligible enough. The truth or the falsehood of the thing is nothing to them. But this is everything to a writer like our author. He asks, How much of it is true? On how much of it can I securely build? And if the reply be, On little, or, On nothing, he says, Then give me the little and throw the rest away, or if there is nothing let us try somewhere else.

This essay, therefore, is an eloquent and vigorous though discriminating defence of the Protestant powers in the great contest known as the Thirty Years' War. It leads us again in memory to Schiller's wonderful history, and makes the shades of Wallenstein, Ferdinand, and Gustavus flit once more before our excited imaginations. To say that it is well written is of course, and also to say that it is transparently honest and sincere. Whether the estimates of character are wholly impartial may be matter of doubt, but there can be none in regard to the thrilling interest of the story.

Two papers, one on the 'Ascent of Man,' the other on 'Proposed Substitutes for Religion,' afford abundant scope for the treatment which is specially Mr. Smith's own. In that on the 'Ascent of Man' it is fully admitted that the doctrine formerly held of a state of perfection in some time and place of the historical past out of which the human race has fallen, is virtually disproved by geology and ethnology. This doctrine is superseded in view of the theory of evolution by the more hopeful and inspiring idea of a rise out of elementary conditions into more and more advanced forms of moral and religious life. But it is forcibly contended that the earlier conditions did not contain the later growths, or that if they did then these conditions themselves must have been something more than the mere collocations of matter and force which they would have appeared to the purely physical inquirer. Mr. Smith cannot consent to the idea of man which makes him a 'kneaded clod.' He asserts that the moral is moral, and not the material in a mask, that the spiritual life, a life founded on convictions and impelled by motives which

imply a world of spiritual realities, is as much a part of the nature of man when man is found in his normal state as the movements of respiration or the faculty of vision. He refuses to be beaten out of the direct witness of his own self-consciousness by any quantity of dissection, whether done on dead monkeys or on live toads. He will not allow the question of a future life to be decided in a chemical laboratory, or the soul to be voted out of existence because it cannot be smelled. It is not necessary to deny the unity of the world or to maintain the essential difference between matter and mind. That matter and mind are two sides of one fact, or two poles of one living vibration, is what most competent thinkers are increasingly willing to admit. But we may well refuse to construe the unity to our thoughts by sacrificing one pole to the other, and especially by sacrificing the higher to the lower. That the universe is penetrated through and through by thought, that its very joists are struck deeply down into primeval reason, is involved in every scientific idea. For if it were not so, how in the name of common sense could its facts be colliquated by rational formulæ and interpreted in terms of thinkable law? Truly, I can think nothing but thought, and if there were no thought in the universe there would be no thought *about* the universe in man. That fine saying of Kepler's is as profound in philosophy as it is touching in piety—that saying which he uttered in view of his discoveries in astronomy, 'O God, I think thy thoughts after Thee!' That all sane thinking will before long return to this point of view which, as has been truly said, has been held almost without exception by every great philosopher from Pythagoras to Hegel—I cannot for an instant doubt. And when it does we shall see the last of this blind man's holiday, this Saturnalia of unreason, in which literary and scientific men, who ought to know better, are dancing, with bandaged eyes and ears deafened to the true harmonies which float to the thoughtful spirit from the fields of their own inquiries, before the amorphous and lifeless fetish, the mere apotheosis of contradiction and nonsense which they call the Unknown and Unknowable.

If the unity of the universe is constituted in thought, then indeed mind and matter are one at their root, but that root is no longer measurable by the properties of matter, it includes those of mind. Development, evolution, is then the ascent of all things toward the primal thought whence they drew their origin, the rise of the fountain towards its original source. For myself, I have always been an ardent evolutionist. Within three months of the publication of Mr. Darwin's great book I energetically defended its doctrines against the attacks of timid theologians. Nor do I see anything in evolution but a source of hope and a fountain of moral energy. Only remember that the beginning is to be measured by the end, not the end by the beginning. I cannot say that thought and feeling and moral conviction are transformed fire-mist or developed protaplasm. I must say, on the other hand, that fire-mist and protoplasm are not what they seem. They are crowded, saturated, penetrated with spiritual potencies, powers which require only time to become thought, feeling and moral conviction. The two statements are almost coincident in words, but they differ by the diameter of the world. One, as has been truly said, can paralyse the energies and mar the beauty of a life. The other simply says, There are no rude jars or shocks in the majestic plan of the world. It moves on from simple to complex, from imperfect to perfect.

The paper on 'Proposed Substitutes for Religion,' deals with the various forms of thought and emotion by which it is intended to supersede the belief in God and in a future life. Here, again, Mr. Smith refuses to accept the vacant chaff, however

well-meant, which is offered us for grain. He shows, I think, incontrovertibly, that the loss of a spiritual faith can never be compensated by a purely mundane one and for the reason, among others, that the grounds of such a faith do not exist. The emotions that collectively constitute worship are only possible towards a conscious intelligent being; if for a moment they be drawn out by anything else it can but be for a moment, the first effort of reflection will reveal their groundlessness, and with that discovery they will fall back upon themselves. As to immortality, again, the so-called immortality of the race cannot supersede the immortality of the individual. It cannot, first, because the race is not immortal; it began and it will end; indeed, for all we know, it may end before long. And secondly, the power of the hope for a future life rests in the fact, if it be one, that the forces of the universe fight on the side of goodness, and that whatever is right and pure will be gathered up and preserved for ever. In other words an immortality is nothing without a God, and as soon as the absence of God is realized all forms of future life become matters of indifference. Why should we wish to be remembered as good or benevolent if there is no intrinsic reason for goodness and benevolence? And if the universe be not righteous at its root, intrinsic reason there is none.

Other articles in this interesting book are on Abraham Lincoln, on Culpable Luxury, on Baron Stockmar, on University College, Oxford, and its relation to King Alfred, on Mr. Pattison's Milton, and on Coleridge's Life of Keble. It would be easy to illustrate the author's point of view by an examination of almost any of these papers. But our space is gone. Let it suffice to say that every one of these articles is marked by brilliant ability, and many of them are full of interesting and fresh information. A paper on the Conqueror of Quebec pays a fine tribute to the memory of Wolfe. A review of the life of Jane Austen, recalls attention to the keen observation, calm reflectiveness, and fine analytical power of that remarkable novelist. Other papers we do not name, but there is not a line in any one of them other than able and characteristic.

The article on Falkland and the Puritans, is a reply to Mr. Mathew Arnold's essay on Falkland. It is interesting in many ways, but especially as bringing face to face two modes of criticism so widely different as those of these two writers respectively. Mr. Arnold, as we all know, is the apostle of sweetness and light—the sweetness consisting chiefly in mocking sarcasm and the light in elaborate misrepresentation. To him Falkland is perfection. His elegance, his indecision, his toleration, his gentle melancholy, his dislike of the storm and stress of life, and a certain dash of almost finical *delicatesse* of feeling, by which he is marked, are after Mr. Arnold's own heart. Principles Mr. Arnold hates. Every form of earnestness and enthusiasm he hates, too, that is, as actively as a being entirely cold-blooded can be said to hate anything. His philosophy is completely epicurean, and his faith consists in holding that religion is a very good thing for Philistines, a thing, however, which fills a gentleman of sweetness and light with what he calls in his favourite phrase, 'immense *ennui*.'

This is an antagonism as nearly complete as possible with Mr. Goldwin Smith. The tone of definite conviction that makes Mr. Smith a Protestant, also gives him sympathy with the Puritan. The Puritans are Mr. Arnold's disgust. Of course they are. They did not curl their hair, or perfume their kerchiefs, or play on the viol, or dance. So the two authors join issue. If you would enjoy the characteristic battle I refer you to the book itself.—*From the 'Educational Record,' Montreal.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

CIVIC REFORM.

A PROTEST against literary work in the dog-days is as old as Juvenal. Yet not even the hot midsummer weather shall prevent the companions of the Round Table from meeting once more in the old genial fellowship. They are presented with a paper on certain matters of no slight interest to those who dwell in Toronto, from the pen of a new member of our fraternity :—

Can we not concentrate our forces and do something to influence that difficult-to-be-understood body of men known as the "City Council" in the direction of municipal reform in Toronto.

There are at least half-a-dozen apparently small, but really important, matters, which we should do well to urge and bring to a practical issue.

The first of these is the building of bridges over railway tracks. One should be built at the southern extremity of Yonge Street for both horse and foot traffic. So necessary is this, that the mention of it should be sufficient to cause immediate action ; but public opinion has not yet spoken loudly, and the representatives of the wards are blind and deaf and dumb.

What is commonly known as ward-grabbing would appear to ordinary intelligent citizens to be of weightier import than the prevention of loss of life, and it is within the province of this and kindred clubs to take vigorous action, and to say to the Council that, in the interest alike of humanity and civilized citizenship, these bridges should be built without further delay.

Closely connected with this, is the construction of barriers along the edge of the wharves, and the adoption of a system of turnstiles and gateways through which excursionists and passengers should pass to and from steamboats.

Another subject in which I am sure we are deeply concerned is that of caring for children of tender years, who wander about the chief thoroughfares selling newspapers and peddling wares. The Boys' and Girls' Homes are doing a good and noble work ; but in a constantly increasing population in a city like Toronto, a great deal more might and should be accomplished. Poverty with its concomitant evils *will* raise its hideous form, and many difficulties must be encountered in the march of philanthropic enterprise ; but this fact should engender within us a stronger purpose in doing what we may be able to ameliorate and relieve. No child under the age of ten should be permitted to vend or to beg in the public streets. The names and occupations of the parents of these little waifs should be obtained by the police, and, in the event of their homes being cursed with thriftlessness, drunkenness and laziness, they should be taken to a suitable home, and the worthless parents taxed for their support. Pauperdom proper has no right to an existence in Canada, but surely something should be done for the little ones.

There is an officer, supported in part by an annual grant from the corporation and in part by subscriptions from private citizens, whose daily duty it is to prevent cruelty to animals, both by remonstrance and by prosecution. The general laxity of the regular police force in the detection and punishment of this crime is notorious ; for, although cases are daily occurring, how seldom it is that they are dealt with as the law directs.

So powerfully has my own mind been wrought upon by scenes of cruelty to horses, — by fast driving, reckless butchers' and grocers' boys, sore and jaded hacks drawing ice and swill waggons,—that I am now obliged to harden my heart, and pass heedlessly by.

The legitimate functions of the Club might well be exercised in representing to the Commissioners of Police an opinion upon this matter, or, at least, in influencing public opinion in regard

to the subject, by communications to 'The Round Table.'

The expediency of limiting the number of passengers to be carried at one time by street cars is closely related to this subject, and might also be pressed on the City Council.

These are a few of the many considerations affecting the general weal of the community, and touching closely upon the humanitarian, which, as a Club, we might agitate.

There are social questions, largely to do with the promotion of the people's good, upon which our influence should also be brought to bear. One of those surely some member of 'The Round Table' will, we hope, soon bestir himself to bring before us: I refer to that of a public library. Another is that of the prevention of combinations of men for keeping up the cost of the necessaries of life. Many of these subjects might profitably be made the theme of discussion at 'The Round Table,' and possibly result in securing some practical reform. Let each member contribute his quota. T. E.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Christian Institutions; Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. New York: Harper & Bros., Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The name of the late Dean of Westminster is sufficient to guarantee for this book a hearty welcome at the hands of all who love truth and charity. It is needless to say anything of one who has so recently passed away. His virtues and graces, to say nothing of his profound scholarship, have made him dear to all the world. Men saw in him a breadth of sentiment, catholicity of spirit, exalted manliness and fullest charity combined with an unwavering loyalty to the Church of which he was so distinguished a minister. His learning and piety made him a worthy successor at Westminster of such men as Andrewes, Atterbury, Wilberforce and Trench, while his courtesy of manner and nobility of soul not only enabled him to maintain the dignity of his exalted office, but also served to place him in the very first rank of the Deans of that ancient Abbey. It was, however, as a historian that he won his best laurels. There was a fearlessness and consciousness of power, with which he grappled with the great questions that came before him, that at once marked him a master among masters. His scholarship was great and accurate; his style popular and brilliant. He had a keen insight into the essence of things, a power of stripping a truth of its adventitious dressing. The present volume is a good illustration of all these points. It consists of a number of essays written at different times on prominent ecclesiastical questions. Those on Baptism, Vestments, and the Pope, are peculiarly interesting; while in the article on the Litany are contained those sentiments respecting the Divinity of Christ which Canon Liddon, some fifteen years ago, challenged so vigorously in an appendix to his Bampton Lectures. Only in this chapter and in a few other stray passages scattered through the book would be found anything to clash with the most thorough orthodoxy. Many will doubtless disagree with him in his chapters on the Eucharist, and perhaps many more with his statements regarding the ministry; and yet it is beyond doubt that on both these questions he is supported not only by the sound scholarship of the Protestant world, remarkably so as regards

the ministry by such men as Bishop Lightfoot and the late Bampton Lecturer, the Rev. E. Hatch, but also by the strong and irrefragable arguments and historical facts he himself brings forward. The reader will find many an ecclesiastical bubble exploded, and many a doubtful or misty point made plain. We commend the work to the careful perusal of all.

Foster's Peerage and Baronetage. Nichols & Sons (25 Parliament Street, Westminster), London. 1881.

This sumptuous royal octavo volume is a decided innovation in its line. It traces the collateral descendants of peers and baronets a couple of generations further, and consequently contains many names more, than Burke or Debrett. On the other hand, it boldly removes the names of many *soi-disant* baronets from its canonical list, and appends them in a sort of heraldic Apocrypha, called 'Chaos.' A complete list of the 'Nova Scotian baronets,' is another of the many new features of this ambitious work. In the new fields he has opened up, the compiler, of course, sometimes goes astray; but his accuracy and research, on the whole, are simply marvellous. The engravings, which include the arms of every titled family, and the insignia of every order of knighthood, possess high artistic merit, and are not copies of, but generally improvements upon, the cuts in the older peerages.

Illusions, by JAMES SULLY. International Science Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

The author makes a rough working division of the field of knowledge as cognition into—1. Knowledge of our mental condition. 2. Knowledge of external matters. 3. Memory. 4. Belief. Under each of these heads he finds the presence of Illusions. Under the first of the divisions he shews that the judgments of the senses are continually modified, and altered by mental conditions. An interesting chapter is that on Dreams. It is shewn that dreaming is a condition very analogous to insanity, the cerebral activity not being under the control of the will. It is surprising how prevalent are superstitious notions about dreams, and how great a circulation is still given to 'dream books.' These popular oracles are, strange to say, of great antiquity, being based on the work of the Greek Artemidorus, who derived them from Egyptian sources. Mr. Sully does not go into the question of the ultimate validity of our cognitions, he postulates the reliability of the data of consciousness, and examines into the various sources of illusions, from those of vision, such as the impression of solidity given in the stereoscope to the complete perversion of both sense, and intellect in insanity. The book is both curious and instructive.

Clarendon Press Series. Shakespeare's Select Plays. King Richard III. Edited by WILLIAM ADDIS WRIGHT, M. A. Oxford, London, and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Mr. Wright is too well known as an editor and commentator upon our great dramatist for it to be necessary that we should do much more than call attention to the fact of the appearance of this issue of the Clarendon Press. The preface not only carefully traces out the sources from which the poet derived his material, giving the original text of the chroniclers in full, but contains an elaborate review of the arguments adduced by the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare on the one hand, and by Mr. Spedding and Professor Delius on the other, as to the comparative reliability of the text of the original Quarto and Folio Editions. Mr. Wright agrees with the Cambridge editors that, on the whole, the text of this play in the Quarto Edition is preferable to that found in the Folio.

We have only one criticism to make on the preface. In quoting from Hall the account of the feigned promises by which Richard sought to get the young Marquis of Dorset into his power by flattering the Queen (then in sanctuary) 'so as to bring her if possible into some wanhope, or as some men saye into a foole's paradise,' he annotates 'wanhope' as meaning 'despair.' No doubt this was the usual and accepted meaning of the word, but in the present case the context shows sufficiently that it was not used in that sense, but as conveying the idea of a faint ('wan') or delusive hope,

which only half-misleads the mind of its victim, and yet is powerful enough to control one's actions.

Although Mr. Wright has, we think, succeeded in recovering from the varying original texts the correct reading of the passage where Clarence entreats his assassins to relent, we do not see that he has grasped what appears to us the clue to the second murderer's exclamation, 'Look behind you, my Lord,' just before the first murderer stabs the Duke. In his note, at p. 159, he quotes Mr. Spedding to the effect that the second murderer is beginning to relent ('My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks'), and seeing the other preparing to stab Clarence *from behind*, interrupts him and tries to put him on his guard. But apart from the unnaturalness of the position and the improbability that Clarence, awake to all the fearful risk he is running, would let the assassin he has reason to fear the most get behind him,—it seems to us that the whole explanation is based upon a misconception of the second murderer's character. Had he deliberately tried to warn, that is to save the Duke, would not his brother ruffian have spoken a little more roundly to him after the crime was accomplished? But the only complaint is that he is 'slack' and 'helps not.' One villain in a ballad like the Babes in the Wood may be expected to turn out chivalrous enough to fight with his sterner companion, but we do not look for such sudden conversions in Shakespeare. There is no doubt but that the second murderer is of a wavering disposition. Commencing with a brutal jest about Clarence's awakening, he finds the 'urging of that word "judgment,"' breed 'a kind of remorse in him.' He is full of talk, will argue away his conscience by enumerating its inconveniences, palter away his misgivings, joke grimly about Clarence having wine enough soon, and Gloster's delivering him 'from this world's thraldom.' He would prolong the ghastly dialogue, confident that his stock of charnel-house jests will hold out,—the first murderer is more anxious to strike than to talk. But Clarence's last appeal is awakening within him those pricks of conscience which have embittered so many of his 'pleasant vices,' he cannot trust himself longer and determines, not himself to strike, but to afford his ruder comrade the opportunity which he knows will not be let slip. So long as Clarence faces them with appealing eyes and hands and all the commanding look of royal blood in his regard, the villains stand aloof. But the timid knave is equal to the occasion. Suddenly, and with an accent that must have filled Clarence's poor, shaken soul with a conviction that other murderers were silently filling up the dark, vacant spaces of the room, he cries out 'Look behind you, my Lord!' Immediately and involuntarily Clarence turns away and the man of sterner mould stabs the victim repeatedly in the back. How just then becomes the exclamation of the second murderer, instantly delivered over by the reaction of his mind, to superstitious terrors,

> 'How fain, *like Pilate* would I wash my hands
> Of this most grievous guilty murder done!'

The remark would be out of place had he, as Mr. Spedding conjectures, attempted to save the Duke. Like Pilate, he has given the actual murderer his opportunity, and even envies the Proprætor who could say, with his lips at least, that he was 'innocent of the blood of this just man.'

We notice, too, at p. 196, the expression 'bigamy,' as charged to Edward IV. by his brother explained as an allusion to his marriage with a widow, which was so regarded by the Canon law. But Mr. Wright must excuse us when we say that an appeal to the Canon law on such a point of every-day occurrence as that of marrying a widow would not be of much avail in rousing popular feeling against the legitimacy of Edward's children. The allusion is clearly to the alleged precontract of Edward with the Lady Bona, regarded as a marriage by the Roman Catholic Church. Such precontracts had often nullified subsequent marriages and affected the descent of estates,—and it was therefore clearly a point in support of Gloster's and Buckingham's argument,—but Mr. Wright will search the Year Books in vain for any instance where the issue of a re-married widow were held on that account illegitimate.

Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell. New York: Harper and Brothers. Toronto: Willing and Williamson.

An admirably written life of the great New England divine, full of interest, and on the whole one of the best biogra-

phies that for a long time have been given to the public. Horace Bushnell was a man among men. His wonderful catholicity of spirit, and pure unsullied life have gained for him the admiration of people of all classes and creeds. His work in the ministry is told in this volume with a simplicity and earnestness so real and true as to bring the man vividly before one. We commend the work to all who are interested in the great questions that now agitate the religious world, and in one who himself grappled with such difficulties in a noble manly spirit, and came out of the conflict a victor, or at least an unconquered champion for what he held to be truth.

The Times, and other Poems. By J. R. Newell. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1881.

It is encouraging to those who watch the growth of our national culture, to perceive the increase, a considerable one during the last five years, of volumes of poetry, which, if they do not rise to the higher regions of Parnassus, at least are considerably above the flat prosaic level. This, at all events, shows that a graceful command of expression and of literary form is spreading among a wide circle and not merely through a clique in Canada. Our readers may observe that the poems in the Canadian Monthly, are signed with names or *noms de plume* dating from all quarters of the Dominion, Winnipeg, New Brunswick, Kingston, Montreal, Halifax, and even from a place so remote from civilization as Yorkville itself!

Mr. Newell's volume of poems opens with two 'didactic' essays in 'heroic rhyme,' in matter, and very much in manner, resembling Cowper's Table Talk. But in 1782 the general views of the educated class sympathized with the the Calvinist poet's way of accounting for the universe. Things have changed in 1881, yet here is Mr. Newell writing from the point of view of a century ago, anathematizing Voltaire, Mohamet, and 'the Scientist.' Many of his couplets are vigorous, but the whole poem seems to us like a water-colour study in *Cowperesque.*

We somewhat demur to the good taste of 'Lines on the sad calamity at London.' Unless the 'lines' are *poetry*, penetrated by a sympathy that *must* find utterance, we would borrow *Punch's* 'Advice' and address it to intending sympathisers in metre, and say 'DON'T!' A short poem full of pathos and sympathy appeared on this mournful topic of the London disaster in our columns lately. *That* was well calculated to soothe those who mourned. But here comes Mr. Newell with a tremendous swinging poem in the lively metre of Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,'—this sort of thing:—

'And from out the surging waters, lo! a ghastly head arises—
'Tis the Angel of Destruction spreading ruin far and wide!'

'Angels of Destruction' are about as unreal as Angels of Dynamite.

In lyrics on ordinary life, especially in those which appear to embody Mr. Newell's experience of the *beau sexe*, there are many pleasing and graceful lyrics. These show real talent. As an instance we quote the following, entitled 'A Ditty':—

'Dear Em, I am sitting and dreaming—
Yes sitting and dreaming of you,
While the lamp-light is fitfully gleaming,
And at times in the stillness burns blue.
The shadows grow darker and deeper,
And tremblingly dance on the floor,
And I think it is sad for the sleeper,
Who has nothing to do but to snore!'

'Oh! could I do something tremendous,
To make me a hero outright,
In actions and words as stupendous
As Ajax who revelled in fight;
How soon would I rush forth to glory,
And brighten my manhood with scars,
If an Em would but smile at my story,
And welcome me home from the wars!

'But as I am but a vile student,
That trembles at thought of a fight,
Indeed I will try to be prudent,
And think of my station aright;
And as hitherto I have been dreaming,
So shall I continue to do,
Too blest when the starlight is streaming,
Oh Em, if I'm dreaming of you!'

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FROM HORACE.

ODES II. 4.

BY R. W. B., MONTREAL.

A SERVANT-GIRL is it? Why blush to declare
That you love her? Remember the tale
Of Achilles's captive, Briséis the fair,
How her beauty o'er pride could prevail.

Think of Telamon's son and Tecmessa his prize,
But a waist had more charms than a name;
'Mid his triumph Atrides succumbed to the eyes
Of the maiden he snatched from the flame.

A conqueror conquered!—Troy's hosts where were they?
Their champion, Hector, was slain,
And, though weary, the Greeks made the city their prey,
And levelled its towers with the plain.

Who knows from what parents those auburn locks came,
The fair Phillis's head that adorn?
Of course she's a princess, her luck was to blame
That left her thus homeless to mourn.

She can't have—as her lover, you know it yourself—
Any vulgar relations; be sure
That one so true-hearted, so careless of pelf,
Was the daughter of mother as pure.

What neat ankles she's got, what an arm, what a face,
Admiring, though heart-whole, I see:
I'm near forty, you know, 'twould be quite out of place
To suspect an old fellow like me.

They were twins, were these two little girls; and Pat said, 'Them gals is cousins, ain't they?' 'No,' replied the mother, 'they are twins.' 'Yees don't say so,' says Pat; 'well, now, bedad, they look enough alike to be sisters.'

'There is no rule without an exception, my son.' 'Oh! isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he's being shaved,' 'My dear,' said pa to ma, 'hadn't you better send this child to bed? He makes my head ache.'

'The devil can quote Scripture to his purpose.' And the Liberal party are quoting Scripture about Lord Beaconsfield. They have wrung from the depths of Genesis:—'But Benjamin's mess was fives times so much as any of theirs.'

'I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?' 'Of course I can.' 'Well, how do you tell it?' 'By the teeth.' 'Teeth? why, chickens have no teeth!' 'No, but I have.' 'Good morning!' 'Good morning!'

Daniel Purcell, as he had the character of a great punster, was desired one night in company by a gentleman to make a pun *extempore*. 'Upon what subject?' said Daniel. 'The king,' answered the other. 'Oh, sir,' said he, 'the king is no subject.'

An American candidate was recently addressing an election meeting, when a man in the crowd interrupted him by repeatedly shouting, 'What about the Liquor Bill?' 'Well,' retorted the candidate, 'mine was uncommon high last year; how was yours?'

Something like a fishing.—(Scene—Lamlash Quay; two fishermen having a confab.) 1st Fisherman—Wass you at the fushin' last nicht, Tougal? 2nd Fisherman—Yes, Archie, and we cot a fush on effery hook, but if we'll wass oot the nicht afore we was cot twice as more.

A celebrated clown once produced on the stage a rusty sword. 'This,' said he, 'is the sword with which Balaam struck the ass.' One of the audience replied, 'I thought he had no sword, but only wished for one.' 'You're right,' rejoined the clown, 'and this is the very sword he wished for.'

As the happy couple were leaving the church, the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: 'Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you were all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say "I will."' 'I will have more courage and say it louder next time,' said the blushing bride.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Set to the music of 'Oh, gently breathe.'

I sent my love a red, red rose,
Because I thought that she loved me,
But yet I feared, alas, who knows?
And who can say what is to be?

She sent me back that red, red rose,
She was unkind to send it so;
My hopes, alas, were changed to woes,
My heart was sad, for who can know?

I took my love that red, red rose,
To ask her why she was unkind,
In trembling doubt, for, ah, who knows?
I hoped I had the truth divined.

I saw my love, yes, still so fair,
Her dark, brown eyes spoke love to me;
She answering said, "Do not despair,
I sent it back but to fetch thee."

'Women before marriage want nothing but husbands, and when they get them they want everything else,' said an old bachelor. 'How different it is with you,' retorted a lady. 'When a man gets a wife he just settles down contented, feeling that he has secured the best blessing that heaven could bestow.'

At a school-board examination the inspector asked a boy if he could forgive those who had wronged him. 'Could you,' said the inspector, 'forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?' 'Y-e-s, sir,' replied the lad, very slowly, 'I—think—I—could;' but he added, in a much more rapid manner, 'I could if he was bigger than I am.'

A pompous lawyer said to the keeper of an apple stand. 'Your business cares seem to wear upon you. You should go into something which is not so trying to the brain.' 'Oh, 'taint business,' replied the apple seller, 'its lyin' awake nights tryin' to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for played-out old lawyers, as is killin' me!'

The dramatic editor of a French paper had occasion recently to criticise severely the performance of a somewhat popular actress. Shortly afterwards the lover of the young lady met the journalist in the theatre and presented him with a package of goose-quils. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is a present from Mrs. X.' 'What?' exclaimed the critic, 'did she tear all these out of you herself! How you must have suffered?'

Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking once in a wood when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by, said, 'Oh, I do like stock-doves!' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's beautiful address to the stock-doves, took the old woman to her heart. 'But,' continued the old woman, 'some like 'em in a pie, for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'

Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott) presented Madame Mara with one of his songs, which he afterwards sold to a publisher. Madame, who liked money, also sold the song, and the two publishers threatened a suit. Mara, meeting the doctor, asked, 'What is to be done? can't you say you were intoxicated when you sold it?' 'Cannot you say the same of yourself?' replied the satirist, 'one story would be believed as soon as the other.'

ERNESTINE—MY QUEEN!

Ernestine,
My Queen!
How I've watched your merry gambols on the green,
As in childhood's happy hours
We roamed the woodland bowers,
Weaving gay parterres of flowers;
How I loved to look and gaze upon your countenance serene,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!
No more a maid, but lady staid, with stately step and mien;
With eyes of azure blue,
Like Heaven's serenest hue,
So melting, tender, true,
Beaming forth their rapturous glances with loving trust I ween,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

Ernestine,
My Queen!
Though not a boy, I still enjoy a gambol on the green,
For I cast restraint aside,
And forget your haughty pride,
And now, sitting by your side,
I ask your sweet consent to be—you know well what I mean,
Sweet Ernestine,
My Queen!

—*B. W. Roger-Tayler.*

King's College,
Windsor, N.S.

Vol 7 no 5—

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

THE FUNERAL DAY,

SEPT. 26TH, 1881.

BY FIDELIS.

GOD'S will be done! Alas, we know not why,
In spite of longing love and tender care,
And a great nation's mighty voice of prayer,
The foul blow triumphed, and the good must die!

Yet, in this time of heavy loss and pain,
All party cries are hushed in one great grief,
And in its mourning o'er its fallen chief,
The land divided breathes as one again!

Nor North nor South it knows, nor East nor West,
Its mighty heart throbs with a single beat
While fall its tears upon the winding-sheet
That wraps to-day its noblest and its best.

Nor North nor South! *All* boundaries are fled
Where noble manhood falls for Truth's dear sake;
We know no frontier line on land or lake,—
A Continent is mourning for the dead!

And far across the sea that rolls between
Old England and the New, the grief is shared;
Both nations bow their heads in sorrow bared
And with the mourners weepeth England's Queen!

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave,
Wherever freemen's hearts beat true to-day,
Unseen they join the long and sad array
That bears the martyred ruler to his grave!

Yet, still perchance, his high heroic soul,
May guide the people's destinies,—'*his trust* —
And from the treasure of his sacred dust
His voice still urge them to the nobler goal.

And from the sorrow,—since it must befall,—
May seeds of blessing for the future grow,—
A closer human brotherhood below,
More love and service to the Lord of all.

ENGLAND'S RAGNAROK:

A POLITICAL ESSAY,*

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile,
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.

THERE are many reasons that make the subject of England's future one of anxious interest, not only to her sons at home and abroad, but also to the peoples that compose her vast empire. Cassandra cries, we know, are to be heard at all times and by nations in the most flourishing circumstances; yet Cassandra is occasionally a true prophet. It is, at least, a significant fact, that England's three most prominent teachers within the last fifty years have all given unmistakable notes of alarm. The tone of her Poet Laureate has become gradually less and less hopeful of her future; Carlyle and Ruskin have predicted her 'time of accounts,' her 'remediless sorrow,' in plain terms; and circumstances have combined to compel us to pay more attention to such utterances at the present moment than we generally feel justified in paying. Look where England may, her prospect is a gloomy one. With foreign prestige low and her flag disgraced by concession to a victorious enemy, with Ireland in a state little short of rebellion, England can find little to console her if she looks to the state of her commercial and agricultural interests; and should she hope to remedy matters by reform, she is confronted with the fact

* Read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal.

of legislative institutions self-convicted of failure.

All this is bad, it may be said, but there have been moments in the history of England when the outlook has been as gloomy; yet she has put forth her wonderful power of adaptation, of recovery, and her affairs have got better again. As instances of this, the days of John, Mary and Charles I, may be cited. Those, however, who rely upon these as historical parallels, are perhaps short-sighted. At best these are but half-parallels, as in each case the manifest evil of the times was easily traced to its cause. What makes the present symptoms of England's case so deplorable is, that there seems no way of accounting for them, except by the theory of national decline. England has pursued mainly a pacific policy since the Crimean War; she has had few wars, none at all in Europe; she has had the benefit (if benefit it were) of the counsels of the Liberal or Progressive party. No pains have been spared. 'What could have been done more to my vineyard,' England might say, 'that I have not done it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

As the subject I have before me is one greatly susceptible of vagueness, I propose to submit four propositions, containing principles of the truth of which I am myself persuaded; to discuss them in special relation to England, and to conclude by briefly intimating the problem that England has before her. My propositions are: That a nation like an individual has a life of its own; that it has a distinct character and functions, which depend to a great extent upon its constitution, culture, and power; that a nation takes its rank in history from the due discharge of its functions, and its spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates, and it abandons their proper performance; that its corporate existence, which depends greatly upon external circumstances (as well as upon its constitution and power) may outlast its spiritual life. I will take these in their order.

1. *A nation, like an individual, has a life of its own.* That a nation cannot last for ever would seem to be self-evident to any one who takes the trouble to think about it. The first writer, however, who clearly pointed out the fact that, after lasting for a certain time, a nation begins to decline, was Plato. The discussion occurs in the eighth book of the 'Republic.' Every one knows that Plato's 'Republic' starts with the idea of the analogy between the soul of man and the state. The whole is most suggestive, though the generalizations drawn about the successive phases of governments are only partially true of Greek states, and have little application to modern times. The idea of progress and development into something higher, which is fundamental with the modern mind, was unknown to the Greeks before the era of Stoicism. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, sprung fully developed from the forehead of Zeus. Plato accordingly starts with his ideal state, which he calls an Aristocracy, and as long as this lasts the state remains unchanged. But decline comes after a time. 'It is difficult,' he writes (p. 546), 'for a state, thus constituted, to be shaken. But since everything that has come into being must one day perish, even a system like ours will not endure for all time, but must suffer dissolution.' How this dissolution is to come is a puzzle to him, and he explains it by a celebrated mathematical problem (the key to which has not yet been discovered). By the way he suggests other more tangible theories. 'Not only the vegetable, but also the animal kingdom, is liable to alternations of fertility and barrenness, mental and bodily; and these alternations are coincident with certain cyclical revolutions, which vary in each case in length according to the length of life of the particular

thing.' The propitious time for birth will, somehow, 'give the governors of the state the slip, and they will beget children on wrong occasions.' Hence comes degeneracy of offspring, and the state begins to decline, changing through various forms of government in the following order;—Timocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy, and, lastly, Tyranny. What is to become of the state afterwards, Plato does not say.

It would be foreign to our purpose to explain these different forms, and the whole speculation is mainly interesting as the beginning of Political Philosophy. Incidentally, however, Plato describes certain attendant symptoms of decline, which, though drawn from his observation of Greek communities, will be found strikingly exact descriptions of similar phenomena in modern times. The declining state, which will be divided into two classes, 'must necessarily lose its unity and become two cities, one comprising the rich, and the other the poor; who reside together on the same ground, and are always plotting against one another' (p. 551). Again, 'consider whether the following evil, which is greater than all the others, is not admitted by the constitution, and by none of the preceding—I allude to the practice of allowing one person to sell all his property, and another to acquire it—the former owner living in the city without being a recognised portion of the state, either as trader, artisan, trooper, or foot-soldier; but described as a destitute man, and a pauper' (p. 552). From this cause will arise, in course of time, the criminal classes. 'Is it not true, that, though God has provided none of the flying drones with stings, he has made only *some* of these walking drones stingless, while to some he has given formidable stings? and that while the stingless ones end in an old age of beggary, the stinging drones, on the contrary, furnish out of their ranks all who bear the name of criminals? . . . And the persons thus impoverished lurk, I should suppose, in the city, harnessed and armed with stings,—some owing debts and others disfranchised, and others labouring under both misfortunes,—hating and plotting against the new owners of their property, and against all who are better off than themselves, and enamoured of Revolution' (pp. 552, 555). Plato, also, points out that declining morality attends the declining state:—'Whenever he (the Democrat) is told that, though some pleasures belong to the appetites which are good and honourable, others belong to the evil appetites; and that the former ought to be practised and respected, but the latter chastised and enslaved, he does not receive this true doctrine, or admit it into his castle. On the contrary, at all these assertions he shakes his head, and maintains that all appetites are alike, and ought to be equally respected' (p. 561). The description of the growth of freedom and general lawlessness is given with much humour—'First of all, are they not free, and does not liberty of act and speech abound in the city, and has not a man license therein to do what he will? . . . A father accustoms himself to behave like a child, and stands in awe of his sons, and a son behaves himself like a father, and ceases to respect or fear his parents, with the professed object of proving his freedom. . . . The schoolmaster fears and flatters his scholars, and the scholars despise their masters and also their tutors. And, speaking generally, the young copy their elders, and enter the lists with them both in talking and in acting; and the old men condescend so far as to abound in wit and pleasantry, in imitation of the young, in order, by their own account, to avoid the imputation of being morose or domineering. . . . How much more free the domestic animals are under this government than any other. For verily the hound, according to the proverb, is like the mistress of the house; and truly even horses and asses adopt a gait expres-

sive of remarkable freedom and dignity, and run at anybody who meets them in the streets, if he does not get out of their way; and all the other animals become in the same way gorged with freedom' (pp. 557, 563).

These symptoms of decline are scattered over Plato's account of the different phases of change, for he professes to distinguish between the causes in each case. But underlying all are *the increase of money*, which leads to loss of virtue; *the excessive growth of the State*, whereby it loses its unity; and *inequality in the distribution of wealth*, which causes the rise of the criminal classes. Plato's theory of the succession of constitutions is sharply criticised by Aristotle in his 'Politics,' but he does not pretend to substitute anything better, and his remarks are hardly as suggestive. He lays down, however, more clearly than Plato did, the special causes that bring about the destruction of different forms of government. How far the Greek mind was from conceiving as a desideratum the mixed form of government, which was at one time the special pride of the English constitution, may be gathered from his remark, that 'there is one method of blending together a democracy and an aristocracy at the same time, *if any one should choose to form such a state.*' He then goes on to give the method, through which we need not follow him. The words I have quoted, however, are interesting as showing the divergence of ancient and modern political thought.* From the learning of the ancients we have little but generalities that is applicable to modern times.

The analogy between the individual and the body politic might be followed out in many ways. Like the individual, a nation has its beginning, either as an offshoot of another nation, which is the case with modern colonies, or through one nation conquering another, and the two peoples growing together into one nationality, which was the origin of most of the nations of Europe. Like the individual, too, the nation must eventually die, and this either by a natural death —of which I shall speak in another place—or by a violent death, a death resembling that of the sick or aged among the tribe of Indians called Padæi, of whom Herodotus (iii. 99) tells us that, whenever anybody falls sick, his acquaintances kill him, excusing themselves by the plea that when he is wasted by disease, his flesh will not be fit to eat. He protests that he is not sick, but, telling him that they don't agree with him, they kill and feast upon him. Indeed, when a man comes to old age they sacrifice him, and make a feast. Herodotus adds, that few come to this pass, for most men fall sick before.

The lives of nations differ like those of men. Eastern nations, such as the Persian, present the appearance of a series of periods of exuberant vitality, varied by periods of inactivity and

* This divergence is drawn out by Grote in an amusing passage (History of Greece, Part ii., chap. ix.), one of a very few that occur in his masterly work,—'The theory of a constitutional king, especially, as it exists in England, would have appeared to him impracticable; to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act, except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur, and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. The events of our history have brought it to pass in England, amidst an aristocracy the most powerful that the world has yet seen—but we have still to learn whether it can be made to exist elsewhere, or whether the occurrence of a single king, at once able, aggressive and resolute, may not suffice to break it up.' From this, it would appear, that Grote regarded constitutional monarchy as but a transient phase of government: we, however, should look for the dissolving force to come from another side.

stupor; yet all the while they make little progress. Like the Bourbons, they learn nothing; they forget nothing. With western nations, however, this is very different. They have periods of childhood, of maturity, and of decline. Such states, Dr. Arnold has pointed out in a striking essay, appended to his edition of Thucydides, 'like individuals, go through certain changes in a certain order, and are subject at different stages of their course to certain peculiar disorders. But they differ from individuals in this, that though the order of the periods is regular, their duration is not so. . . . One state may have existed a thousand years, and its history may be full of striking events, and yet it may be still in its childhood; another may not be a century old, and its history may contain nothing remarkable to a careless reader, and yet it may be verging to old age. The knowledge of these periods furnishes us with a clue to the study of history, which the continuous succession of events related in chronological order seems particularly to require.'

This clue Dr. Arnold gives us by his division of the history of nations into two periods—the period of the struggle between conquerors and conquered, or between birth and numbers; and the period of the later struggle between property and numbers. The antagonism between birth and numbers is one which time insensibly lessens; that between property and numbers is one which time only serves to aggravate. '*And wherever*,' Arnold adds, '*it has come to a crisis, I know not that it has in any instance terminated favourably.* Such was the state of Greece in the time of Thucydides; of Rome during the last century of the Commonwealth; and such has been the state of England since the Revolution of 1688. Comparisons drawn from the preceding period are inapplicable to this. . . Thus, to argue that the Romans were less bloody than the Greeks, from a comparison between the factions of the Peloponnesian war and the struggle of the Roman commons against the Patricians, is to compare the two nations under very different circumstances; it is instituting a parallel between the intensity of our passions in manhood and childhood.' The factions of Corcyra are analagous to the wars of the triumvirates. 'The second contest between property and numbers is far more inevitably accompanied by atrocious crimes than that earlier quarrel in which property and numbers were united against property and birth.'

Dr. Arnold's views of the state were unconsciously modified by analogies drawn from ancient history. This, accordingly, makes him often an unsafe guide as to the true philosophy of history; but of the importance of remembering these two epochs in discussing the destiny of nations there can be little doubt. France's good fortune enabled her to solve both her difficulties at once. The struggle was severe, but she has come out of her troubles with a new lease of life. It was the fashion with the Whig historians at the beginning of the present century to laud the peaceable Settlement of 1689, and to congratulate England upon her having avoided, by this revolution, the bloody outburst which they beheld in France in their own days. How far they were justified by events, time only will show.

To many more valuable generalizations as to the life of nations I might call attention. The nation, like the individual, has to go through a period of education, partly through self-government, by means of autocratic kings, partly through external interference. 'A nation to be great,' said Coleridge,* 'ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself—as Greece by Persia; as Rome by Etruria, the Italian States, and Carthage.' Still more valuable for our purpose is the

* 'Table Talk,' June 9, 1832.

remark of Lord Bacon, contained in his 'Essay of Vicissitude of Things,' the bearing of which upon the progress of England's life will be at once apparent—'In the youth of a State, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a State, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath his infancy; when it is but beginning and almost childish; then his youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then his strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and, lastly, his old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust.' I have said, I think, enough under this head to bring my subject before you, to justify us in considering the question of a nation's survival and future, as we should that of a patient's life. The nation's body and constitution is as subject to decay as that of the individual, and subject like it to the attacks of disease, in regard to which it is a question of strength of constitution whether it shall survive or succumb before them. I shall now pass on to the next division of my subject.

2. *Like an individual, a nation has distinct character and functions, which depend, to a great extent, upon its constitution, culture and power.* In picturing to himself the ideally perfect state that was to ensue upon the birth of his national Messiah, the Roman poet imagines a time when 'every land shall bear everything.' Such was the ideal of the ancient philosopher—each community self-sufficient, self-reliant, and trade with other lands abolished because unnecessary. Such, however, has never been the fact in the world of history. The progress of civilization has been effected by means of division of labour, each nation being selected by Nature to bring a certain piece of work to perfection; each making its special contribution to the world of the future. Thus, from Greece we have derived ideas of civil liberty and the beginnings of science and art, in their widest senses; to the Jews we owe the Old and New Testaments, and all that is implied by them; while from Rome the world learned the secret of government, and inherited a matchless code of laws. The new world in which we are living may be different from the old, it has every chance of being so, owing to the rapidity with which ideas pass from land to land; but when we are speaking of England we must remember that its character was formed, its foundations laid, in the dawn of modern history. Unlike the continent of Europe, she attained her fullest development at an early period. Her character is, so to speak, 'set fast.' She has been distinctively a nation with a purpose, a nation 'set apart'* to perfect a system of rational government by means of estates, a system based upon the subordination of ranks, a system eventuating in a constitution which served to point the way to the world of the future with its watchwords of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. But though Moses beheld the promised land, it was not given to him to enter it himself, and though England has heretofore led the vanguard of the army of Freedom, she has, perhaps, less sympathy with the ideas of Fraternity and Equality than any civilized nation. This has long been the complaint of Matthew Arnold, and it is the first observation that all strangers make upon visiting England. Hume long ago remarked, that 'we may often observe a wonderful mixture of manners and character in the same nation, speaking the same language, and subject to the same government; and in this particular the English are the most remarkable of any people that perhaps ever were in the world.' This peculiarity he ascribes to the fact of the English Government being 'a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy,' and the two facts are doubtless connected in origin. We may supplement Hume's

* Bagehot's 'Physics and Politics,' p. 40.

remark by the observations of a fellow-countryman, written in 1847. Hugh Miller, in comparing Scotch and English nationality, says of the latter, 'certain it is that the multitudinous sources of character in England do not merge into one great stream; the runnels keep apart, each pursuing its own separate course; and hence, apparently, one grand cause of the strange state of separation which appears among the people.' Similarly, Emerson, in 1856, speaks of England as 'a people of myriad personalities . . . as they are many-headed, so they are many-nationed,' and again, 'by this general activity, and by this sacredness of individuals, they have in seven hundred years evolved the principles of freedom.' Time would fail me if I were to show how these observations are corroborated by other writers, such as Hawthorne and Richard Grant White; how the latter is struck by the persistence in England of rank and class distinctions, and how he remarks, as Hugh Miller remarked before him, that the special characteristic of England's liberty is the emphatic insistence upon individual and class rights.* Now, it is manifest that, while this tenacity of rights as individuals and classes was the trait of character best suited for building up a mixed constitution, founded upon ranks and subordination, it is diametrically opposed to the principles of Fraternity and Equality, the birth of which was announced to the world by the French Revolution. England's backwardness in accepting these principles was noticed by Hegel in his 'Philosophy of History:' 'Was the English nation too backward in point of culture to apprehend these general principles? Yet in no country has the question of liberty been more frequently a subject of reflection and public discussion. . . . The constitution of England is a complex of mere particular rights and particular privileges; the Government is essentially administrative—that is, conservative of the interests of all particular orders and classes. . . . . Consequently, abstract and general principles have no attraction for Englishmen—are addressed in their case to inattentive ears.' It is thus that England appears to be a nation, as it were, facing in two directions. By her past history and traditions, and by the progressiveness of a certain section of her people, she seems fitted to take a new lease of life in the world of the future. On the other hand, her tenacity of old ideas, of monarchy, of aristocracy, and of class distinctions, marks her out as clearly as a nation of the past.

Besides being the populariser of free institutions, England has led the world in other ways, about each of which a few words must be spoken. It was Macaulay's boast that England was an umpire among nations, protecting the weak against the strong, and generally seeing fair play on all sides, and, as special cases of this, from the days of Elizabeth to those of William III, England proclaimed herself as the champion of Protestantism; at the beginning of the present century she was the great agent in the hands of Providence for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world. Again, though not the first, England has been one of the greatest commercial and colonizing powers. Lastly, she has taken a leading part in educating the world, and in raising the general tone of life by means of her magnificent literature. She has not only been the world's tailor, but she has produced a Shakespeare and a Newton.

To take my last point first, England's early development enabled her to produce a greater proportion of men of first-rate genius than any other country. Italy, the vitality of whose intellectual life, though crushed by Lombard inroads, was never extinguished by the

* cf. Hugh Miller's 'Impressions of England,' chap. xix., and White's 'England Without and Within,' pp. 9, 50 and 59.

feudal system, was the first to share in the reawakening of the intellect of Europe, which we call the Renaissance. It seemed for the moment as though France were to come next, but internal dissension and the monarchical power crushed down her nascent intellectual life, and England, with what may be called, *for those days*, a free constitution, took the lead of literature in Europe during the time of her Tudor and Stuart monarchs. In recounting the first-rate geniuses that England produced, and which he is fain to confess tower head and shoulders over Scotland's proudest names, Hugh Miller specifies Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton and Locke—all, with the exception of Milton and, possibly, of Bacon, names of great importance in the literary history of Europe. Having produced these however, England's *'bairn-time* of giants' was over. 'It is a curious fact,' writes Miller, 'and worthy, certainly, of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement-slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and *literati* of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakespeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men, —the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place.' It is indeed, a noticeable fact that with the exception of Gibbon, all in Great Britain who have produced work of world-wide significance, have been wholly or partially of Scotch extraction. I mean such men as Adam David Hume, James Watt, Sc ron and Carlyle. Even Emanue was of Scottish extraction. The ficance of this is clear. The acme of England's intellectual greatness, if it should correspond, as Bacon says it should, with a nation's full maturity, would be found to fall during the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries—the time at which the political consciousness of England pronounced that it had reached the perfection of its constitution by the equable distribution of power between the king, lords and commons.* Curiously enough, it was in the year 1721, that Bishop Berkeley, the great metaphysical philosopher, and author of a solitary poem from which comes the memorable line—

> 'Westward the course of empire takes its way,'

published his 'Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of England.' Thinkers of prophetical intellect, such as Plato's was, annihilate time; what will really take centuries to effect, they believe will be of immediate occurrence. They are in fact haunted with the sense of what is impending long before it occurs. Bishop Berkeley anticipated the course of metaphysical philosophy and

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* Compare the political writings of Lord Bolingbroke, *passim*. The following extracts are typical of the whole: 'If the legislative, as well as the executive power, were wholly in the king, as in some countries, he would be absolute; if in the lords, our government would be an aristocracy; if in the commons, a democracy. It is this division of power, these distinct privileges attributed to the king, to the lords, and to the commons, which constitute a limited monarchy.' He then goes on to show how, if any one or two component parts of the constitution, severally, or in combination, usurp the power, the mischief can be averted. 'This is that balance which has been so much talked of; and this is the use of it. Both are plain to common sense, and to experience, as will appear farther in the course of these remarks; where we shall have occasion to shew how often the proper use of this balance hath saved our constitution; and to what misfortunes we have been exposed by the neglect, or improper use of it.'

of science upon many important points. He foresaw the greatness of America, and his Essay is so striking that I have extracted the following passages as specimens of his political reasoning :— 'Men are apt to measure national prosperity by riches. It would be righter (*sic*) to measure it by the use that is made of them. Where they promote an honest commerce among men, and are motives to industry and virtue, they are, without doubt, of great advantage ; but where they are made (as too often happens) an instrument to luxury, they enervate and dispirit the bravest people. . . . . The truth is, our symptoms are so bad that, notwithstanding all the care and vigilance of the legislature, it is to be feared the final period of our State approaches. . . . . whether it be in the order of things, that civil States should have, like natural products, their periods of growth, perfection, and decay ; or whether it be an effect, as seems more probable, of human folly that, as industry produces wealth, so wealth should produce vice, and vice ruin. God grant the time be not near when men shall say : "This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain, uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others ; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies of luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness ; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin."'

Whatever may be England's future as a nation, her historical position was secured long ago, by the extent of her colonies, and by the fact that the English language is spoken not only by Scotland, but by a vast proportion of those upon whom presumably depends the world's future. And with the extension of England's sway over different parts of the globe has been intimately connected her commercial greatness. We have seen that Bacon associates commerce with the decline of a nation, a view to which he was probably led by analogies derived from the past. England, as the herald of the future, was drawn from the earliest times to take a leading part in trade. There are indeed two ideals that have been present to the minds of the English, at different times. There is the ideal of a nation meddling as little as possible in continental affairs but turning her energies to internal reform and to trade—the ideal of Edward I, of Henry VII, of Elizabeth in her earlier days, of James I, of Walpole, of Peel, and of Gladstone. Or again, there has been the ideal of a nation, the umpire of the world, the arbiter of continental disputes, yet ever ready to fight in everybody else's quarrel—the ideal of Edward III, of Henry V, of Wolsey, of the later Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Chatham, of Palmerston, and of Beaconsfield. While England was united and others disunited, while she was strong and they weak ; while she was a trading nation and they careless of trade, it was possible for her to adopt the latter policy for a time, and then again to retire with dignity to the former policy until her strength was restored for another fight. It is now possible no longer. 'Our special work in Europe,' writes Mr. W. R. Greg,* 'is nearly done,—quite perhaps, so far as we could act in it with efficacy. . . . It may be questioned, whether our interposition in continental affairs is any longer needed. It may be questioned, also, whether, if needed, it could be rendered with effect.' And he accordingly counsels retirement from

* 'Political Problems for Our Age and Country.'

the complications of European diplomacy, and reliance upon 'the promise of almost illimitable grandeur lying before our colonies.' These obligations and responsibilities will be sufficient for Great Britain, and are, he considers, 'as little likely to be taken off her (Great Britain's) shoulders by the separation of the colonies, as to be voluntarily surrendered or timidly abandoned by herself.' I need not stop here to point out that the future of the colonies is not the future of England, any more than the reputation of a son is that of his father. Nor need we discuss the likelihood of a purely transitional state of things becoming a normal one. England indeed lost her opportunity of changing an empire into a confederation, when she, most happily for the world,* allowed her imperialist instincts to get the better of her in the period that followed the Seven Years' War. But what in this case is to come of England as the champion of depressed nationalities or as the leading Protestant power? The need for her interference, it may be said, has passed by; Germany is now the head of the Protestants, and the days of the balance of power are over. Even so, it must not be forgotten, that England does not retire without having reversed her former policy, the policy by which she grew, with which she was identified. She sympathised with the oppressor in the late Russo-Turkish war, and again with the slave-owning States in the American Rebellion. She is no longer in any distinctive sense a Protestant power, but, as has been proclaimed more than once, a Mohammedan. She has even shown an inclination to wink at slavery in her colonies.

As to the commercial side of England's greatness, I do not feel myself competent to judge. All of us who receive letters from England know that her farmers are nearly ruined, that her manufacturers are complaining. If the adoption of free trade at a time, when no other nation in Europe was inclined to do the same, was a necessary step, it was also premature. If the repeal of the Corn Laws was at the time the salvation of the artisan classes in great cities, it was the ruin of the rural population; while free trade in other branches is in the interest of the consumer, but means the distruction of manufactures. Thus, as in many matters, the consideration of the commercial side of England reveals a nation divided against itself. Coleridge, just before the close of the last century, gave the thoughts of his Satanic majesty, as he was walking up and down upon the earth—

'Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity!"'

Coleridge does not state what considerations led him to come to this conclusion. The prophecy appears indeed somewhat premature, but the fact of its utterance is curious, though we must remember that prophecy is cheap.

Under the present division of the subject, I have already in part antici-

† cf. Hawthorne's remarks in 'Our Old Home'—'It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-sagacity, invariably blind of one eye, and often distorted of the other, that characterize this strange people, to compel us to be a great nation in our own right, instead of continuing virtually, if not in name, a province of their small island. What pains did they take to shake us off, and have ever since taken to keep us wide apart from them! It might seem their folly, but was really their fate, or, rather the Providence of God, who has doubtless, a work for us to do, in which the massive materiality of English character would have been too ponderous a dead-weight upon our progress. And, besides, if England had been wise enough to twine our new vigour round about her ancient strength, her power would have been too firmly established ever to yield, in its due season, to the otherwise immutable law of imperial vicissitude. The earth might then have beheld the intolerable spectacle of a sovereignty and institutions, imperfect, but indestructible.'

pated my next point. Let us now turn to it.

3. *A nation takes its rank in history from the due discharge of its functions, and its spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates and it abandons their proper performance.* The readers of Gibbon's great work will remember that the first mark of the decline of the Roman Empire, was the policy of Augustus, adopted and pursued by Hadrian and the Antonines, the design of maintaining the dignity of the Empire, without attempting to enlarge its limits. Just as missionary effort is a sign of vitality in a religion, so conquest and the love of it are a sign of vitality in a State. As soon as it adopts the idea of finality, and the motto of 'Peace at any price,' it is courting its end. Statesmen may act wisely in pursuing such a policy, but it is not surely a sign of virility, but rather of the weakening of the powers. The next step was taken by Rome, when she came to terms with her triumphant enemies; when she gave up the Province of Dacia to the tribe of Goths—just as Gladstone found it expedient to come to terms with the Boers. This is no solitary instance. England's conduct with regard to Denmark, her submission to the United States in the Alabama affair, and the late Fortune Bay case, will occur to most people. It might be answered, that in listening to reason, England has shown her moral courage. But when *in the history of nations* has moral courage been reckoned superior to physical? 'Might is Right,' is the undisguised law of nations, externally, whatever may be the qualifications with which it is veiled in a nation's internal management.

The external declension of England has, however, not only shown itself with regard to other nations. She has neglected to do what she might have done to her own colonies. When she attempted to tax them without giving them representation, her eldest daughter broke away from her. Nor during the present century has England shown any wish to knit the hearts of her world-wide empire closely together in an organic unity. We have in truth heard, what Tennyson calls 'a strain to shame us,'

> 'Keep you to yourselves;
> So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
> Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go.'

'Is this,' the Poet Laureate fairly asks,—

> 'Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
> That made us rulers?'

It will be well for a moment to estimate the offer of world-wide empire that England has rejected. When other nations were growing great through unity, England might have grown great by admitting, like Rome, the world to her citizenship, to her name. The internal difficulties of trade might possibly have been solved by a great Anglo-Saxon Zollverein. As the degenerate Roman leaned upon the hardy Illyrian, so England might have taken her generals and statesmen from her outlying provinces in the west or in the east. Roebuck from Canada, and Robert Lowe from Australia, might have been the predecessors of lines as distinguished in English politics, as the line at Rome that began with Claudius and included Diocletian. These chances she has cast away.

But it is not so much with the external dimunition of England's activity that I have at present to deal, as with what I have called her spiritual life, that by which her conquests in the past have been justified, and her reputation secured in the future, as one of the world's great nations, as a worthy successor of Greece and Rome. This part of my subject has been so ably treated by Hegel in his 'Philosophy of History,' that I shall content myself with some quotations from that admirable work, adding thereto a few illustrations by the way.

'The very essence of spirit is activity,' he says, and 'thus it is with

the spirit of a people: it is a spirit having strictly defined characteristics, which erects itself into an objective world, that exists and persists in a particular religious form of worship, customs, constitution, and political laws, in the whole complex of its institutions, in the events and transactions that make up its history. That is its work—that is what this particular nation is. Nations are what their deeds are.' Hegel then proceeds to illustrate his remarks by the genius of England as a commercial nation, a free and constitutional nation. He continues: 'In this its work, therefore, its world, the spirit of the people enjoys its existence and finds its satisfaction. A nation is moral, virtuous, vigorous, while it is engaged in realizing its grand objects, and defends its work against external violence during the process of giving to its purposes an objective existence.' But no sooner does a nation attain its perfection than a change comes. 'The nation lives the same kind of life as the individual when passing from maturity to old age, in the enjoyment of itself, in the satisfaction of being exactly what it desired and was able to attain.' These words might have been written in view of the almost pharasaical complacency of the old Whig historians, such as Hallam and Macaulay. 'Although its imagination might have transcended that limit, it nevertheless abandoned any such aspirations as objects of *actual endeavour*, if the real world was less favourable to their attainment, and restricted its aim by the conditions thus imposed.' Here we have the age of Compromise, of Ecclesiastical Titles Acts carried—but not into effect,—of Permissive Bills, &c, &c. 'This mere customary life (the watch wound up and going on of itself) is that which brings on natural death. Custom is activity without opposition, for which there remains only a formal duration; in which the fulness and zeal that originally characterized the aim of life is out of question—a merely external sensuous existence which has ceased to throw itself enthusiastically into its object.' At this point, if a nation is to live a spiritual life, 'the spirit of a people must advance to the adoption of some new purpose: but whence can this originate? It would be a higher, more comprehensive conception of itself, a transcending of its principle; but this very act would involve a principle of a new order, a new national spirit. Such a new principle does, in fact, enter into the spirit of a people that has arrived at full development and self-realization; it dies not a simply natural death, for it is not a mere single individual, but a spiritual, generic life; in its case natural death appears to imply destruction through its own agency.' Upon this rather hard saying Hegel enlarges philosophically: 'The result of this process is then that spirit, in rendering itself objective and making this its being an object of thought, on the one hand destroys the determinate form of its being'—*i.e.*, destroys its constitution, voluntarily wrecks the conditions of life under which it has grown to maturity; 'on the other hand, gains a comprehension of the universal element which it involves, and thereby gives a new form to its inherent principle. In virtue of this, the substantial character of the national spirit has been altered—that is, its principle has risen into another, and in fact a higher principle.' And to this he adds a practical explanation. 'Spirit,' he writes, 'we may compare with the seed; for with this the plant begins, yet it is also the result of the plant's entire life. . . . The life of a people ripens a certain fruit; its activity aims at the complete manifestation of the principle which it embodies. But this fruit does not fall back into the bosom of the people that produced and matured it; on the contrary, it becomes a poison-draught to it. That poison-draught it cannot let alone, for it has an insatiable thirst for it: the taste

of the draught is its annihilation, though at the same time the rise of a new principle.'

Here we have the key to the decline of the English people. Liberty was taken up by them and carried to its extreme, not its logical extreme, but to the extreme that the conditions of the nation allowed. But on attaining this extent of liberty, further vistas opened in the future, disclosing joys that were not destined for them. Ardent reformers, however, the Radical party, cried 'Onward!' and England followed their lead, but in doing so she shattered her constitution and her decline began.

To put this matter in a clearer light, I must here adopt the historical method of inquiry and touch briefly upon the history of England after the year 1721, when Bishop Berkeley published the Essay to which I have previously referred. I should regard that year, or, more generally, the triumph of constitutional government, with the accession of the Hanoverian family, as the period at which England attained her full maturity, and after which she entered on the phase of what Hegel calls 'mere *customary life*,' which is the first sign of decline. It was during this period that the character of the English gradually changed, and changed too in a manner that betokens age. One of Grant White's best chapters in his late book, is entitled 'Philistia,' in which he remarks on the prevalence of Philistinism throughout British Society south of the Tweed. Furthermore, he defines what he means by this. A Philistine is one whose 'rule of action is precedent, and his ideal of life to do that which his little world will regard as proper; and he is filled with a calm, unquestioning conceit of national superiority.' The 'influence' of Philistinism is 'a non-conductor of ideas,' and its effect is to differentiate the English mind of to-day from the English mind of the glorious days of Elizabeth, which, he remarks, 'seems to have been distinguished for its quick apprehensiveness, its flexible adaptability, its eagerness, its thirst for new thought, its readiness to receive, to welcome and to assimilate.' Mr. Grant White does more than this; by a clever literary analysis, he succeeds in showing that 'it is a growth of the last hundred and fifty years;' that its 'rise and progress were strictly contemporaneous with England's assumption of her position as a power of the first class in the world, in wealth, in strength, in empire, in glory.' In other words, shortly after 1721, England began to grow cramped and hardened to external ideas, to show, in short, as a nation, the traits that characterize individuals who have past their prime. Thus his results correspond curiously with Hegel's philosophical conclusions, and with the view I have striven to explain.* Looking at England's history from this point of view, we can easily explain the growth of the power of the Crown which attracted the attention of Parliament in 1780.

What is called in Continental history the Period of Enlightened Despotism—the age of Frederic, of Joseph II, of Turgot, of Catherine, of Clement XIV, of Pombal and Aranda—was a time when the earth seemed to tremble with the threatenings of the coming Revolution. Those who held the reins of government throughout the continent felt the influence of the age and busied themselves with reforms. England felt it, too, but here it produced different results; the Whigs lost power and the Tories triumphed. Listen to the words of two men whom Grant White picks out as typical Philistines, and whom we may reasonably regard as fairly expressing the feelings of ordinary Englishmen of the day. 'I know,' wrote George

* In 1863, Nathaniel Hawthorne ('Our Old Home') made a very similar remark—'John Bull has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw.'

III, in 1766, 'the Earl of Chatham will zealously give his aid toward destroying all party distinctions, and restoring that subordination to government which can alone preserve that inestimable blessing, liberty, from degenerating into licentiousness.' Again, we have the strange utterance of Dr. Johnson, in 1778. He was dining with Boswell and another man, and was in bad spirits. Little had been said, when at last Johnson 'burst forth' with 'Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had,—except a gaoler. . There is a general relaxation of reverence . . . My hope is that as anarchy produces tyranny, this extreme relaxation will produce *freni strictio.*' George and Johnson both express unconsciously the feelings of the nation: instead of welcoming the era of Liberty, England was hardening herself against it. 'One most important prerequisite of a prevailing nation,' writes Bagehot,* 'is that it should have passed out of the first stage of civilization into the second stage—out of the stage where permanence is most wanted into that where variability is most wanted'—progress indeed consisting in an increase of adaptation of man to his environment. As England was losing this power of adaptation, the Continental movement of liberty caused a movement in another direction on her shores. Hence the Crown was able to increase its powers.

But England had drunk of the cup of liberty; she must drink again. A reaction followed, and the first Reform Bill was passed in 1832. *This was the first great mark of England's decline.* I do not mean to deny that it was a necessary measure, or that the Whigs were injudicious in passing it; but it was like physic, which is only found requisite after middle age, and when the constitution is failing. Early constitutional writers had seen that the weak as well as the strong point of the English constitution lay in parliament. Its 'integrity,' wrote Bolingbroke, 'which depends on the freedom and the independency of Parliament is the key-stone that keeps the whole together. If this be shaken, our constitution totters.' Bolingbroke saw only two ways in which the power of Parliament could be impaired—by bribery or by force; we, however, know of others, and these were clearly predicted at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill.

Hegel, in his lectures delivered during the years 1830 and 1831, on the 'Philosophy of History' (which is the work to which I have referred before), thus comments on the Act that was attracting attention in England: 'It is a question *whether the Reform in Parliament now on the tapis, consistently carried out, will leave the possibility of a Government.*' Similarly, in Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' under date, May 21, 1832, we find: 'The democracy of England, before the Reform Bill, was where it ought to be, in the corporations, the vestries, the joint-stock companies, &c. The power, in a democracy, is in focal points without a centre; and in proportion as such democratical power is strong, the strength of the central government ought to be intense—otherwise the nation will fall to pieces. *We have* just now incalculably increased the democratical action of the people, and at the same time, *weakened the executive powers of the Government.*' How exactly Hegel and Coleridge have been justified by facts contemporary history shows us.

'A nation's spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates.' I have partly shown this degeneracy in the observed growth of Philistinism, in the increasing want of adaptation to the times. This, of course, does not show itself in politics alone, or in the State alone as an aggregate. The average Englishman has become a by-word among us for conceit and incompetence, and, *ceteris paribus*, would be outstrip-

* Physics and Politics, p. 61.

ped in the race of life by either an Irishman or a Scotchman. The Englishman abroad is a square man in a round hole. He is wanting in the element of adaptability which is found in such perfection in the Scotch character. The very quality of undisguised self-assertion, which fitted him to survive in the barbarous struggles of early history, makes him hated abroad, and conservative of everything English, solely because it is so, at home. There are other signs, too, of the degeneracy of the English race, as shown in the individual. I will give one which has been brought under my notice in my work as a schoolmaster. Setting aside boys labouring under absolute mental deformity—there are no absolute dullards in Canada, at least I have never met one: there are many in England. In every form in an English public school there are lads upon whose mind their teacher can make *no* impression; who are dull in school and dull out; who take no interest in anything, in books or play; and who, when they are too old for one form, move up to the next. There is nothing of this kind in Canada. Boys may be careless and indifferent to work, but I have never seen a boy without mental or practical power of some kind. It would not be fair to English intellect to allow this remark to pass without hastening to add that while the low average of intellect among English boys is lower than among Canadian, the high average is correspondingly higher in England. Canadian boys are superior to English boys in quick apprehension, inferior to them in power of reasoning; in other words, England's superiority is that of an old and thoughtful nation, Canada by comparison shows the vigour of youth. The length to which I have already carried this discussion warns me that I must pass on to the next division of my subject, but many things will have suggested themselves in corroboration of what I have said. I need not enlarge upon the tendency of the English mind at present displayed to run into extremes either of culture, of æsthetics, or of mere manners; the tendency to produce types of men whom one cannot imagine doing hard work of any kind—the types of Eton and Harrow. This superfineness is just as much the vice of the upper classes, as dulness is of the middle, and both are significant as to national degeneracy. Meanwhile, the agricultural lower classes—'the round, ruddy, unthinking faces,' of which Hugh Miller speaks with such puzzled amusement, are almost half-a-century behind the corresponding classes in Scotland, France, Italy, or America. They have to be taught to stand erect, morally as well as physically, before their education can begin.

I will now pass to my next point.

4. *A nation's corporate existence, which depends greatly upon external circumstances (as well as upon its constitution and power), may outlast its spiritual life.* 'The whole land shall be desolate; yet will I not make a full end!'—so spoke the prophet Jeremiah when proclaiming the judgments of God upon the Jews. A great nation does not fall at once, and for England's corporate existence there seems no immediate cause of fear. Nay, possibly, as the genius of Pindar saved his home amid the ruins of Thebes, as the virtue of Athens in the past saved her name from extinction when she was conquered by the Peloponnesians; so the recollection of what England has done for the world may for long avert the doom that overtook Greece at the hands of Rome, and Rome herself at the hands of the barbarians. I have alluded before to the analogy existing between the declining days of the Roman empire and passing events in English history. The analogy might be pressed further, for is not England like Rome the mother of mighty nations, and words originally written of the Roman empire should seem with slight reservation to be true of the great British

empire. 'Its importance in universal history it can never lose. For into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose.' Should the light of England burn low at home, she will have handed on to her sons abroad the torch which is to enlighten posterity.

More instructive, however, than random guesses as to the duration of England's future as a military nation, is the consideration of the national problem that she has before her. With the brief consideration of this point, my paper must close. I will first, however, by way of bringing clearly before you her present state, quote extracts from the pictures that foreign observers have drawn of her. 'Particular interests,' says Hegel (1830-1), 'have positive rights attached to them, which date from the antique times of Feudal law, and have been preserved in England more than in any other country. By an inconsistency of the most startling kind, we find them contravening equity most grossly; and of institutions characterized by real freedom, there are nowhere fewer than in England. In point of private right and freedom of possession, they present an incredible deficiency.' He instances specially the persistence of primogeniture on English soil. A quarter of a century later, Emerson thus gave his impression in his 'English Traits' (1856): 'England is the best of actual nations. It is no ideal framework, it is an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and makeshifts; but you see the poor best you have got. . . . . Pauperism incrusts and clogs the state, and in hard times becomes hideous. *Their mind is in a state of arrested development*,—a divine cripple like Vulcan. . . . There is cramp limitation in their habit of thought, sleepy routine, and a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws, lest he should be thrown on his back. These poor tortoises must hold hard for they feel no wings sprouting at their shoulders.' A year before, a fellow-countryman of Emerson ('Passages from the English Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' Sept. 30th, 1855), had expressed the same idea in his own picturesque style. He was visiting Westminster Hall, and the thought suggested itself: 'I cannot help imagining that this rich and noble edifice has more to do with the past than with the future; that it is the glory of a declining empire; and that the perfect bloom of this great stone-flower, growing out of the institutions of England, forebodes that they have nearly lived out their life. It sums up all. Its beauty and magnificence are made out of ideas that are gone by.' Taine's 'Notes on England,' gives the comments of a polite Frenchman, contrasting the then stability of England with the feverish unrest of France. To the question, 'Which of the two forms of civilization is the more valuable, that of England or that of France?' he answers, 'That is too vague; we must divide and distinguish.' He accordingly assigns superiority to three things in England, among which is the Political Constitution; 'it is stable, and is in no danger, like ours, of being forcibly overturned and remodelled every twenty years. . . . . It confides the guidance of public affairs to the upper class, which is best qualified to direct them satisfactorily, in place of withering or being corrupted for want of something to do, as with us.' This rather doubtful advantage is accompanied by another, the greatness of the acquired wealth combined with the increased power of producing and amassing (Henry George's work on 'Progress and Poverty' had, we know, not been published in 1872). Over against these two advantages, and that of religion, Taine sets the superiority of France in climate, in domestic and social life, and in the distribution of wealth: 'Our institutions, our instincts, our habits combine to pro-

vide that no one has too large a slice, and that every one has a small one . . . . the labourer, does not feel that beneath him yawns a dreadful abyss, a black and bottomless pit, in which, owing to an accident, a strike, an attack of sickness, he and his family will be engulfed, ... want debases him less, and he is less drunken.' Listen, lastly, to the remarks of the latest observer—to Richard Grant White, whose testimony, fully weighed, is perhaps the most disheartening of all. 'Not easily nor quickly can a form of society be uptorn which is of such slow and steady growth as that of England, and whose roots, like those of some vast British oak, decayed and hollow at heart it may be, pierce the mould of centuries. There is much in England that is mere shell and seems mere sham; but the shell was shaped from within by living substance, and it hardened into form through the sunshine and tempests of hundreds of years; and so it stands, and will yet stand long, although not for ever. The very shams and surface shows of things in England are strong and stable.'

Such then is England—a crystallized perfection of feudalism, with the mind of the middle classes in a state of arrested development, with its superfine aristocracy and their mass of accumulated wealth, with its labourers and the gulf of pauperism yawning below them, lastly, with its very shams strong and stable. And what is the problem she has before her? To check the course of social and political reform, to continue on the old lines, like the Jews, as a 'survival' in culture, in short, to retrace her steps? Perhaps it might have been, but now she has burnt her boats. Or, again, like ancient Rome, to be revolutionized by barbarians, but barbarians coming from her own people; by the vacant mind of the agricultural labourer, by the 'hordes gathering in the squalid quarters of great cities?'* Can England put new wine into old bottles? Time only will show.

* George's 'Progress and Poverty,' b. x., chap. iv.

IF you had a bird with a broken wing,
Would you think it strange if it did not sing?

If one should shut out the sun and light,
Could your rose unfold its petals white?

Since that is gone which you love the best,
Blame not your heart if it cannot rest.

Your song and rose and heart may be
More sweet and pure for their agony.

OTTAWA. F. A. D.

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.*

BY MARY MORGAN, MONTREAL.

'IF the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years,' says Emerson, 'how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shewn.' Might not we apply this thought to the earth's floral beauty also? If the flowers shewed themselves but one day in the year, with what joyful anticipation should we look for that day!

January has been well named 'the gate of the year.' As out of the drear, chill night, dawns the bright morning, so, out of the gloom of winter is born the cheerful spring. The month of May finds the woods rich in blossoms; and the country lanes, in their quiet and their fragrance, offer a pleasing contrast to the crowded city thoroughfares. 'God Almighty first planted a garden,' writes Bacon; 'and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, . . . and the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the tones of music.'

Perhaps there is no department of science around which so many delightful associations cluster, as the study of botany. Of what may be done by one gifted with an enthusiasm for flowers, coupled with a habit of observation, we have an instance in the case of John Duncan, the poor Scottish weaver, who lately presented a most valuable herbarium to the University of Aberdeen. This herbarium contains about twelve hundred specimens of the British flora, named and classified. When John Duncan had become fully acquainted with the flora of his own neighbourhood, he used to take harvest work at different places throughout the north of Scotland, with a view to extend his botanical knowledge. The zeal with which he pursued his favourite study is shown in his minute acquaintance with the habits of the plants he collected. John Duncan, it may be said, had no education. His penmanship is the rudest, and his spelling a charming example of the phonetic.

We do not purpose entering into a study of the science of botany this evening; let us, rather, in imagination, take a ramble through the near woods, pluck a few of our abundant and beautiful wild flowers, and talk a little of such things as suggest themselves by the way.

The Hepatica is said to be the first flower that appears on the melting of the snow, and for this reason has been popularly known as the 'snow-flower.' Observe what a warm, silky coat it has, to protect it against a touch of frost. It is said to be destined to become to Canada what the daisy is to Britain. But it must be a long while ere the Hepatica acquires the renown of the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' as Burns terms the 'Gowan'—for that is the Scottish name for the gem of the British meadows. The Daisy has been loved of the poets from the time of the father of English poetry down to the present day. All through Chaucer's works we find allusions to

* A paper read at the Conversazione held at Mrs. Lovell's Educational Institute, Montreal, on the evening of June 3rd, 1881.

'The eye of the daie
The daisie—a flower white and rede,
And in French called *la bel Margarite*,
A commendable flowere and most in mind.'

Under the name of *la Marguerite* or 'little pearl' the French troubadours and minnesingers were wont to celebrate the wild daisy. It was the very flower, says Chaucer, into which the fair queen Alcestis—who sacrificed her own life to preserve that of her husband—was changed. The Highlanders have a legend of their own in connection with it. They called it 'the son of Malvina.' According to the Keltic tradition, when Malvina has lost her son, the daughters of Morven come to console her, singing:—'We have seen, O Malvina, we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist; it approached us and shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, O Malvina, among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disc, surrounded with silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays; waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow.' Thus, the daughters of Morven called the Daisy, 'the flower of innocence, the flower of the new born. 'The opening Gowans wet wi' dew,' were not less dear to Robert Burns and to William Wordsworth. The lament of the Scottish bard over the destruction of a 'Mountain Daisy' is remarkable for its pathetic beauty. The Daisy may be taken as the type of a very large family; sunflowers, dandelions, immortelles, and a host of the commonest plants belong to it.

The Hepatica may be said to have a rival in the Claytonia—so named from Clayton, the botanist. Like the Daisy it has the peculiarity of opening its petals to the sun, and closing them at the approach of evening. The Indians called it the 'miskodew,' and we find it referred to in 'Hiawatha' under that name. We know it as the 'spring beauty,' and the title is peculiarly fitting. The Portulaca may be taken as its representative in our gardens.

The Trillium and Erythronium, the Sanguinaria and the Anemone, are also among our earliest blossoms. The two first are so very abundant in the month of May, as to give the woods quite a holiday appearance. Later we shall find the Cypripedium and the Cardinal plant. Indeed the Canadian wild flowers are so many and so beautiful as to be deserving of more attention than they have yet received. Some of the ferns do well in the green-house.

And who that has had anything to do with the care of a green-house but has learnt what an enjoyment is to be derived from it! especially in this country where the earth is snow-clad during a large portion of the year. Is it not interesting to see how the plants strive to get near the sunlight, turning flowers and leaves as if to greet it? In observing this, it has perhaps occurred to us, that, in the times of our best spiritual health, *we* are also seeking the sunny side, resolutely setting our faces towards it, and that we are doing our best work when the whole soul is going out in sympathy with humanity. The flowers that have been grown for us are not half so interesting as those we ourselves have planted. We must watch their habits, and need, and development; in short, we must *love* them. So with any of the arts. Poetry, to be appreciated, has to be studied, just as music must be studied; and the study must be a labour of love, or the labour will be in vain. There are players who will finger correctly, who will give time and tune as these are written, but the sounds produced will tell no story, touch no heart. There are verse-makers, also, who are faultless in rhyme, and rhythm, but whose words call no response from the soul. The notes and the rests of a piece of music are like the words and pauses in poetry, and both in music and in poetry, unless the soul of the artist be wafted away on the wings of inspiration, so as to be oblivious to all that is mechanical in his art, he will never be worth listening to. Genius

will occasionally overstep all rules. When a great writer was taken to task by the critics, because, they contended, the form of his poem was without precedent; 'then *mine* be the precedent!' was the reply.

Here, along the edge of the stream, we see the leaves of the Iris, and are reminded how often flowers are used as symbols. The Iris became the national emblem of France in 1137, having been adopted by Louis VII. It was then called 'Fleur de Louis,' now corrupted into 'Fleur de Lis.' What are our Christmas cards with their floral decoration but symbols of the peace and hearty good-will that we would fain see spread throughout the universe. Says Ophelia, 'there's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's Pansies, that's for thoughts; . . . . and there's a Daisy too.' 'Have you not seen in the woods,' writes Emerson, 'in a late Autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, —a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness.'

The stories of mythology have much to do with the interest we attach to flowers. Flora was the goddess of gardens among the Romans. In her hand is the horn of plenty. Apollo presided over poetry. He wears the laurel wreath. The appellation 'poet laureate' is said to come to us through the Latin 'laurus,' a bay, in allusion to the ancient practice of crowning poets. Petrarch received the crown at Rome in 1341, and Tasso in 1594. In Burns's poem 'The Vision,' you will recollect how the Scottish muse, Coila, addresses the poet:

'All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low;
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

* * * *

'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play:
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.'

Victor Hugo, recently, on the occasion of his 79th birthday, was the recipient of several laurel wreaths.

Some flowers have had a superstitious reverence attached to them; such, for example, as the Oak and the Mistletoe, which were the objects of religious veneration among the Druids. The Druids used to send round their youth carrying branches of the Mistletoe to announce the New Year. The custom of decorating the houses with it at the New Year still prevails in England. The Oak was held sacred by the Greeks and Romans no less than by the ancient Gauls and Britons. The most ancient Grecian oracle—that of Jupiter at Dodona, is said to have given its responses through a grove of oak trees. In our day the oracles are dumb, and we have no deities on Mount Olympus. The theology of the past becomes the history of the present.

The Lotus was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. It is represented in our country by the Pond Lilies. The root of the yellow Water Lily, found in the North American lakes, is said to be not unlike a sweet potatoe, and is eaten by the Indians. Lotus-eaters abound, it is stated, all over the East. The Egyptian Lotus appears to be possessed of narcotic and other peculiar properties. Tennyson tells of 'the mild-eyed, melancholy, Lotus-eaters.' The effect of the Lotus on the followers of Ulysses will be remembered. As soon as the men had eaten of it, they lost all desire to return to their native country, so that Ulysses had at length to resort to force, and have them tied to the ship.

I have here a specimen of a very singular plant. By the monks of old it was supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers, and was an object

of something akin to adoration. The 'Rose of Jericho' looks dry and brittle, but if placed in water it will gradually expand and show every appearance of life. For this reason it has come to be popularly known as the 'Resurrection Plant.' It grows in the deserts of Arabia and other arid wastes; is uprooted by the winds and transported to the sea, where it comes to maturity. The seeds, in their turn, are caught up by the winds and carried back to the desert, where they take root.

Flowers are suggestive. We might compare them to a beautiful picture that is leading us through the silent path of a delightful reverie. Their attitude to us is always calm and smiling. They never wound us with a flat contradiction, never turn round upon us with an 'I told you so?' It would seem as if the late Lord Beaconsfield had taken a lesson from them in this respect, for we notice that when asked how he managed to be always on such happy terms with Her Majesty, he replied:—'Don't you see that I never contradict, and I often forget.' Flowers stir the imagination and prescribe no limit. We are led to do our own thinking—the true education. Wordsworth has recorded his experience in this matter in his poem 'To the Daisy:'—

'A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain crouched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.'

And in the closing lines of the 'Ode to Immortality,' he says:—

'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Again, in the early Spring, we see the poet, calm and thoughtful, seated in a thick grove, listening to the songs of the birds, wondering at the beauty of the flowers, and soliloquizing upon that topic of our day—the Unity of Nature:—

'I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

'To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

'Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And, tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

'The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

'The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

'If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?'

When the poet exclaims, 'And 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes' we have been inclined to doubt the correctness of this 'chime of fancy.' Modern science, however, appears rather to establish its truth, for we find the question has been raised whether plants have not a nervous system, whether, in short, they may not be said to have some degree of feeling. Let us hear what Prof. Huxley says on this subject:—

'On each lobe of the leaf of the plant called "Venus Flytrap" (Dionæa muscipula) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair, and the lobes of the leaf instantly close, in virtue of an act of contraction of part of the substance; just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its horns is irritated. The after action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by

which they are effected is the same, but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing. . . . . And it must be allowed to be possible, that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants.' Speaking of an organism called 'Heteromita,' he continues:—'There is no reason why Heteromita may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal. . . . The difference between plant and animal may be one of degree rather than of kind; and the problem whether in a given case an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.'

Flowers are worthy our attention, if for no other reason than that they are beautiful. When Gladstone advises the British artist and workman to improve his knowledge that he may be able to take a first rank in the markets of the world, he is equally urgent in recommending a cultivation of the sense of Beauty, so that the human soul may not lack the food which is necessary for its development. 'I remember the time,' says Gladstone, 'when you were laughed at in the refined circles of our great metropolis, if you contended that the human being as such was musical; you were considered a fool, a dreamer, an enthusiast. People used to say in answer, "I can't tell one note from another; I don't care anything about music;" and my wont was to reply by saying, "If the nurse who carried you when you were three months old, had continued to carry you until you were forty years old, you would not be able to walk." If there be those,' continues Gladstone, 'who have absolutely no sense of music, they are analogous to those who are born blind and are entitled to sympathy as being excluded from one of the most charming enjoyments. I believe it is exactly the same in respect to the sense of Beauty.'

It was the pride, the aspiration of the Greeks, that everything should bear the stamp of Beauty. This idea was ever present with them, so that the love of the beautiful became to them an inheritance. They took great pleasure in horticultural pursuits, and flowers were considered indispensable at all their festivals. Floral decoration was a profession at Athens. Artists composed flower-groups, with a view to symbolize certain mythological ideas or beliefs.

In the several paths of industry that are opening to women, might not one be found in the cultivation of flowers, and in floral decoration? As I watched a gardener take up a pure white camelia, and some rich damask rose-buds, blending them with a few feathery fronds of ferns, I thought, what an exquisite occupation, and how eminently fitted for women! 'You seem to find in your plants a never-failing source of delight?' said one to the gardener. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'somehow the more I love them, the more I love God.'

Remembering how mysteriously and almost unconsciously we are influenced, it might be well for us to take a lesson from the Greeks, and aim at making our surroundings elevating and suggestive. To cultivate the beautiful, because it is beautiful, is reason enough. To him who would say, 'but the beautiful must first be practically useful,' I will quote a few words from an eminent German philosopher, when writing on the subject of genius:—'Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted—a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness is its title to honour. Works of genius exist for their own sake, or may be considered the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. A temple is never a dwelling-place.' The same idea is prettily illustrated by Schiller, in his story of 'Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses.' It is re-

lated that the horse was once sold by a needy poet, and being put to draw the plough, he became quite passive, spirit-broken and useless. It happened at length that a gallant young hero came by, and requested permission to mount the animal. No sooner had he done so, than Pegasus recovered his former spirit, raised himself with an air of pride, bounded off, and finally was seen to soar heaven-ward.

Prof. Huxley has described to us his Ideal University. What does he think about the cultivation of the æsthetic faculty?

'In an ideal university, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such a university, the force of living example should fire the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning; a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge; by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual—for veracity is the heart of morality. But the man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is, after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world, and in the intellectual world; but there is also a beauty which is neither moral nor intellectual—the beauty of the world of art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion: happy men, born with the productive, or, at lowest, the appreciative, genius of the artist. But, in the mass of mankind, the æsthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be roused, directed, and cultivated; and I know not why the development of that side of his nature, through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of university education.'

Finally, we love flowers for their associations. Why is the Heather so peculiarly beautiful to the Scotchman, but because it stirs his imagination to recall the land of his birth—'the land of the mountain and the flood.' Whatever of joy he knew there has, in his fancy, through the distance of space and time, 'orbed into a perfect star.' In Goethe's song of 'Mignon,' how tenderly the little girl recalls her fatherland, contrasting it with her new and strange surroundings: 'Kenn'st du das land wo die Zitronen blühn?' she asks. The mere odour of some old familiar plant—the sweet-briar, or wild rose of the wayside, has a wonderful power over the mind. It can turn back the leaves of memory, wipe off the dust of the years, and allow us to look again into the pages of the 'long ago:'

'Ah! Rose so sweet, the sweetest of all flowers;
No sister hast thou to compare with thee;
The rich, the poor, the humble watch to see,
Thy early bloom, thou queen of summer bowers!
"Hush!" spake a pleading voice; "no blossom towers,
Supreme o'er all her sisters of the lea;
Associate are flowers, by you and me,
With Time or Place—from these derive their powers.
The yellow broom that decks my native shore,
And fragrant heather from the mountain's brow,
Forever must my truest favourites stand:
To me they're linked with all poetic lore,
And memory dwells with pride upon them now—
Loved emblems of a wild romantic land!'

WHEN MIDNIGHT HOLDS A SILENT REIGN.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

WHEN Midnight holds a silent reign,
And gentle murmurs of the west wind come,
With cooling fragrance o'er the summer lands,
And in a cloudless sky, the wandering Moon
Shines brightly forth, intensifying shadows,
Till the lonely firs or weird-like elms rise
In solid grandeur as the time-worn hills;
And all alone, one sees the Planets roll
In brilliant light along the wide expanse,
And star on star with fainter gleam appears,
Till lost in depths immeasurably great:
Then, o'er the senses creeps a subtle power
That leads the high-born soul, in backward flight
Upon the course of life, to where Creative Energy,
From glorious wisdom formed, in loveliness exists—
The touch of contact with an immaterial world
Unbinds the fettered spirit, which becomes
Etherealized, inwoven with the mind of nature,
And lives apart from its corporeal frame—
The past, the future, all those wondrous laws,
That rule increasing systems with a sweet control,
Advance in swift array, as when Aurora's gleams
Through winter's night sweep down the northern skies,
And mighty love enthralls the raptured soul,
That essence of the Deity, wherein His virtues bloom,
Till soaring thought returns, and meditates on man,
His present state, the useless vanity that builds
With ceaseless toil on quick-sands of the world,
While foul disease through ages long hath filled,
With pain and grief Creation's wide domain,
That it doth inward groan, beneath hereditary sin—
Then, on this moment, round the human heart arise,
The yearnings for reform, a Sabbath of our race,
We long to hear eternal strains of music pour,
In sounding notes throughout a ransomed land,
We long to dwell where love in truth abides,
And feel entire accordance with the living God.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BUT FOR AN INTERRUPTION.

AT four o'clock the carriage was at the door to convey us to Mrs. Percival's. Helen laughed at the serious view I was disposed to take of the affair, and assured me that she knew Mrs. Percival and her daughters well enough to promise me a most kind reception. Exactly how I should acquit myself—whether by inculpating De Villefort as the cause, or making it appear that it was my mistake alone—still worried me considerably as I assisted Helen to alight, and accompanied her to the front door of Rosevale Cottage.

As we entered the parlour, a slight rustling in one corner was immediately followed by the appearance therefrom of Miss Percival and Mr. Briarton, evidently disturbed in the sweet seclusion of a lovers' tête-à-tête.

The former extended her hand to me with a merry smile, and a few pleasant words of welcome, and the latter again went through the same friendly performance with great cordiality.

'I hardly know what to say in apology, Miss Percival,' I began—and in truth I didn't—'for my unfortunate mistake of——'

'I beg you will say nothing Mr. Hastings,' she interrupted me with a charming smile; 'for no apology is necessary, as we all think a good hearty laugh is the most fitting sequel to it.'

'You are really very kind indeed,' I said, 'to overlook my—my—' I hesitated, blushing painfully, and feeling greatly embarrassed.

'Your little pleasantries,' ejaculated Mr. Briarton, in his usual jerky way, and with a look of sly humour, as if he would be understood as including among those little pleasantries, one whose recollection was anything but pleasant to me.

Helen and Miss Percival now began chatting about matters of particular interest to themselves, when Mr. Briarton, with a sly wink at me, said:

'If the ladies will excuse us, Mr. Hastings, I have a friend in the next room to whom I should like to present you.'

The ladies graciously according us their permission to retire, I was conducted into a small apartment containing a book-case, writing-table, and two or three chairs, upon one of which, by an open window looking out upon a pretty garden, sat a young gentleman smoking.

'This is Mr. Percival's study,' remarked Mr. Briarton as we entered; 'and this, sir, is Mr. Percival's very particular friend, Mr. Charles Mortimer. Allow me to make you acquainted.'

That gentleman languidly arose, made me a slight bow, presented the tips of his fingers to me, and then fixed himself comfortably in his chair again.

'Mr. Mortimer has heard of you before, Mr. Hastings,' remarked Mr. Briarton with an air of sly humour; 'indeed I may say he has been made fully acquainted with a certain little episode in your life, and enjoyed it as much as the rest of us.'

I felt profoundly relieved to know that some one else had been kind enough to spare me the duty of enlightening him upon the subject; and not considering that any apology was due him, I merely observed; 'Ah! indeed;' in quite a disinterested way, as if the matter was not of the slightest importance to me.

'Oh! yaas; by Jove! the richest thing of the season; deucedly amusing,' observed Mr. Mortimer in a drawling tone; emitting at the same time a column of tobacco smoke from his mouth, and complacently watching it as it ascended in graceful wreaths to the ceiling.

'Yes,' I laughed, though a little nettled at his manner, 'especially so for the chief actor in the affair.'

'But I say, Briarton, by Jove!' said Mr. Mortimer in a languid tone, and regarding me with a somewhat amused look, as he complacently stroked his side whiskers and moustache; 'nobody who had ever seen us would mistake one of us for the other fellaw, you know.'

'Well, now that I come to examine you closely and critically,' responded the person addressed, as if he were saying something exceedingly funny, 'I do perceive a trifling difference.'

'Yaas—ah! yaas! very good indeed, Briarton,' remarked his friend with a faint smile.

'Egad!' exclaimed the other, 'it wanted but one thing to raise the joke to what I may call the acme of the ridiculous, and that was your arrival before the departure of your other self.'

'My other self! Well, by Jove! that *is* capital,' remarked Mr. Mortimer in the same languid tone, and with another weak smile. 'But I say, you know, it would be deuced hard to tell who would have been the most astonished I, to find myself already there, or our friend here that he had only just arrived. That's excellent—by Jove!'

'Capital!' exclaimed Mr. Briarton. 'It would have been the most fitting *denouement* to the affair imaginable.' And he laughed heartily at the extreme funniness of the idea, Mr. Mortimer feebly partaking with him in the laugh.

No doubt, these gentlemen found the subject vastly entertaining. I certainly did not share the feeling. There was moreover, something about Mr. Mortimer's manner that was very disagreeable, if not absolutely offensive, to me.

'It reminds me of a little anecdote,' said the last named person, 'that I once heard about a fellaw, who, wishing to make the acquaintance of a certain young lady, actually called at her house and saw her, and then apologizing under the pretence of having made a mistake, politely withdrew. Thought he was in the right house, you know, or that it was some other lady, or that he was somebody else, or something of that kind—dreadfully mixed up any how; true, 'pon honour. Deuced convenient way of making desirable acquaintances—by Jove!'

'I hope, sir,' I said, endeavouring to repress a feeling of anger, 'that you do not suppose I could be capable of such an act.'

'Ah, my dear fellaw,' drawled Mr. Mortimer with an air of easy familiarity that increased, rather than mollified, the feeling with which I regarded him, 'no offence intended, 'pon honour; assure you. Only such things have happened; and what has happened once, may happen again, you know.'

He winked slyly at Mr. Briarton while speaking, and in a manner I imagined which seemed to imply that possibly the shoe might fit me, he thought, and if so, I was perfectly welcome to wear it.

'Mr. Mortimer,' I said, now thoroughly angry, and speaking with considerable warmth, 'allow me to assure you, sir, that did I ever think it necessary to personate anybody, you would be about the last one I should consider worthy of imitation.'

I spoke hastily, and regretted the words almost as quickly. 'Pardon me, sir,' I added. 'I wish to give no offence; but allow me to say that I considered your words somewhat equivocal, to say the least.'

'By Jove,' said Mr. Mortimer, with a little more animation than he had yet shown; 'but our friend is quite complimentary, eh! Briarton? —and a little irascible too I think— and upon sufficient provocation might be inclined to shoot at a fellaw, you know, with missiles a little harder than corks, eh?'

'Sir,' I exclaimed, now angered beyond control, 'your language is highly offensive, aud unwarrantable; and if it is your wish to pick a quarrel with me, I simply request you will have the propriety to defer it to some more fitting time and place.'

'Really, my dear fellaw,' he replied in a tone of the most perfect nonchalance, 'you have a way of jumping at conclusions that quite takes one's breath away; you positively have.'

'Where no offence is intended, sir,' I said, thinking perhaps I had been a little too hasty, 'I assure you none will be taken. The subject, however, is not an agreeable one to me, as I perhaps alone fail to see, or rather to enjoy, the humorous side of it, and I will take it as a great favour if no further allusion is made to it.'

Mr. Briarton, thinking perhaps that he saw a storm brewing, now suggested, in his usual abrupt way, that we should drink a bottle of wine with him; probably, as the best means of allaying it.

'There is nothing like the rosy, as our friend Dick Swiveller, would say,' he observed, 'so well calculated to restore those sentiments of friendly regard which should always obtain among gentlemen, when any little misunderstanding has arisen to—to—you take my meaning, gentlemen. John' —in an elevated tone of voice— 'bring a bottle of Madeira, will you.'

The command was addressed to some invisible person, but the sound of a doubtlessly familiar footstep in the entry just at that moment, was followed by the appearance of a servant's head through the partly open door.

'Mr Percival's "Perticular," sir?' he asked.

'Yes; and be particularly quick about it,' replied Mr. Briarton, possibly fearing that the emollient which he proposed to pour upon the troubled waters of discord might arrive too late for the purpose.

In a few minutes the bottle was brought, opened, and set before us, with three glasses. Mr. Briarton lit a cigar; Mr. Mortimer indulged himself with a fresh one; and I accepted a cigarette.

I found Mr. Percival's 'Perticular' Madeira particularly good, and I drank off several glasses with a particular relish. I was always strictly temperate; but I had been stung to the quick by Mr. Mortimer's words and manner, and I gulped down the wine to relieve the feeling of anger and resentment from which I still smarted. Had his manner been openly insulting, instead of covertly offensive, I felt I should have been hardly more angered by it.

The small room was becoming dense with the thick fumes of the tobacco, and this, with the large quantities of wine I had drunk, soon began to make me feel dizzy and confused.

Mr. Briarton had been chatting good humouredly; and Mr. Mortimer, lolling back easily in his chair, occasionally drawled forth some reply to him. He and I had exchanged no words over our glasses.

For the last fifteen or twenty minutes I must have been nearly uncon-

scious of all that was said, for I had been preoccupied with my own thoughts, which had insensibly become of the drowsiest nature. I made an effort to rouse myself—or I should have gone to sleep—and at the moment, I heard the words, though indistinctly and disconnected—'highly aggravating—in the wrong—wounded —sad affair.'

It was Mr. Briarton's voice I was sure, and I imagined he had been relating the history of some *affaire d'honneur* to his friend. Then followed the words, 'I say, bad for Lawton, by Jove!' and immediately after, in the same voice, I thought, 'rather more dangerous than standing fire from a champagne bottle.'

Still harping upon that subject, in spite of my expressed displeasure. Flushed with the wine, and angered beyond all control, I seized my glass, and threw its half-emptied contents into Mr. Mortimer's face. I rose, as I did so, fully prepared to act upon the defensive, should any hostile demonstration upon the part of that gentleman follow. At that very moment, however, one of the servants entered the room, and informed me that Miss Mowbray was ready to go. I told him I would come immediately, and without another word I left the room, probably before the two others had even time to recover from their astonishment at my abrupt act.

I joined Helen at the front door, and taking leave of Miss Percival—her mother and sister being from home —I walked with the former to the gate. Most likely from some misunderstanding as to the hour fixed upon for our return, the carriage had not arrived. As the distance was but short, and the weather delightful, we decided to walk back to Belmont; and many and fervent were the benedictions I silently invoked upon the head of John, the coachman, for his mistake.

The disorder in my manner and appearance could scarcely have escaped Helen's notice, but if so, she betrayed no consciousness of it. The fresh air, however, soon revived me, though I was still too much under the influence of the wine I had drunk to think calmly of the rash act I had committed, and of the possible consequences I had invited from the person to whom the affront had been offered; yet I still felt perfectly justified in what I had done.

It was one of those golden afternoons of the late summer when her departing glories are first beginning to don the more sober yet hardly less pleasing tints of the approaching autumn. Large masses of fleecy clouds floated dreamily across the deep, clear blue sky, high above us; while in the distance, over the tops of the dark forests, rose the Pyrenees, a grand background to the far perspective of the glowing landscape, already clothed with the purple and roseate hues of the early evening light.

It was not strange that under such influences I should soon have felt my tranquillity of mind restored, and my spirits revive; especially with Helen for a companion.

We turned into a narrow path that led by a somewhat circuitous course to the house, and which, part of the way, skirted closely upon the edge of a fragrant pine grove. And it was through an opening among the trees that I now caught a glimpse of one of the loveliest little arbours imaginable.

From the round and partly-open roof, rising to a point in the centre, and supported by several slender pillars, hung a thick net work of flowering vines, enclosing it upon all sides, and only parted in one place, to allow of a narrow entrance. The approach to this was by a short path, prettily bordered on each side by flowers and shrubs of rich colours and delicious fragrance; and by the narrow opening, at which it ended, stood, on either side of two low stone steps, a white marble statue, representingrespectively a dryad and a fawn.

'What a charming spot!' I exclaimed, rapturously, pausing to gaze at it. 'This fully realizes all my ideas of what such a place should be.'

'Yes,' said Helen, 'and it has quite a romantic little history, too.'

Expressing a desire for a closer view, my wish was gratified by Helen's conducting me along the path, and into the arbour itself, where we seated ourselves.

'Quite a little paradise,' I exclaimed, delightfully. 'It should be called the Lovers' Retreat, or Cupid's Bower, or some other appropriate name.'

'You are quite poetical,' laughed Helen.

No doubt I was. The fumes of that wine were evidently still working in my brain, or I should never have ventured upon such a remark. In fact, that my thoughts and feelings must have been still highly coloured by the 'rosy,' was further made evident by my becoming dimly conscious of at that moment taking one of Helen's hands in my own, but of instantly letting it drop with a scared sort of feeling at my presumption; and I felt immensely relieved by her not manifesting the least consciousness of the act.

'You said, Helen,' I observed, 'that there was a romantic little history connected with this arbour; and if not a family secret, I should like very much to hear it.'

'I suppose it is somewhat of a family secret,' she replied, laughing, and with a slight blush, 'but as you are such an old friend, I imagine there would be no harm in my telling you.'

'Helen,' I said, with an actual approach to tenderness in my voice—yes, that wine was still surely playing sad havoc with my wits—'Am—am I nothing more than an old friend?'

Again I breathed freely, as she passed over my words unnoticed, and said:

'I should be happy to tell it to you, as you seem to take such an interest in the place.'

'You are very kind,' I replied. 'I should be delighted to hear it.'

'It was on this spot,' she said, 'at least so family tradition avers, that my father first saw the young lady, who afterwards became his wife; and in commemoration of the event, which was productive of so happy a result, he erected this little arbour. So your name of Cupid's Bower,' she added, with a laugh, 'was not so inappropriate after all.'

She glanced upwards as she spoke, and, following the direction of her eye, I perceived—what had before escaped my notice—the figure of a small cupid upon the top of the arbour, poised lightly on one foot, and taking aim, after the conventional manner, with his bow and arrow, at some invisible heart. The arrow was pointing—ominous coincidence—directly at my own breast.

'And it was here,' I observed, with a musing air, 'that the fatal shaft pierced his heart. I think I must change my seat,' I added, with a laugh, 'or the same fate may befall me.'

No; I could never have said that if I hadn't been in liquor, I'm sure.

'Do you think there is any danger?' said Helen, with a sly look at me out of the corner of her eye.

'You see where I am sitting, and which way he is pointing,' I replied, laughing, and blushing frightfully.

'If you are at all doubtful, I should certainly advise you to change your seat,' she observed, with a laugh.

But I didn't. Her advice was unheeded; and I still continued to sit within direct range of the dangerous missile.

'Do you think, after all, Helen,' I said, 'it would be so terrible a thing—I was conscious of trying to look very tender and meaningly as I spoke—if — if such a fate *should* befall me?'

There could be no doubt whatever about it now; I certainly *was* grossly intoxicated.

'I suppose you would be the best

judge of that yourself,' she replied. 'You know we can only form our opinion of a matter of this kind from personal experience—. But you won't let me finish my story.'

'Oh, pardon me,' I said; 'is there any more of it?'

'Perhaps you have heard enough already?' Helen laughed, with another sly glance at me.

'By no means,' I replied. 'Anything connected with this delightful little arbour cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to me. Especially one of its present'—I hesitated, blushed, looked extremely foolish—for Helen was regarding me with a partly amused and partly whimsical expression—and, after a moment, said—'I was going to say, especially one of its present'—

'Now, I know,' she interrupted, 'that you are going to pay me a compliment; and I dislike them of all things.'

'No, I am not,' I exclaimed, quite earnestly.

'Well, then,' she said, with a sly smile, '"especially one of its present"—you got that far; now for the rest.'

'Me, Helen,' I said, with a very serious expression, 'what I was going to say I do not consider a compliment. It was the truth.'

'Oh! then it was something uncomplimentary,' she said, with another laugh.

'No, I—I don't mean to say that,' I replied, laughing myself, but a little confused; 'what I *did* mean to say was, that I considered (with a desperate effort) one of its present occupants especially interesting.'

'Oh!' with a bewitching smile and blush from her.

'Yes, really!' with an air of triumph, and considerably more of a blush from me.

'Which one?' she presently asked, with an air of the most perfect naïveté.

'Which one?' I repeated—'why, Helen, it strikes me that—that it would be highly ridiculous to—to speak of myself in—in such a way—don't you think so, really?'

'Well—I don't know,' she remarked, with a careless air.

'*I* do,' I said; 'and there being only one other occupant—why—why—Helen, the—the inference is—obvious. Don't you think so, really?'

Again she laughed and blushed, but said nothing. She evidently understood me now, and I felt happy.

But, just here, I should like to ask the intelligent reader whether he deems it necessary I should confess to him in plain language that I was again desperately and hopelessly in love? Probably he does not. But, should there by any possibility be such, so lacking in the faculty of perception, to whom this fact has not yet been made obvious, to him—for I would not offend with such a question any of my *fair* readers, whose natural intuition in such matters must, long before this, have enabled them to make this discovery—I would say, 'I was; desperately and hopelessly.' And, for the further information of my readers of both sexes, I will add—what, perhaps, they may not have expected—that, actuated by a bold and determined resolve, I had inveigled Helen into the arbour, determined to know my fate or, to use a truly heroic, but somewhat hackneyed expression, perish in the attempt.

Of the progress I had already made towards that end, they can judge for themselves. I, myself, was not inclined to entertain thereon the most encouraging and favourable opinion possible.

I had yielded, without a struggle or an effort, to the old passion, though this time with the feeling that uncertainty would be insupportable—that I must hear from Helen's own lips the word that was to make utter wreck of my hopes or realize the darling wish of a life-time.

'Helen,' I said, drawing a little nearer to her, 'you have told me that

—that it was upon this spot that your father asked the young lady to become his wife—who,' in a hesitating voice; and, after a slight pause, 'who —did afterwards become his wife—how, how pleasant that must have been.'

Now, why did I not add—what I intended to when I began, 'And here will I ask his daughter to become mine,' instead of substituting this most lame and impotent conclusion? But I felt I was coming dangerously near to the point, and my courage failed me.

'I didn't tell you anything of the kind,' said Helen, with a provoking laugh.

'You didn't?' I exclaimed, somewhat discomfited.

'No,' she replied; 'I said my father first *saw* upon this spot the young lady who afterwards became his wife.'

'Oh! then I misunderstood you,' I remarked. 'But don't you think it quite likely, Helen, that—that he did, though?'

'Did what?' she said, with an amused look, and with another sly glance at me.

'Why—why, pop the—ask the young lady, I mean,' I replied, blushing dreadfully, 'here in this charming little arbour; it would have been so appropriate a place, you know.'

'But you forget,' she said, with a smile, 'that this charming little arbour didn't exist at that time.'

'Oh! so I did,' I replied, with a confused laugh.

I should evidently have to try a tack; there seemed to be no plain sailing for me in this direction. I was not discouraged, however, but, in fact, all the more desperate and determined at the thought of the precious moments I was wasting.

'Helen,' I said, after a few minutes' pause, and in as firm a tone as I could command, and at the same time becoming conscious of again taking her hand, though with this important difference, that this time I held on to it (I couldn't have fully digested that old Madeira yet). 'You told me that you would tell me this little bit of family history because you considered me so old a friend. Do—do you consider me no more than that?'

I spoke in a tone of quiet, but desperate resolve, for I was determined to get an answer to my question this time.

She blushed, hesitated a moment, and then said, with an air of the most charming naïveté.

'Why, what more would you have me to say!'

I must indeed have been astonishingly obtuse of comprehension, not to have construed this into a delicate invitation for me to declare exactly what I *did* mean. But just exactly what I did mean, was what I had not yet the courage to say. So, poor imbecile that I was, I again went beating about the bush, saying:

'But you know one can have more than one old friend.'

'Oh, can they?' remarked Helen, in the most innocent manner.

'Yes,' I continued, 'and then you know that — that I should not feel quite so proud of being taking into the family confidence, if I thought some one else—some other old friend —shared it with me, you know; that's all.' Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion again!

'But is it necessary to squeeze my hand so hard while you tell me that?' said Helen with a laugh, and blushing.

'I beg a thousand pardons,' I exclaimed, letting her hand drop, 'I did not mean to be so rude.'

'I think we had better be going,' she said, rising; 'it is getting late, and they will wonder at home what has become of us.'

'Helen,' I exclaimed, again taking her hand, and determined to bring matters to a crisis then and there, 'may I detain you a moment longer, I——'

At that instant a loud explosion, followed almost immediately by ano-

ther, close by the arbour, nearly startled us out of our senses. Helen uttered a slight scream; and dropping her hand, I turned quickly towards the entrance of the arbour, and perceived De Villefort standing at the further end of the little path. He carried a gun across one shoulder, while over the other was slung a game bag. Upon seeing me, he advanced towards us, and upon reaching the steps, exclaimed:

'A thousand pardons, Miss Mowbray, for taking so inopportune a time to discharge my barrels. I fear I have needlessly alarmed you.'

That he had discovered our presence in the arbour, and had intentionally treated us to this agreeable little surprise, I hadn't a doubt, and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable too at the possibility of his having heard far more than was intended for the ear of any third party.

Helen laughingly accepted his apologies, but betrayed I thought, a slight feeling of displeasure, both in her tone and look, while I regarded the odious Frenchman, for his most mal-à-propos interruption, with feelings of anything but a friendly nature. The slyly knowing look he cast upon me, I took not the slightest notice of, but to hide the embarrassment which I really did feel, I said, in a tone of polite irony, and as if the idea had just occurred to me:

'Oh! by the way, Monsieur de Villefort, allow me to take the present opportunity of thanking you for being the means of making me acquainted with two most charming young ladies. I am greatly in your debt.'

An expression, indicative of his total inability to comprehend what I meant, passed over his face. It was very cleverly assumed, but I was not to be deceived.

'It is useless to affect ignorance of the matter,' I continued, 'and I confess myself your victim; but under similar circumstances, I assure you, I would very willingly be so again.'

Not strictly true, perhaps; but I was determined he should not think that he had had the best of the joke.

'And I must congratulate you,' I added, 'upon the success of your last achievement as a practical joker; and I only regret that I cannot do so upon your endeavour to get me to sing.'

He regarded me with a perplexed look, shook his head with a half puzzled, half comical air, and shrugging his shoulders, very expressive of doubt upon the part of a Frenchman I have noticed, said:

'Really, Hastings, you must be a little more explicit, if you wish to afford me the least idea of what you mean.'

I deigned no reply to this, however, and without another word, followed Helen out of the arbour.

On the way home, he informed us that he had gone out for a rabbit or two, and had succeeded in bagging just one, which he held up for us to admire. Had the rabbit tightly and securely bagged him, I should have been much better pleased.

'Helen,' I said in a low tone, as we parted in the hall.' I should like very much to hear the rest of that little story about the arbour, and—and don't you think that it would be quite the appropriate thing perhaps if—if you should finish it in—in the arbour?'

'Well; perhaps that would make it more interesting,' she replied.

My reveries, when alone in my chamber that night, were not wholly those of unalloyed pleasure. Had Helen understood me? I thought she must have; and yet had I spoken with sufficient clearness to render my meaning perfectly intelligible to her? *the* meaning, over and above what the words themselves conveyed; and had my manner—there is everything in that—been sufficiently expressive? But did I not do discredit to her natural faculty of discernment by my doubt. A woman is quick to perceive when a man loves her, and had I not at least hinted enough to leave her no room

for misunderstanding me? And yet what kind of an opinion could she entertain of the courage and depth of affection of a lover, who could only hint at the state of his feeling? Anything but a complimentary one, I feared. Had it not been for De Villefort, I might have been spared, at least, all these harrassing doubts and fears. And yet—with very shame I confess it—I must admit that I did experience a sneaking sort of relief at the interruption. But the critical moment had only been deferred, and my suspense only the more prolonged; for I felt that the word must be said, which was to make me the happiest or the most miserable of human beings.

And again, had there been anything in Helen's words or manner, from which I might take encouragement to hope that she was favourably disposed to accept me as a suitor. At times I thought there had been. And yet is not the female heart naturally more or less capricious and coquettish? And was even Helen altogether free from these little weaknesses of her sex? She was but a woman; and does not every woman derive a secret pleasure from encouraging those little attentions and compliments, and in exciting that admiration, ofttimes from mere caprice, which are so gratifying to her vanity, and from which no woman, from her very nature, can be entirely free?

Another cause for disquietude would also at times obtrude itself upon me. I now greatly regretted my hasty action in resenting the insult which I conceived Mr. Mortimer had offered me; and I felt, had I not been heated with the wine, I should have had more control over myself. And I resolved that I would take the first opportunity of making him an ample apology, in the hope of thus amicably settling the matter.

With these disquieting thoughts I tormented my brain, until, far in the morning, I fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HORSEBACK RIDE, ENDING NOT SO AGREEABLY AS BEGUN, FOLLOWED BY SOMETHING OF A STILL MORE UNPLEASANT NATURE.

'I WILL devote this morning,' I said to myself, upon awaking from a good night's rest, 'to the farmyard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge; and if I can prevail upon Helen to accompany me, why it will be so much the more enjoyable.'

The sun was already well up; so once again that little project for meeting him upon the upland lawn would have to be postponed. I was not sure though, that there was any lawn fit for the purpose within convenient distance of the house; and besides it was becoming a serious question with me whether that little part in my rural programme would not have to be altogether abandoned from an inability upon my part to wake early enough. Rising with the lark was a very pretty and poetic idea as expressed upon the page of fiction, or abstractly considered; but practically, far more difficult than going to bed with him.

I felt painfully embarrassed at meeting Helen at the breakfast table, as, under the circumstances, it would have been strange had I not. Her manner, however, was the same as usual, and neither by word nor look might I infer that she had not quite forgotten all about the affair that engrossed my every thought.

There was to be a horseback excursion, she informed me, to an observatory about a mile distant from the house, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country was to be obtained, and she invited me to make one of the party.

I replied that I was sorry I should have to decline. I knew nothing about riding, and I feared my lack of experience might only prove a detriment to

the enjoyment of the others. She assured me, however, that it was the easiest thing in the world, and that when I got fairly into the spirit of it, I would find it the most exhilarating of pleasures. She promised me I should have a thoroughly easy and docile horse; one that I should be perfectly able to control.

'If you will promise to ride near me, Helen,' I said, laughing, 'to render me any aid I may require, should the animal prove fractious, or manifest a disposition to run away with me, I will go.'

So, with her promise that she would act as my escort, it was settled that I should make one of the grand cavalcade that was to set forth at ten o'clock.

Shortly after breakfast, as I was lounging about the hall, looking at the pictures, the suits of old armour, and the various huge pairs of antlers that adorned its walls, De Villefort came up to me and said, with a serious air:

'I come to say, old fellow, that should you need a friend, I beg you will have no hesitation, from any scruple of delicacy, in calling upon me.'

'What do you mean?' I said, rather puzzled at the obscurity of this speech.

'I met Briarton on my early walk this morning,' he replied, 'and he happened to make mention of the unfortunate little affair between you and Mortimer.'

'Well,' I observed, not at all enlightened by this explanation.

'I mean to say that I should be happy to act as your second,' said De Villefort.

'My second?'

'Why yes. Of course he will call you out.'

'Call me out?'

'Yes, yes; call you out, challenge you.

'But I shall refuse to be called out,' I said, in a tone of firm determination. 'Besides I intend to settle the matter amicably by making him a full apology.'

'I'm not sure that's possible,' said De Villefort, doubtfully. 'These army officers are dreadfully sensitive about their honour, and are terrible fellows at the duello. And certainly you will not refuse the satisfaction which one gentleman may demand of another, under a provocation of the kind.'

'Army officers?' I said, conscious that I was becoming of an ashy paleness, 'why they called him Mr. Mortimer.'

'Oh! that's his unofficial title; otherwise he is known as Lieutenant Mortimer. But it's nothing, old fellow, I've been in one or two scrapes of the kind myself. Turn well upon your left side—unless you're left-handed; then the action must be reversed; to your right I mean—take steady aim—one, two, three—or whatever signal may be agreed upon—fire—bang—and it's all over before you can say Jack Robinson.'

'Yes; and I may be over too,' I said, while I could not refrain from laughing at the rather humorous way in which he had presented the matter.

'I don't positively say he will challenge you,' said De Villefort;' but should he, remember my services are at your call.'

With these words he passed on, leaving me a prey to the most distressing sensations. I had, in fact, decided to hurry immediately to Mrs. Percival's, and make the most humble of apologies in the hope of appeasing the wrath of the Lieutenant, and appeal to him to mitigate his thirst for my gore; and I was about to leave the hall for the purpose, when Helen, accompanied by Miss de Clerval and the silent young lady who had sat next to me at table, approached me, the former observing, with an enticing smile:—

'We are going to take a little stroll round to the stables to inspect our steeds, and should be very happy to have your escort.'

'With pleasure,' I replied, forgetting, at the sound of that voice and in that presence, all about my purpose of but a moment before, and, in fact, everything else.

I have no doubt,' I added, with a laugh, 'that De Villefort has been telling you what a splendid rider I am.'

'No, he hasn't; but we are sure of it without that,' remarked Mdlle. de Clerval, slyly. 'The fact is, Miss Beauvais and myself are both bent upon riding the same horse, and as neither of us, I am sorry to say, is in a sufficiently obliging mood to yield to the other, we have resolved to decide the matter by drawing lots. The long bit of paper takes the horse. You must hold the pieces, Mr. Hastings, and see it fairly decided.'

Taking upon myself this highly important and arduous duty, I accompanied them to the stables, where the momentous issue was decided in Miss Beauvais' favour, and duly acquiesced in by Miss de Clerval.

Upon descending from my room fully equipped for the expedition, I found most of the party, consisting of some ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, already mounted, and De Villefort, who appeared to be acting as leader or captain of the company, getting them into line. One of the grooms led up the 'easy and docile' animal I was to ride, and he certainly looked quiet and meek enough for a child to handle. He was a very handsome horse, and peculiarly marked; being one of those piebald, sleek looking animals, with long flowing tail and mane, that one is accustomed to associate with the circus.

I put him through a few paces, and was delighted to find his movement as easy, and his back as soft, as a rocking chair and a feather bed combined; and I was particularly charmed with the quiet manner in which he stood, after I had taken my place in the line by Helen's side, and the stolid indifference that he manifested to all the bustle, loud talking and prancing that were going on about him.

All being ready to start, De Villefort, who was at the head of the party with Miss de Clerval, drew forth a small bugle and sounded a short, sprightly air upon it—the signal, I took it to set out—which my horse no sooner heard than, pricking up his ears, he suddenly curvetted gracefully out of the line, and began to pirouette with a masterly skill and ease that drew forth the rapturous plaudits of the company, who no doubt thought it to be a little side *divertissement* got up for their especial entertainment.

In the frantic efforts I made to retain my seat, I dropped the reins and clutched the pommel of the saddle, at the same time losing both my hat and whip. A moment more I should have fallen off through sheer giddiness, had not Harry quickly dismounted and flown to my rescue.

'Confound the brute,' he exclaimed, seizing the bridle just in time to prevent my falling, but laughing in spite of himself, 'he always acts this way when he hears music, probably from the delusion that he is once more upon the scene of —— De Villefort, stop that infernal tooting, will you,' he shouted to the exasperating individual who had begun another sprightly air upon his bugle, accompanied by cries of bravo, and loud clappings of hands upon the part of the others, and which were followed, on the part of my horse, by the most alarming indications of his purpose forthwith to respond to the encore.

'I will get off, if you please,' I said, with the determined tone and manner of a person who has formed a resolution from which he is not to be shaken.

'It is all right now, old fellow,' said Harry, in an encouraging tone, 'you'll have no more trouble, as I shall insist upon De Villefort's delivering up his bugle to me.'

But I persisted at first upon dismounting; and it was only after I had seen the offending cause of all this

commotion pass safely into Harry's custody, that I was finally prevailed upon to resume my place in the line at Helen's side.

I could not help joining Helen and the others in their hearty laughter, and said—

'I am afraid, Helen, you had a sinister motive in having this horse assigned to me.'

'Oh, no,' she replied, still laughing heartily, 'but I forgot to tell you that Pizarro once belonged to a circus company. Harry bought him about three years ago in Toulouse."

'The fact speaks for itself,' I said, still laughing myself, 'and I wish with all my soul they had refused to part with him. This unfortunate propensity, I should think, would have rendered him a highly undesirable piece of property.' But Helen was certainly right; he was most delightfully easy, and as we went gaily along, I soon felt my confidence quite restored.

The observatory was located in the midst of a delightful park, upon the estate next to Harry's, and the prospect from the top, embracing within an immense extent of country the diversified charms of woodland, meadow, mountain, forest and stream, and all aglow with the warm effulgence of a summer's sun in a sky of soft, rich, unclouded, blue, was inexpressibly grand and beautiful.

'This literally fulfils one of my youthful wishes,' I exclaimed, excited to an unwonted degree of enthusiasm by the lovely prospect before me; 'which was that I might one day behold those charming landscapes of the south of France, so glowingly described in the "Mysteries of Udolpho." You remember, Helen, that book was my especial delight.'

She was leaning beside me over the low railing, and had been silently contemplating the scene before her.

'So it was mine,' she said, 'until I learned to laugh at its romantic sentiments and impossible incidents. But you know, Edward, you always were of a romantic and poetic turn of mind, and,' with a sly look and laugh, 'I will do you the justice to say that I thought some of your little effusions really quite clever.'

'Why, I didn't know that you ever saw any of them,' I said, reddening, as an unpleasant recollection of De Villefort, in connection with one of those aforesaid little effusions forced itself upon me at the moment.

'Oh, yes,' she laughed, with a mischievous twinkling of the eye, to which my guilty suspicions were quick to attribute a particular meaning. And imagining that I detected in her look and manner an indication that she would not have the least hesitation in plaguing me about it, I said, rather hastily—

'The others are going, Helen; perhaps we had better follow them.'

For the first time a painful doubt was excited within me whether De Villefort might not, after all, have shown her that little piece of poetry which he professed to have found outside my door; and again my *amour propre* was hurt at the thought of how uncomplimentary an opinion she must have entertained of a lover who could scribble off his affections upon a bit of paper, but who had not the courage or manliness to avow them openly.

As several of the party now expressed their intention to continue their ride to Toulouse, to lunch there, and return towards evening, Helen and I decided to join them.

I — purposely — experienced some little difficulty in mounting, and when we at last started away, the others were some little distance in advance of us, which I took care should, from time to time, be imperceptibly increased.

'You are right, Helen,' I said, as we once more cantered gaily along, 'horseback riding certainly is delightful.'

'I thought you would like it,' she said, in a gratified tone.

'But how could I do otherwise,

Helen, with you for a companion?' I remarked, in as gallant a manner as I could assume.

'You are becoming quite complimentary,' she laughed, 'though, perhaps, you would have me believe you are only speaking the truth now.'

I laughed and blushed at this delicate allusion, and replied, 'I meant it, Helen;' and, charmed by the skill and graceful ease with which she rode and controlled her horse, I was emboldened to follow it up with another compliment.

'Diana Vernon could have been nothing to you, Helen,' I said; 'and I know you could far eclipse any equestrian performance of hers—even to hovering over the edge of a precipiece; indeed,' I exclaimed, with an unwonted outburst of gallantry, 'you would even rob Diana herself of her laurels, and put her to the blush.'

'Now I know you are making fun of me,' she laughed. 'It is all very well to compare me with a being of flesh and blood like myself—for what one mortal has done, another, perhaps, may do—but when you bring in goddesses, who are quite another order of beings, you know, I shall begin to suspect that—'

She paused abruptly. It was caused by my suddenly sliding of my horse's back, and clutching him firmly by the head. When, alas! is happiness ever unalloyed? What rose is without its thorn? When is there no lurking devil at the bottom of the cup of pleasure?

Upon turning a sharp angle in the road, I had perceived an itinerant organ-grinder bearing directly down upon us, and, at the sight of this dreadful apparition, I instantly took the above precautionary measures, not knowing but what the sagacious brute might be thrown into spasms of delight, and commence a terpsichorean performance, at the mere sight of a musical instrument.

My fears, however, were not realized, Pizarro simply contenting himself with pricking up his ears and regarding it in a suspicious manner. But I allowed the man to get well beyond the reach of sight and sound before I remounted.

Helen burst into a hearty laugh, in which I joined, but not quite with equal zest, as I remarked, in an apprehensive tone:

'We shall be sure to come across one or more of these nuisances in Toulouse; and I heartily wish now I had taken some other horse.'

However, I soon forgot to feel worried in the exhilaration of the fresh air, the novelty of my position, and the delight of Helen's companionship. I had heard horseback riding spoken of as quite an intoxicating kind of pleasure, and I began to think it was really so.

'Helen,' I said, 'would not this be a favourable opportunity to finish your little story about the arbour?'

'I thought you wanted me to keep it for the arbour,' she replied.

'Yes—but—but I may have something to tell you then,' I said, in a meaning tone of voice.

'Ah! I should be delighted to hear it,' she replied.

'Would you, really, Helen?' I said, trying, in spite of my blushes, to regard her with a very tender and expressive look.

'Why shouldn't I?' she answered. 'I have no doubt you can tell a very interesting story.'

'It is far more interesting than any *story* could possibly be to me, Helen,' I said, in a tender tone; 'but are you quite—quite sure that you would like to hear it—that you would not be offended?'

'Why should I be; it is nothing very terrible, is it?'

'Terrible? oh! no, quite the opposite. That is—to me—but, of course, I don't know how—how it migh affect you, Helen.'

Making love on horseback was certainly a novel experiment with me. I had found it sufficiently difficult with

both my feet planted securely upon *terra firma*, but now, no doubt, I was inspired by the stimulating effects of an exhilarating ride, the fresh breeze, and the charming scenery.

That the scenery *was* charming; that the sun shone brightly; that the skies were blue; that nature, in fact, was arrayed in her loveliest garb, and that the birds poured forth mellifluous music, I have no doubt; but the only scenery that I was capable of taking in was Helen's matchless form and peerless beauty, the former showing more exquisite than ever in her tight-fitting riding-habit; and the tones of her voice the only music of which I was conscious.

The old path around that bush ought to have been sufficiently well-trodden by this time, but apparently I didn't think so, for after a slight pause, I again said:

'But, do you really think, Helen—can you positively assure me that you would not be offended at what I—I—I might have to say?' throwing all the tender meaning I could command into the look that I fixed upon her.

She made no reply, but I was quite encouraged to see the blushes steal into her cheeks, and for the first time a slight appearance of modest constraint in her manner. She evidently had an inkling now of what I meant, and I felt quite elated at my success; for I must prepare her for it, as I could never in the world bring myself to take her wholly by surprise.

So absorbing indeed had been the theme that engrossed my thoughts, that I was hardly aware that we had already entered Toulouse, and were in fact within sight of the hotel at which we were to stop. My sense of hearing must also have been completely absorded, inasmuch as I was totally unconscious that a hand organ at that very moment was giving forth the melodious strains of 'Hold the Fort,'—the odious tune had actually found its way into France—within a few feet of me; surrounded by a concourse of men, women and children, whose delight was no doubt heightened by the fantastic performances of a monkey, arrayed in most outlandish garb. Nor was the fact indeed fully impressed upon my mind, until certain uneasy movements upon the part of Pizarro, made it obvious to me that it far better behooved me to hold the horse, and let the Fort go.

I made an instant effort to dismount, but so suddenly did the ill-starred beast begin his gyrations, that I feared I should sustain an injury by falling heavily to the ground. So I clung to the saddle, and shouted to the man to stop playing; but whether from not understanding English or from pure maliciousness, he still kept on, and I kept on—whirling round and round in the most distracting manner. Meanwhile the crowd rapidly increased, and the unbounded delight of the small boys burst all restraint, and found vent in vociferous cries, they taking us no doubt for the *avant coureurs* of a travelling circus company, about to make its triumphant entry into the city.

Helen was of course powerless to render me any aid; and her loud exhortations of 'Whoa, Pizarro, whoa; that's a good horse, etc.,' fell unheeded upon the ears of the perverse brute. His old professional instincts were not to be overcome by any such endearing persuasions, for in the inspiring strains of the music, and the encouraging shouts and plaudits of the spectators, no doubt the old glories of the arena once more burst upon his dazzled vision.

But rescue was at hand. A sudden commotion among the spectators was followed by the descent of a couple of police officers upon the wretched offender, the capture of the monkey, and hustling of them off by one of the conservators of the public peace, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd. The other now seized my horse, and and with no gentle hands dragged me from his back, jabbering at me in the

most ferocious manner; faced me about unresistingly, for my brain was in such a whirl that I was perfectly passive in his grasp, and had advanced a few steps with me, doubtlessly intending to convey me to the nearest police station, when Harry, who had witnessed the latter part of these proceedings from the balcony of the hotel flew to my rescue.

After repeated explanations, and several angry altercations between him and the officer—for the obdurate man seemed strongly disinclined to release his prisoner—my deliverance was effected; and rejoicing in my timely escape from the clutches of this myrmidon of the law, though crestfallen and dispirited, I accompanied Harry to the hotel, whither Helen had already preceded us.

But my enjoyment for the day was entirely gone. In vain did Mons. Mallet and the others endeavour to rally me upon the masterly manner in which I had comported myself during the trying ordeal. In vain did Helen try to comfort me with the assurance that the experiences I had already acquired could not fail to make me the most accomplished of riders. Not their united efforts could avail to make me believe that a person clinging desperately to the back of a horse, which was describing a series of circles with the most bewildering rapidity; the pommel frantically clutched in both his hands, and his body bent so low upon the animal's neck, that his drawn up knees almost came in contact with his chin, while his hat, trodden out of shape, afforded a foot-ball for the playful beast's hoofs, could have presented other than the most pitiable of spectacles.

The sumptuous lunch to which we sat down was powerless to provoke my appetite; even the *pâté de foie gras*, my favourite delicacy, was revolting to me. The musée, the picture-gallery and the cathedral, into which we afterwards strolled, possessed for me not the slightest interest. The thought of the ridiculous figure I must have presented in the eyes of Helen, was gall and wormwood to my soul. We naturally desire to appear at our best in the presence of those whose good opinion we esteem as the most priceless of earthly possessions; and my mortification at the humiliating exhibition, I had made of myself before her, *her* —the idol of my soul—had effectually destroyed all the pleasure I should have derived from what would otherwise have been a most enjoyable occasion.

I gladly accepted Harry's offer to exchange horses, upon our return, until we were safely out of the town; for how many more organ grinders might be lying in wait for me in the streets, or secreted in the dark recesses of unsuspected nooks or by-ways of the old town, it was impossible to foresee.

To be sure this beast had a disagreeable way of propelling himself sideways, with his head turned towards one side of the street, and his tail pointing directly at the other; with moreover the distressing habit of suddenly throwing his head back, and then darting it forward, compelling simultaneous oscillations of my body —the result of my holding the reins with a tight, unrelaxing grip—and rendering imperative the most strenuous efforts to prevent myself from being laid out flat upon his back or shot over his ears into the street. And thus, bobbing backwards and forwards I rode, or rather sidled through the town, an object of derision to the *gamins*, and a source of infinite diversion to both men and women, who with wondering and smiling faces, or with irrepressible laughter, manifested their amusement at such extraordinary horsemanship. But even these annoyances I considered trifling in comparison with the antics of Pizarro.

Quite flushed and out of breath with such violent exercise, I was glad to stop when well out of the town, to wait for Harry. He and the others, ex-

cept De Villefort and Miss de Clerval, who had preceded us, had taken a more circuitous route through the town, and this caused a delay of some ten minutes. As Harry at last galloped towards me, my horse, possibly preferring a rider who had let him have his own way entirely to one who was probably accustomed to exert some restraint over his little playfulness, or from some other cause, suddenly started off with me along the road with fearful rapidity; and in a moment,

With slackened bit and hoof of speed,

I shot by De Villefort and Miss de Clerval like a whirlwind, leaving them my hat as a parting gift, which went spinning up off my head, and was doubtlessly wafted by the breezes to some undiscoverable spot—as it came back to me no more.

I was far calmer and more self-possessed—for I felt it was simply a matter of life or death with me—than I could ever have supposed it possible for me to be under the circumstances. Possibly my former painful experiences did enable me the better to cling to the horse's back during that terrible ride of two miles, which I think must have been accomplished in as many minutes, while the trees, houses, fences, and other wayside objects all seemed blended into one undistinguishable mass before my blurred vision.

The gate was fortunately open, and the horse turned safely into the avenue, which he traversed about half way to the house, when, turning suddenly off over the lawn in a more direct course to the stables, he threw me heavily to the ground. I fell with my left arm under me, and, from the pain and sudden relaxation of the terrible strain to which my nervous system had been subjected, I fainted dead away.

When I regained consciousness, Harry was supporting me in an upright position upon the ground, and he expressed the greatest relief upon ascertaining that I had sustained no serious injury. My arm, though not broken, was considerably bruised, and, with his assistance, I was enabled to reach the house without much difficulty, though feeling somewhat weak and dizzy. His horse was flecked with foam from head to tail, for he had followed me as fast as Pizarro could bear him; but, as I had ridden one of his fleetest racers, he had soon been distanced.

I retired immediately to my room, where I was attended by a young surgeon from Paris, one of the guests, a slim, dapper little fellow, who applied some emollient to my arm, bandaged it, and advised me to remain quiet, though he pronounced the injury to be, fortunately, slight.

'Helen has been in dreadful suspense,' said Harry, 'and I had better hurry back and relieve her fears.'

'Do so—immediately,' I said, '—without a moment's delay. Blessings on her dear, considerate heart,' I added, mentally.

Her anxious solicitude for my safety did more to restore my spirits than anything else could have done.

Soon after the return of the others, De Villefort came into my room. 'Glad to know you escaped with only a scratch or two,' he said, in a congratulatory tone. '*Parbleu!* but I *was* a little astonished at the rather summary way in which you took leave of us. John Gilpin must hide his diminished head and yield the palm to you.'

'It is rather more than a scratch or two,' I replied, holding my arm up; 'but the doctor tells me the injury is slight, though I require a little rest.'

At this moment there was a tap on the door. Upon opening it, a servant handed me a note. 'For me?' I said, with some surprise, glancing at the superscription. I opened it, and read the following:

'ROSEVALE, August 21st, 1878.

'EDWARD HASTINGS, Esq.,

'SIR:—The unprovoked insult of-

fered me by you yesterday afternoon leaves me but one line of conduct to pursue; namely:—to demand of you that satisfaction which one gentleman—and I trust I mistake not in regarding you as such—has a right to expect from another under a provocation of the kind. My friend, Major Lysander Augustus Herbert Melville Brown, will call upon you this evening to arrange all necessary preliminaries in respect to place and time of meeting.

'Yours, etc.,

'CHARLES MORTIMER, Lieut., R.A.'

I had forgotten all about the matter; and this disagreeable reminder again threw me into a state of the greatest disquietude.

'Read it,' I said, tremulously, handing the note to De Villefort; 'your surmise was right. The hostile missive has arrived.'

He ran his eye over it; shrugged his shoulders, folded the note up and handed it back to me, observing—in a manner which implied there was no help for it—

'Well, old fellow, of course you are to consider my offer still good.'

'R. A.; what does that mean?' I said. Of course I knew, but my brain was still in such a whirl that the letters seemed to swim before my eyes.

'Why, Royal Artillery, of course,' replied De Villefort. 'You see these fellows are so accustomed to dropping balls about, that they think no more of fighting a duel than they do of playing a game of billiards. Major Brown, his second, is a desperate fellow, and rumour has it that he pinked his latest victim only a week or two ago, somewhere over in Belgium. It's a comfort for you at least, old fellow, that you haven't got to fight with him, for he has the reputation of being a dead shot.'

'This affair must proceed no further,' I exclaimed in an agitated tone of voice, and rising abruptly. 'I will see Lieutenant Mortimer immediately, and make him the apology I had no right to defer so long.'

'Time enough for that to-morrow, old fellow,' said De Villefort. 'Remember your arm and the doctor's advice.'

'My arm?' I said. 'What's that to my head? Better have a bruise on the one than a bullet in the other.'

'But I fear,' said De Villefort in a somewhat doubtful and serious tone of voice, 'whether an apology might not now come too late; even if the matter could be settled that way at all.'

'All the more need for the greater haste now,' I said determinedly; though I knew that I looked excessively pale, and spoke in a voice far from firm. 'I have always entertained but one opinion of duelling, and have never hesitated to express it *boldly*. I consider a resort to the code of honour—as it is so *miscalled*—as a means of settlement for some real or imaginary grievance, as being highly *unreasonable* and *absurd*.'

'From which I am to infer, I suppose,' observed De Villefort, with an expressive grin, 'that you will refuse to fight him.'

'I cannot,' I replied, 'consistently or honourably (a marked emphasis upon the latter word), with my honest convictions upon the subject.'

De Villefort again grinned in a disagreeable kind of way, as if he thought it was something far more influential than my honest convictions that determined me to decline the wager of battle. I paid no attention, however, to his shrugs and grimaces, and what they evidently implied—though at another time I might have been induced to resent the imputation of cowardice—but said, 'I will accept your offer, but only in the interests of peace. I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will accompany me to Mrs. Percival's.'

'Certainly, old fellow,' he replied, 'whenever you choose. But remember, I can give you no positive en-

couragement for a peaceful solution of the affair.'

'Let us go—this moment,' I said; but I could not help adding, with a smile, 'If Mortimer insists upon fighting, why—perhaps you can take my place, and I doubt not I shall have a worthy representative. Or you and the major can fight it out between you. I believe there have been cases where the seconds have been substituted for the principals—and all in perfect accordance with the extreme reasonableness of the rules of the code of honour.'

'That will, of course, depend upon Mortimer,' he replied. 'Should be glad to get you out of the scrape, old fellow, if I could—but let me caution you against being too sanguine.'

We descended the stairs quietly and passed out unobserved. As we reached the gate at the end of the avenue, a carriage turned rapidly in. I shuddered as it passed, for it contained, I surmised, none other than the redoubtable major of many names, bent upon his mission of blood; and I rejoiced that I had effected a timely escape from his clutches.

I hurried De Villefort along with feverish impatience, paying little attention to the pain in my arm, and indifferent to the weakness from which I still suffered; and his assistance enabled me to reach the house with but little difficulty.

I inquired at the door for Lieutenant Mortimer, and we were shown into the small apartment at the end of the hall, where I had last left him. He and Mr. Briarton were the only two occupants of the room. The former was reclining comfortably back in his old seat by the window, the personification of indolent ease, and, as before, absorbed in the active occupation of complacently watching the wreaths of smoke that ascended from his languidly-parted lips; while the latter was seated opposite to him, also smoking, and reading aloud some sporting items, judging from the words I caught, from a copy of the London *Times*. He dropped it, came forward, shook us cordially by the hand, and exclaimed, 'Quite an unexpected pleasure, gentlemen, I assure you,' and, glancing at my bandaged arm, he added, 'Not much hurt, Mr. Hastings, I trust. I saw you pass the house. Egad! a man doesn't see a sight like that every day of his life. We'll have to enter you for the Derby next year,' with a hearty laugh.

This was, no doubt, a very pleasant thing for him to say, but it failed to bring even a smile to my lips. I turned towards Mr. Mortimer, who had merely inclined his head at first, though rising and extending his fingers to De Villefort upon being introduced to him by Mr. Briarton, and said, without further ceremony,—

'I come, Lieutenant Mortimer, to offer you a full apology for my most unpardonable conduct of yesterday. I beg you to believe, sir, that had I not been totally irresponsible for my actions—from what cause it is, perhaps, needless for me to mention—I should never have so far forgotten myself as to be guilty of such rudeness.' I emphasized that last word to impress him with the idea that I at least was not disposed to regard it in any more serious light.

'I am painfully aware, sir,' I continued, 'that an apology at this late hour comes with a very bad grace; and I owe you yet another, for not taking an earlier opportunity of making it—but which I certainly should have done—had not an event over which I had no control (rather a lie) unfortunately prevented me. I trust, sir, you will accept my apology in the spirit in which it is offered.'

As I stepped towards him with outstretched hand, hoping he might respond to my friendly overture, Mr. Briarton broke in, with a laugh, saying—

'And the best of the joke is, Mr. Hastings; it was I who made that little remark about the champagne bottle; so your aim was misdirected. I

should have been the victim of that little ebullition of —— spirits.'

It was somewhat comforting to know that he at least was disposed to regard the matter as a joke; but my concern was not so much about the opinion he might entertain of it, as it was in respect as to how Mr. Mortimer might be inclined to view it.

'Then my act was totally unprovoked,' I said, blushing deeply; 'and this but aggravates it all the more; as it seems that my offence was only equalled by my stupidity.'

'"Look not upon the wine when it is red"—as it truly maketh stupid—that is when too copiously imbibed,' observed Mr. Briarton; 'but as this was of some other colour, a sort of brown or yellow—why, perhaps it doesn't meet the present case.'

'By Jove, Briarton, that's excellent,' languidly drawled Mr. Mortimer, who seemed to have the highest appreciation of his friend's wit. 'There, I forgive you, old fellaw,' he added, taking three of my fingers, and then letting them drop.

I felt immensely relieved; so much so that I could actually have embraced him. But I restrained so emotional a demonstration of my gratitude, though I said, with much feeling—

'You are really very kind, Lieutenant Mortimer; and I feel I hardly deserve it. Then I am to consider your—your challenge—withdrawn.'

I had been standing, but I now seated myself near De Villefort, who remarked—

'I congratulate you, old fellow, upon your friend's magnanimity.'

As the latter had made no reply to my question, and fearing he had misunderstood or not heard me, I again said—

'Then I am to consider your challenge withdrawn, Lieutenant Mortimer.'

I wished to have this point clearly settled, for I was in constant fear of the return of that sanguinary warrior, Major Brown, and I dreaded his possible wrath at his disappointment upon finding that his victim had escaped him, and had even so far outraged all his ideas of honourable conduct as to have actually concluded a treaty of peace with his mortal foe.

'Challenge—eh—what?' said Mr. Mortimer, regarding me in an expressionless sort of a way.

'Your challenge,' I repeated; 'your note. I think I passed Major Brown on the way; though I am glad to say that, thanks to your kind forbearance, his errand will be a fruitless one.'

Mr. Mortimer shook his head in a helpless sort of way; emitted a dense cloud of smoke from his mouth; regarded me with a half-puzzled, half-comical expression, and said, with a bewildered kind of air—

'I say, Briarton—eh! but our friend is somewhat enigmatical. Though, perhaps, he will explain to what challenge, or to what note, he alludes; also why he dignifies me with a military title to which, unfortunately, I can lay no claim. Lieutenant Mortimer—that *is* good, by Jove!'

'Did you not write this note?' I said, greatly surprised; and, taking it from my pocket, I handed it to him.

Possibly, I thought, he might not have performed the manual part of it; and in his generous spirit of forgiveness he wished to pretend to no knowledge of it whatever.

'Never saw it before, 'pon honour,' he replied, returning the note to me.

'You didn't!'

'Never.'

A sudden suspicion flashed upon me. But I controlled my features and turning to Mr. Briarton, I said: 'Perhaps you can enlighten us.'

He took the note; read it, burst into a hearty laugh; glanced furtively at De Villefort (for a particular reason I took especial care to avoid his eye), and handed it back to me, observing with a partly amused and partly knowing look,

'All I can say, is that some one has been guilty of forgery.'

'I don't know what to think of it,' I said, with a puzzled air. I knew well enough what to think of it, but I didn't intend that one of the present company should know it.

So I returned the note to my pocket, merely observing, 'it is certainly very queer.'

'I should say, Briarton,' drawled Mr. Mortimer, 'that our friend has been made the victim of a little joke; and I fancy that military fellaw is a myth, eh. Major Gustavus Adolphus—ha!—ha! No—Alexander Augustus—Melville—what the deuce's the rest of his name—Melville Herbert Jones. Ha! ha! ha! Alexander Augustus Melville Herbert Jones. That is capital, by Jove!'

'No,' I said, laughing, 'allow me to correct you.'

I again took the note from my pocket, for I didn't dare trust my memory, and read,

'Major Lysander Augustus Herbert Melville *Brown*.'

'Oh! I knew it terminated in some such plebeian absurdity,' said Mr. Mortimer; 'Brown, Jones, or Robinson, I had forgotten which.'

'Why the deuce,' exclaimed De Villefort with a laugh, 'didn't he descend at once to the very depths of bathos and wind up with Smith?'

The words, 'Perhaps you know best,' trembled upon my lips, but I checked their utterance.

'Egad!' exclaimed Mr. Briarton, as if suddenly struck by a happy idea, 'but we must drink the major's health.'

Possibly somebody else's health had been drunk already, for upon the table stood a half-emptied bottle of Madeira, and two glasses. It was, however, undeniably evident that they had again been making free with Mr. Percival's 'Perticular.'

At Mr. Briarton's order, a fresh bottle was opened by John, whose face betrayed a rather anxious expression I thought, at the somewhat free use they were making of his master's particular Madeira; as he laboured no doubt, under an increased sense of responsibility to protect his master's property during his absence.

'There are only two bottles left, sir,' he said, in a slightly deprecatory tone as he set the glasses down.

'All the better,' observed Mr. Briarton. 'It's scarcity will enhance its value, and impart an additional relish.'

But the old servant plainly evinced by his looks that he hardly appreciated the force of this argument, and casting a wistful glance at the two bottles, left the room.

Mr. Briarton seemed to make himself perfectly at home; though where he was when not at Mrs. Percival's; whence he came and whither he went, if he ever did go, I never knew.

'No wine for me; if you please,' I said, blushing at the painful reminder it suggested. 'If you will come with me, I will pay my respects to the ladies.'

'The ladies are in Toulouse; and will not return until late,' said Mr. Briarton. 'Mortimer and I have been keeping bachelor's hall to-day, Mr. Hastings. I am sorry you did not come in time to dine with us, gentlemen; for deprived of the presence that graces, and the conversation that enlivens and refines the pleasures of the festive board, we would, in our lonely state of grandeur, have gladly welcomed the additional pleasure and honour of your company.'

We both made our acknowledgments of this kind and complimentary speech, and expressed our regrets that that happiness had been denied us.

'We had roast duck for dinner, Mr. Hastings,' observed Mr. Briarton with a sly look at me.

'Ah, indeed,' I said, blushing; 'then I am especially sorry, as I am particularly fond of it—that is when I don't have to carve,' I added, with a laugh.

Mr. Briarton was one of those well-meaning, but thoroughly tactless per-

sons, who are addicted to the habit of making the most mal-à-propos remarks upon the most inopportune occasions; no doubt with the very best intentions, but frequently producing an effect the very opposite to what they indicated. I understood his personal peculiarities by this time, however, and did not allow anything that he might say to annoy me in the least. He simply aimed to be funny, as he conceived it; and intending nothing more, I was perfectly willing he should amuse himself in so harmless a way, even if it were at my expense.

'You must drink your friend the major—what's his name's health,' he said, setting a glass before me. 'Besides, this is an exceptional occasion, and a cause for rejoicing, that a late misunderstanding, which, but for the noble forbearance of—a gentleman whom I am now doubly proud to call my friend—might have led to deplorable results, has been so amicably settled. Mr. Hastings, your apology does you credit, sir, and you, Mr. Mortimer, your generous forgiveness, and acceptance of that apology, manifest your great magnanimity of soul, sir. Yes; Mr. Hastings, you must do honour to the occasion, if only in two glasses.'

Inasmuch as he had put it in that light, my sense of obligation compelled me to suffer my glass to be filled.

'But first, I must propose the ladies,' said Mr. Briarton; which toast was duly drunk.

'Possibly,' observed De Villefort with a meaning grin, 'Mr. Hastings, may desire to honour one particular lady.'

'Oh, no,' I replied carelessly, and laughing, though blushing dreadfully. 'I will make no invidious distinctions. The ladies in general, if you please. Miss Percival is well, I trust,' I added hastily, addressing Mr. Briarton.

'Quite so, thank you,' he replied, 'Miss Mowbray is, I hope?'

'I hope so,' I said, again blushing painfully; yes, I—I believe she is quite well.'

I caught De Villefort's eye, and there was mischief in it; I had seen that expression before and I knew what it foreboded. So I rose hastily to my feet, and said:

'I shall have to bid you good evening, gentlemen; my arm is beginning to pain me considerably, and prudence as well as my doctor's advice, dictates that I had better have rest. You needn't accompany me, De Villefort,' I added, 'I can walk very well alone.'

He rose, however, and expressed his intention of returning with me.

I again shook Mr. Mortimer's fingers; again expressed my sense of his kindness, and bidding good evening, withdrew with De Villefort from the house; though not before Mr. Briarton had cordially shaken hands with him and myself, and lastly with Mr. Mortimer; for it was an occasion he declared upon which he must do himself the honour to congratulate that gentleman upon his noble forbearance and great magnanimity of soul; and he would no doubt have ended by shaking hands with him himself, had so happy an idea only suggested itself to him.

'De Villefort,' I said as we parted upon our return at the foot of the stairs, 'I am not going to be angry with you (the first allusion I had made to the matter), as it serves me right for being such an unmitigated—donkey; and I give you full permission to make a big fool of me the next time—if you can; that's all.'

'Why, whatever do you mean, old fellow,' he said, with a tone and look of well-feigned astonishment.

'Oh! Nonsense!' I exclaimed. 'Good night.'

(To be continued.)

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BY ESPERANCE.

THE day is over, and the strife;
Our hearts are starless as the night,
Too darkened to discern the right
In short'ning such a noble life.

God comfort, for He only can!
The wife who mourns her dearest one,
The mother weeping for her son,
And us who mourn the friend and man.

One thought alone brings purest balm:
The storm of pain, the billows' roll,
Served but to speed his willing soul
More swiftly on to Heaven's calm.

Unselfish love would hail his gain,
But we are selfish; and our love
So fraught it cannot rise above
Our own poor personal loss and pain.

He wears the crown; we bear the cross,
Made heavier by this bitter pain,
For some *must* lose when others gain,
And unto us has fall'n the loss.

But this is finite, as must be
All earthly sorrow, earthly bliss;
His gain is infinite as is
The circle of Eternity.

Oh that our hearts the height could reach
Of perfect union with God's will!
We shall not lack for sorrow till
This lesson is no more to teach.

We are as children—needing school,
And wise but loving discipline,
Our poor rebellious hearts to win
To true submission unto rule.

God bring us quickly to the home
  Where union shall replace control,
  Where, nor in body or in soul,
We shall have will or power to roam

And since this sorrow *has* been sent,
  Teach us to recognise the need,
  And e'en whilst our affections bleed
To own it loving chastisement.

THE TABOO OF STRONG DRINK.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PATERNAL legislation, said Macaulay, is meddling legislation. The individual is the creature of his Creator, not of the community. It is He (the materialist may read 'It') that has given us the power and responsibility of choosing between right and wrong, and vengeance is His if we misuse the gift. Society, having no fatherly privileges over its members, has the right to make laws or enact penalties against them only in self-defence. Some writers, it is true, have maintained that society derives this right over its members from the general, though tacit, surrender of their private rights by individuals. But such surrender, at most, is partial, not absolute. Few individuals could be servile enough to abdicate their rights to worship, to dress, to earn their livelihoods, to diet or amuse themselves, according to their consciences and tastes, so far as their choice does not unduly infringe upon the rights of others. The individual delegates, or would delegate, to the community the right to protect his person and property from his neighbour: he does not, and would not, delegate the right to protect them against himself. In fact he resents benevolent almost, if not quite, as much as malevolent meddling: '*invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.*'

Society, then, may properly legislate against violence and fraud, may tax its members for the needful expenses of government, may defend us vigorously against each other. But to protect grown-up and sane people against themselves *by statute*, even against the habits or opinions their neighbours may think most destructive to body and soul, is to usurp the paternal rights and to assume the paternal duties of our Maker.

'But,' it is sometimes urged, 'if society possesses the right to restrict sales by license laws, it must also possess the right to restrict sales by prohibitory laws.' License laws are *not* justifiable as repressive measures, nor is the right of license a paternal right of the people. It rests solely on society's privilege of self-maintenance

and self-defence. 'The community, by its representatives,' as the writer has observed elsewhere, 'may, and often does, exercise control over any industry whose products are liable to adulteration or abuse. It properly requires a certain standard of skill and respectability from men who dispense deadly drugs; it may properly insist that anybody selling intoxicants shall have been proved guilty of no misdemeanor, and shall not be so notorious for legal immorality as to be unable to find a few respectable citizens to recommend him for a license.' Moreover, it is an axiom of political economy that a heavier share of taxation should fall on the luxuries and comforts than upon the necessities of life. Americans, at least, do not fret at paying liberally for their pleasures. As a means, therefore, of raising a revenue, as well as of checking adulteration and of preventing the sale of liquors to children or 'habitual drunkards,' a system of license and control is desirable and necessary. But to admit the justice of license *as a repressive measure* would involve the admission that a crowned despot or a despotic majority possessed any moral power over those questionable habits of an individual which do not encroach directly on his neighbour's rights. And it is clear that the justice of prohibition, the object of which is simply repressive, can follow only from the justice of licensing as a means of repression.

To prevent our sinning against ourselves is the task of religion, education and persuasion. Pastors, parents, teachers, moralists, and all who mould public opinion, seem to me to condemn themselves in the aggregate when they appeal to the legislature to reduce intemperance in food, drink, dress, or amusement. And where the vice is being lessened by working upon public opinion (as intemperance in drink *has* been in the Anglo-Saxon world), why supersede an effective method by a less proved and more widely doubted one? Nobody has done such magnificent work for temperance as Father Matthew, or, perhaps, as John B. Gough; and both of these worked only by suasion, the suasion of entreaty, of scorn, of organization, of example.

It is true that a person drifting into excess is likely to prove a nuisance, or to do a wrong to his neighbour. Therefore the law properly intervenes to deter — and, were it sternly administered, would more frequently deter—intemperance from going so far as disorderly drunkenness, extravagance from leading to theft, speculation from resulting in forgery, sensuality from culminating in outrage, ill-temper from producing manslaughter. There are also indirect evils to society arising from every vice, even before it becomes a crime. But the indirect claims of society are endless and complex. In legislating, it is generally wiser to leave them out of consideration, like the indirect claims in the *Alabama* arbitration, as being too difficult to adjudicate upon. Ten commandments rigidly enforced are better than a thousand broken with impunity.

The will, unexercised and undisciplined, loses its mastery over impulse. There is a story of a man who had not seen a woman for twenty years, and embraced the first woman he saw. Could a series of severe statutes, enforced with the sternness of Cromwell or the French Committee of Public Safety, remove all opportunities of indulging inordinate appetites, it would also impair the power of resisting temptations. People, freed from the terror of the law, would be apt to yield to each new seduction, like children emancipated from an over-strict school.

If it be proper to abrogate the civil rights of a class for the supposed benefit of that class (their families and descendants), then religious persecution is the duty of dominant sects. Its object is even more benevolent than that of sincere prohibitionists: persecution aims at forcing men to consult

their eternal welfare, prohibition at making them consult their temporal welfare. So much stronger is the case for religious persecution that for ages the larger portion of mankind steadily believed, if it does not still believe, in its propriety; while the advocates of penal statutes aimed at dress, diet, or drink have only seldom and transiently formed a majority in any civilized nation. Were the opinions of majorities infallible, identical and unchanging, an Inquisition and a compulsory abstinence act, sustained by majorities would be proper and desirable. They would then foster true religion and temperance, and there would be no danger of retributive table-turning. But, as things are, to justify the suppression of the heterodox by the orthodox is to justify also the suppression of the orthodox by the heterodox; for in ethics, as in religion, his own doxy is orthodoxy to every man. In Russia, says Mr. Kaufmann, in the *Leisure Hour*, 'teetotallers were flogged at one time into drinking, clergymen were ordered to preach against them in the pulpits, and publications denouncing the immorality of the liquor trade were confiscated.'

But our Scott Act, it has been objected, is not analogous to religious persecutions, for, while tabooing the retail sale of stimulants, it allows their importation, manufacture and consumption. This only *modifies* its inquisitorial nature, leaving it still subversive of the rights and comfort of travellers and other consumers. Even if it only restricted the liberties of the retailers ('drunkard-makers,' as temperance orators are fond of calling them), it would still be analogous to the Five Mile and Conventicle Acts, by which the dominant church, respecting the right of poor dissenters to their noxious beliefs, only shut up their meeting-houses and fined and imprisoned the promoters and disseminators of heresy.

Assuming for a moment that to command abstinence by law is *not* a usurpation of authority on the part of a community, or, being a usurpation, that it is defensible as being the sole, or most available, means of dealing with intemperance, a great objection to such legislation remains in the immeasurable danger of the *precedent*. The first effects of the wholesale butcheries which occurred in his youth, as Sallust makes Cæsar observe, were beneficent. Men whose unpopularity was deserved, and who were in some instances monsters of iniquity, were chosen as the earliest victims and executed, without the pretence of a trial, amid the exultation of the unthinking crowd. But these suppressions of civil rights soon drifted into reigns of terror. So, if the arbitrary destruction of the bugbear, Insobriety, (were it possible) would at first overbalance the loss of comfort and freedom of moderate drinkers, yet the precedent would justify a like taboo of luxuries that at present are less widely execrated than 'rum.' In course of time the pet indulgences might be attacked of many who now are eager to impose 'the will of the people' upon stubborn minorities or sleepy majorities.

For, the principle once admitted that the baneful abuse of a thing justifies the prohibition, or even the arbitrary restriction of its use, there are other things besides alcohol whose use should be prohibited or arbitrarily restricted. Explosives produce numberless evils. Witness the conflagrations from fire-works, the homicides and accidents resulting from fire-arms, the murderous explosions of gas, kerosene, dynamite and giant-powder, which furnish the newspapers with so many items. If the usefulness of gunpowder in waging legitimate warfare against human enemies and noxious beasts is generally conceded, so is the medicinal usefulness of stimulants. Yet, at present, though persons who murder with firearms are properly punishable by law, and though the taboo of fire-works in the streets is

reasonably urged by some, no noisy enthusiasts want to prohibit the private use of explosives, or to fine and imprison dealers in gunpowder. But may not new prohibitionists, with new allies, seek new fields of conquest? Or are temperate consumers of wine and beer less entitled than sportsmen to the rights of free men?

The products called into existence by female vanity also involve, in the aggregate, deplorable evils, direct and indirect. How these compare in extent with the evils resulting from strong drink one can only guess, for both are incalculable. Laces, silks and satins (not to mention jewellery) divert an amount of labour and capital that could produce a ten-fold bulk of serviceable fabrics, or, if applied to raising and distributing cereals, could sensibly lessen the want and misery of mankind. Cosmetics, as well as more substantial portions of some ladies' toilets, deceive and spread deceit. The rivalry of wives in dress and jewels often leads husbands to gambling, drunkenness and fraud. The love of finery is a fertile cause of prostitution. Some women take injurious drugs internally to soften their complexions or to brighten their eyes; some women torture their feet with tight or high-heeled boots; some women destroy their health, and their children's, by tight lacing. Yet I trust the day may be far off when a *statute*, enforced by domestic spies, will prescribe a healthy and cheap uniform for our women and forbid the sale of silks, or satins, or jewels, or cosmetics.

There are evils and excess connected with eating candies, playing cards, dancing, attending theatres, and races. At present we employ coercion only to mitigate or remove abuse in these things, without interfering with their use. But if the prohibitory idea gains ground, some States may strive to sweep such pastimes out of existence, or at least to restrict their evils by simply restricting their practice. To lessen the number of malefactors in a nation by decimating the whole population is a simple, if not highly intelligent, plan. If pushed far enough it is bound to be effective, for there *are* peace and sinlessness in a solitude. This summary method is not often applied to persons nowadays; but there are those who would apply it to things —who to prevent one guilty indulgence would interdict a hundred innocent indulgences. Perhaps some Puritanical counties would promptly forbid every amusement mentioned in this paragraph, if counties enjoyed 'local option' in these things.

Sad consequences, again, arise from the unguarded association of the sexes. Like liquor, love is a direct cause of vice and an indirect cause of crime. Dishonour, extravagance, want, the breaking-up of homes, jealousy, drunkenness, hatred, suicide and murder, often result from letting young men and women grow too intimate. Yet no one is urging the *legal* restriction of the *têtes-à têtes* of bachelors and maidens. Here the legislator is not intruding on the domains of parents, of mentors, of Mrs. Grundy. Flirtations, it is felt, are not to be meddled with by statute on account of the impure and ungoverned passions of a few. But in another generation there may have been a 'revival' of propriety; modesty (sham or real) may be the virtue of the day; the hosts of coercive abstainers may have been disbanded, and noble armies of coercive prudes may be in the field.

But is legal prohibition *effective in lessening intemperance?*

The statistical answer to this question I must leave to persons better qualified to deal with conflicting figures. I would, however, diffidently submit a few propositions for their consideration: (1) In prohibitory States compilers of statistics are usually pronounced prohibitionists. (2) Less *arrests* for drunkenness do not argue less drunkenness; for prohibitionists are loath to enforce penalties against drunkards, professing to believe them

irresponsible for their excess, and only equally culpable with temperate drinkers of stimulants. (3) An apparent decrease in the volume of liquors consumed in a prohibitory state may be due only to an increase in the furtive manufacture and importation of spirits. (4) A real decrease may be effected, not in consequence of a repressive law, but in spite of it; for there seems to be a general though flickering diminution of hard drinking in England and America, owing to the social proscription of intemperate drinkers among the upper classes and self-respecting people of all classes. According to varying newspaper statements, the cost of the liquors consumed in England in 1880 was from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000 less than the cost of those consumed in 1879. (5) Again, a real decrease in the consumption does not prove a decrease in the abuse of alcohol. Under prohibition, the illicit trade falls largely into the hands of men who have no character, capital or license to lose, and is conducted without any restriction but secrecy. Besides, consumers, chafing under a law by which they do not feel morally bound, sometimes drink in a rebellious and defiant spirit that is conducive to excess. (6) Prohibition enlarges the proportion which the spirituous liquors bear to the malt liquors consumed: the former are less bulky and easier to smuggle in, to hide away, and to hawk about—for I am told that the Scott Act has in some places created a new industry for enterprising tramps who ply a lively trade with the inexpensive outfit of a bottle of spirits and a glass.

Moreover, to prove that prohibition lessened drunkenness would by no means be to prove that it conduces to the *moral or material welfare of a State*. A little extra temperance might be too dearly bought. Falsehood, fraud and hypocrisy seem to attend a prohibitory movement as regularly as pestilence follows famine. Driven by law or intolerant public sentiment to hide or lie about one act that he thinks innocent, a man is likely to become under-handed and deceitful in other things also. While it lowers the self-respect of the class which it forces to drink with bolted doors, a prohibitory movement exalts the self righteousness of another class. Such a crusade is apt to focus the whole virtuous indignation of its promoters upon one sin of their neighbour, pleasantly blinding them to sundry sins of their own. Some propagandists of the cause seek to advance it by misrepresentations, on the ground, presumably, that the end justifies the means. 'Legal suasion' is a euphemism invented by them to impose upon persons too dull to notice its incoherency; 'The Canada Temperance Act' is another of their question-begging names. They call any one who differs from them a champion of drunkards or something equivalent. They garble and misinterpret secular and religious writings. They claim to possess all the virtue and the public spirit. They overrate their numbers to overawe timid people. For example, in Colchester County, Nova Scotia, immediately after the election, somebody telegraphed to a Halifax daily that 'all the clergy (in the county town) worked and voted for the Act'—a grossly exaggerated statement. *Most* of the clergy did, and certain of them actually stood outside the polling-places. The canvass of the *soi-disant* temperance party had been pretty thorough; and several private vehicles were given up to carrying voters to the polls. On the other side there was, as usual, no organization whatever. The result was an overwhelming majority for the Act, of those who voted—about three-fifths of the registered voters, however, staying away from the polls. A semi-religious local paper in its next issue inferred that most of the anti-prohibitionists had voted, and that most of the prohibitionists had not; and that a larger vote would have shown a 'proportionately larger' majority. The

fair inference of course is that a 'proportionately' (if not positively) larger part of the non-voting three-fifths belonged to the uncanvassed than to the canvassed party.

This presumption is supported by a tabular statement now before me, which enumerates the counties that have already voted on the adoption of the Act, giving the number of votes cast for and against it, together with the number of registered voters, in each county. From this table, it appears that in the Maritime Provinces, where, with few exceptions, only a small portion of the registered voters went to the polls, the Act was adopted in every case, commonly by a majority of over ten to one. On the other hand, in the Ontario and Quebec counties which have voted on the Act at the present writing—Lambton, Halton, Wentworth, Hamilton, Stanstead—pretty large votes were polled, with the result that the prohibitionists were defeated in three, and won by slim majorities in two. In Hamilton, where a brisk agitation sent the *largest proportion* of voters to the polls, the anti-prohibitionists beat their opponents by over eleven hundred votes.

Another evil of prohibition—and an evil that threatens the very existence of society—is that it saps the sanctity and majesty of law. A compulsory Temperance Act either is or is not properly enforced. If it is not, the demoralizing spectacle is displayed of a law defied with impunity. If it is, conviction under it does not involve the social outlawry or loss of caste that conviction for an undisputed crime happily continues to involve in most parts of our continent. 'A law,' says Mayne, 'is a law *imposing a duty*,' etc. 'Municipal law,' according to Blackstone, 'is a rule of civil conduct commanding *what is right* and forbidding *what is wrong*.' In the opinion of at least a large minority, sometimes of an inert majority, a Prohibitory Act lacks this essential element of commanding *a duty*, and therefore possesses no sanction but that of force. The breaker of such a law is, in the eyes of a large and intelligent percentage of his fellow-citizens, acting, rashly perhaps, but not immorally.

Wholesale political frauds at recent elections in Maine, as well as the alarming figures published by Judge Goddard over his own signature in the *Portland Daily Press*, seem to prove that thirty years of prohibition have not improved the *general* morality there. This is Judge Goddard's table of State Prison convicts in Maine in the last year of license, and in the last year of prohibition :—

	1851	1880	Per c. of increase.
Murders	4	21	425
Manslaughters	1	5	400
Murderous assaults	3	7	153
Arson, etc.	4	9	105
Rape	1	9	800
Attempts to rape	1	6	500
Felonious assaults	0	4	
Robbery	0	4	
Piracy	0	2	
Total of high crimes	14	67	379
Other felonies	73	200	
Total of State Prison Convicts	87	267	207

Other prohibition years may contrast less unfavourably with other ante-prohibition years; but I have seen no figures adduced that neutralize the lesson of this table, even if part of the increase in high crimes be attributable to the growth of population and to the abolition of capital punishment in the State a few years ago. Commenting on the portentous figures given above, the judge says: 'If multiplication of crime, and especially murder and other desperate offences, the rapid increase of divorce and the spread of insanity and suicide, do not indicate a decline in the morals and civilization of a State, the lessons of history are more than useless. I do not forget that

'The bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.'

but the principal figures are not mine.

They are published by sworn officers of our State, and nothing can be gained by their denial or suppression.' A correspondent of a local paper, from whom I copy the judge's figures, constructs this dilemma out of them: 'Either the Maine Liquor Law has trebled the sale of liquor, or rum is not the cause of so much crime as temperance fanatics lay to its charge.'

A report made last year to the Massachusetts Legislature, says the same correspondent, states 'that rum crimes increased to an alarming extent while the Prohibitory Law was in force, and that since the enactment of the License Law the number of these crimes has steadily decreased.' This statement is supported by figures, and seems to verify by results the opinion stated before, that repressive laws are more likely to diminish the use than the abuse of stimulants.

To these grave charges preferred against prohibition, may be added that it fosters hatred and malice among neighbours and connections, and, where it is enforced, begets and employs an odious class of spies and informers. It is vain for extremists to claim that these informers are no less needful and no more despicable than those who inform against crimes of violence or fraud, which are unanimously voted to be subversive of society. Public opinion grades and and always will grade informers, as do the pupils in good schools, who approve the boy that exposes a thieving schoolfellow, but 'Boycott' the boy who 'peaches' upon the breaker of an arbitrary rule. And arbitrary rules are more reasonably objected to by adults than by children, who must be trained (and protected against themselves) on a paternal system.

Within the last year or two many and diverse opinions upon alcohol as a therapeutic agent have been expressed by experts in magazines and reviews. It is, however, unnecessary to sum up the evidence here. The efficacy or inefficacy of alcohol in sustaining or restoring health would be a vital topic for a writer who argued for or against the desirability of total abstinence. But the question under discussion in these pages is whether abstinence from intoxicants or abstinence from intoxication, could, would, or should be furthered by *prohibitory statutes*.

It is, however, germane to my subject to touch upon the teaching of the Bible in regard to the use and abuse of stimulants, for many people still believe in enforcing by law, so far as they may think practicable, 'Christian morals in a Christian state.' Besides, *if* the Saviour and the Apostles drank stimulants, to forbid the use of these would seem like a reflection upon the founders of Christianity. I cannot myself understand how any intelligent reader of the Bible can deny that it both denounces the abuse *and* allows the use of exhilarating drinks.

'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.' Prov. xxxi. 6–7. 'And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth.' Deut. xiv. 26. 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' I Tim. v. 23. These passages distinctly permit, two of them recommend, drinking stimulants under certain conditions. And 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man' is enumerated (Ps. civ. 15) among the great and beneficent works of God. 'But for one such text there are scores warning us against immoderate drinking.' Of course there are: no one supposes that sacred writers thought the use of wine meritorious or necessary to salvation. Even if it were, it would be a virtue that most men would practise spontaneously, without any exhortation or encouragement. But excess in drinking is a terrible vice, and a vice to which in-

clination allures many; and therefore a vice needing frequent denunciations, warnings and entreaties.

Jesus certainly drank wine. 'To meet this fatal blow to the total abstinence system,' says Chancellor Crosby, 'in the minds of those who take the Bible for their guide, the advocates of the cause have invented a theory that is magnificent in its daring. It is no less than the division of the word "wine" by a Solomonian sword, so that the good and the bad shall each have a piece of it. Whenever wine is spoken of in praise, or used by our Lord and his Apostles, then it is unfermented wine. And if you ask these sages why they so divide the wine—on what ground they base this theory—they bravely answer that our Lord could not have drunk intoxicating wine, and God's word never could have praised such, and *therefore* their theory. * * * Why deacons should not be given to *much* wine; why the Corinthian communicants should become *drunken;* why the Apostles at Pentecost should have been accused of wine-drinking as the cause of their strange utterances—all such trifling questions they utterly disdain to notice in the magnificent sweep of their assertion. It is a small thing with them that the Apostles never hint at two kinds of wine, a good unfermented wine and a bad fermented one, when it would have been so very easy for our Lord or for Paul to have said, "Drink only the unfermented wine."'

Is it comprehensible, is it creditable, that Jesus, if he thought it wrong to use stimulating wine, should not by one explanatory word have prevented his servants, his ministers, his martyrs, during all these centuries, from drinking stimulating wines *in remembrance of Him*, and in fancied obedience to His injunction?

Intolerant abstainers do not like the omission of a commandment against strong drink in the Decalogue. It is giving ten sins the precedence over the sin which they have appointed the king of sins. It is putting, at all events, ten commandments before their own First and Great Commandment. To account for it, a Nova Scotian divine asserted before a large meeting that drunkenness was unknown in the time of Moses! And he afterwards traced the dispersion of the Jews to strong drink!

'When I believe Christ drank intoxicating wine, I shall cease to believe in His divine mission,' said another speaker in the same Province; and the same irreverent sentiment has been expressed in other words and in other places. It is hard to believe that the unbelief thus threatened is only contingent. If total abstinence is the test of a divine mission, why not believe in Mohammed or in Buddha, each of whom was a prohibitionist?

Last winter the *New York Herald*, which sent a member of its staff to interview a number of well-known divines and Biblical scholars, found that they unanimously endorsed the views of Dr. Crosby—himself a distinguished Greek scholar—as to the intoxicating nature of the Bible wines. Among the gentlemen interviewed were Rev. Dr. Potter, of Grace Church; Rev. Professors Oliver and Buel of the Episcopal Seminary, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. Shedd and President Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary. The last-named gentleman had travelled extensively in the East. 'All our best scholars and missionaries residing in Syria,' said he, 'as, for instance, Rev. Eli Smith, of Beirut; Dr. Vandyck, Dr. T. Laurie, and others, are unanimous on this point—that the Bible wines were fermented. It has been said that the Jews do not use fermented wines; but Eli Smith, in 1835, found they did so, as the result of a personal visit to the chief rabbi of the Spanish Jews at Hebron. * * * Dr. Vandyck, who had then been for more than a quarter of a century in Syria, and who is probably more intimately acquainted with the customs of the people than any other foreigner

living, says: "There is not, and so far as I can find out never was, in Syria anything like what has been called unfermented wine."'

The pronounced attitude of Dr. Howard Crosby, as a foe to coercion and its sophistries, must have been the result of abnormal moral courage. Chancellor of a University, ranking among the highest of his contemporaries as a speaker, a scholar, a divine, a Christian, what present gain had he to hope for? He has experienced what he probably expected—misrepresentation of his words and motives, abuse from 'temperance' platforms, denunciation from rural pulpits, the dropping away of biassed friends. But his bold stand has already done much good and will do more. It is hurrying on the day when the intemperance of the grand reaction against intemperance shall have exhausted itself; when the claptrap and shams and usurpations and intolerance of the coercionists shall no longer disquiet the community; and when all real friends of temperance shall work harmoniously to minimize drunkenness by proper means.

'And what are these means?' Though the aim of this article is to criticize rather than to suggest, to expose what the writer believes a false system rather than to formulate a true system, yet it may be expedient, even here, to make a rapid answer to so very probable an inquiry. The warnings, the prayers, the example of kinsfolk and friends; education, religion, literature, lectures, everything that goes to from a healthy public opinion; contempt, and social outlawry for excess. Legislation, too, should aid (within its rightful domains) by enacting some system of forfeitable license and punishing adulterators of liquors, drunken men, and those who knowingly sell to drunken men, to youths, or to 'habitual drunkards.' What places a man in the last class would of course be defined by the statute restricting his civil rights. Probably such a statute could only be made effective in small towns and villages; but there, supported by the consensus of respectable people, its penalties could be much more easily enforced than the undiscriminating penalties of the Scott Act.

The open hostility of such men as Dr. Crosby and Dr. Almon is also forcing the propagandists of prohibition to abandon the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* that worked so well in rural districts—that their party comprises all the virtue and respectability and brains on the continent. My own experience and inquiries in Canada and the United States convince me that a vast majority of intelligent people in both countries have always been averse to compulsory temperance, though nearly all of them remain inactive from want of boldness or of zeal. It is a significant fact that a Prohibitory Act has never been passed, except to be repealed (as in Boston), in any centre of culture and intelligence. Indeed, I might go further and say, that most of the best and brightest men in Christendom have used and do use intoxicating drinks. Such an opinion, of course, can only be formed by generalizing from a limited number of instances, which however are far too many to enumerate. I cannot recall half a dozen names of the first or second rank in our literature who were total abstainers. Shakespeare himself, as Horace observed of Homer, 'may fairly be inferred to have liked wine from his praises of it.' The great bulk of the Episcopal and Catholic clergy everywhere drink in moderation. So do most clergymen of other denominations in continental Europe; and so they did in past generations in Anglo-Saxon states also, if they do not do so still.

The passing of a Prohibitory Act does not even prove that most of the populace believe in it. Even the immense majorities recorded in favour of the Scott Act in the Maritime Provinces by no means demonstrates the larger part of the electors there to be

in favour of prohibition. A small, but organized and energetic, minority succeeded in putting down all signs of dissatisfaction with their tyranny during the French Revolution. It is hardly an hyperbole to say that the 'temperance' propaganda has organized a little reign of terror in these provinces. Opposition is crushed down, not by the guillotine, but by slander and by threats of losing custom or political support or status in one's church or community. The word prohibition is rarely used; but ignorant people are told that to object to a 'temperance' Act is to fight against God. The manhood and independence of too many yield to a continuous pressure. Men sign the preliminary petition and perhaps vote for the Act, who speak against it to trusted friends. Men, with the smell of liquor on their breath, speak out in favour of the Act, feeling that it will not practically *inconvenience* them (for they have already learned to do their drinking furtively), and that it is not worth while to contend for a principle! In all the Maritime counties which have adopted the Act, nevertheless, less than twenty-nine per cent. of the registered voters voted in its favour. Even if none of those who formed this percentage voted in performance of involuntary promises, it is far from certain that the unpolled voters include enough coercionists to make up, in all, fifty per cent. of the tax-payers. 'To say that they (an organized minority) defeated the others,' remarked Senator Almon, 'is to say that soldiers will beat militia.'

The intellectual and material triumphs of England in the Elizabethan era, before the introduction of tea and coffee, the long ascendency of the Anglo-Saxon race, the decadence and degradation of the Turks, and other historical phenomena, seem to prove that other vices may sap manhood and morals and prosperity more fatally than intemperance, and that intemperance is generally confined to a small part of the population of drinking countries.

From the comparative rareness of intoxication in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, we may infer that to allow the free use of mild stimulants and foster a healthy contempt for excess, would be more effective in furthering temperance, than to palliate drunkenness and try to stamp out moderate drinking. The Almon amendment recognises this. Its mover has proposed to exempt malt liquors and light wines from the provisions of the Scott Act. In his speech he invited union, which prohibitionists repel, 'in endeavouring to put down drunkenness.' His amendment is, perhaps, as fair and wise a compromise as could be made in the present state of public feeling. It will come before the House at the next session of Parliament, when it is to be hoped that our representatives will face their responsibilities and settle this vexed question, considering their political future more than their political present, and the true interests of the country more than either.

'If your Alliance,' said the Archbishop of Toronto last winter, in reply to a communication from the Dominion Temperance Alliance, 'put forth all its energies to combat the illicit selling of liquor, you would do far more good, and I would be with you heart and soul. You are like the physicians who pretend to cure ugly sores by covering them with plasters, but these sores are there, and they will break out in other places. Work to discourage in every possible way the hard liquor business, and to put the smallest tax on beer and light wines, so that our Canada may be like France and Italy, with very few drunkards. We must legislate for society as we find it, and unfortunately we must not legislate for the greater good, but for the least evil.'

OMAN OF GLENALVON.

A TALE.

BY THOMAS H. FARNHAM.

HOW sweetly shines the moon afar
On Lomond's waves of silvery light;
How beauteous beams the evening star,
'Midst all the radiant orbs of night!

And oft has Cynthia, pure and bright,
On Manfred's towers of ivied stone—
Chaste goddess of the starry night—
In melancholy glory shone.

And oft at midnight's silent hour,
'Neath dark Glenalvon's sombre shade,
Hath viewed her chiefs of martial power,
In gleaming casques and mail arrayed.

But moons on moons have rolled away,
And circling years on years, since last
Her warrior chiefs, in grim array,
Forth from her walls to battle passed.

Glenalvon's but a shapeless pile,
And nought of former pomp remains,
O'er ruined wall, and arch, and aisle,
Wild nature's desolation reigns.

No sound arises on the breeze;
Save when at times the night gust shrill
Raves fiercely through the forest trees,
There all is silent, all is still.

But who was last of Manfred's race,
What name on yonder stone is read,
Where time's decay will soon efface
The few short lines that mourn the dead?

That tomb contains a hero's dust;
Though 'twas not here the chieftain died;
Pierced by a dagger's fatal thrust,
He fell upon the mountain side.

And Manfred loved his darling child;
Well worthy he a father's care,
For Oman's soul was soft and mild,
And gracious was his mien, and fair.

By those mild eyes! angelic hue,
Which caught their tint from Heaven above;
By that soft, pensive gaze you knew
His every thought partook of love.

While mild was Oman's mien and air,
And soft his pensive eye and bright,
His brother Osric's flowing hair
Partook the sabler hue of night.

And dark his eye, in it there shone
The lightning of a fiery soul;
And by his restive glance 'twas known
His spirit ill could brook control.

Slender and graceful was his form,
And noble his commanding brow,
Yet fiercer than the rising storm,
When marred by passion's fiery glow.

From morn till evening's shades prevail,
Fearless they clomb the mountain's side,
Or roved through Granta's dusky vale,
Or gaily stemmed the surging tide.

And both were brave, they oft had tried
Their might amid the battle's strife,
Where thickest flowed the crimson tide
From those who gave it with their life.

And Manfred's breast was wont to swell,
With all a loving father's joy,
As oft his eye would fondly dwell
With pride upon each darling boy.

And Oman's breast had early felt
The kindling of the flame divine,
For he in days of youth had knelt
A votary at love's holy shrine.

The chieftain Ulric's gentle child
Was she who claimed his bosom's care,
And long his heart had been beguiled
By Mona, fairest of the fair.

Soft was her gaze, no wild gazelle
E'er had an eye more darkly bright;
And oft on hers would Oman's dwell,
With all a lover's fond delight.

Throughout the livelong hours of day,
They oft, with her dear hand in his,
Through many a flowery vale would stray,
In silent eloquence of bliss.

And oft by Esk's soft flowing stream
He roved at eve with Ulric's child,
And there beneath the moon's pale beam,
Was many an hour with love beguiled.

And oft upon the rising gale,
Or to the evening's gentle breeze,
They spread aloft the snow white sail,
And danced in gladness o'er the seas.

And now arrives the longed for hour,
When he shall claim his beauteous bride;
And chiefs of high renown and power,
Throng to the fête from far and wide.

Ulric's halls are sparkling bright,
For warriors brave, and maidens fair,
To hail our hero's nuptial night,
With mirth and music mingle there.

How sweetly sounds the soft refrain,
The clear notes of the dulcet song;
How softly swells the choral strain,
Borne gently on the air along.

The guests have come, the lamps are bright,
Yet what can Oman's footsteps stay?
'Tis strange upon his bridal night,
The chieftain should so long delay.

And Manfred's brow with care's o'ercast,
And sadly anxious seems his eye,
For hour on hour now hath passed,
'Mid mirth and revel quickly by.

And oft doth Mona's bosom heave,
And oft her eye lets fall a tear;
Can she her lover false believe.
Else how account his absence here?

And all around is gathering gloom,
From wonder to alarm it grew,
'Tis strange what can detain the groom,'
From mouth to mouth the whisper flew.

'We wandered forth at early morn'
Said Osric, 'on our steeds to chase
The fallow deer, with hound and horn,
But soon I wearied in the race,

'And homeward turned, while Oman still,
With horse and hound pursued his way,
And on my ear his bugle shrill,
With shout and bark soon died away.

'Tis all I know.' 'Let search be made,'
Cried Manfred, 'o'er the hills around,
Through every vale and mountain glade,
Nor cease until my child be found.

'Tis misery in suspense to dwell,
Far better, far, the worst to know,
Whether my boy's alive and well,
Or if in death he lieth low.'

The revel ceased, the feast is o'er,
Each to his barb doth quick repair,
Where all was joy and mirth before,
Now all is wild confusion there.

Through the long hours of that sad night,
On swiftest steeds they each explore
Each vale and glen, and mountain height,
And where the billows ceaseless roar.

Again, upon the following day,
The search for Oman is begun;
Exploring many a devious way,
From early morn till set of sun.

But not upon the mountain green,
Nor yet upon the pebbly shore,
Was there the slightest vestige seen,
To tell that Oman had passed o'er.

Days, weeks, and months have quickly flown,
And fruitless is their search, and vain,
His fate none heard, 'tis only known
He came not from that hour again.

And woe old Manfred's breast assails,
Nought can afford the least relief,
His hapless lot the chief bewails,
By day and night in hopeless grief.

'Oh! grant!' exclaimed the frantic sire
'That Oman yet may bless my sight,
Thou God of heaven! ere I expire,
And sink to shades of endless night!'

And Mona on her knees oft falls,
And breathes to God a patient prayer,
And frantic, oft on heaven she calls,
In agony of wild despair.

Whate'er the chieftain did betide,
Nor o'er the sea, nor from the plain,
Nor down the mountain's craggy side,
Came Oman from that hour again.

A tedious year hath now gone by,
And yet from Oman came no word,
And Manfred still will heave the sigh,
Whene'er that magic name is heard.

And what of Osric? he alone
Of all it seemed did not repine;
At least his sorrow was not shewn,
If such he felt, by outward sign.

Perchance 'twas love that filled his breast,
And claimed his bosom's every care;
For Mona youth and grace possessed,
And her sweet face was wondrous fair.

Yes, soon with words of burning love,
The chieftain knelt at Mona's feet;
Who callous to such charms could prove,
Or who resist a face so sweet?

And maiden's grief is quickly past,
And soon those streaming eyes are dry,
And once loved memories, should they last,
Are soon recalled with scarce a sigh.

And soon that heart, wherein once reigned
A love whose memory should be dear—
Yes, soon that treacherous heart was gained,
For Mona lent a willing ear.

And Osric to his father went,
And prayed upon his bended knee,
That he would give him his consent,
That she his wedded wife might be.

If one year more, the sire replied,
Should pass and Oman still come not,
That then should Mona be his bride,
And he would bless their happy lot.

How tediously the weeks went past,
How slowly rolled the moons away,
Until the year was o'er at last,
And came the long-expected day.

Fair and as rosy as the morn,
What more could Mona's charms enhance?
What beauteous smiles her lips adorn,
Her eyes look love in every glance.

And well may Osric gaze with pride
On her of all these charms possessed;
Well may he deem, with such a bride,
His future lot is surely blessed.

And Ulric's halls are sparkling bright,
And warriors brave and maidens fair,
To hail the chieftain's nuptial night,
With mirth and music mingle there.

How sweetly sounds the soft refrain,
The clear notes of the dulcet song,
How softly swells the choral strain,
Borne gently on the air along!

But there is one amidst the throng
Of warriors brave and maidens fair,
Who glides with noiseless step along;
Of lofty form and haughty air.

The tight-drawn casque his face conceals
From those who would his features scan,
And nought in garb or mien reveals
The bearing of that sombre man.

His graceful plume of crimson dye,
Waves proudly on the midnight air;
On him is fixed each wondering eye,
For none can tell how came he there.

Still is each voice, and hushed each song;
The pibroch plays its merriest strain,
While moves with measured step along,
In stately pomp the bridal train.

And now before the altar stands
Osric with Mona by his side;
And now the priest hath clasped their hands,
And soon will they be groom and bride.

And Mona's eyes have sought the ground,
While the low veil her blushes hid;
When, through the silence reigning round,
These words resounded, 'I forbid!'

It might perhaps have been the tone
Of that strange voice, perchance a look,
Which Manfred long before had known,
That from his cheeks the colour took.

And his whole frame with terror shook,
And gave his face an air so dread,
That its wild aspect then partook
Less of the living than the dead.

'And who art thou, that thou dost dare
Thus to intrude thy presence here;
And why dost thou this mystery wear,
Is it thy humour, or from fear?'

So Osric spoke, and as he said,
Quick from its sheath his sword he drew,
And on the stranger tall and dread,
A look of deadly fury threw.

Slowly the stranger's casque was raised,
What sight the shuddering crowd appals?
And Manfred but a moment gazed,
Then senseless to the floor he falls.

Fierce flashed his eye, but no reply
Was heard from out his lips to come,
While silence reigned and all remained,
With fear and consternation dumb.

* * * *

And wild was the glare of Osric's stare,
And livid the hue of his ghastly face,
Thick comes his breath while the dews of death
Adown his cheeks each other chase.

'I claim this maid,' the stranger said,
'As absent Oman's lawful bride,
And her I'll bear to the chieftain where,
He awaits her on the mountain side.

'Through the long still night, by the pale moon's light,
With him she'll chase the bounding deer,
Or glide on the stream, where the bright stars gleam,
With naught but the glow-worm near.

'And when through the sky the black clouds fly,
And flash on flash does quick pursue,
On a coal black steed of the swiftest speed,
With him she shall lead the phantom crew.

'For no mortal wight will she wed to-night,
No lover of human mould,
But one who hath lain, in cold blood slain,
On the mountain dank and cold.

'For one of the dead, I trow she'll wed—
Eternal shall be the band—
To his grave who went, thereunto sent,
By a brother's red right hand.'

High towered his plume 'mid the deepening gloom,
And tall his form terrific grew;
His arms around the maiden he wound,
And faded like mist upon the view.

And Manfred's eyes have closed in death,
And soon will Osric breathe his last,
Glazed is his eye, with every breath,
His vital tide is ebbing fast.

Yes, low the gasping murderer lies,
By that dark guilty thought oppressed,
Which the soft light of Mona's eyes
Had raised within his envious breast.

'Twas passing strange how that mild gaze,
Wherein such wondrous love did dwell,
Should such conflicting passions raise,
And urge him to that deed of hell.

And who the stranger was, or where
He fled that night, or whence he came,
There's none can tell, though some declare
That Oman's form was much the same.

And others say that late that night,
A stranger chief was seen to ride
A coal-black steed in furious flight,
Full down the mountain's craggy side;

And just before the break of day,
As waning Cynthia's light gave o'er,
Back to the hills he sped his way,
With flight as hurried as before.

And some affirm that, furthermore,
In his embrace full tightly clasped,
The stranger chief a maiden bore,
As he swept by them like the blast.

* * * *

Such is the tale, 'twas all they knew,
But years long after there was found,
Where the dark shade trees thickest grew,
A skeleton beneath the ground.

And there in that sequestered dell,
They reared a stone to mark the place,
Where years before the victim fell,
The pride of Manfred's warrior race.

The melancholy Queen of Night
Is rising from the watery main,
And in her courts bejewelled bright
Will soon assert her silent reign.

And as she slowly climbs the skies,
And gleams in Lomond's silvery wave,
She sweetly smiles where Oman lies,
And frowns upon a murderer's grave.

Far from the land that gave him birth,
And not beneath his native sky,
His clay returns to kindred earth,
His last remains unhonoured lie.

In some deserted spot he sleeps,
Horrid with shades of deepest gloom,
Where the dread deadly night-shade weeps
Its poisoned tears upon his tomb.

For him no storied urn there stands,
No bard his virtues shall extol,
For kindred blood hath stained his hands,
The curse of Cain is on his soul.

CANADIAN COLONIALISM AND SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THE last generation of English colonists in Canada has almost passed away. One by one they are taking their places 'in the silent chambers.' There was nothing remarkable about them; they were generally of the earth earthy. A few of them, like Howe and Draper, had some imagination but nothing approaching to genius. The height of the ambition of the best of them was reached when they received a smile from the Colonial Under-Secretary in Downing Street, or an invitation to dinner

from an English nobleman when they paid their periodical visit to Canosa. Nothing else could be expected. The environment is the great modeller of men as well as of animals, and what good could come out of a small provincial colony or the province of a colony?

There is no Canadian history previous to 1867, and very little since worth reading. Previous to that date, if there was any one among the colonists worthy of respect he was made so by the animating principle of British national life. Since the decay of that principle, nothing, as yet, has been found as a substitute. Canadian national sentiment is despised, and the consequence is that the descendants of the old colonists have lost in manliness and moral courage.

Amid this rather barren condition, however, there are some redeeming circumstances. All the old stock is not quite gone. An old veteran here and there survives, still animated by British pluck, and ready as ever to break a feeble lance in defence of the old superstitions. They are generally of the John Sandfield Macdonald type—hard, narrow and practical. They never 'saw any visions or dreamed dreams,' and would probably laugh heartily at any one who did. Here, in Canada, they affect British citizenship, and talk about 'our army' at the Cape, or about what 'our fellows' in Afghanistan have done. In the old time they were keeping country stores in backwood villages, but now they sport a coat-of-arms and talk about going 'home.' The politicians of this class came to Canada in the old Pre-responsible Government times, became patriots and Liberals, edited Liberal newspapers, talked 'treason,' as the 'Family Compact' called it; became members of Parliament and great men in the land. But, alas, they worked that others might enjoy power. The Rolphs, Mackenzies, Ryersons, Gourlays and Browns sowed the seed, and the Tories have been enjoying the harvests for the last twenty-five years. Every one of them was hide-bound. They got into a rut, and were unable to get out of it. Other men would march with the times, but not they. Other men might 'betray them' and go in for progress and popular measures, but they would faithfully stick to their ignorance and their 'principles,' and be statesmen of the purest and best kind. Political principles and statesmen in a country governed by an Under-Secretary in Downing Street!!!

But there was one among the lot not quite so obtuse as the rest. He knew the value of a colony. After the necessary amount of agitation and 'treason' in the *Examiner*, and upon being called rebel and revolutionist, Francis Hincks was elected for a western constituency, and soon became one of the heads of the Canadian Government. In this position he had considerable influence in the giving out of the contract for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. Peto, Betts & Co., the great English contractors, obtained large contracts on the Grand Trunk, and Francis Hincks became Governor of the Leeward Islands. From this position he was promoted to a similar one from which he was summarily and permanently removed for arbitrary and tyrannical conduct in dismissing the Chief-Justice. As some compensation for the loss of his Governorship, he was awarded a salary of six hundred pounds a year and a title, and, receiving this pension, he became a Minister in Canada, where delicate questions were being settled between the two Governments, and this man, who was called rebel and revolutionist, and hounded down by the 'Family Compact' as everything that was bad, is now in Canada threatening Canadians and accusing them of attempts at revolution when they speak of the future of their country.

Having now cleared the way a little, let us see what argument is in

the paper in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for October, which professes to be an answer to the articles of the writer in the numbers for June and August. In the latter papers the writer brings some grave charges against the Canadian Colonial system. It is asserted in them that we are governed by laws and treaties in the making of which we have neither hand, act nor representation; that by our position we are liable to great risks and dangers without any compensating advantage; that all the laws passed in this country by our own Parliament are liable to *veto* in a foreign country, three thousand miles away, by subordinate officials, who have no knowledge of the circumstances under which they are passed, and that this political condition has prevented the material flow of emigration to Canada from Europe, and has reduced the Canadian people to a political grade one remove from that of the coolie. Now what answer is given by Sir Francis Hincks to these charges? None at all. We are treated to a discussion of a very unimportant personage, 'Mr. William Norris,' and his opinions in 1875 and now, and a dissertation on knighthood. What has Mr. William Norris and his opinions to do with the truth or falsity of the above charges? If they were at all relevant topics, any one who will take the trouble to read the pamphlet published by the writer in 1875, under the title of 'The Canadian Question,' will see that the opinions he held then are perfectly consistent with those he holds now. The writer then advocated the independence of Canada, under the protection of England. He does so still; not alone for the safety of the infant State, but as a means of satisfying those Canadians who will have some kind of British connection. Sir Francis ridicules the idea of England extending such protection to Canada, but gives no reason why she should not, except that the writer has used some expressions which, in his opinion, are derogatory to England. This is to be wondered at, seeing that Sir Francis has made such a careful study of the pamphlet in question. It is there specifically set out that the extending of such a protectorate is not a matter of liking at all, but one of necessity. If such a protectorate were not extended to an independent Canada there would be some danger of absorption by the United States. If the United States is now an over-match for England in commerce, as admitted by Mr. Gladstone, what would the States be with Canada united to them?

One would imagine, from what colonists say, that this view of protection is a new one: it is old and common in Europe. The allied nations made Greece independent, and guaranteed that independance. England, alone, guarantees the independence of Belgium. Egypt is under the protection of England and France, and, at the late Treaty of Berlin, England guaranteed the independence of Turkey. Again, Bulgaria's independence is guaranteed by Russia. The latest instance of the kind, however, is the most pertinent to the present argument. Sir Francis says that England would not guarantee the independence of Canada because some of her inhabitants may be hostile to her. But how is it that she has taken the Transvaal under her protection, and guaranteed its independence, under a President? There is no danger of Canadians coming into armed collision with Englishmen and beating them, as the Boers did; yet surely if she guarantees the independence of a Republic of Dutch Boers she would also guarantee the existence of a Canadian Republic.

But the critic's memory is also defective. He forgets that Sir John A. Macdonald received his chief titles after the Washington surrender, and although this treaty shows the evils of colonialism even more than the Ashburton and that respecting the Oregon boundary, inasmuch as to regain the confidence of the people, lost by the

treaty, he had to demoralize and debauch them with vast sums of money, witness the Pacific Railway Scandal, yet Sir Francis has not a word to say of it.

One word more and we shall be done with the ancient knight. The writer never said that Canadians were 'young, foolish and enthusiastic.' The expression is we *may* be young, foolish and enthusiastic, alluding to the well-known charge of the *Globe*, uttered continually by that barren, soulless journal, and which has got so commonplace as not to require the usual quotation marks. As to Sir Francis' opinions on knighthood in Canada, the writer is glad to see that he leans to the Canadian side. No one in Canada should be prevented from accepting such, but every man placed in a position of trust by the Canadian people should be prevented from receiving titles. In the smallest matter within the cognizance of the Court of Chancery no one in a position of trust can receive the slightest favour from one of the beneficiaries. Hence, we want an independence of Government Act, if we cannot getInde pendence, which is the only sure remedy. No member of the Canadian Government or Parliament should be permitted to accept titles from the English Government. If any member must have these things, then let him give up his position, and after accepting them he should be ineligible ever after. No matter how much we may love and admire England, there is no disguising the fact that the interests of the two countries in some things are entirely inimical, and when they clash Canada should have disinterested persons to guard her affairs.

One will seek in vain through the paper of Sir Francis for any answer to, or any remedy for, the evils which colonialism inflicts on Canada. Only one tenth generally of the British immigration comes to Canada that goes to the United States, while of foreign immigration we get none. For the hundredth time we are again assured by Sir John Macdonald that there is an awakening as to Canada in England. It is the same old story, but people are not deluded by it this time. They know water cannot be made to run up hill. The British people, unfortunately, know too well what monarchical institutions and landlordism are, to come to a colony. The Parliament itself know too well the difference between Canada and the United States to force immigrants to come here. There was a clause in the Irish Land Act to assist emigrants to Canada, but it was struck out by the unanimous consent of the House. At present, and for a while longer, we can do without immigrants, but when the magnificent crisis that is now being worked up in Manitoba comes to a head it will be different. Twelve speculators are going into the North-West where one actual settler goes. The immigration from the old Provinces is almost exhausted, and when the crowd who have invested their money there find no one to occupy their lands, the cause of Canadian independence will receive a more respectful hearing. Population must be had, and some change made. Nearly 300,000,000 of square miles of national body and one pound of national soul is too much of a contrast. Provincialism and colonialism are things of the past. They cannot exist in the face of such an immense territory, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. This work alone must necessitate some change, and when we see hundreds of miles of it constructed through unbroken solitudes, the Syndicate and the Canadian people will awaken from their present hallucination. It will then be seen that loyalty to a foreign power is disloyalty to Canada, and that the men who carry the brand of that power in the shape of a title must be traitors to their own country.

The great argument of colonists is that, according to population, we are now making progress equal to that of

the United States. The colonists are great at the logical mistake called begging the question. If a Canadian asserts that independence will prevent absorption into the United States, they immediately state that independence is sure to lead to annexation, without seeing that is the very question in issue. If a Canadian asserts that colonialism prevents immigration, the colonist immediately answers that according to population we are making good progress, without seeing that the number of the population is the question in issue. In the last decade, the United States increased thirty per cent. in population; Canada increased only seventeen per cent. In view of this fact, what is the use of talking of progress, but to blind the people. If Canada were independent we should obtain thousands of Americans to settle in our North-West. They never will give up citizenship to become colonists any more than will old country people. Saying we make progress according to population is like what the Irishman said of his pig, 'We are very large for our size.'

The reason of our inferiority may be expressed in a line. The difference between us and the Americans is that no one but an American can be chief magistrate of the United States, while any one but a Canadian can be chief magistrate of Canada. Will this condition be allowed much longer? It is hard to think that it will. Ten years ago eighty-three per cent. of the people were Canadian born. It is reasonable to think that the same proportion, if not greater, exists still. The present Tory Government left out of the census tables Canadian nationality, with a view, inferentially, of preventing the population from being known; but the spirit of 'Canada First' can never be suppressed. It appears more manifest every day. Canadian independence is now openly advocated by two daily newspapers in Montreal, two in Toronto, one in London, one in St. Catharines, one in St. John's, New Brunswick, and a great proportion of the Liberal press is favourable to it. In view of these facts it will soon become a question whether Mr. Blake will be truly representing his party unless he gives expression to the opinions of the young men belonging to it. If he does not, another organization is in prospect. Toryism and colonialism are marshalling their forces. The Liberal editors on the colonist papers are being replaced by reactionary Tories. The great stay of the Tory party, the Orange Order, is being convened, and reactionary measures and an ultra-Tory departure are being discussed.

If the love of a foreign throne and its sure product, flunkeyism—Queen worshippers is what we are contemptuously called by an English newspaper—can animate men, is the love of country, of freedom, of liberty, of human happiness, no motive power? The great stream of English freedom, dammed back for five years by Jingoism, has broken loose and overflowed its banks. Society in England is moved as it has not been for centuries. The whole north, under Cowen, is being organized into Republican Societies. Ireland is achieving some measure of freedom under Parnell. Scotland is awake to her landlordism and her abuses. The Republicans of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, are recognised political bodies. France, glorious France, the mother of Quebec, has once more dragged off the bloody bandages from her wounds and is again leading and animating the nations in the path of freedom! In this awakening of the peoples, is this land of Canada, in the actual presence of fifty millions of freemen, to bow her humiliated head and sink into the lap of colonialism and servitude. Lately, in the most public place in Toronto, in the presence of thousands, a gifted patriotic Canadian repeatedly assured us that the youth of this country would not submit to it. He added that he knew them, that he heard

their cries, that every man of them was sound to the core.

If Mr. Blake, then, will not accept the signs, it behooves others to think of the necessities of the country. As to the so-called National Policy and the Syndicate, they are at most only doubtful questions. The first has given us over $4,000,000 of a surplus this year, while the latter is opening up plains which will some time provide homes for millions of human beings. There is no political principle involved in these measures; they are questions of the plainest expediency. One might as well assert that political principles are involved in the raising of the hotel licenses or the construction of a sewer in a city. We can afford to let these questions wait, and if they be wrong the people will soon find it out. As to colonialism, it is a present crying, debasing evil, that represses the energies, destroys the manhood, and mortifies the *amour propre* of every Canadian.

It can be met, like other evils, only by organization. The Federal League in England, and the Land League in Ireland, have effected great things. Why should not a Canadian National League be organized? There should be a parent organization in Toronto and a branch in connection with it, in every town in Ontario—the object, the advocacy of Canadian independence by all constitutional and peaceable means. Some of the most eminent of Britain's statesmen have more than once acknowledged the perfect legality of this object. So also have the leading journals and periodicals, and in this case Canadians would be untrue to themselves and to their country if they did not endeavour by the means indicated at once to attain it.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY 'GOWAN LEA,' MONTREAL.

COLD blows the wind and drearily,
From out the lowering West;
Low wail the leaves and wearily,
As if they longed for rest.

Upon my heart they seem to fall
And stay its joyful tone,
Awaking there a plaintive call—
The echo of their own.

O forest leaves, from yonder trees
You're borne on languid wing,
Nor hear within the wandering breeze
One whisper of the Spring:

While far beyond the sky's dark cloud,
I know the stars shine clear,
And that beneath the Autumn shroud
Awaits the future year.

THE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

BY D. B. DINGMAN, LISTOWEL, ONT.

THE lamentable demise of President Garfield again revives the *questio vexata* of many generations, namely, the wisdom of republican theories of government. Cicero has told us that a commonwealth ought to be immortal and forever renew its youth. The present state of affairs in the United States scarcely indicates the fulfilment of this ideal. Twice already in its brief history has the hand of the assassin deprived it of its chief magistrate, and on both occasions have the frenzy of a discontented populace and the insatiable desire of the rabble for place, been the active and prompting cause. The inherent elements of purely democratic institutions foster such outbreaks, while it appears on its face to extend to all grades and classes the uniform right of citizenship. The guidance of the government is entrusted, it is true, to the choice of the majority, but in Mr. Garfield's and Mr. Lincoln's deaths, is not the result now sufficiently palpable? In the choice of a Presidential head no one is so unreasonable as to deny that the poor have under the existing Constitution a right equally with the rich to the free exercise of the franchise, and it is not from the poor element that disaster to democratic institutions arises. The inequalities of life endured by the poor are marvels to human society. Infinitely more dangerous in every view of the matter is the interposition of the *ignorant mass* in American democracy. The poor may be, and often are, of the most intelligent class, but the immense wave of the ignorant vote is always sufficiently attractive to combinations like the Tammany Ring, to make it dangerous to the welfare of the State. This element, necessarily, from the paucity of educational institutions in new countries, preponderates sufficiently to carry the balance of power in a Presidential contest. The blind ignorance of this portion of the electorate is invariably preyed upon by the trimmers, carpet-baggers, and rings of political swindlers in order to strengthen their positions and bring influence in favour of their particular project of State villainy. By these means the mob and their allies either practically control the helm of strictly democratic institutions or destroy their efficiency. This I take to be largely the present position of the neighbouring republic. Mr. Garfield was selected by a no uncertain majority, but that majority, as in nearly every instance, was largely made up of the hungry wolves ravenously inclined to devour the State, and supporting their head with no other object. Had Mr. Hancock been elected, the result would have been precisely the same. The *modus operandi* of selecting their chief ruler engenders this disease in the commonwealth. The huge mass of intelligent franchise abetted through their ignorance the efforts of the spoliators. Many combined their ignorance with an inherent knavery, and in turn expected their reward after the victory. Of this latter class the miserable Guiteau proved the most dangerous. Had Mr. Garfield chosen to follow in the popular path of chosen democratic leaders, he prob-

ably would not have been sacrificed on the shrine of his own noble endeavours. Like Pompey in Roman annals, Mr. Garfield pursued an even and honourable course, but while eschewing the gerrymandering so peculiar to the functions of his high office did so by forfeiting his life. The fomentations of nefarious trickery and jobbing culminated in the spirit of his assassin. He hung out a banner with the golden letters, 'no State corruption' emblazoned thereon, and fell defending his standard—a martyr to honesty, and a brilliant exception to the host of ranting political demagogues of his country.

The ultimate fate of a Republic is certain, although perchance it may be deferred by a purely physical cause. In case England now should adopt a democratic form of government, it is more than probable that the effect would be the same, although reasonably the crash would the sooner come from the fact of its denser population. Now the United States boasts of boundless areas of fertile and unoccupied lands, and while such is the case the great mass of the poor and labouring classes are drawn apart, and hunger and famine are comparatively unheard of; but when the population becomes as dense as in England and France, then indeed will the real crisis have arrived and the test be applied to democratic rule. This period must necessarily come in the history of the adjoining republic, and then wages will be low, and the fluctuations similar to that of thickly-populated countries, and thousands of artisans out of work will clamour for assistance. The clamour will increase to a ferocity as their distress becomes keener. The distress on the brows of labourers will engender mutiny, and a Tiberius Gracchus will undoubtedly arise to fan the agitation, and show the malcontents that it is a monstrous thing that one man should have his thousands while the other has not half a dinner. Should a Presidential contest come on during such a season, can there be any rational doubt as to what kind of representatives a hungry and penniless labourer would cast his vote for? Plunder then must inevitably follow, and the undreamt-of distress and spoliation will produce an era of adversity so dire and ruinous that prosperity will be prevented from returning. In the records of ancient Rome, in the span of a few brief years, we have on the one side knowledge of Sylla's attempt, by enlisting the patrician sympathy, and, on the other hand, of the efforts of Marius, allied with the plebeian wing, to govern on Republican principles; but each was soon cast aside, and ruin and disaster continued. The principle of government, defective in itself, cannot be successfully carried out, no matter how popular, temporarily, the ruling party may be. But, on the other hand, what is the condition of a country passing through a crisis under monarchical government? England has passed successfully through many such periods of distress. We know that there is the usual amount of John Bull grumbling, and sometimes a little rioting and fighting, among the working classes. But the sufferers are not the ruling power of the state, and it matters but little: any agitation soon dies out from the mere helplessness of their position. The Parnell movement of this year in Ireland illustrates the ground taken. The governing power is there in the hands of a highly-educated body, whose interests are identified with the perfect security of property. The mutinous or discontented are restrained without force, but yet firmly. The hard times at length pass over, and the well-to-do are not robbed and plundered to satisfy the cravings of the indigent and lazy. The nation's resources again flow freely, and work is obtainable by all, until at length prosperity and tranquillity follow.

Mr. Arthur now assumes the governing reins in the American Republic, and it may safely be conjectured

that his path in the Presidential journey will not be a particularly rosy one. Dark whisperings as to his supposed connection with the carpet baggers and rings have already too freely found voice. The public mind, or at least a portion of it, for a time, may, perhaps, look suspiciously towards him, but he should be judged upon his certain acts, and not upon the vapourings of suspicion. Mr. Froude, speaking of the assaults of the public press on great men, says: 'The disposition to believe evil of men who have risen a few degrees above their contemporaries is a feature of human nature as common as it is base.' Let the hope then be, that Mr. Arthur will govern wisely and well.

AUTUMN.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, CHATHAM, N. B.

IN the southward sky
The late swallows fly,
The low red willows
In the river quiver;
From the birches nigh
Russet leaves sail by,
The tawny billows
In the chill wind shiver;
The birch-burrs burst,
And the nuts down patter,
The red squirrels chatter
O'er the wealth dispersed.

Yon carmine glare,
A gem's despair,
Is the Fall attire
Of the maples flaming;
In the keen late air
There's an impulse rare,
Acting like fire,
A desire past naming;
But the crisp mists rise,
And my heart falls a-sighing—
Sighing, sighing,
That the sweet time dies.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(IV.)

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONFIRMED TORY.

MY good friend and host, Henry Cooke Todd, was one of the most uncompromising Tories I ever met with. He might have sat for the portrait of Mr. Grimwig, in 'Oliver Twist.' Like that celebrated old gentleman, 'his bark was aye waur than his bite.' He would pour out a torrent of scorn and sarcasm upon some luckless object of his indignation, public or private; and, having exhausted the full vials of his wrath, would end with some kind act toward, perhaps, the very person he had been anathematizing, and subside into an amiable mood of compassion for the weaknesses of erring mankind generally.

He was a graduate of the University of Oxford, and afterwards had charge of a large private school in one of the English counties. Having inherited and acquired a moderate competency, he retired into private life; but later on he lost by the failure of companies wherein his savings had been invested. He then commenced business as a bookseller, did not succeed, and finally decided, at the persuasion of his wife's brother, Mr. William P. Patrick, of Toronto, to emigrate to Canada. Having first satisfied himself of the prudence of the step, by a tour in the United States and Canada, he sent for his family, who arrived here in 1833.

His two sons, Alfred and Alpheus, got the full benefit of their father's classical attainments, and were kept closely to their studies. At an early age, their uncle Patrick took charge of their interests, and placed them about him in the Legislative Assembly, where I recollect to have seen one or both of them, in the capacity of pages, on the floor of the House. From that lowly position, step by step, they worked their way, as we have seen, to the very summit of their respective departments.

Mr. Todd was also an accomplished amateur artist, and drew exquisitely. An etching of the interior of Winchester Cathedral, by him, I have never seen surpassed.

He was fond of retirement and of antiquarian reading, and, while engaged in some learned philological investigation, would shut himself up in his peculiar sanctum and remain invisible for days, even to his own family.

Between the years 1833 and 1840, Mr. Todd published a book, entitled 'Notes on Canada and the United States,' and I cannot better illustrate his peculiar habits of thought, and mode of expressing them, than by quoting two or three brief passages from that work, and from 'Addenda'

which I printed for him myself, in 1840 :—

'As an acidulated mixture with the purest element will embitter its sweetness, so vice and impurity imported to any country must corrupt and debase it. To this hour, when plunderers no longer feel secure in the scenes of their misdeeds, or culprits would evade the strong arm of the law, to what country do they escape? America—for here, if not positively welcomed (?), they are at least safe. If it be asked, did not ancient Rome do the same thing? I answer, slightly so, whilst yet an infant, but never in any shape afterwards; but America, by still receiving, and with open arms, the vicious and the vile from all corners of the earth, does so in her full growth. As she therefore plants, so must she also reap.

* * * 'I wonder Master Jonathan didn't change the bald eagle for a turkey, in this his new coinage; the former not being a native of the soil, whilst the latter one is, besides being, in many respects, a better featherer of the two; but upon reflection, I feel inclined to abandon my surprise, and approve his election for its consistency; since every ornithologist well knows that the first-mentioned bird has a bad moral character; is notorious for living dishonestly, and by the use of his wits; at all times poor, an errant coward, and the filthiest of his race.

* * * 'The Episcopal clergy in this country [United States] were originally supported by an annual contribution of tobacco, each male, so tithable, paying 401bs.; the regular clergy of the then thinly-settled state of Virginia receiving 16,000 lbs. yearly as salary. In Canada they are maintained by an assignment of lands from the Crown, which, moreover, extends its assistance to ministers of other denominations; so that the people are not called upon to contribute for that or any similar purpose; and yet, such is the deplorable abandonment to error, and obstinate perversion of fact, amongst the low or radical party here—a small one, it is true, but not on that account less censurable—that this very thing which should ensure their gratitude is a never-ending theme for their vituperation and abuse; proving to demonstration, that no government on earth, or any concession whatever, can long satisfy or please them.

* * * 'Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, my own connexions were non-conforming; and for awhile before entering upon life, I was myself an attendant in their public assemblies; and even now, which I admit to show the extent of my toleration, though sceptics may call it the force of habit, I am oftener to be found in one than in my own parish church; still, I say, allow them the full exercise of their faith (which, until they got it, was all they professed to want) distinct from political power—as much as you please of the former, but not an atom of the latter! and why?—regard for the peace and happiness of others, with their own as well; since history tells us, that they know not how to halt at anything short of supremacy, which is not pure religion, but an impure domination.

* * * 'The mention of periodicals reminds me, that newspapers, on the arrival of a stranger, are about the first things he takes up; but on perusing them, he must exercise his utmost judgment and penetration; for of all the fabrications, clothed too in the coarsest language, that ever came under my observation, many papers here, for low scurrility and vilifying the authorities, certainly surpass any I ever met with. It is to be regretted that men without principle, and others void of character, should be permitted thus to abuse the public ear. * * The misguided individuals in the late disturbance, on being questioned upon the subject, unreservedly admitted, that until reading Mackenzie's flagitious and slanderous newspaper, they were happy, contented, and loyal subjects.'

When the seat of Government was removed to Kingston, Mr. Todd's family accompanied it thither; but he remained in Toronto, to look after his property, which was considerable, and died here at the age of 77.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCES.

EARLY in the year 1839, I obtained an engagement as manager of the *Palladium*, a newspaper issued by C. Forbes Fothergill, on the plan of the New York *Albion*. The printing office, situated on the corner of York and Boulton Streets, was very small, and I found it a mass of little better than *pi*, with an old hand-press of the Columbian pattern. To bring this office into something like presentable order, to train a rough lot of lads to their business, and to supply an occasional original article, occupied

me during great part of that year. Mr. Fothergill was a man of talent, a scholar, and a gentleman; but so entirely given up to the study of natural history and the practice of taxidermy that his newspaper received but scant attention, and his personal appearance and the cleanliness of his surroundings still less. He had been King's Printer under the Family Compact régime, and was dismissed for some imprudent criticism upon the policy of the Government. His family sometimes suffered from the want of common necessaries, while the money which should have fed them went to pay for some rare bird or strange fish. This could not last long. The *Palladium* died a natural death, and I had to seek elsewhere for employment.

Amongst the visitors at Mr. Todd's house was John F. Rogers, an Englishman, who, in conjunction with George H. Hackstaff, published the Toronto *Herald*, a weekly journal of very humble pretensions. Mr. Hackstaff was from the United States, and found himself regarded with great distrust, in consequence of the Navy Island and Prescott invasions. He therefore offered to sell me his interest in the newspaper and printing office for a few dollars. I accepted the offer, and thus became a member of the Fourth Estate, with all the dignities, immunities, and profits attaching thereto. From that time until the year 1859, I continued in the same profession, publishing successively the *Herald*, *Patriot*, *News of the Week*, *Atlas*, and *Daily Colonist* newspapers. I mention them all now, to save wearisome details hereafter.

I have a very lively recollection of the first job which I printed in my new office. It was on the Sunday on which St. James's Cathedral was burnt, owing to some negligence about the stoves. Our office was two doors north of the burnt edifice, on Church Street, where the Mechanics' Institute now stands; and I was hurriedly required to print a small placard, announcing that divine service would be held that afternoon at the City Hall, where I had then recently drilled as a volunteer in the City Guard.

The *Herald* was the organ, and Mr. Rogers an active member, of the Orange body in Toronto. I had no previous knowledge of the peculiar features of Orangeism, and it took me some months to acquire an insight into the ways of thinking and acting of the order. I busied myself chiefly in the practical work of the office, such as type-setting and press-work, and took no part in editorials, except to write an occasional paragraph or musical notice.

The first book I undertook to print, and the first law book published in Canada, was my young friend Alpheus Todd's 'Parliamentary Law,' a volume of —— pages, which was a creditable achievement for an office which could boast but two or three hundred dollars worth of type in all. With this book is connected an anecdote which I cannot refrain from relating; and I know that the person alluded to will forgive the trespass.

I had removed my office to a small frame building on Church street, next door south of Clinkenbroomer's, watch-maker, at the corner of King Street. One day, there entered the office a youth of fourteen or fifteen, forlorn-looking, and poorly clad. He had in his hand a roll of manuscript, very much soiled and dog's-eared, which he held out sheepishly, and asked me to look at. I did so, expecting to find verses intended for publication. They were indeed poems, extending to thirty or forty pages, perhaps more, deficient both in grammar and spelling, and not very legible where clean.

Interested in the lad, I inquired where he came from, what he could do, and what he wanted. It appeared that he was the son of one of the messengers of the English House of Commons; that his father had placed him at a trade which he disliked; that he had escaped to Canada, hired himself

as apprentice to a cobbler in Toronto, and a second time left his work in disgust, because his master wanted him to mend shoes, and he wanted to write poetry. The poor lad begged me, with tears in his eyes, to give him a trial as an apprentice to the printing business. I had known a similar case in London, where a fellow-apprentice of my own was taken in as an office-boy, acquired a little education, became printer's devil, and ended by becoming King's Printer in Australia, as I have since heard.

Well, I told the lad—his name was Archie—that I would try him. I was just then perplexed with the problem of making and using composition rollers in the cold winter of Canada, and in a wooden office where it was impossible to keep anything from freezing. So I resolved to use a composition ball for my book-work abovenamed, printing four duodecimo pages at one impression, and perfecting them—or printing the obverse, as medallists say—with other four. Archie was tall and strong. I gave him a regular drilling in the use of the ball, and after some days' practice, found I could trust him as beater at the press. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday was not a more willing, faithful, conscientious slave than was my Archie. Never absent, never grumbling, never idle, but very fond of a tough argument, he plodded on with his presswork, studied hard at grammar and the dictionary, acquired knowledge with facility, and retained it tenaciously. He remained with me many years, became foreman in the University Printing Office of Henry Rowsell; and left there after a long term to enter Dr. Rolph's Medical School at Yorkville, for which he had qualified himself to become a matriculant. His next step in life was to study Spanish, and start for Mexico to practise his new profession amongst the semi-savages of that volcanic Republic. There he accumulated some money; spoke his mind too freely; was once arrested and ordered to be shot, by General Escobedo, for meddling in political feuds, and only escaped with life by a hair's-breadth. Not relishing Mexican ideas of freedom, he returned to Toronto, and practised his profession here for some years, becoming a well-known public character.

That poor truant boy is now known as Dr. Archibald A. Riddel, ex-Alderman, and still City Coroner of Toronto.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE burning of St. James's Cathedral in 1839, marks another phase of my Toronto life, which is associated with many pleasant and some sorrowful memories. The services of the Church of England were, for some months after that event, conducted in the old City Hall. The choir was an amateur one, led by Mr. J. D. Humphreys, whose reputation as an accomplished musician must be familiar to my readers. Of that choir I became a member, and continued one until my removal to Carlton in 1853. During those fourteen years I was concerned in almost every musical movement in Toronto, wrote musical notices, and even composed some music to my own poetry. An amateur glee club, of which Mr. E. L. Cull, of the Canada Company's office, and myself are probably the only survivors, used occasionally to meet and amuse ourselves with singing glees and quartettes on Christmas and New Year's Eve, opposite the houses of our several friends. It was then the custom to invite our party indoors, to be sumptuously entertained with the good things provided for the purpose.

Thus the time passed away after the rebellion, and during the period of Sir George Arthur's stay in Canada, without the occurrence of any public event in which I was personally concerned. Lord Durham came; made his cele-

brated Report; and went home again. Then followed Lord Sydenham, to whom I propose to pay some attention, as with him commenced my first experience of Canadian party politics.

Mackenzie's rebellion had convinced me of the necessity of taking and holding firm ground in defence of monarchical institutions, as opposed to republicanism. It is well known that nearly all Old Country Whigs, when transplanted to Canada, become staunch Tories. So most moderate Reformers from the British Isles are classed here as Liberal Conservatives. Even English Chartists are transformed into Canadian Anti-Republicans.

I had been neither Chartist nor ultra-Radical, but simply a quiet Reformer, disposed to venerate, but not blindly to idolize, old institutions, and by no means to pull down an ancient fabric without knowing what kind of structure was to be erected in its place. Thus it followed, as a matter of course, that I should gravitate towards the Conservative side of Canadian party politics, in which I found so many of the solid, respectable, well-to-do citizens of Toronto had ranged themselves.

I never became a convert to Orangeism. My partner, Rogers, tried hard to convince me of the absolute necessity of maintaining the Order for the defence of Protestantism. I thought, for my part, that in Canada West, as in England, the boot was rather on the other leg; that Roman Catholics had more to apprehend from a collision, than Protestants; and that peaceable citizens, when disturbed by belligerent rumours for which no reasonable cause could be assigned, might justly cry with Mercutio, 'A plague o' both your houses.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD SYDENHAM'S MISSION.

I HAVE frequently remarked that, although in England any person may pass a life-time without becoming acquainted with his next-door neighbour, he can hardly fall into conversation with a fellow-countryman in Canada, without finding some latent link of relationship or propinquity between them. Thus, in the case of Mr. C. Poulett Thomson, I trace more than one circumstance connecting that great man with my humble self. He was a member—the active member—of the firm of Thomson, Bonar & Co., Russia Merchants, Cannon Street, London, at the same time that my brother-in-law, William Tatchell, of the firm of Tatchell & Clarke, carried on the same business of Russia Merchants, in Upper Thames Street. There were occasional transactions between them; and my brother Thomas, who was chief accountant in the Thames Street house, has told me that the firm of Thomson, Bonar & Co. was looked upon in the trade with a good deal of distrust, for certain sharp practices to which they were addicted.

Again, Sir John Rae Reid, of the East India Company, had been the Tory member of Parliament for Dover. On his retirement, Mr. Poulett Thomson started as Reform candidate for the same city. I knew the former slightly as a neighbour of my mother's, at Ewell, in Surrey, and felt some interest in the Dover election in consequence. It was in the old borough-mongering times, and the newspapers on both sides rang with accounts of the immense sums that were expended in this little Dover contest, in which Mr. Thomson, aided by his party, literally bought every inch of his way, and succeeded in obtaining his first seat in the House of Commons, at a cost, as his brother states, of £3,000 sterling. In the matter of corruption, there was probably little difference between the rival candidates.

The Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson, it was understood in England, always had the dirty work of the Melbourne Ministry to do; and it was probably his usefulness in that capa-

city that recommended him for the task of uniting the two Canadas, in accordance with that report of Lord Durham, which his lordship himself disavowed.* That Mr. Thomson did his work well, cannot be denied. He was, in fact, the Castlereagh of Canadian Union. What were the exact means employed by him in Montreal and Toronto is not known, but the results were visible enough. Government officials coerced, sometimes through the agency of their wives, sometimes by direct threats of dismissal; the Legislature overawed by the presence and interference of His Excellency's secretaries and aides-de-camp; votes sought and obtained by appeals to the personal interest of members of Parliament. These and such-like were the dignified processes by which the Union of the Canadas was effected, in spite of the unwillingness of at least one of the parties to that ceremony.

His Excellency did not even condescend to veil his contempt for his tools. When a newly nominated Cabinet Minister waited upon the great man with humility, to thank him for

* On reference to Sir F. B. Head's 'Emigrant,' pp. 376–8, the reader will find the following letters:—

'1. *From the Hon. Sir A. N. MacNab.*

'LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY,
'Montreal, 28th March, 1846.

'MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

'I have no hesitation in putting on paper the conversation which took place between Lord Durham and myself, on the subject of the Union. He asked me if I was in favour of the Union; I said, "No;" he replied, "If you are a friend to your country, *oppose it to the death.*"

'I am, &c.,
'(Signed) ALLAN N. MACNAB.
'Sir F. B. Head, Bart.'

'2. *From W. E. Jervis Esq.*

'TORONTO, March 12th, 1846.

'DEAR SIR ALLAN,

'In answer to the inquiry contained in your letter of the 2nd inst., I beg leave to state, that, in the year 1838, I was in Quebec, and had a long conversation with the Earl of Durham upon the subject of an Union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—a measure which I had understood his Lordship intended to propose.

'I was much gratified by his Lordship then, in the most unqualified terms, declaring his strong disapprobation of such a measure, as tending, in his opinion, to the injury of this Province; and he advised me, as a friend to Upper Canada, *to use all the influence I might possess in opposition to it.*

'His Lordship declared that, in his opinion, no statesman could propose so injurious a project, and authorized me to assure my friends in Upper Canada, *that he was decidedly averse to the measure.*

'I have a perfect recollection of having had a similar enquiry made of me, by the private secretary of Sir George Arthur, and that I made a written reply to the communication. I have no copy of the letter which I sent upon that occasion, but the substance must have been similar to that I now send you.

'I remain, &c.,
'(Signed) W. E. JERVIS.
'Sir Allan MacNab.'

'3. *From the Hon. Justice Hagerman.*

'31 ST. JAMES'S STREET,
'LONDON, 12th July, 1846.

'MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

'It is well known to many persons that the late Lord Durham, up to the time of his departure from Canada, expressed himself strongly opposed to the Union of the then two Provinces. I accompanied Sir George Arthur on a visit to Lord Durham, late in the autumn, and a very few days only before he threw up his Government and embarked for this country. In a conversation I had with him, he spoke of the Union as *the selfish scheme of a few merchants of Montreal—that no statesman would advise the measure—and that it was absurd to suppose that Upper and Lower Canada could ever exist in harmony as one Province.*

'In returning to Toronto with Sir George Arthur, he told me that Lord Durham had expressed to him similar opinions, and had at considerable length detailed to him reasons and arguments which existed against a measure which he considered would be destructive of the legitimate authority of the British Government, and in which opinion *Sir George declared he fully coincided.*

'I am, Sir,
'(Signed) C. A. HAGERMAN.
'Sir F. B. Head, Bart.'

'4. *From the Earl of Durham.*

'QUEBEC, Oct. 2nd, 1838.

'DEAR SIR,

'I thank you kindly for your account of the meeting [in Montreal], which was the first I received. I fully expected the "outbreak" about the Union of the two Provinces:—IT IS A PET MONTREAL PROJECT, BEGINNING AND ENDING IN MONTREAL SELFISHNESS.

'Yours, truly,
'(Signed) DURHAM.'

an honour for which he felt his education did not qualify him, the reported answer was—'Oh, I think you are all pretty much alike here.'

In Toronto, anything like opposition to His Excellency's policy was sought to be silenced by the threat of depriving the city of its tenure of the Seat of Government. The offices of the principal city journals, the *Patriot* and *Courier*, were besieged by anxious subscribers, entreating that nothing should appear at all distasteful to His Excellency, and 'old Tom Dalton,' of the former paper, got mercilessly roasted for reducing his usual surly growl to a very gentle roar indeed. Therefore it happened, that our little sheet, the *Herald*, became the only mouthpiece of Toronto dissentients; and was well supplied with satires and criticisms upon the politic manœuvres of Government House. We used to issue on New Year's Day a sheet of doggerel verses, styled, 'The News Boy's Address to his Patrons,' which gave me an opportunity, of which I did not fail to avail myself, of telling His Excellency some wholesome truths in not very complimentary phrase. It is but justice to him to say, that he enjoyed the fun, such as it was, as much as anybody, and sent a servant in livery to our office, for extra copies to be placed on his drawing-room tables for the amusement of New Year's callers, to whom he read them himself. I am sorry that I cannot now treat my readers to extracts from those sheets, which may some centuries hence be unearthed by future Canadian antiquaries, as rare and priceless historical documents.

Whether the course he pursued be thought creditable or the reverse, there is no doubt that Lord Sydenham did Canada immense service by the measures enacted under his dictation. The Union of the Provinces, Municipal Councils, Educational Institutions, sound Financial arrangements, and other minor matters, are benefits which cannot be ignored. But all these questions were carried in a high-handed, arbitrary manner, and some of them by downright compulsion. To connect in any way with his name the credit of bestowing upon the united provinces 'Responsible Government' upon the British model, is a gross absurdity.

In the Memoirs of his lordship, by his brother, Mr. G. Poulett Scrope, page 236, I find the following plain statements:—

'On the subject of "Responsible Government," which question was again dragged into discussion by Mr. Baldwin, with a view of putting the sincerity of the Government to the test, he [Lord S.] introduced and carried unanimously a series of resolutions in opposition to those proposed by Mr. Baldwin, distinctly recognising the irresponsibility of the Governor to any but the Imperial authorities, and placing the doctrine on the sound and rational basis which he had ever maintained.'

What that 'sound and rational basis' was, is conclusively shown in an extract from one of his own private letters, given on page 143 of the same work:—

'I am not a bit afraid of the Responsible Government cry. I have already done much to put it down in its inadmissible sense; namely, the demand that the Council shall be responsible to the Assembly, and that the Governor shall take their advice and be bound by it. . . . And I have not met with any one who has not at once admitted the absurdity of claiming to put the Council over the head of the Governor. . . . I have told the people plainly that, as I cannot get rid of my responsibility to the Home Government, I will place no responsibility on the Council; that they are a *council* for the Governor to consult, but no more. . . . Either the Governor is the Sovereign or the Minister. If the first, he may have ministers, but he cannot be responsible to the Government at home, and all Colonial Government becomes impossible. He must, therefore, be the minister, in which case he cannot be under the control of men in the Colony. . . . I have let them know, and feel, that I will yield to neither of them [the rival Canadian parties]—that I will take the moderate from both sides—reject the extremes—and govern as I think right, and not as they fancy.'

It is only just that the truth should

be clearly established on this question. Responsible Government was not an issue between Canadian Reformers and Tories in any sense; but exclusively between the Colonies and the statesmen of the Mother Country. On several occasions prior to Mackenzie's Rebellion, Tory majorities had affirmed the principle; and Ogle R. Gowan, an influential Orangeman, had published a pamphlet in its favour. Yet some recent historians of Canada have fallen into the foolish habit of claiming for the Reform party all the good legislation of the past forty years, until they seem really to believe the figment themselves.

I am surprised that writers who condemn Sir F. B. Head for acting as his own Prime Minister, in strict accordance with his instructions, can see nothing to find fault with in Lord Sydenham's doing the very same thing in an infinitely more arbitrary and offensive manner. Where Sir Francis persuaded, Lord Sydenham coerced, bribed and derided.

Lower Canada was never consulted as to her own destiny. Because a fraction of her people chose to strike for independence, peaceable French Canadians were treated bodily as a conquered race, with the undisguised object of swamping their nationality and language, and overriding their feelings and wishes. It is said that the result has justified the means. But what casuistry is this! What sort of friend to Responsible Government must he be, who employs force to back his argument? To inculcate the voluntary principle at the point of the bayonet, is a peculiarly Hibernian process, to say the least.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TORIES OF THE REBELLION TIMES.

HAVING, I hope, sufficiently exposed the misrepresentations of party writers, who have persistently made it their business to calumniate the Loyalists of 1837–8, I now proceed to the pleasanter task of recording the good deeds of some of those Loyalists, with whom I was brought into personal contact. I begin with—

ALDERMAN GEORGE T. DENISON, SEN.

No Toronto citizen of '37 can fail to recal the bluff, hale, strongly-built figure of George Taylor Denison, of Bellevue, the very embodiment of the English country squire of the times of Addison and Goldsmith. Resolute to enforce obedience, generous to the poor, just and fair as a magistrate, hospitable to strangers and friends, a sound and consistent Church man, a brave soldier and a loyal subject, it seemed almost an anachronism to meet with him anywhere else than at his own birth-place of Dover Court, within sight of the Goodwin Sands, in the old-fashioned County of Essex, in England.

He was the son of John Denison, of Hedon, Yorkshire, and was born in 1783. He came with his father to Canada in 1792, and to Toronto in 1796. Here he married the only daughter of Captain Richard Lippincott, a noted U. E. Loyalist, who had fought through the Civil War in the revolted Colonies now forming the United States. In the war of 1812, Mr. Denison served as Ensign in the York Volunteers, and was frequently employed on special service. He was the officer who, with sixty men, cut out the present line of the Dundas Road, from the Garrison Common to Lambton Mills, which was necessary to enable communication between York and the Mills to be carried on without interruption from the hostile fleet on the Lake. During the attack on York, in the following year, he was commissioned to destroy our vessels in the Bay, to save them from falling into the enemy's hands. With some he succeeded, but on one frigate the captain refused to obey the order, and

while the point was in dispute, the enemy settled the question by capturing the ship, in consequence of which Mr. Denison was held as a prisoner for several months, until exchanged.

Of his services and escapes during the war many amusing stories are told. He was once sent with a very large sum in army bills—some $40,000—to pay the force then on the Niagara River. To avoid suspicion, the money was concealed in his saddle-bags, and he wore civilian's clothing. His destination was the village of St. David's. Within a mile or two of the place, he became aware of a cavalry soldier galloping furiously towards him, who, on coming up, asked if he was the officer with the money, and said he must ride back as fast as possible; the Yankees had driven the British out of St. David's, and parties of their cavalry were spreading over the country. Presently another dragoon came in sight, riding at speed and pursued by several of the enemy's horsemen. Ensign Denison turned at once, and, after an exciting chase for many miles, succeeded in distancing his foes and escaping with his valuable charge.

On another occasion, he had under his orders a number of boats employed in bringing army munitions from Kingston to York. Somewhere near Port Hope, while creeping along shore to avoid the United States vessels cruising in the Lake, he observed several of them bearing down in his direction. Immediately he ran his boats up a small stream, destroying a bridge across its mouth to open a passage, and hid them so effectually that the enemy's fleet passed by without suspecting their presence.

About the year 1821, Captain Denison formed the design to purchase the farm west of the city, now known as the Rusholme property. The owner lived at Niagara. A friend who knew of his intention, told him one summer's morning, while he was looking at some goods in a store, that he would not get the land, as another man had left that morning for Niagara, in Oates's sloop, to gain the start of him. The day being unusually fine, Mr. Denison noticed that the sloop was still in sight, becalmed a mile or two off Gibraltar Point. Home he went, put up some money for the purchase, mounted his horse, and set out for Niagara round the head of the Lake, travelling all day and through the night, and arriving shortly after daybreak. There he saw the sloop in the river, endeavouring with the morning breeze to make the landing. To rouse up the intending vendor, to close the bargain, and get a receipt for the money, was soon accomplished; and when the gentleman who had hoped to forestall him came on the scene, he was wofully chop fallen to find himself distanced in the race.

From the close of the war until the year 1837, Mr. Denison was occupied, like other men of his position, with his duties as a magistrate, the cultivation of his farm, and the rearing of his family. In 1822, he organized the cavalry corps now known as the Governor-General's Body-Guard. When the Rebellion broke out, he took up arms again in defence of the Crown, and on the day of the march up Yonge Street, was intrusted with the command of the Old Fort. At about noon, a body of men was seen approaching. Eagerly and anxiously the defenders waited, expecting every moment an onset, and determined to meet it like men. The suspense lasted some minutes, when suddenly the Major exclaimed, 'Why, surely that's my brother Tom!' And so it was. The party consisted of a number of good loyalists, headed by Thomas Denison of Weston, hastening to the aid of the Government against Mackenzie and his adherents. Of course, the gates were soon thrown open, and, with hearty cheers on both sides, the new-comers entered the Fort.

For six months Major Denison con-

tinued in active service with his cavalry, and in the summer of 1838, was promoted to command the battalion of West York Militia. His eldest son, the late Richard L. Denison, succeeded to the command of the cavalry corps, which was kept on service for six months in the winter of 1838–9.

Mr. Denison was elected an alderman of Toronto in the year 1834, and served in the same capacity up to the end of 1843.

That he was quite independent of the 'Family Compact,' or of any other official clique, is shown by the fact, that on Mackenzie's second expulsion from the House of Assembly in 1832, Alderman Denison voted for his re-election for the County of York.

Our old friend died in 1853, leaving four sons, viz.: Richard L. Denison, of Dover Court, named above; the late George Taylor Denison, of Rusholme; Robert B. Denison, of Bellevue, now Deputy-Adjutant-General for this district; Charles L. Denison, of Brockton; and also one daughter, living. Among his grandchildren are Colonel George T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard, and Police Magistrate; Major F. C. Denison, of the same corps; and Lieutenant John Denison, R. N. The late Colonel R. L. Denison, of Dover Court, left eight sons and one daughter. The whole number of the Canadian descendants of John Denison, of Hedon, now living, is over one hundred.

ALDERMAN ALEXANDER DIXON.

Few persons engaged in trade have done more for their compatriots, in a quiet, unostentatious way, than the subject of this sketch. Actively employed in the management of his business as a saddler and harness maker, Mr. Dixon yet found time to lay in a solid foundation of standard literature, and even of theological lore, which qualified him to mix in intellectual society of a high order. He also possessed great readiness of speech, a genial, good-natured countenance and manner, and a fund of drollery and comic wit, which, added to a strong Irish accent, made him a special favourite in the City Council, as well as at public dinners, and on social festive occasions. I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him from 1838 until his death, and can speak with confidence of his feelings and principles.

The family records show that Alexander Dixon was born at Carlow, Ireland, in 1792; that he was early placed as an apprentice to a saddler in Longford, where he commenced business on his own account. He then transferred his establishment to Dublin, where he remained until his departure for America.

About the year 1832, Mr. Dixon came to York on his way to Mount Vernon, in the State of Ohio, where he had been informed there was an Episcopal College, and a settlement of Episcopalians on the College territory. In order to satisfy himself of the truth of these statements, he travelled thither alone, leaving his family in the then town of York. Disappointed in the result of his visit, he returned here, and had almost made up his mind to go back to Dublin, but abandoned the intention in consequence of the urgent arguments of the Hon. John Henry Dunn, Receiver-General,* who persuaded him to remain. His first step was to secure a lease of the lot of land on King Street, where the Messrs. Nordheimer's music warehouse now stands. He built there two frame shops, which were considered marvels of architecture at that day, and continued to occupy one of them until Wellington Buildings, between Church and Toronto Streets, were erected by himself and other enterprising tradesmen. Merchants of all ranks lived over their shops in those days, and very

* Father of the lamented Lieut.-Col. A. R. Dunn, who won the Victoria Cross at Balaclava, and died, as is believed, by the accidental discharge of a gun in Abyssinia.

handsome residences these buildings made.

In 1834, Mr. Dixon was elected alderman for St. Lawrence Ward, which position he continued to hold, against all assailants, up to the end of 1850. He was also a justice of the peace, and did good service in that capacity. In the City Council no man was more useful and industrious in all good works, and none exercised greater influence over its deliberations.

When the troubles of 1837 began, Alderman Dixon threw all his energies into the cause of loyalty, and took so active a part in support of Sir F. B. Head's policy, that his advice was on most occasions sought by the Lieutenant-Governor, and frequently acted upon. This continued throughout the rule of Sir George Arthur, and until the arrival of the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, who cared little for the opinions of other men, however well qualified to advise and inform. Mr. Dixon was too independent and too incorruptible a patriot for that accomplished politician.

Few men in Toronto have done more for the beautifying of our city. The Adelaide Buildings, on King Street, were long the handsomest, as they were the best built, of their class. His house, at the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, set an example for our finest private residences. The St. Lawrence Hall, which is considered by visitors a great ornament to the city, was erected from plans suggested by him. And among religious edifices, Trinity Church and St. James's Cathedral are indebted to him, the former mainly and the latter in part, for their complete adaptation in style and convenience, to the services of the Church to which he belonged and which he highly venerated. To Trinity Church, especially, which was finished and opened for Divine Service on February 14, 1844, he gave himself up with the most unflagging zeal and watchfulness, examining the plans in the minutest details, supervising the work as it progressed, almost counting the bricks and measuring the stonework, with the eye of a father watching his infant's first footsteps. In fact, he was popularly styled 'the Father and Founder of Trinity Church,' a designation which was justly recognised by Bishop Strachan in his dedication sermon.*

As a friend, I had something to say respecting most of his building plans, and fully sympathized with the objects he had in view; one of the fruits of my appreciotion was the following poem, which, although of little merit in itself, is perhaps worth preserving as a record of honourable deeds and well-employed talents :—

THE POOR MAN'S CHURCH.

Wake, harp of Zion, silent long,
Nor voiceless and unheard be thou,
While meetest theme of sacred song
Awaits thy chorded numbers now!

Too seldom, 'mid the sounds of strife
That rudely ring unwelcome here,
Thy music soothes this fever'd life
With breathings from a holier sphere.

The warrior, wading deep in crime,
Desertless, lives in poet's lays;
The statesman wants not stirring rhyme
To cheer the chequer'd part he plays:

And Zion's harp, to whom alone
Soft-echoing, higher themes belong,
Oh lend thy sweet aërial tone—
'Tis meek-eyed Virtue claims the song.

Beyond the limits of the town
A summer's ramble, may be seen
A scattered suburb, newly grown,
Rude huts, and ruder fields between.

Life's luxuries abound not there,
Labour and hardship share the spot;
Hope wrestles hard with frowning care,
And lesser wants are heeded not.

Religion was neglected too—
'Twas far to town—the poor are proud—
They could not boast a garb as new,
And shunn'd to join the well-drest crowd.

* The Building Committee of Trinity Church comprised, besides Alderman Dixon, Messrs. William Gooderham, Enoch Turner, and Joseph Shuter.

No country church adorned the scene,
In modest beauty smiling fair,
Of mein so peaceful and serene,
The poor man feels his home is there.

Oh England! with thy village chimes,
Thy church-wed hamlets, scattered wide,
The emigrant to other climes
Remembers thee with grateful pride;

And owns that once at home again,
With fonder love his heart would bless
Each humble, lowly, halowed fane
That sanctifies thy loveliness.

But here, alas! the heart was wrung
To see so wan, so drear a waste—
Life's thorns and briars rankly sprung,
And peace and love, its flowers, displaced.

And weary seasons pass'd away,
As time's fast-ebbing tide roll'd by,
To thousands rose no Sabbath-day,
They lived—to suffer—sin—and die!

Then men of Christian spirit came,
They saw the mournful scene with grief;
To such it e'er hath been the same
To know distress and give relief.

They told the tale, nor vainly told—
They won assistance far and wide;
His heart were dull indeed and cold,
Who such petitioner denied.

They chose a slightly-rising hill
That bordered closely on the road,
And workmen brought of care and skill,
And wains with many a cumbrous load.

With holy prayer and chanted hymn
The task was sped upon its way;
And hearts beat high and eyes were dim
To see so glad a sight that day.

And slowly as the work ascends,
In just proportions, strong and fair,
How watchfully its early friends
With zealous ardour linger near.

Tis finished now—a Gothic pile,
—Brave handiwork of faith and love—
In England's ancient hallowed style,
That pointeth aye, like hope, above:

With stately tower and turret high,
And quaint-arch'd door, and buttress'd wall,
And window stain'd of various dye,
And antique moulding over all.

And hark! the Sabbath-going bell!
A solemn tale it peals abroad—
To all around its echoes tell
'This building is the house of GOD!'

Say, Churchman! doth no still, small voice
Within you whisper—'while 'tis day
Go bid the desert place rejoice!
Your Saviour's high behest obey;

'Say not, your pow'rs are scant and weak,
What hath been done, may be anew;
HE addeth strength to all who seek
To serve Him with affection true.'

Alderman Dixon was not only a thorough-going and free-handed Churchman, but was very popular with the ministers and pastors of other religious denominations. The heads of the Methodist Church, and even the higher Roman Catholic clergy of Toronto, frequently sought his advice and assistance to smooth down asperities and reconcile feuds. He was every man's friend, and had no enemies of whom I ever heard. He wrote with facility, and argued with skill and readiness. His memory was exceedingly retentive; he knew and could repeat page after page from Dryden's 'Virgil' and Pope's 'Homer.' Any allusion to them would draw from him forty or fifty lines in connection with its subject. Mickle's 'Lusiad' he knew equally well, and was fond of reciting its most beautiful descriptions of scenery and places in South Africa and India. He was an enthusiastic book-collector, and left an extensive and valuable library, now in the possession of his eldest son, Canon Dixon, of Guelph.

With the Orange body, Alderman Dixon exercised considerable influence, which he always exerted in favour of a Christian regard for the rights and feelings of those who differed from them. On one occasion, and only one, I remember his suffering some indignity at their hands. He and others had exerted themselves to induce the Orangemen to waive their annual procession, and had succeeded

so far as the city lodges were concerned. But the country lodges would not forego their cherished rights, and on 'the 12th'—I forget the year—entered Toronto from the west in imposing numbers. At the request of the other magistrates, Alderman Dixon and, I think, the late Mayor Gurnett, met the procession opposite Osgoode Hall, and remonstrated with the leaders for disregarding the wishes of the City Council and the example of their city brethren. His eloquence, however, was of no avail. He and his colleague were rudely thrust aside, and Mr. Dixon was thrown down, but suffered no other damage than a soiled coat.

As president of the St. Patrick's Society, he did much to preserve unanimity in that body, which then embraced Irishmen of all creeds among its members. His speeches at its annual dinners were greatly admired for their ability and liberality; and it was a favourite theme of his, that the three nationalities—Irish, Scotch and English—together formed an invincible combination; while if unhappily separated, they might have to succumb to inferior races. He concluded his argument on one occasion by quoting Scott's striking lines on the Battle of Waterloo:—

> 'Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
> And Cressy be an unknown spot,
> And Blenheim's name be new:
> But still in glory and in song,
> For many an age remembered long,
> Shall live the tow'rs of Hougoumont
> And Field of Waterloo.'

The peals of applause and rapture with which these patriotic sentiments were received, will not easily be forgotten by his hearers.

Nor were his literary acquirements limited to such subjects. The works of Jeremy Taylor and his contemporaries, he was familiar with; and was a great authority in Irish history and antiquities; enquiries often came to him from persons in the United States and elsewhere, respecting disputed and doubtful questions, which he was generally competent to solve.

Mr. Dixon was long an active member of the committee of the Church Society; and the first delegate of St. James's Church to the Provincial Synod. In these and all other good works, he was untiring and disinterested.

I was often much amused to notice that he seemed to have less patience with his own poorer fellow countrymen than with those of other nationalities. If an Irishman came to him to ask for pecuniary assistance, he would say — mimicking the man's brogue —'Arrah now, ye spalpeen, why don't ye work? No man need be idle here. There's a saw and sawhorse in the yard beyant, and plenty of wood to saw. Let me see what ye can do between this and noon, and I'll pay ye for it; but I'll give nothing to idlers—mind ye that!' Turning to me he would say, 'I am ashamed of my countrymen. They expect everything to be done for them, and do nothing for themselves.' My answer was, 'It might hardly be safe, Mr. Dixon, for me to say the same thing in your presence.' At which he laughed merrily.

Mr. Dixon died in the year 1855, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, of whom several have acquired distinction in various ways. His eldest son I have mentioned above. William Dixon, his second son, was Dominion Emigration Agent in London, England, where he died in 1873. Another son, Major Fred. E. Dixon, is well known in connection with the 'Queen's Own' of Toronto.

(*To be continued.*)

IS CANADIAN LOYALTY A SENTIMENT OR A PRINCIPLE?

BY ALPHEUS TODD, C.M.G., LL.D., OTTAWA.

NOW and again this question is mooted, either in the press or in other public utterances, wherein the loyalty of the Canadian people to the person of the Sovereign, and the sincerity of their attachment to British institutions, may chance to be discussed. Certain writers have doubted the depth and reality of this feeling, alleging that it was ephemeral, and predicting that it would never stand the test of time, or of failing commercial prosperity. With men of this class, all principle is liable to be subordinated to pecuniary interests, and the preference for one form of government over another is apt to be regarded as mainly an affair of the pocket.

That some amongst us are open to such temptations is undeniable, to whatever cause it may be attributed. But these persons are not fair representatives of the genuine opinion of the country; they are not amongst the bone and sinew of our population. It may be worth while to consider this subject a little carefully, to ascertain whether there is any definite and reliable foundation from which our vaunted loyalty has sprung, and upon which it bids fair to remain secure.

Professor Seeley, in a recent lecture before the University of Cambridge, on the character of Bonaparte, impresses upon students the vast importance of the study of history, especially that of our own times, as affording the key to the solution of most of the political problems of the day. And he urges them to reflect whether 'the task of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics—so that for the future all history shall end in politics, and all politics shall begin in history—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.'

These remarks, from one of the most profound thinkers and most learned teachers in England, are worthy of careful attention. They afford a clue to the inquiry which we propose to undertake in this paper.

The materials for our researches into the actual worth of Canadian loyalty, and its probable trustworthiness under trial, are abundant and accessible to all.

Within the past year, the venerable and respected ex-Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, published a history of the Loyalists of America, and their times, from 1620 to 1816. From this elaborate and painstaking work full particulars may be gathered concerning the first settlement of Upper Canada.

Shortly before the Independence of the United States was achieved, the whole of the territory now known as the Province of Ontario was a wilderness, inhabited only by wandering tribes of Indians. In Lower Canada there were a few thriving settlements of French Canadians; the other British-American colony of Nova Scotia possessed but a scanty population.

During the continuance of the struggle between the Imperial authority and the revolting American colonies, some devoted Loyalists sought refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia from the hardships to which they were exposed

in the old colonies because of their fidelity to the British Crown. But it was not until the close of the War of Independence, that any considerable number of political refugees were driven to this necessity. The circumstances which at last compelled so many to abandon their former homes are fully narrated by Dr. Ryerson, the accuracy of whose statements is confirmed by the fact that in every instance the particulars are either quoted from American historians, or corroborated by their admissions.

From Dr. Ryerson's careful investigations much can be learnt that will modify popular impressions regarding the events of this exciting period.

Although it is clear that from the outset separation from the Mother Country was the aim and determination of the leaders of the extreme party, yet the great bulk of the colonists were unwilling to break the tie of their allegiance. Until Independence was actually declared, the principal moiety of the community refused to contemplate the possibility of this result. But the leaders of the rebel party were resolute and too often unscrupulous. They coerced the simple farmers and labourers who opposed their schemes, and persecuted all who persevered in resisting them. For several months before, as well as after, the final issue of the struggle, the condition of the loyal adherents to British supremacy was humiliating and even perilous. They were subjected to every species of insult and contumely. They were liable at any moment to arrest and imprisonment, and to the seizure and confiscation of their property. For refusing to side with the rebel party, they were threatened with banishment, and even with death. Leading partizans of Congress vehemently advocated the 'wholesale hanging' of Loyalists. In 1776, the New York State Convention resolved, 'that any person being an adherent to the King of Great Britain, should be accounted guilty of treason and suffer death.' Similar laws were enacted against Loyalists in other provinces, who continued to advocate the cause of the British Government. In South Carolina alone was there a humane and compassionate policy pursued towards the defeated Royalists.

Under these circumstances, their only safety was in flight. After the British troops evacuated Boston, upwards of a thousand citizens left the place. These men publicly declared that, 'if they thought the most abject submission would procure them peace, they never would have stirred.'

The laws in force against the Loyalists remained unrepealed until long after the peace, in 1783. It is true that Congress—pursuant to the Treaty of Peace, and in accordance with the practice of European nations in similar cases—recommended to the several States of the Union to encourage those who had been compelled to expatriate themselves to return, and to grant them compensation for the loss of their property. But this advice was ignored. On the contrary, some of the States evinced a disposition to proscribe rather than to indemnify, and even to enact further confiscations against the sufferers. The Royalists not unreasonably complained of these proceedings. It seemed to them most cruel and unjust that merely for supporting the government under which they were born, and to which they owed a natural allegiance, they should be doomed to suffer all the penalties of capital offenders.

It is, therefore, no matter for surprise, that but a small number of the Loyalists who fled the country at the outbreak, or during the progress, of the War of Independence, returned, when the conflict was over; and that, out of some thirty thousand persons who abandoned their possessions after the peace—and while the enactments against their lives and property were still in force—comparatively few either desired or were able to return, when the new government permitted them

to do so. For they had sacrificed their property and forsaken their homes, and had voluntarily chosen poverty and exile, rather than relinquish their cherished convictions, or participate in an act of rebellion which they abhorred.

At this eventful crisis, these staunch and noble-hearted refugees were kindly welcomed to British soil by the Imperial Government, and liberally treated in their new abode. The term U.E.—signifying United Empire Loyalists,—was affixed by the Crown, as 'a mark of honour' upon the families who adhered to the unity of the empire and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in 1783; and a list of such persons was ordered to be made out and preserved amongst the archives of the State, so that these patriots might be individually discriminated from all future settlers. Free grants of land were given to the U. E. Loyalists, and further grants guaranteed to their children, when they should become of age.

The number of persons who, first and last, were entitled to the honourable appellation of U. E. Loyalist, cannot be exactly determined. It is known, however, that up to the close of the war some 13,000 souls, including many of the well-to-do class, had removed to Nova Scotia and to the Island of St. John, afterwards called Prince Edward Island. By this influx, the population of Nova Scotia, then comprising the future Province of New Brunswick, was in one year more than doubled. About 10,000 made their way, with considerable difficulty, and encountering many hardships, to the western part of the Province of Quebec, which was subsequently set apart as Upper Canada, a province of which the U. E. Loyalists were the actual pioneers and founders, as before their arrival it was a wilderness. It is with their future that we are chiefly concerned in this brief essay.

These faithful men brought to their forest homes in the wilds of Upper Canada the same noble qualities of loyalty to their sovereign, of sterling integrity, and of reverence to God, for which many of them were previously remarkable. They reared their families in industry, simplicity, and frugality; and as occasion served, helped to build up this new province of the British Crown in conformity with the sound principles of law and order which had animated and distinguished their own lives. Their occupation, at first, was to clear the land, and cultivate the hitherto unbroken forest. Several touching narratives of the sufferings to which the early settlers were exposed at this period are given in Dr. Ryerson's second volume, in the shape of personal reminiscences. But they soon triumphed over natural obstacles, and gradually converted the wilderness into a fertile and prosperous land; 'planting with their hoes the germ of its future greatness.'

Many of the original band of U. E. Loyalists attained to a patriarchal age, and evinced a mental as well as a bodily vigour which eminently qualified them to fill useful and prominent positions in their adopted country. In the annals of Upper Canada, and of the Eastern Provinces, amongst the legislators, the magistrates, the clergymen, and those engaged in all the active and honourable pursuits of life, the names of U. E. Loyalists and their descendants—during the hundred years which have elapsed since their removal thither—have been and continue to be specially conspicious.

In providing for their material wants, the U. E. Loyalist immigrants did not lose sight of the importance of continuing to cultivate a military spirit, so that they might be able, if necessary, to defend successfully the Empire for which they had already made so great a sacrifice. A considerable number of the refugees had borne arms, on the Royalist side, in the Revolutionary War. The gallant Scot-

tish soldiers who composed the New York Regiment under Sir John Johnson, when peace was proclaimed, accepted the offer of the British Government and settled on lands granted to them in Canada. These warriors were the pioneer settlers in the counties of Stormont and Dundas. They and their children, mostly Protestants, were reinforced within a few years, by an influx of Roman Catholic Highlanders, who chiefly took up their abode in the adjacent county of Glengarry. Together, these sturdy Scotchmen have proved themselves to be a valuable class of settlers, steadfast in retaining the language and customs of their forefathers, but no less devoted to the British Crown, and ready at any moment to risk life and property for their faith and fealty.

Within thirty years of their expatriation, events occurred which tested the willingness and capability of the British Canadians to fight in defence of their new homes and of the flag they loved so well. The War of 1812–15 broke out between England and the United States. Upper Canada was the principal battle-ground of this conflict. Meanwhile its population had increased to about one hundred thousand souls. The inhabitants eagerly responded to the call of the Government to organize and protect the frontiers of the Province from the assaults of the enemy. The story of their gallant and successful resistance of the invaders is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say that, with the help of a few hundred British troops, Upper Canada repelled the large armies of the Americans. Throughout the campaigns of this war, which lasted over three years, the forces of the United States were tenfold greater than the number of the Canadian soldiery. The Provincial militia, it need scarcely be said, was mainly composed of the sons of U. E. Loyalists, and their courage and endurance shewed that they were worthy scions of a noble race.

The spirit which animated the Canadian militia during the unequal conflict, is apparent in the Address of the Lieutenant-Governor, General Brock, to the Upper Canada Legislature, at the opening of the war, in 1812; and in the patriotic reply of the Assembly to his eloquent appeal. Brock concluded his speech in these stirring words :—'We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and dispatch in our councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by Free Men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, cannot be conquered.' The answer of the Assembly was couched in the same vein of fervent loyalty and lofty patriotism. These admirable documents were widely circulated throughout the Province, and contributed materially to stimulate and strengthen the people to face with intrepidity the impending struggle.

In Lower Canada, a similar attachment to the Crown and Government of Great Britain was displayed. The French Canadian *habitans* vied with their Anglo-Saxon brethren in loyalty and deeds of valour. It was by the joint efforts of both nationalities that Canada was preserved to the Empire. This must never be forgotten, and the hearty co-operation of all Canadians in a common cause at this trying time will, it is to be hoped, be a pledge of enduring fraternity in the future. But our present purpose is to trace the fortunes of the U. E. Loyalists and their descendants in British America, and to note the influence of their conduct and character upon the present generation of Upper Canadians.

In less than a quarter of a century from the close of the American war, another occasion presented itself for proving the sincerity of the attachment of Upper Canada to the British Crown. Agitating political questions were rife in the Province. They begat a wide spread desire for a more

popular form of government. The Imperial authorities were slow to accede to the demands of the reform party. Ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues strove to excite, in the rural population, a spirit of discontent and disaffection towards Imperial control. By their persistent efforts an insurrectionary movement was provoked in certain parts of the Province, and encouraged by the majority in the Assembly. At this juncture, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada was Sir Francis Bond Head, a half-pay officer and a staunch Loyalist, though inexperienced in political warfare. With great boldness, but with an assured conviction that the mass of the people were sound in their allegiance, the Governor determined to send all the Imperial troops out of the Province, to aid in supressing an outbreak of more serious proportions, which had taken place in Lower Canada. He resolved to trust wholly to the loyalty and good faith of the people in Upper Canada to sustain the Government. For this apparent rashness, Sir Francis was much blamed by many at the time. But the result proved that he understood the disposition of the people he had been deputed to govern better than his critics. Whilst denuding the province of every British soldier, the Governor spread abroad spirit-stirring proclamations and addresses, calling upon the Upper Canadians to rally and unite in support of their institutions and of the Crown, and by their own unaided efforts to put down this wicked and unnatural rebellion. His appeal was not in vain. From all parts of the Province volunteers hastened to Toronto, and very speedily this foolish and unwarrantable insurrection was extinguished. The policy of Sir Francis Head's proceedings for suppressing the rebellion was amply justified by the result, however hazardous it may have appeared at the moment. But it did not meet the approval of Her Majesty's Government. The Ministers then in office had evinced a disposition to temporize with some of the men who were prominent in encouraging the revolt. Sir Francis Head's actions were of too decided a character to please his masters. Accordingly, soon after public tranquillity was restored, his Excellency was recalled. The Duke of Wellington, and other leaders of the Conservative party, warmly espoused his cause, but to no purpose. For his assumed rashness, and for refusing to be a party to attempts to conciliate the men who had secretly abetted the insurrection, Sir Francis was thenceforth made to suffer, by exclusion from any further employment in the service of the Crown. A narrative of his Administration, which he afterwards published, reveals many interesting particulars which would seem to afford ample ground for his justification. But apart from the personal question between Sir Francis Head and the Imperial Administration—as to whether he acted with becoming prudence in the execution of his delegated powers at this critical juncture—there can be no doubt as to the effect of his policy upon the people of Upper Canada. In summoning them at this crisis to rally round the old flag, and to prove the sincerity of their affection to the British Crown, he was not mistaken. The great bulk of the inhabitants heartily responded to the call. Not only was the rebellion speedily suppressed by Canadian volunteers, unaided by any Imperial soldiers, but at the next general election the disaffected party was reduced to political insignificance.

Thus far, it had been unmistakably shown that Upper Canadian loyalty was no mere passing sentiment, but a genuine and enduring principle, ready to find expression with renewed vitality and enthusiasm, whenever the necessity for its manifestation should arise.

From that period until the present, we have been happily free from the operation of disturbing influences re-

quiring the special display of patriotism in Upper Canada. And yet events have occurred which serve to indicate the unabated loyalty which animates the people. Irish discontent, culminating in Fenianism, has more than once threatened to ravage our fair Province with fire and sword, with the avowed intention of thereby compelling the Mother Country to yield the redress of Irish grievances. But our gallant volunteers were always on the alert, and these ridiculous attempts were frustrated without difficulty, and with very little loss of life. Repeatedly, since the grant of local self-government to Canada, her Parliament and people have spontaneously tendered the services of our brave militia to aid the Imperial troops in foreign warfare, or when conflicts were anticipated in Europe. These offers were dictated by devotion to the Crown and Empire, and were further proofs of the unselfish loyalty of Canadians. Annually, since 1875, the sum of 50,000 dollars has been granted by the Dominion Parliament for pensions to the surviving veterans of the War of 1812, in addition to large amounts yearly voted for pensions to the widows and orphans of militiamen who had lost their lives in defence of the country. This munificent liberality testifies to the high estimation in which Canada regards the efforts of those of her own children who fought to maintain our connection with England, and to uphold the national honour.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to note, that the hostility and estrangement between Canadians and the citizens of the American Republic—natural at a time of separation and of internecine strife—has wholly died out, and is replaced by sentiments of mutual esteem and good-will. As was happily expressed by our excellent Governor-General, in his recent speech at Winnipeg, our people have learnt to recognise the fact 'that the interests of the Empire and of the United States may advance side by side without jealousy or friction, and that the good of the one is interwoven with the welfare of the other.' We may not, indeed, admire or approve of the political institutions of our neighbours, but we have learnt to respect the American people, and account many of their enlightened efforts to promote the public welfare, and to purify and elevate society, as deserving not merely of praise but of imitation.

It is wholly foreign from my desire, in this essay, to criticize American political institutions, or to direct attention to what may seem defective therein further than may be absolutely necessary to the purpose in hand. But I cannot refrain from giving utterance to one or two thoughts on this subject, in order to vindicate, from my own point of view, the wisdom and foresight of our forefathers, when they deliberately preferred the loss of property and the perils incident to their flight into the wilderness, rather than forego the blessings of British supremacy and of monarchical rule. These observations will not, I trust, be deemed intentionally disrespectfuly towards our American cousins.

In severing their connection with England, the United States abandoned a political system wherein politics and religion were advisedly if not inseparably connected. This union, in the pithy words of Lord Eldon, was not designed 'for the purpose of making the Church political, but the State religious.' Christianity, in fact, is part and parcel of the British Constitution, and the entire framework of our polity is pervaded with the ennobling influences and restraints of religion.

The practical effect of the union between Church and State has been the preservation in Great Britain of a high standard of honour in the administration of public affairs, both foreign and domestic, which is specially observable in the relations of her government with other countries.

The United States have deliberately departed from this ancient and solid foundation. They claim that 'the people are the source of all political power.' They have left out of their Constitution any acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being. They have prohibited not merely the establishment of religion in the land, but also any national preference of Christianity over Judaism, Mahommedanism, or infidelity. The American people are undoubtedly remarkable, in certain aspects, as a God-fearing community, yet they have always repudiated the idea of any necessary connection between religion and politics. Now-a-days, it is unhappily a prevalent idea that the exercise of no political rights should be affected by a man's repudiation of a belief in God. The painful scenes recently exhibited in the House of Commons, in the Bradlaugh case, are sufficient evidence of this. But the distinction to which I point, in comparing the English and American Constitutions, is apparent by the fact, that in the United States there is nothing to hinder the presence of an avowed atheist in Congress, whilst in England the proposal to admit Bradlaugh into Parliament is justly regarded as breaking down the barrier which has hitherto restrained those who openly discard belief in the existence of God, and in the divine obligation of an oath, from sharing in the councils of the nation.* Notwithstanding the time-serving spirit of the Government, who were afraid to take a decided stand on this question, the religious instincts of the people—more faithful than their leaders to the true principles of the Constitution—have thus far prevailed to close the doors of parliament against an avowed infidel and blasphemer.

At the time of the separation of the American colonies from Great Britain, the expediency of a permanent alliance between religion and politics had not become an open question. The existence of this alliance was indisputable. It was wrought into the fabric of our national polity. Such a connection does not necessarily require the perpetual union between Church and State, or forbid different Christian denominations to exist, as in Canada, upon a footing of perfect equality. But it implies and involves the distinct responsibility of a Christian government to respect the revealed laws of God, to enforce the decorous observance of the Christian Sabbath, and generally to protect and uphold the institutions of Christianity. In these particulars Great Britain has been an example to all other nations.

On the other hand, we cannot be unmindful of the fact, that in the United States — notwithstanding the abundance of individual piety amongst the people—there is a grievous lack of the restraining influences of government to repress the abuses of free thought, in social and religious matters. Witness the liberty allowed in that country to the growth and establishment of Mormonism in the western territories, and to the reckless blasphemies of Ingersoll—both of them awful growths and developments of free thought, working incalculable mischief to multitudes—but wholly disregarded by the civil authorities. Such abominable and injurious outcomes of the right of pri-

* It is true that the taking of an oath or an affirmation, by a member elect, is equally prescribed by American as by English law. But there is a material difference in the character of this obligation in the two countries. In England, the affirmation by a member elected to Parliament is essentially a religious act, as much so as taking the oath. The primary law enjoins an oath. But to meet the scruples of certain Christian denominations, who object to the use of an oath, at any time, they and they only are permitted, on such occasions, to make an affirmation instead. In the United States, the alternative use of an affirmation in lieu of an oath has no such origin. It is expressly permitted, by an article of the Constitution, to any person who for any reason,—as, for example, because, like Bradlaugh, he disbelieved in the existence of God,—might prefer to affirm, to do so; instead of taking the prescribed oath.

vate judgment could not assuredly have originated or have been permitted to take root in England, or in any of her colonies.

In cherishing her connection with the Parent State, Canada has retained the inestimable advantage of stable Christian government, which affords to individuals the utmost possible freedom consistent with wholesome restraints upon the excesses of democratic opinion or the license of profanity. So long as we continue to uphold institutions which confer upon our people such manifest benefits, we are politically safe. Crafty or thoughtless propagandists may strive to instil into credulous ears a preference for republicanism :—the supposed material gain we might derive from 'independence' or 'annexation' may be plausibly urged, by politicians who can see no difference in principle between a monarchy and a republic ;—but unless Canadians have forgotten the lessons of their past history, we need not fear for their future. If we have interpreted the history of Upper Canada aright, we may rest assured that Canadian loyalty is no mere transient emotion, liable to be affected by the fleeting changes of popular sentiment, but an enduring principle, powerful enough to enable us to withstand many vicissitudes before consenting to exchange our free institutions, protected by the British flag, and subject to the supremacy of British law, for any other form of government upon earth.

AU REVOIR.

BY W. T. H., MONTREAL.

THE wind came sighing in a fitful strain
'They shall not meet again !
Rude blasts shall bear their peace away,
And wintry storms draw near ;
Clouds shall eclipse the coming day,
And fill their hearts with fear.—
They shall not meet again !'

And voices cried across the billowy main :
'They shall not meet again !
They have their joy in shifting sands,
And each encroaching wave,
Like the fell grasp of fateful hands,
Shall lay it in the grave.—
They shall not meet again !'

Despair gave answer, like to one in pain :
'They shall not meet again !
Her sweet voice is forever still,
And quenched her speaking eye ;
She sleeps beneath a mossy hill :
O God ! that she should die.—
They shall not meet again ! '

Then whispered Hope from her own sacred fane :
'Yes ! they shall meet again !
Where storms of winter never come,
Or cruel fate's alarms,
Or icy Death ; but rest and home
In the eternal arms :—
Where love upsprings in each true heart
Under a greener sod ;
And hand from hand shall never part,
Clasped at the throne of God ! '

ACROSS THE SEA ;

OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

III.

WHILE the remains of Cleopatra, the woman that infatuated and destroyed the noble Roman—Mark Antony—who, with his sword, quartered the world, are in the British Museum, his place of sepulture is unknown. Held captive by Cleopatra's blandishments, he dallied by her side while his enemy, Octavius, was gathering together his forces wherewith to strip him of the purple, and to avenge Octavia's wrongs. Roused, when too late, to a sense of his danger, he tried to beat back the storm about to burst upon him, and at Actium paid for his tardiness and folly by his defeat. Towards the close of the action, Cleopatra, who was witnessing it, was suddenly seized with terror and turned her galley to the shore. Mark Antony, never before known to flee, followed, lost his cause, and, by falling on his sword, ended his misery and his life. He was a victim to that power, of which it has been sung—

'There's a power whose sway angel souls adore,
And the lost obey, weeping evermore.'

And, then, of course, this Queen of

Beauty sought to cast her fascinations about the conqueror, and to entangle Octavius in her toils; as ready to smile upon him, as she had been to smile upon Antony. She had the reward of all traitors. Spurned by Octavius, and driven to despair, she preferred to die rather than grace his triumph by being led—the Queen of Egypt—through the streets of Rome, amid the derisive shouts of the people, and herself held to her bosom an asp that stung her to death. There has always been 'a woman in the case' from the time when Eve tempted Adam with the apple and caused his banishment from the Garden of Eden. Still, it must certainly be said that, having enjoyed the apple, his plea of justification was very mean. 'The woman that thou gavest me, &c., &c.' A story was told, not long ago, of a man, high in authority, being undone by the wicked wit of a woman. At a banquet in Constantinople was present a woman of great gifts who, from the stage, had been charming the people of America with her histrionic talents. There, too, was the ambassador of the Great German Empire—Baron Magnus—who had been paying court to this Queen of the Drama. Conscious of her power and anxious to shew it, she suddenly asked him to drink a toast of her giving. Courtier-like, he assented and, as he stood, glass in hand, to do her bidding, with triumph in her eyes, this daughter of France called upon the German Ambassador to drink '*à la France entière.*' Hapless man, suddenly conscious of the impropriety and danger of such an act he, for a moment, irresolute stood, as if pleading to her to recall her words. Woman of the world as she was, she well knew how fatal the consequences to him must be; but, bent on her triumph, she was pitiless and insisted. He, poor fool—fascinated and infatuated—drank the fatal draught. Imagine the astonishment of the guests at the banquet—the Ambassador of the German Empire—the representative of the Kaiser—drinking to the toast '*La France entière.*' A Frenchwoman's revenge. Like some men I wot of, willing to sacrifice a friend, to make a jest. The wrath of the stern Kaiser was soon made known. The Baron, doubtless, a man of mark, was quickly recalled, stripped of his honours, and thus publicly disgraced. Had he not distinguished himself in some way, it is not probable that he would have been the representative of the proudest Empire of the world. By the idle, wicked words of a woman, his life was for ever blasted, and he who, perhaps, at one time was considered an able man, was laughed at as a fool. His career broken, his reason gone, he is now a miserable wreck of humanity; and his days, that might have been useful, are spent in babbling folly; while she goes on her conquering way. So the story goes.

But, if there are women that have destroyed, there are women that have saved. Only we hear of the evil—not of the good. We, horrid men, are doubtless monsters, but, both in badness, and in goodness, women surpass us:—

> 'For men at most differ
> As Heaven and earth;
> But Women—*worst and best*
> As Heaven and Hell.'

With all their faults, we love them still, and not a few join in Byron's wish who, if he were pretty bad, like most of us—occasionally,—was never hypocritical:—

> 'I love the sex and sometimes would reverse
> The tyrant's wish "that mankind only had
> One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
> My wish is quite as wide but not so bad,
> And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
> It being (not now but only when a lad),
> That womankind had but one rosy mouth
> To kiss them *all* at once, from North to South.'

How the splendour of Byron's genius was dimmed by the follies of his life, but indeed hard measure was meted out to him by the 'Unco Guid,' who ignored the admonition:—

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.'

Byron was rather the opposite of the lover with regard to whom a friend, urging his suit with a maiden fair, asked the question—

'But what do you think of the lad, my love,
Tell me all that is in your heart,'
'I think,' she said, 'he is *dreffful good;*
But he isn't *the least bit* smart."

A most enjoyable morning had we at the Doré Gallery. The few visitors present seemed awed into stillness by the greatness of the artist's conception and the sacredness of the subjects so vividly portrayed. Though destitute of any knowledge of art, I was fairly spell-bound before the painting, 'Christ Leaving the Prætorium.' Here before me was almost a living representation of the scene that had so closely preceded the suffering, for our miserable sakes by our Saviour on the Cross,—suffering so great that, notwithstanding His love and desire to save us from deserved punishment, the human part of this God-Man shrank shuddering back, appalled for an instant, as his lips gave utterance to the pitiful prayer, 'O, my Father, *if it be possible*, let this cup pass from me,' but, instantly, the Divine Nature asserted itself, as He quickly added, 'nevertheless, *not* as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Here were the figures of the men that had played such important part in the condemnation. Caiphas, one of the Chief Priests, who had preferred to save the robber Barrabas rather than Him who had made the blind to see, and brought the dead to life. Herod, by whose order all the children in Bethlehem, from two years and under, were slain, so that the voice of mothers was heard wailing through the land, 'weeping for their children, because they were not.' There, too, was well-intentioned but weak of purpose Pilate, who tried to save Him, but seeing that he could prevail nothing, took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it.' And then we are told, answered all the people, who, notwithstanding the manifestations of the Divine Power of the Man standing meekly before them, dared the wrath of the Most High, exclaiming, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children.'

How any one can hesitate to believe is indeed a marvel, for how strictly the Scriptures have been fulfilled. Driven from Jerusalem, have not the descendants of this people ever since been persecuted and despised by all nations of the earth. The sins of the fathers have indeed been visited upon the children, and the defiant invocation of the Jews assembled that day has been answered to the letter. *His blood has indeed been on them and their children.* Such were the thoughts called up by the sight of this wonderful creation of Doré; and, after spending considerable time at the Gallery, I went away, more impressed than I had ever been with a sense of the reality of the sufferings of Him who had died to save sinners. This production of the skilled hand of the artist could not but stamp upon the mind of the observer an ineffacable impression of the depth of contumely, insult and degradation that was heaped by the chosen people of God upon His Son that He had sent to save them. From the jeering look upon some of the faces, one could well imagine the mocking shout that, during His agony, rent the air, of 'Hail King of the Jews!' At the great Day of Wrath, those, whose tongues were so ready to deride, will be bowed with shame, fear and trembling:—

'Day of Wrath, O, Day of Blaming,
In red ashes earth fades flaming,
David's Sybils truth proclaiming,
O, dread time of heart-quake looming,
When the Judge shall come in glooming,
Unto all to deal stern dooming.
Trumpet hurling sound of wonder
Through the tombs the whole world under,
Drives all fore the throne with thunder.
Death shall swoon and nature sicken,
When from dust mankind shall quicken,
God to answer, *conscience-stricken.*'

This painting so rivetted our attention as to rob the two others in the room—notable of themselves,—'The Dream of Pilate's Wife' and 'The Soldiers of the Cross,'—of that which they deserved. And here I would desire to erase a false impression that may have been given by a paragraph in the last number of the MONTHLY, in which, after alluding to the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, in which people were murdered and persecuted in the name of religion—Protestants by Catholics and Catholics by Protestants—the following appeared: 'For my part, it does appear to me that at the dread day, it will matter little whether, on earth, we called ourselves Protestant or Catholic.' In the manuscript followed two or three sentences in which I endeavoured to explain the sense in which that statement was made; but which were dropped from the printed page. I would most certainly not intentionally write a word that would seem to indicate sympathy with the spirit of indifference as to religious matters that now so much prevails, and that too often leads to positive infidelity. The bald statement here alluded to might be considered as indicating such views. My desire was to say a word against the spirit of intolerance too often displayed by members of the two great divisions of Christians, who, though they differ in important and significant points, and as to form and ritual, still worship the same God and look for salvation to the same Saviour. There are Protestants and Catholics who, like the Pharisees of old, thank God that they are not as other men, and are illiberal enough to think that those who differ from them must be lost. It seems to me that a broader view will be taken. I remember when, years ago, meeting a prominent Irishman in this city, some allusion was made to religious matters. Good nature and good will to all men beaming from every lineament of his countenance, I thought, now here's a man of large views. Sadly was I disappointed. Turning to him I said, 'Surely, you don't believe that, because I am a Protestant, I will go to H—ades.' This good-natured man, overflowing, apparently with love for humanity, quickly and hotly answered, 'No, I don't *think* so—I'm *sure* of it!' Himself a Warden of a Reformatory, he evidently did not believe in the Reformation. Well, for his sake, I hope that my views will turn out to be the correct ones.

Turning from land to water, the collision of the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice*, was at the time in everybody's mouth. Six hundred people had, almost in the twinkling of an eye, been called upon to render up their lives. Ah, what a world of anguish such a death must mean. A few moments before the collision with jests on their lips and, perchance, wickedness in their hearts. A few moments later, struggling in the dark waters, wives calling to their husbands to save them—sisters crying to their brothers for help—help which only in a few cases could be rendered. Desperate were the efforts made for life, but unavailing as desperate. A story is told of a husband getting astride a small log, his wife with hands clasped around his neck clinging to him; so they floated for a long time, praying for help which came not. Chilled by the water, and half fainting with terror, in the course of time his wife became exhausted and, exclaiming, 'Oh, George, I cannot hold on any longer,' slid backwards into the dark waters and was seen no more. Another man and his wife were picked up two miles from where the accident took place. It was said that the majority of the victims had but little chance for life. Several large sewers of the city emptied themselves into the river in the vicinity of the accident, and the unhappy wretches were literally poisoned almost as soon as they touched the water.

Curious to see what kind of vessel the *Princess Alice* was, I went down

the Thames a few days afterwards in a similar craft. It happened to be a Saturday, and, when we started, the little craft had as many passengers as it could well carry. She appeared to me to go with great speed, darting about here and there among the larger craft like a minnow among big fish. Near the gangway I noticed a small boy with an eager, anxious look on his face, who continually kept shouting, 'back her,' 'stop her,' 'ease her.' He kept vociferating in such a way that at last I asked my companion why he was allowed to make such a noise; his voice being more shrill than pleasant. My friend answered, 'look above him,' and, doing so, I saw a man who turned out to be the captain, directing our way by motions with his hand, the the meaning of which was being conveyed to the engineer by the cries of the obnoxious boy. This appeared to me to be a primitive method of signalling, hardly worthy of our English brethren. Why not adopt the 'Colonial' system of bells, and have the captain's orders indicated by himself to the engineer, instead of through this youthful medium. Supposing that, through fatigue, the lad became inattentive or misinterpreted the captain's signal, the result might be the running of the steamer into some other craft, and the sending of every body on board to Davy Jones' locker.

However, happily, nothing of the sort occurred on this occasion, and we steamed merrily along. At the first stopping place, we took on board a number of people, who, in our already overcrowded state, did not add much to our comfort. Standing room was all that any man could well ask, so I surrendered my seat to an unhappy woman, who, on pleasure bent, had brought two of her children with her for a Saturday's outing With a little one in her arms and holding another by the hand, she certainly did not look as if she was enjoying her holiday. I could not help thinking that had she been doing so, she would have excelled even Mark Tapley himself in his capacity for 'being jolly under creditable circumstances.' Owing to her heavy load, the vessel now commenced to roll. Still the captain put in at the next landing place for an addition to the number of his passengers.

My friend remarked, 'this is a pretty risky business, I wish I was on shore. Can you swim?' I answered in the negative, but that I was prepared to take my chances. I was too much interested in the scene to be at all alarmed. Not so, however, a fellow passenger close behind me, who, in the most energetic way, kept vociferating, 'I say, captain, you can't take on any more, draw the gangway.' Some women commenced to cry, much to the discomfiture of their male companions, who, as best they could, tried to comfort them. The energetic man, however, continued his loud-voiced remonstrances, and at last, worked up to a pitch of frenzy, yelled, terror mingled with indignation in his tones. 'I say, captain, draw the gangway, Remember the *Princess Alice*,' the recent disaster being evidently uppermost in his mind. At this moment, a policeman forced his way through the crowd on the dock and peremptorily ordered the captain to move on, which was immediately done. The little steamer 'wobbled' on its way with its panic stricken cargo of nearly six hundred souls. Not sorry were we when we reached the next stopping place, which happened to be Greenwich, where my friend and myself landed, wondering not a little that the English people should be content with so wretched a craft, such as we had just quitted. At the 'Ship' we solaced ourselves with a right good dinner, and returned by rail to town.

Being anxious to witness one of the great races of England, I determined to see the 'St. Leger' run. Leaving the *Alexandra* at about nine p. m., I found myself at three the following morning, in company with two forlorn

Englishmen, wandering about the streets of Doncaster, looking for a place to lay our weary heads. The hotels, such as they are, were crowded, and we finally found shelter in a private house, where we were glad to get a sofa for a bed. We were early on the ground. What a crowd and what a Babel! The Prince of Wales was there with his friends. Hale and hearty he looked, but somewhat stout for a man of his years. The 'George' nose and prominent eyes were unmistakable, and the heavy German features lit up, now and then, evidencing a sense of humour and fun. The grounds were covered with thousands—on foot, in vehicles, and on horseback. The Derby and this race have been so often described that I will say nothing further of it than that it afforded me all the pleasure I had anticipated; which was not a little. My two fellow wanderers volunteered to give me the straight tip, and advised me to back 'Childeric,' which I did. The inevitable accompanying alloy in the pleasure of that day, was in the fact of seeing two horses suddenly emerge from the ruck towards the finish, the foremost of which was greeted by the crowd with frantic and triumphant cries of 'Childeric,' 'Childeric.' Visions of a win of a pretty big pile of sovereigns filled my imagination for a moment as I, too, cheered the horse, on whom I had placed my money, as he came gamely along looking all over a winner. But, alas, another horse was seen to suddenly collar 'Childeric' when only a few strides from the winning post, and in the last two, to our dismay, in some incomprehensible way, was lifted by her jockey so as to get her head in front. *Sic transit.* The backers of 'Childeric' were dumb, and a mighty shout went up—'Jannette wins.' I had an excellent opportunity of seeing everything to advantage. On the course I came across two Toronto men, Mr. Walter Boswell and Dr. Andrew Smith. I was very glad to see faces I knew, if we met only to be parted. 'Where did you come from? What are you backing? I'll see you again.' The crowd separated us, and we met not again. Returning to London that night, I was shown by a guard into an empty carriage. A few seconds after, I was followed by two men, who, though well dressed, had a look I did not at all like. I had seated myself at a window opposite the door at which I got in. One of the two seated himself directly in front of me, and, as the train moved off, officiously asked, 'Would you like the window put down, sir?' Knowing that, strange to say, such civility is not a characteristic of the better class of English people, I answered in a way to put a stop to further advances on his part. However, nothing daunted, he continued, 'Been lucky to-day, sir?' I replied abruptly, and coiling myself up in the corner, tried to let him see that I was disinclined for conversation. Tired out with want of rest the night before, and the excitement through the day, I fell asleep, but awoke in time to see that my would-be acquaintance was extending his hand in the direction of my pocket. He did not notice that I was awake, and I took in the surroundings at a glance. Two to one, and the two who were without doubt pickpockets, and probably armed, were not desirable odds, especially in an English railway carriage, where you are locked in and shut off from all communication with the other passengers. I had noticed that there appeared to be no communication cord running through the carriage. The other pickpocket had got quite close to his friend. A delightful situation. I simply folded my arms across my pockets and, pretending to awake suddenly, asked how far we were from London. Quick as a flash he drew back his hand and answered with readiness that we were due at twelve o'clock. I then chatted with them about the race, saying that it was the

first English one I had ever seen. They expressed much surprise. I told them that I was from America, and, placing my hand in my breast pocket, quietly said, 'By the way, the Americans all carry revolvers. Have you ever seen one?'

They replied that they had not. I answered that it was the finest weapon in the world, and that with one, half a dozen people could be shot in a few seconds. They got out at the next station. At the station further on, two others of the same fraternity got in, whom I got rid of in a similar way. I concluded that travelling alone at night after a race day was certainly an unenjoyable, if not a dangerous, proceeding on the part of an unsophisticated colonist. What was there to prevent these men from chloroforming or stabbing me, and, after robbing, departing?

We visited some of the theatres, and twice saw our old friend Sothern in his great character of 'Dundreary.' It may be said that Sothern and Lord Dundreary vanished from the stage together, for it is not likely that any one will ever successfully copy his portrayal of that character, so laughter-provoking through its silliness and extravagant absurdities, given such point to by his peculiar utterance and manner, typical of the heavy swell—the fool of the family, whose affectations cover him with ridicule, though one cannot help observing a grain of sense glimmering here and there through a mass of witless idiocies. It takes a clever man to make an interesting fool. The fool, *par excellence*, of olden courts was no fool at all, as many a courtier was made to feel when writhing under the lash of his wit. We will miss Lord Dundreary and never see his like again—the ridiculous skip and the feigned serious voice with which he propounded some problematical question of what he considered tremendous moment. We will never again be anxiously asked the question, 'If you had a brother, would he like cheese?' nor hear him, after pensively puzzling over a question for many moments, in his turn, 'give it up?' explaining, with a bewildered shake of his head, that it was 'what no fellow could understand.' He was so 'utterly utter' in his absurdities as to compel the head of the most serious family to let his grim visage relax for a moment into a smile; and I have even seen a stern Presbyterian give way to a not-to-be restrained laugh.

It seemed to me that, 'no fellow could understand' why the majority of the buildings provided for the production of the drama were so small. One would imagine that more extensive accommodation would be required for the population of a great city like London with its four millions.

Incidentally I noticed the other day that some American clergymen who were seeing the sights away from home, had made a protest against the admission of a class of 'unfortunates' to certain theatres and other public places in Paris, to which they lent their countenance by their presence. Just for once they went to places, when abroad, that at home they advise their parishioners to shun. Horrified to find themselves seated beside sinners, their indignation broke out into this merciless protest. They would deny these poor outcasts all amusements—treat them like lepers and, if they had the power, deepen the gloom of their wretched lives (and is not their punishment hard to bear), by denying their right to share with them the light of God's sun. They would drive them into utter darkness, refuse them the means of intellectual enjoyment—no matter how slight—and thus win them back to a better life; and while He, whose ministers they profess to be, took Mary Magdalene by the hand, such men would, in holy horror, pass by on the other side. Certainly, men should seek to protect their families from evil associations; but we would hardly expect the minis-

ters of Him who came to save sinners to be the first to turn their backs upon the fallen, and to try to shut every door against them. It is humiliatingly contemptible in its Pharisaism.

My Quebec friends suddenly left for the Continent. I promised to join them at Paris in a day or two and accordingly soon found myself crossing 'the silver streak.' The steamer was much overcrowded. The weather was dull, and it was dark and stormy. We soon felt the effect of the chopping sea of the channel and I looked about for a seat to which I could comfortably hold on. I discovered a bench opposite the gangway, close to the cabin wall, at one end of which was seated an apparently tall man, of good presence and with a remarkably long grey moustache. Along the bench appeared, from the irregular surface, to be small pieces of luggage covered by a shawl. Seeing no reason why one man should occupy so much space, I quietly sat down about the middle of the bench. It seemed to me that it was remarkably soft and yielding. In a moment, the tall stranger sprang to his feet and, with quivering moustache and blazing eyes, angrily exclaimed 'Sir, that's my niece.' I looked along the bench, and at the other end, saw a lady's upturned face. Too astonished (at the indignity of being 'sat upon'), to speak, her dark eyes flashed her indignation and her horror. *Horribile dictu!* I quickly realized that, in the darkness, I had calmly sat down upon the recumbent form of a 'ladye faire.' Quickly I turned to the indignant uncle and explained that I had supposed that the shawl covered 'somebody's luggage.' He answered that the lady was an invalid niece of his, that he was taking across for change of air, and whom, being very weak, he had placed in a recumbent position on the bench. I expressed the regret that I sincerely felt to the lady, and her uncle, hat in hand, assured me that he felt satisfied that the painful occurence was entirely owing to an unfortunate mistake. We became good friends on the way across and united in hearty abuse of the wretched accommodation afforded travellers who, on business or on pleasure bent, had to cross the Channel.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

OUR last number had passed from under our hands before the grim Conqueror, with the odds tremendously in his favour, had ended the play of life and death which for eighty days had drawn all eyes to the bedside of the stricken President, and, in spite of a nation's prayers and a world's solicitude, had closed a tragedy which will live long in the hearts of millions. Elsewhere in the present number the mournful event, which well lends itself to treatment by the elegiac muse, receives a fitting, sympathetic tribute. But here, also, we may be permitted to hang the garland of a few prose-words upon the tomb of a true man, who, seeking neither honour nor place, but in the path of duty called unexpectedly to the highest seat in the nation, won both imperishably. The universality and spontaneity of the

grief which the death of President Garfield has called forth, has only been equalled by its intensity, an intensity which the minute detail of each day's record of progress or relapse from the period when the miscreant's bullet sped its way into the sufferer's side, did much to call forth. But there was more than this to quicken the sympathy and to deepen the sorrow of the millions on both sides the Atlantic, who daily scanned the bulletins for tidings of the President's condition, and who were at least to learn that the struggle was over, and that the surgeons' skill and the tending hand of love could do no more. There was more even than the spectacle of pain resolutely endured, of heroic fortitude and Christian resignation. There was the knowledge that the chosen of a great nation had fallen a martyr to the disease which has long been preying upon its vitals, and who, strong in a patriot's strength, had given his life to cleanse it of its foulness. Nor was the sacrifice that of a mere politician, actuated by the motives of his kind, and looking no higher than the downfall of a clique opposed to him. The man and the work were far other than this. Death, no doubt, brings its idolatries, and the press has probably spoken extravagant words of Garfield. But this is true of the man, that in him were embodied the worthiest qualities of human nature. Few indeed have come to the Presidential office better fitted, morally and intellectually, to preside over the nation. His whole career as a public man testifies to this. But of the elements that were great in him, none shine so conspicuously as his honesty and his courage. Eighteen years of public life left no stain upon him, while his loyalty to duty, and his fearlessness in pursuit of it, whether as soldier, schoolmaster or statesman, are noble incentives to his countrymen. His sense of honour was ever acute, and he frowned upon boss-rule as if it were the plague. Had he lived, what work, we ask ourselves, would he not have done! How he would have repressed machine politics, and what a crusade he would have led against the spoils system! But, alas, this was not to be, and the chance that was the nation's has, for the present, passed by. Yet do we hope that whatever is good in the nation has received a new impulse from his life and death. Those who believe in the deep, strong current of the Divine influence in human affairs will feel that certainly there was a design in the sacrifice he was called upon to make. An event which so impressed itself upon all, hushing the clamour of faction, and quelling, we trust not merely momentarily, much of turbulence and wrong, was surely fraught with some lasting, beneficent purpose. The surge of moral emotion throughout two continents, which bespoke reverence for exalted worth and keenest sympathy with the misfortune that had laid him low, must surely issue in some good, at least to the people of his own nation. Whatever the lesson is to bring forth, we will hope the best from the change in the national administration. President Arthur has said that, 'all the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life . . . will be garnered in the hearts of the people; and it will be my earnest endeavour to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience.' In this the new Chief Magistrate will best commend himself to universal approval, and most effectually impress the lesson which the tragic death of President Garfield is peculiarly fitted at the present time to teach to the American people.

ROUND THE TABLE

GUESTS OF THE ROUND TABLE ON THE INSPIRATION QUESTION.

COMMENT NO. I.

IT seems to me that the author of 'The Rational View of the Bible'* occupies the extreme left position with regard to the origin of the books that constitute the Old Testament literature. The traditionalists who occupy the extreme right hold that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch ; that the succeeding books were written by writers as nearly as possible contemporaneous with the times and events treated in the respective books ; and that the Old Testament Canon was formed by Ezra, and a body of Elders first called into existence by him, known in Jewish tradition as 'the Great Synagogue.' This view is given by Josephus, and evidently embodies the current tradition of the Jews as far back as his day. Kuenen may be taken as the representative of the Rationalists who occupy the extreme left position. He throws aside Jewish tradition altogether, on the ground, not only that evidence produced a thousand years after the events occurred to which it refers is no evidence at all, but also that the only way to ascertain the truth on the subject is to look into the books themselves and there find out the literary and historical circumstances in which they grew up. The data may be scanty, but they are the only data we have, and they are to be construed in accordance with those principles of development that the mental and religious history of every other people illustrate. To him there is no more of the supernatural in Jewish history than in any other history, ancient or modern. The accounts of miracles are wholly mythical. The Hebrew prophets were statesmen or popular leaders. Predictions were always uttered after the event. The Hebrews developed from barbarism to civilization, as other nations have developed ; from crude religious notions and a low state of morality to monotheism and the lofty moral code expressed in the writings of the prophets ; from the simple nature worship that characterized all the nations round about them to the elaborate ceremonial of the Levitical ritual formulated subsequently to Ezra.

A middle position is occupied by a school of which Robertson Smith is the best known exponent. As he agrees with the Rationalists that the books of the Old Testament must be interpreted by the same critical principles which we apply to all other ancient books, and that the highest evidence in regard to their authorship, dates, and the circumstances in which they were written, is what can be found by interrogating the books themselves, some people have hastily assumed that his position is the same as Kuenen's. On the contrary, he and his friends maintain that his method is the only one that modern scholars can acknowledge, and that he takes the only ground on which the destructive criticism of Kuenen can be met. Accepting, not only with Kuenen, but, as he claims, with the vast and increasing majority of Biblical critics, the new views with regard to the composition and growth of Hebrew literature and the late formation of the Canon, he finds in that literature itself much that the philosophical principles of the Rationalists make them unwilling, and, we may say, unable, to see. He believes thoroughly in the supernatural guidance of the Hebrew Church, in the miracles recorded in its records, in the inspiration of the prophets, and contends that the critic who does not acknowledge the peculiar relation of the Jewish people to God throws away the only key that can unlock all the difficulties which the facts of the case present. Whether his position be tenable or not, it is simply dis-

* *A Rational View of the Bible:* a course of Lectures, by Rev. Newton M. Mann, Rochester, N. Y. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1881.

honest to class him with Kuenen. He fearlessly accepts the critical principles of the Rationalists, and considers that he applies them more rigorously than they do; while in his dogmatic interpretation he is at one with the extreme right.

A THEOLOGICAL TEACHER.

COMMENT NO. II.

But surely Dr. Robertson Smith makes to criticism concessions fatal to Faith? Like others, who have thought that half measures of revolution could be made final, he is but giving an impulse to a destructive process which will not leave one stone standing on another in the Christian Temple. Such men are the Girondists of Theological Destructiveness; the future of the movement they have inaugurated belongs to logicians who have the courage of *their* opinions. Half a century ago Dr. Arnold led the first, timid, semi-orthodox Broad Church advance. His most gifted son denies Immortality and a Personal God! Such speculations as this of Dr. Robertson Smith and the German 'theologians,' of whose voices his is the echo, are dangerous, not because it matters in the least whether Deuteronomy was written by Moses or Jeremiah, but because the suggestion of doubt to the popular mind replaces an unreasoning faith by an equally unreasoning disbelief. And, after all, are the arguments of the German criticism so very cogent? As, according to the legend, the Prophet Isaiah was sawn in two, so the German critic divides the prophet into two distinct Isaiahs, an earlier and a later: he deals with the College of the Apostles just as Mr. Crooks does with that of Upper Canada. And on what evidence? 'All the evidence we have!' in the case of the prophet, the occurrence of predictions which those who disbelieve in the supernatural gift of prophecy assume at once on the face of it to be a proof that the portion of Isaiah containing the predictions was written *after* the event 'predicted.' But to those who believe in prophecy as a distinctive feature of revelation, this reasoning is of no value. So on the meagre foundation of a passage in one of Paul's letters, in which he mentions one solitary instance of disagreement with Peter, a theory of two parties, a Pauline and a Petrine, is built up! In reading Ewald's great book on Israel, I was astonished at the way in which that eminent Hebraist shifts and transposes everything—so many Psalms by David, sixteen, I think: this and that fragment possibly by Moses, if such a person ever existed; and all this on his own unsupported authority, without any argument which even a Hebrew expert could appreciate.

It seems to me possible to suggest a modest but useful working theory in dealing with the question of the authorship of books of such vast antiquity, respecting which it is admitted, both by 'extreme right' and 'extreme left,' that nothing that can be called *evidence* is within our reach: it seems to me we cannot do better than acquiesce in the general belief as it has come down to us, not on 'the authority of the Church,' but, as we trust, and are very generally right in trusting, popular tradition as to places or events. And in the East, conservative in all things, the popular account of the authorship of a sacred book would be doubly likely to be the true one. The question of authorship need be no trouble to a Christian; it is one he can safely pass by. Its discussion, when so little evidence exists, is a mere barren logomachy, whose only result can be to unsettle men's minds, and lead those who get the habit of this second-hand scepticism to conclude, that if the books were not written by the alleged authors, the books themselves are of no authority.

CLERICAL CONTRIBUTOR.

COMMENT NO. III.

These questions can *not* be ignored. It is not only a crime, but a mistake, to teach false history; and it is no longer possible for the clergy to pass by these topics. They are not now confined to the dry tomes of theologians. They form a part of popular literature, and the laity, if they find their spiritual guides silent respecting questions which concern the truth or falsehood of what is taught in every Sunday-school, will draw their own conclusions. If a liberal clergy will not teach the Christian side of modern criticism, the field is open to Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, who are not afraid to face the consequences of *their* system all round, and who certainly have no 'reserves' or 'mysteries.'

'Clerical Contributor' is sincere, I believe, in thinking his policy of holding aloof from 'dangerous' issues the safest

for popular faith. But, in the first place, such questions as the authorship of the 'Books of Moses' do not stand alone; they form part of the discussions which are 'in the air' of the present age—questions which the religious thought *must* face, where it is not the cant of a paid profession or the stupidity of a fanaticism like that which on Sundays in summer makes the Toronto Queen's Park re-echo with the screech of its blasphemous doggerel. Outside these two classes, all men who think at all on the subject of religion in our day are irresistibly impelled to ask questions which the clergy do not seem to care about attempting to answer. In total opposition to 'Clerical Contributor,' I would have the clergy deal openly and fairly with all such matters as the authorship and inspiration of the Bible, with the question of the Future Life, with the question of a literal or figurative Second Advent. In order to do so, those of the Episcopal and Methodist Churches at least must first learn a little about the reasoning of their opponents. Narrowing influences must be supplemented by reading *some* of the books which form factors in the thoughts of all educated men. To face these matters fairly would by no means necessarily lead to conclusions hostile to faith. Few thinking men who do so face them fail to find that, all the better for the casting down of unrealities and half-beliefs, 'the things that cannot be shaken do remain.' Belief in the unknowable God does not vanish with Paley's notion of a magnified watchmaker; nor do the consolations of the Book of Books seem further from us when we believe that they are the human utterance of men and women like ourselves, not of an inspiration forced through their lips as we force a tune through organ pipes: Faith in Responsibility and Hope in the Future may be ours when we have ceased to picture that Supreme Tribunal of Conscience before God, as a mere mediæval pageant of Thrones and Books and Trumpets. Let the clergy do as educated laymen do. Let them meet the difficulties of these perplexing questions fairly. Let them acknowledge fully what they cannot prove to be no matter of hard dogma; and let them point to the grounds of *Hope* that remain to *Faith*, to the difficulties which beset the path of those who dogmatically deny, as well as the difficulties of those who dogmatically affirm. There is abundant room for a new and telling class of sermons for those who would take this line honestly and fully. Of the three sermons I have heard lately, one was on 'the type presented by Melchizedek,' the other two had not the faintest connection with any moral or intellectual teaching, or anything that could help to make life better or brighter. Now, in the opinion of most of the *laity*, Melchizedek is becoming just a little uninteresting. Might not a change of subject be good? I cordially agree with what is said by 'A Theological Teacher' as to 'A Rational View of the Bible.' In the first place, the book is a mere English *précis* of the German Kuenen; in the second, the author is animated by a spirit of partisan hatred against Christianity and the Old Testament, which makes him, in my judgment, unfair. The Hebrews of the exodus could not have been the brutal savages he represents them, after such long contact with the civilization of Egypt. Perhaps 'A Theological Teacher' will communicate with us further on this interesting subject. He was but too brief.

A LAYMAN.

COMMENT NO. IV.

It is impossible for the workers of society to go into the niceties of Biblical criticism. None but a few men of exceptional leisure, and still more exceptional scholarship, can even attempt to weigh the evidence adduced by such books as 'Supernatural Religion' and its opponents as to the age and authorship of such books as the Fourth Gospel. Therefore it would be a gain to the intelligent religious aspirations of that large class which has little leisure and less scholarship could we be assured of some broad doctrine as to the nature and use of the Sacred Books, one on which the mere question whether John wrote the Evangel or the Vision current under his name would become a matter of no practical religious importance. Suppose that broader doctrine were to teach that all good gifts come from on High, all enlightenment from the Father of Light. The teaching of the most Human of the Gospels, the glowing imagery of the one great poem which comes to us from primitive Christianity, owe their religious value to *themselves*, not to their date or authorship; still less to the talismanic sanctity with which ecclesias-

tical tradition has invested them. 'But,' orthodoxy may reply, 'on this view of inspiration, you put Shakespeare or Shelley on a level with St. John.' By no means; the inspiration of Shakespeare or of Shelley was for a secular mission; that of John for a religious one. Both had their mission: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The Bible was meant to be *the religious Book of the world;* it is and will be so, and it lives in a sphere which sceptical criticism cannot reach. Only two things can weaken men's trust in its right use. Dishonest avoidance of criticism which every one knows to be irrefragable, the ostrich policy of hiding head and brains in the sand, and a theory of inspiration inherited from times when the European intellect was but half awake, and fatally bound up with scholastic notions which every student of every school now rejects.

Some sort of a New Reformation is inevitable as to this and kindred questions. Shall it come from the pulpit, from the press, or from the outside world which sympathises with neither?

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

REJOINDER.

My brief notice of a rather insignificant book, has, I find, been made a text for various comments. In the course of the commenting, the original subject of review has dropped out of sight, and Robertson Smith—with the whole of what is called 'Biblical Introduction' and its bearing on Inspiration — has taken its place. These questions are altogether too large to be discussed in an off-hand way at a Round Table. At the very least they should be based on a full review of Robertson Smith's Lectures, and—as 'A Layman' desires to hear again from me—I may attempt this in a succeeding number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. In the meantime, I may be permitted to sum up the symposium with a few words. 'A Layman' is right in saying that it is not only a crime but a blunder for the clergy to ignore these topics. They cannot be ignored. When the ostrich hides its head in the sand, its doom is sealed. 'A Man of the People' is also right in saying that, as it is impossible for the general run of men to examine into the niceties of Biblical Criticism, it is necessary to get some broad statement— intelligible to the tone of modern thought—with reference to the nature and use of the Bible, on which men can stand, nothing doubting. I have not made up my mind whether 'Clerical Contributor' is in earnest or not. In his second paragraph he suggests a strong argument in favour of the position of the traditionalists; but the first paragraph is simply amusing or amazing, according to the state of mind in which we happen to be. Speculation is 'dangerous,' 'because the suggestion of doubt to the popular mind replaces an unreasoning faith by an equally unreasoning disbelief.' We must then be content with an unreasoning faith. To get a reasonable faith is wholly out of the question, it seems. Speculation must be stopped, or at all events kept out of the Church. That is, let there be an infallible Church for the people, and let thinkers live without religion, only 'let them take off their hats when they pass a church!' *Roma locuta est.* Again, he calls men who begin to depart from the old paths 'the Girondists of Theological Destructiveness.' Does that mean that constitutional reform is the parent of revolution? That the Girondists begat the mountain, and that the Reign of Terror is to be laid at their door? He cannot mean that: but if he does not mean that, what does he mean?

A THEOLOGICAL TEACHER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1881.

This *quasi*-edition of Emerson is one of Appleton's new handy-volume series. The volume is certainly handy; and in this age, when everybody travels by rail and steamboat, and carries one or two cheap books that can be taken up for a few minutes when nothing else claims attention, and which may be stolen by fellow-passengers addicted to petty larceny, or lost amid the rush at a station without much regret, the series to which it belongs doubtless fills a place in our literary economy. To an author who dislikes to be judged by bits and scraps, as you would judge a house by seeing one of the stones of which it is built, such a series must be an additional jar to sensitive nerves, an additional black mark to be scored against the race of publishers. Formerly, it was considered that 'selections' were intended only for young ladies at fashionable boarding schools. Now, when Matthew Arnold gives us dainty editions of choice portions of Byron and Wordsworth, we need not wonder at a series compiled on the scissors-principle. The inevitable and ineradicable sin of such compilations is that they do not let the writer speak for himself. Worse, they often distort his thought, for part of the truth may be the greatest falsehood, as our wise old forefathers knew well when they enacted that in giving evidence the witness must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A reader, with the instinct of an artist, revolts against expurgated editions. The instinct of truthfulness revolts against an edition of professed tit-bits. Of course, the inevitable evil is aggravated, according as the editor or scissors-wielder fails to understand his author, sees with eagle-eye contraries that he considers contradictories, hears discords, but not the harmony in which they are reconciled, tears off limbs from different organisms, and putting them side by side, loudly calls our attention to the fact that they are not alike, and on every occasion sits as supreme Jove high on a throne, and pronounces judgments with exasperating editorial infallibility.

From the volume on Emerson, some interesting details about his life may be learned, but little more. Often, his wise pregnant aphorisms, the outcome of profound philosophy, are misconstrued, and held up to moral reprobation. Thereby, the discerning reader is made very angry. The undiscerning reader is put on a wrong track, or confirmed in his Philistinism. For instance, the following paragraph is quoted from the Essay on 'Prudence':—

'PRUDENT COMPLIANCES.

'So neither should you put yourself in a false position with your contemporaries by indulging in a vein of hostility and bitterness. Though your views are in straight antagonism with theirs, assume an identity of sentiment, assume that you are saying precisely what all think, and in the flow of wit and love roll out your paradoxes in solid column, with not the infirmity of a doubt. So, at least, you get an adequate deliverance. Assume a consent, and it shall presently be granted, since really and underneath their external diversities all men are the same.'

Emerson, of course, is advocating the positive statement of truth as against the controversial. He would have us 'be more than conquerors.' Where it is at all possible, we should aim at converting instead of merely smashing those who differ from us; cut away the foundations of the hostile position instead of hammering it into hardness and invincibility. The more cannon-balls you pitch into earthworks, the more formidable you make the enemy's battery. Everyone who knows how barren controversy is, and how deteriorating its effects are on the characters of those who engage in it, must recognise the wisdom of the advice. As the Essayist puts it in a preceding paragraph—'If they set out to contend, Saint Paul will lie, and Saint John will hate.' For instance, let two men, each honestly desirous of advancing a good cause, try the different methods in addressing either an indivi-

dual or a crowd, an audience say of slave-owners and their sympathisers. The one addresses them as men. He knows their sentiments, but he keeps his knowledge to himself, suspecting that if he had been brought up with the same environment, his sentiments would probably be not unlike theirs, and his aim is not to denounce but to deliver them. Accordingly, he lays the foundations of his subtle argument in appeals to that which is best in man; perhaps throws his address into the form of a parable, like the great Teacher, whose teaching is the most perfect example of sweetness and light; enounces great moral principles to which the heart of humanity always responds; incidentally shows the curse of slavery, and that the curse falls on owner and trader as well as on slave; rouses their enthusiasm by dwelling on their fathers' fights for freedom; and gets them into a temper in which sacrifice is possible and almost easy. He receives a hearing, and is welcome to come again. Good seed is sown, and perhaps one or two resolve to forsake all and follow him. But the other calls this temporizing, and takes an apparently braver course. He is all righteous, and the godless crowd before him must be told in plain language what he thinks of them and their sin. So he gives it to them red-hot, and in five minutes they give him brickbats, or a coat of tar and feathers. Subsequently, they get their ablest ministers to write treatises to prove that slavery is a divine institution. Herein we may see the difference between wisdom and fanaticism, between authoritative statement and controversy.

One would imagine that there could be no mistaking Emerson's meaning, especially when the title of the essay is considered, and the context of the paragraph quoted. One would think that the philosopher who advises all men to speak to-day what they think, in words hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow—should they see cause to change their view—to speak the opposite in words equally hard, would be the last man to be charged with 'the basest and most unworthy prudence.' But here is the style in which his editor comments:—

'We have quoted this last paragraph only that we may express our utter dissent from it, except under the very widest limitations. Every day we are confronted with sentiments and opinions which we can not honestly assume to be identical with our own. Could Elijah honestly tell the priests of Baal that his God and theirs was the same? Could Luther blandly assure Eck and Tetzel that he agreed exactly, or in any degree even, with them in the matter of indulgences? Could Milton say to Salmasius that both of them were of one mind in regard to the great act of judgment executed by the people of England upon Charles the First? Could Emerson and Brigham Young—assuming that both were honest and sincere in their opinions—honestly and sincerely assure each other that there was no difference between them? Should I, who abhor assassination, assure a Nihilist that my views respecting the slaying of the Czar of Russia differed in nowise from his own? It may be, and often is, a matter of the highest and best wisdom to refrain from expressing one's sentiments, for there is a time to be silent and a time to speak. One is not bound of necessity to assail the dogma of the Real Presence when standing under the dome of St. Peter's, or to denounce Mohammed as a false prophet before the portals of the temple at Mecca. But, if a man will or must speak at all, only the basest and most unworthy prudence will sanction his speaking other than the truth. There are times and emergencies when the best and highest prudence must give way to something higher and better; times when this half virtue would be a whole crime. It was imprudent for John the Baptist to denounce Herod for having taken to himself his brother's wife; for Leonidas with his three hundred to hold the pass of Thermopylæ; for Luther to nail up his eighty-five theses on the doors of the Wittemberg Cathedral, and to go to Worms; for John Wesley to persist in open-air preaching; for Garrison to denounce slavery in Boston.'

Was ever mortal so smothered under mighty names? Was there ever such a *douche* of indignant commonplaces more utterly beside the mark?

When Mr. Guernsey takes the rôle of narrator instead of critic, he is more satisfactory. We learn that Emerson belongs to what has been styled the Boston Brahmin caste. 'For eight generations there had been no time when one or more of his forefathers, on the paternal or maternal side, was not a minister of the Gospel.' Ralph was one of four brothers, on all of whom the ancestral type was strongly impressed. At the age of fourteen years he entered Harvard, and graduated at seventeen. Fifty or sixty years ago, most of the students at the New England and Scottish Universities were boys. Now, they are men, and in the United States, in several universities, holidays are given at election times, to allow the students to go home and record their votes. In 1826, Emerson, at the age of 22, was 'approbated to preach by the Middlesex Association; and three years after, he was called to the pastorate of the Second Church (Unitarian) of Boston.

Referring our readers to the volume itself for details of his life and works, we confine ourselves to two points, which we touch upon for special reasons. First, the cause of his abandonment of the sacred office. The cause was simply a difference of opinion between him and

his congregation on a matter of ritual. To him the rite of the Lord's Supper had become an outworn garment, which the Church should decently lay aside. He doubted whether Jesus Himself ever intended that it should be a permanent institution, but he was quite prepared to take the position that, even if Jesus had contemplated making permanent a mode of commemorating His death agreeable to the Eastern mind, he would not adopt it, if on trial he found it foreign and unsuited to his feelings and ways of thinking. 'We,' he said, 'are not accustomed to express our thoughts or emotions by symbolical actions. And men find the bread and wine no aid to devotion; and to some it is a painful impediment. To eat bread is one thing; to love the principles of Christ, and resolve to obey them, is quite another.' From the Unitarian standpoint, his position was unassailable, but the congregation were not prepared for the innovation. Not a man would consent to make a change in the administration of the ordinance, and rather than continue administering it, he resigned his pastorate.

The story is instructive. Orthodox Churches are assailed, because they demand from their ministers subscription to articles, and the clamour waxes loudest when one who has departed from the creed or directory of worship is required to leave the Church. Heterodox, or so called 'Liberal,' Churches often assume that it is otherwise in their case, and that within them there are no penalties for free thought. Consequently, heterodoxy is to them synonymous with liberality, and orthodoxy with illiberality. Thus, a Church that rejected from its ministry one who had ceased to believe in future punishment would be considered narrow. But how long would a minister hold his position in an Universalist Church if he changed his views on the doctrine in question? Or, would an Unitarian Church be broad enough to allow its minister to preach Trinitarian doctrine? Emerson was in perfect sympathy with his congregation on every point but one of ritual, and that proved enough to sever the tie between them, and to shut him out from a career on which he had entered with the most brilliant prospects. His case makes it clear that subscription, actual or implied, exists in all Churches, because it is deemed essential to them as societies. The only question that remains is as to degree, or the number of points that the subscription should cover, and the relative importance of those points. And the solution of this question is to be found in the right appreciation of the great object for which the Church exists. Some peculiar people delight in multiplying terms of communion, and unwillingly distinguish between essentials and accidentals. Others would seek to retain in the Church all who are loyal to its divine Head, and who are animated by His Spirit. Believing in the Spirit of life, they believe in the growth of the Church. That is, according to their ideal, the Church is an organism, not a mechanism; a divine institution, not a humanly organized club. Heterodox churches are of necessity narrow. A Christian Church is either broad, or false to its ideal.

I have time only to allude to another subject, which I had marked for reference. The storm that greeted the publication of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' is still ringing in our ears. With his keen eyes, Carlyle dared to look into the men that society now considers it 'good form' to worship, and—according to wont—wrote down his impressions. The greatest men by all odds to whom he refers are Coleridge and Wordsworth. To these two, England owes much. But Carlyle saw their limitations. And, in turning to Emerson's interviews with them, I find that the opinions of the Concord and the Chelsea sage substantially agree. No one, however, fulmined against Emerson. Wherein then consists the sin of Carlyle? Is the explanation simply this, that men, who dared not cheep when he lived, take vengeance by insulting his ashes—in a word, that it is safer to kick a dead than a living lion?

Both Carlyle and Emerson were intended for the Christian ministry. Feeling that they could not walk in that path and be true to themselves, they forsook all, and—daring poverty, loneliness, misconception—followed the light within, which unless a man follow he soon becomes 'twice dead, plucked up by the roots.' Honour to both, is the heartfelt cry of one who is a Christian minister, because Christ is to him the only one who solves all problems, and gives meaning to life. The key that opens all locks must be the right key.

G. M. GRANT.

Poems of the Heart and Home. By MRS. J. C. YULE. Toronto: Bengough & Co., 1881.

This volume affords another illustration of what Mr. Bourinot has said in his work on 'Canadian Intellectual Development' as to the proof of increasing culture, shewn by the frequent appearance of original works, marked by evident literary taste, from the pens of Canadian authors. The work before us is unambitious; but it bears the impress of a sweet and gentle nature, whose music is mostly in a minor key, and is at its best when simplest. The first lyric 'Yes, the weary earth shall brighten,' is what modern religious poetry rarely is, *unconscious*, and free from the falsetto notes of pietistic affectation. The lyrics treating on domestic subjects are to our mind the most natural and, therefore, the best. There is not much of the offensive adulation of great personages, in this volume, and what there is may be atoned for by a poem of so true a ring as the lines on Abraham Lincoln.

The religious poetry is addressed to a special class and is hardly to be judged by the canons of ordinary literary taste as are also the Prohibitionist verses. Of the former we prefer 'Sabbath Memories,' which has the advantage of a colouring of warm human feeling which gives life to the theology. But why will a lady gifted with true poetic feeling, insist on choosing hopelessly unpoetical subjects? Some of these poems have appeared in our columns, and we are glad to be able to say that this work as a whole entitles Mrs. Yule to a place among those whom Canada may rank as her true poets.

Three Months among the Moose. A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada. By A MILITARY CHAPLAIN. Montreal: John Lovell & Son; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Glad to notice every indication of the growth of Canadian literature, we took up this little volume with a prepossession in its favour; but the sparkling descriptions and the dash of the narrative soon showed that the author needed no favour at our hands. He is a delightful *raconteur*, with that spice of interest in himself, and his own thoughts, adventures and belongings, that is more infectious in print than in real life. It sets the reader at his ease and makes him entertain a kindly fellow-feeling with the narrator. No one who commences the story of this holiday among the piny wildernesses of the Upper Ottawa will stop till he gets to the last page.

The author does not give his name. Having served as a military chaplain, he adopts that title, perhaps to disarm those critics of both sexes who look with suspicion on a clergyman should he be known to shoot, fish, smoke, or carry a flask 'for medicinal purposes.' Denouncing 'hunting parsons' without reservation, they might pardon some irregularities in men connected with the army, navy, or volunteers. Military chaplains could for the nonce be considered only semi-reverend. Not that our Nimrod has escaped scot-free, even on this ground. On his return from hunting the moose, he informs us that some of his clerical friends gave him but lukewarm greetings, and looked at his restored health as if dubious whether it were not a sign of the divine displeasure. 'They were not quite sure as to the orthodoxy of my late proceedings. One, in particular, railed at me in good set terms, for what he was pleased to call "the impropriety and scandalousness of leading such a life as I had been doing for the last three months; that I might have been much better employed than in roaming the forest, sleeping out in the snows, associating with Indians and other wild men," and much more to the same effect.' Having given the one point of view, we must give the other. The chaplain, instead of defending his conduct, simply carries the war into Africa:—'With my usual meekness, I said nothing, but like the Irishman's parrot, I thought all the more, and my thoughts ran somewhat in this wise: "My good brother, if you would only go and do as I have done, you would be a much better preacher than you are; and not only a healthier man but also a truer Christian. It would tend greatly towards cleansing out the atrabiliousness both of your body and mind, and give you broader, kindlier, and sounder views of your fellow-men, and of your duty both to God and the Church."'—Between such disputants we do not pretend to interfere, especially as there seems to be a flavour of self-righteousness on both sides.

Professionalism aside, the chaplain's book may be heartily recommended for a winter evening, or a railway journey, or to sportsmen anywhere. We are taken away from civilization into the unknown land of our great backwoods, the home of lumbermen, Indians, beaver and moose. 'And what a land it is! The land of high mountains and deep valleys, of interminable forests and broad lakes. The mighty pines and hemlocks interlaced their branches over our heads as we followed the winding road. The great stillness, the weird silence, the sombre grandeur were almost oppressive, when suddenly we would burst out into the glad sunshine and the broad, glittering expanse of a beautiful lake.' To a man wearied with the routine of professional life and susceptible to the influences of the woods, the change is delightful. The bracing air is innocent and wholesome intoxication. He delights in every new scene and incident, like a boy out for a long holiday. The least detail becomes important. Where to sleep, how to camp, the condition of the supplies, are all questions of the gravest consideration. Special prominence is of course given to the *cuisine*; for, as on shipboard, there is little else to think about, and the whole environment makes hunger so overpowering a sensation that it demands for its gratification the entire energy of body and mind. There is none of the shame connected with eating that the philosopher feels. 'I can reason down or deny everything except this perpetual Belly; feed he must and will, and I cannot make him respectable,' cries Emerson. To the backwoodsman or hunter this is unintelligible. What so respectable as pork, biscuit, tea, tobacco, and —above all—moose mouffle! Our chaplain speaks of this dish, the immense upper lip and nostrils of the moose, with tremulous joy. Eating of it to repletion is not a sin against the body, and is followed by no 'uneasy heaviness.' 'One of the most toothsome and savoury of all the dishes within the range of the gastronomic art,' 'the crowning dish,' 'the grandest of all dishes,' he terms it, with an enthusiasm like that of Burns over the haggis. Who would not hunt and sup with such a Lucullus! It is pleasant to camp out with him, to hunt moose and see something of the trapper's life. In the meantime we must close our brief review with an extract describing the process of winter camp-making by the Indians, which gives a good idea of the author's lively, realistic style :—

'Old Seymo took the large axe and looked round for the proper trees to fell for fuel.

'Nick, with the small axe, went to a large cedar and cut from its side a slab about five feet long. "What in the world is he going to do with that?" I said to myself. But in a few minutes he had fashioned it into a most serviceable snow-shovel, and coming near to the spot where I was lying he began to dig into the snow, and send it flying in all directions. I soon began to understand what he was at. He was digging an immense grave at the bottom of which we were to sleep that night. It was about ten feet long and six feet wide, and as he dug down to the ground the walls on every side were about five feet high, which was the average depth of the snow at that time.

'The boy, in the meantime, was breaking off the soft tops and boughs of the cedar and young hemlocks, and carrying them in immense armfuls to the side of the excavation.

'The three so timed their work that in about an hour each one had finished his task.

'An immense pile of capital firewood lay ready at hand on the snow; and while Seymo was splitting the larger logs, Nick, by the aid of great rolls of birch bark, was building a grand fire at the bottom and end of our sepulchral-looking sleeping-place; and the boy was strewing the ground over a foot deep with the boughs and tops. The blankets were then thrown in, and spread over these, making a soft and comfortable bed.

'The sun was now long set, and the shadows of the great night were coming down upon us, but we were fairly housed, and cared not for darkness and cold.

'The fire sparkled and roared at our feet. A wall of snow rose more than four feet high on every side, and the boughs beneath exhaled a fragrant and balmy odour."

Let us leave him there, sleeping comfortably, with the thermometer fully twenty degrees below zero. Whoso desires to be assured that he awaked and shot his first moose, let him invest fifty cents in 'Three Months among the Moose.' G. M. G.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. John Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' it is stated, is almost ready for publication.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, it seems, has been trying his hand on 'A History of the Four Georges.' The work is announced in England for early publication. It will be issued in four volumes.

An autobiography of Sir Archibald Alison, with reminiscences of Scott, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Wilson, Lockhart, Moore, Campbell, Southey, and others, is about to issue from the press of the Scotch publishing house, Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

Mr. Darwin's new book, on 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits,' has just been published by Mr. John Murray, of London. It will be reprinted at once by the Messrs. Appleton, of New York.

Mr. J. C. Dent, of Toronto, is proceeding rapidly with the publication of his national history, 'Canada, during the last Forty years.' Parts 1 to 8 are now ready. The book maintains its interest and asserts its claim to a high place in our national literature. The publisher is Mr. George Virtue.

An elaborate two-guinea 'Birthday Book,' with fifteen full-page water-colour drawings, reproduced in the highest style of chromo-lithography is to issue next month from what may be termed the Court publishing house of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London. The book is the product of H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice.

The erst war-correspondent, Dr. W. H. Russell, is about to issue a record of his ramble through part of the United States, Canada, and the Far West, in the spring and summer of this year, under the title of 'Hesperothen, Notes from the Western World.' Mr W. Fraser Rae's graphic letters to the *Times*, entitled 'Newfoundland to Manitoba,' have just appeared and will be found interesting reading.

Another of the 'Afternoon Tea' books, with original designs in colour printing, is about to issue for the approaching holiday trade. It is entitled 'The May Blossom; or, the Princess and her People.' A delightful and artistic contribution to the same class of holiday literature appears in 'The Cat's Cradle,' which, we premise, will be a great favourite this season. The latter is published by Mr. R. Worthington, New York, and by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

The autumn announcements for the English book trade, issued by Messrs. Macmillan, embrace the following notable works: 'The English in Britain,' by Dr. J. R. Green; 'A Literary History of the Nineteenth Century,' by Mrs. Oliphant; 'Science and Culture and other Essays,' by Prof. Huxley; biographies of 'De Quincey,' by Prof. Masson, and 'Charles Lamb' by Rev. A. Ainger, in the 'English Men of Letters Series'; a volume of 'Lay Sermons' by Prof. Blackie; and a new work entitled 'Natural Religion,' by the author of 'Ecce Homo.'

A new era of cheap publishing, applied to important contemporary works, has just been inaugurated in England by the publication, by Messrs. Longman & Co., of a sixpenny edition, with illustrations, of Mrs. Brassey's 'Voyage of the *Sunbeam*,' and by an issue in five volumes, at the same price, of Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' Had this 'new departure' been taken earlier, the American book market might not have been lost to the British author, and the question of International Copyright would have found an easy solution.

At last Canadian literature and Canadian publishing enterprise are attracting the attention of the outside world. The *Times*, in a recent review of Mr. J. G. Bourinot's monograph on the 'Intellectual Development of the Canadian People,' makes the remark that 'altogether culture in Canada is in a hopeful condition.' Canadians should be thankful for this appreciative and spontaneous

acknowledgment. It is a pat on the back that our native writers and their work are slow to get at home. The work above referred to, we further notice, has recently been handsomely spoken of in the London *Field*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr W. D. Howells, and other English and American *litterateurs*, have also expressed surprise at Canada's progress in culture set forth in sympathetic detail in Mr. Bourinot's interesting work. The book should be found in the library of every Canadian.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IN MEMORIAM.—President Garfield's favourite poet was Tennyson, and the poem he loved best was 'In Memoriam.' The following familiar stanzas from this poem, which he quoted in an address on the death of Lincoln, and which were more than once applied to himself after his accession to the Presidency, have a new and melancholy interest and significance now. He was, indeed,—

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Proper name for a horse-railroad conductor,—'Oscar.

Evolutionists may talk, but Adam was the prime evil man.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise woman is with herself.

Which runs the faster, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

If a boy gets on the wrong 'track,' it shows that his father's 'switch' has not had a fair chance.

An umbrella is different from a man in that it is only good for something when it is used up.

Why is person that never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is *no better*.

The turning point of a man's career is when going down the street he sees a mad dog coming towards him.

When a man has no design but to speak the plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach your destination. Still you can shut the door.

A door plate wi' a man's name on iz a vary good thing, but a table plate wi' a man's dinner on it iz a deal better.

In the matter of dress, whether you be a man or woman, the more you approximate to uniformity of colour the better.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

In Canada, when a man is seen staggering along the street under the influence of liquor, he is described as 'doing the outer edge.'

'Has your sister got a son or a daughter?' asked an Irishman of a friend. 'Upon my life,' was the reply, 'I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt.'

The following was found in a memorandum book belonging to Burns: 'O Lord, be Thou with us; but if Thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the redcoats and us!*'

Says Dr. Buckley: 'Some Englishmen were ridiculing American pronunciation. A few minutes afterwards, an English lady said to me, "'Igh 'eels 'urt the 'ips."' —*Christian Advocate.*

This notice is found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith shop:—'Notis—De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose.'

At a conflagration a worthy citizen gazes with stupefaction on the steam fire engines. 'Well, I never,' he says with deliberation. 'I never expected to see such criminal, senseless wastefulness. The idea of warming the water before throwing it on the flames.

A wife who often stormed at her husband was sitting with him at the breakfast table, when suddenly, amid loud coughing, 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'a bit of pepper has got into my windpipe!' 'Hurricane pipe, you mean, my dear,' coolly rejoined her sarcastic spouse.

'I just went out to see a friend for a moment,' remarked Jones to his wife the other evening as he returned to his seat at the theatre. 'Indeed,' replied Mrs. Jones, with sarcastic surprise, 'I supposed from the odour of your breath that you had been out to see your worst enemy.' Jones winced.

It is vain for a Scotchman to think to conceal his nationality from another Scotchman. 'Ou, aye,' said a humble mechanic to a lady who asked him if the new minister did not speak very prettily. 'Ou, aye: ye wad think at the first that he cam' frae Oxford or Cambridge, but he hasna gaen on lang till ye see he comes frae Paisley.'

A bishop's wife was telling the story of Jonah to her child the other day in the West Country, 'Such a big fish swallowed him, my dear; *such* a big fish—it might even have swallowed your dear papa.' The child was eating grapes, and was of an inductive mind—'And would he spit out the skin, mamma?'

An extract from the letter of a recent emigrant:—'I'm working on de roads here at Saratogy, but I don't intend to do it long. Shure Mike Mulhooley, who left home three years ago come next Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind an' his airms foilded loike a foine gintleman entirely.'

A man came into an editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said, very politely, 'I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by a friend of mine, which I would like inserted, if you have room.' 'Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself,' replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket toward him.

'More trouble in Ireland,' read Mrs. Partington. 'I wonder,' said the old lady, laying down her spectacles, and blandly regarding Ike, who was trying to tie a knot in the cat's tail, 'I wonder that Government doesn't incorporate that Parnell for life and send the ringleaders into blandishment, and then there wouldn't be any more of these aquarium outrages.'

Well, well! wonder what will next be 'all the rage.' First we had spelling-bees, then the Beecher business, base-ball, the yellow fever, Tannerism, the go-as-you-please walking mania, Pinafore, Sara Bernhardt, and now people have come to reading the Bible, and lastly we have shot our worthy President. Truly this is a great country, and the people are a go-ahead people.'

CHINESE TEA SONG.—If the reader studies this attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese:—

Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo f thebe st.
'T willpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st,
'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othe teama rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

—*London Punch.*

Farmer: 'Weel, sir, if he kent hoo faur I hae tae drive my watter frae ye wid beeleeve me when I say that it widna paye me tae keep up man and horse and sell watter in Dumbarton, let alane mulk; but if ye'll stop the case, sir, an' let yer hungry lawyers gae hame, I'll paye the fine—I canna but admit the chairge seein' that although we dinna deliberately pitt watter in oor mulk, we generally gee oor bines and coggies a wee bit sine wi't.'

The following poem, the genuine effusion of a person in affliction, has lately been found in manuscript:—

Poor Jonathan Snow
Away did goe,
All on the ragen main,
With other males
All for to catch wales,
& nere cum back agen.
The winds bloo hi,
The billers tost,
All hands were lost,
And he was one,
A spritely lad
Nigh 21.

A doctor and a Campbellite (Baptist) preacher riding along together in the outskirts of Missouri, not long ago, overtook a ragged urchin with a string of small fish which he had just caught in a creek close by. The preacher accosted the lad in a patronizing way—'My son, what do you call those fish?' 'Campbellites,' promptly responded the boy. 'Why do you call them Campbellites?' 'Because they spoil so soon after I get them out of the water.'

An Aberdeen minister, when comparing the nature of the pastoral relation to that of the shepherd and his sheep, said, 'My brethren, suppose me to be the shepherd, and you to be the sheep, and Tammas Sangster, the precentor, to be the sheep dog' Tammas, however, was not inclined to coincide in this comparison, and exclaimed, 'I'll be na man's sheep dog.' Said the minister, 'I am speaking mystically.' 'Na, na,' rejoined Tammas, 'I ken fine ye wisna speakin' mystically, ye wis speakin' maliciously, and jist to gar the folk lauch at me when we're oot aboot.'

WHERE ROBINS SING.

Where robins sing, the violets raise
Fair faces in the woodland ways,
The ferns stand waiting, and the sweet
Wild lilies whisper, at our feet,
Some legend of the summer days.

Seen faintly through the tangled maze
Of trees, a rocky pathway strays;
Above are fields of sprouting wheat
Where robins sing.

There knew we hours with joy replete;
Yet even o'er the dusty street
There waves an arch of maple sprays
Too rare to need my meed of praise—
A cool and shadowy retreat
Where robins sing.

JANE E. G. ROBERTS.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1881.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL.

TO Thee whose smile is might and fame
A nation lifts united praise,
And asks but that Thy purpose frame
A *useful* glory for its days.

We pray no sunset lull of rest,
No pomp and bannered pride of war;
We hold stern labour manliest,
The just side real conqueror.

For strength we thank Thee—keep us strong,
And grant us pride in skilful toil,
For homes we thank Thee—may we long
Have each some Eden rood of soil.

O keep our mothers kind and dear,
And make the fathers stern and wise;
Preserve the maiden soul sincere,
And guide to Thee the young man's eyes.

Crush from our midst the jest of minds
That know not, jesting, when to hush;
Leave on our lips the word that binds,
And teach the children when to blush.

Firm in the old and only Good,
O guard our faith, Thou Guard Sublime
To scorn, like all who have understood,
The atheist dangers of the time.

Thou hearest! Lo we feel our love
Of open speech and action free,
And all desires that deepest move
Ennobled, blessed, ensured by Thee!

A SPRIG OF YEW.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

We softly lay,—'tis all that we can do,—
On their last resting-place, a sprig of yew.

WITHIN the past three weeks death has snatched away from our great English-speaking family three public men of kindred spirit and aims, though of widely differing gifts, whose wide-spread influence for good will long be sorely missed. Dean Stanley, President Garfield, and Dr. J. G. Holland—unlike in the character of their work and the type of their genius as they were—were alike in this: that the power of *personal character* predominated even over the power of their high intellectual gifts, and won for them the strong and beneficial influence which each exerted in his own sphere. Strangely linked together, too, in death they seem, for no Englishman heard with deeper sympathy than Stanley of the murderous attack on President Garfield, and in all the last services in which he took part in Westminster Abbey, earnest prayers were offered that so precious a life might be spared to his country and the world. And no American watched with more intense anxiety the long death-struggle of the wounded President, or more deeply and truly mourned his loss, than did Dr. Holland, a beautiful sonnet in memory of Garfield being one of his own last poems. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided,' but, in common with still greater names lost to us during the year, they leave the world infinitely poorer for their loss.

Little need be said here concerning Stanley, the loving and loved biographer of Arnold, or Stanley the ideal Dean and noblest interpreter of the connection between Church and State. Full justice has been done him elsewhere. Articles, showing in the warm affection of their tone how much the noble qualities of the *man* cast into the shade the noble qualities of the

writer—if, indeed, in his case, the two could really be separated—have fitly placed Arthur Stanley and his work before the readers of the principal English and American periodicals. From the beautiful and thoughtful tribute to his memory by Phillips Brooks, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we quote the following passage, as giving what, in the writer's opinion, is Stanley's strongest claim to the gratitude and honour of an age like this:

'It is certain that the religious life and teaching of Dean Stanley have given immense support to Christian faith in England. In Convocation, just after he died, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of him thus:—"There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other Church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of scepticism; and my own impression is, that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons." That is a noble record in such days as these. To discriminate the essence of Christianity from its accidents; to show the world that many of the attacks on Christian faith are aimed at what men may well be in doubt about, and yet be Christians; to lead the soul behind the disputes whose battle-ground is the letter, into the sanctuary of the spirit; to bid the personal loyalty to a Divine Master to stand forth from the tumult of doctrinal discussion as the one vital power of the Christian life—this is a work for the defender of the faith which is full of inspiration and makes multitudes of men his debtors.'

And next to this influence of his writings, we would set his constant endeavour to strengthen the bond of human brotherhood in virtue of which—despite all dividing influences—

> 'Man to man the warl' o'er
> Shall brithers be for a' that;'

and more especially his efforts to draw closer the links of fraternal affection between Britain and America, which make his death, only less than that of President Garfield, a strong uniting force to the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon family. Stanley, like all great men who could not confine themselves to the well-beaten track, has been misunderstood and calumniated, even to the questioning of his Christian faith. But long after the misrepresentation and detraction have been buried in deserved oblivion, the pure and elevating influence of his character and works will live in the thought and life of the English race.

The tragedy which has prematurely closed the noble career of President Garfield has emphasized two truths which a pessimistic view of our time tends to overlook,—that we have not yet outlived the possibility of true heroes, and that all the arrogant materialism of the age has not crushed out of the world's humanity its strong sympathetic response to a true self-sacrificing heroism. The pure and blameless life of steady, unselfish, upward striving, of heroic self-devotion to his country and the right, which has been so vividly brought before the civilized world, set in the more unearthly radiance of mortal suffering, borne with Christian patience and resignation,—is a great object lesson for our youth,—so often tempted to embrace the delusion that mere material 'success in life' is the great goal to strive for. What has led men everywhere in Europe and America to stand reverently with bowed head and sorrowful mien,—to hang flags at half-mast, and fire minute guns, and toll church-bells from John O'Groat's to Land's-End, and from Halifax to San Francisco, while that vast mourning cortege followed to his grave a plain American citizen? Not mere 'success!' Many other men—D'Israeli, for example,—have achieved more brilliant 'success.' Not mere power of intellect or eloquence! In these he had many equals. Not even the tragedy that closed his life! The death of the Czar of Rus-

sia was even more tragic. What compelled the reverent homage of all men for the martyred ruler was the dignity of noble purpose, of consistent integrity, of devotion to right at all hazards, and of protest to the death against the pernicious idea that corruption of some sort must be tolerated in civil government. Possibly it needed the blood of a martyr to impress the lesson on mankind. But surely those three months of complicated suffering endured by the dying President will shame even the average politician out of the too-long tolerated notion that a high and pure morality is *de trop* in the political sphere!

President Garfield's career as soldier and statesman has already been placed most fully before every reader by able hands. Mr. Howells, in Toronto, bore eloquent testimony to the warm, poetic, enthusiastic quality of his oratory, which gave it so much of its power to touch and impress, and to the simplicity and tenderness of his nature which won him a love rarely accorded to early and pre-eminent success. The boy who gladly toiled at the humblest manual labour to help his widowed mother, grew into the man who, his friends knew, would

'Stand by them, whate'er befall,'

and who, in the more tender and private relations of life has been so deeply loved and mourned. The intellectual culture, so hardly won from adverse fortune, was kept up by continued study to an extent very uncommon in the life of a busy American soldier and politician. Always modest and unassuming, he would sometimes surprise his friends at a literary reunion by a long *verbatim* quotation from a favourite Latin poet. In the Senate, the magnetic quality of his eloquence, his quickness and clearness of grasp, his easy readiness of repartee, made him a rarely equalled debater. We, in Canada, thought Garfield an almost unknown name when we first heard of the Presidential nomination. But his own countrymen knew him well, and appraised him at his true value. He went into the Presidential contest as a thorough-going supporter of his friend Sherman, and his intense loyalty of nature made it almost an impossibility for him to consent to the nomination of himself,—an honour he little desired. But he yielded at last to the pressure of his party and the sense of duty, and set himself to go through the uncongenial personal canvass as the work to which God had called him. And short as his tenure of office has been, and sad its premature close, it has given to the Presidential Chair of the Republic a gleam of heroic lustre which it is earnestly to be hoped his successor will do nothing to tarnish or obscure. His death may do more to accomplish the ends he died for, than his life could have done. It has certainly graven his memory in the hearts of his countrymen as not the best and most faultless administration could have impressed it. And as a link in drawing closer the bonds of human brotherhood, and Anglo-Saxon brotherhood more especially,—as a touch of nature making the whole world kin—the effect of his death has been unprecedented—has taken by surprise the world itself that has been involuntarily led to offer this touching and unexampled homage to a man who *simply did his duty* as a Christian ruler! May it not teach nations, as well as individuals, that moral good is infinitely nobler than material gain?

The career of Dr. J. G. Holland, as well as that of President Garfield, impresses another truth—the fatuity of the over anxiety of men to lay up riches for their sons, as the *summum bonum* of human life. Wealth, though not a bad thing in itself, seems, as George Macdonald tells us, to have a tendency to foster stupidity. Certainly, as a rule, the men who take the foremost rank do not come from rich and luxurious homes. Dean Stanley was one of the exceptions, but an Episcopal palace, with a father like the Bishop of Nor-

wich, could not be a home in which the outward good things of life were rated above their true value. But young Holland, like young Garfield, had to wrest his intellectual development from 'adverse circumstances,' so-called, by dint of his own enthusiasm, toil, and perseverance. In the intervals of college work he taught school, and he used to describe in later life the quaint old world characters and legends that he met with when 'boarding round' in remote country districts of Vermont, where much of the stern old type of Puritan character, and many an ancient superstition, still survived. His early experiences laid up for him a stock of poetic material which he turned to good account in his poems and tales. One can readily imagine how he accepted the profession of medicine in compliance with the representations of well-meaning friends to whom 'literature' as a profession would seem little better than vagrancy! But he practised for only three years, and then gave himself up wholly to his first love, undeterred by the numerous disappointments and discouragements that beset a young author's career. How he won success as a journalist—wrote poems and most popular novels—and finally initiated and successfully established *Scribner's Magazine*, which in ten years has attained an immense circulation in both Europe and America—all newspaper readers must know. But it is more still to know that as a journalist he was steadily true to his life-long rectitude of principle—that in all his writings, moral good and purity have been upheld as the supreme good—that his humour never degenerated into flippancy, and that in an age which tends to idolise the outward, he strove to the end to lead his readers to see the higher beauty of the spiritual, 'the light that never was on land or sea.' As an editor, touching on the great questions of the day, he always struck the true note, putting aside expedient sophisms, and showing that nothing which is not based on the eternal principles of truth and right, can have any enduring value. One of his last *critiques* was a well merited condemnation of a 'romance' of Mr. Mallock's, whom from the first, he accurately gauged; and one of his last fragments of practical philosophy was a discriminating discussion of the antagonism existing between poetry and science—accounting for it on the ground that while science must keep strictly to the visible and tangible, poetry must have room to spread its wings and soar into the realms of the unseen and the spiritual.

As a man, Dr. Holland was singularly lovable. His fine robust physique, strong, handsome face, and expressive dark eyes, at once penetrating and benevolent—gave the impression of a warm, gracious nature, which a closer acquaintance fully verified. His editorial duties were often a severe trial to him, involving the constant rejection of contributions which he would gladly have accepted, and never probably refused without a pang of sympathy, intensified by his own early experience of similar discouragements. 'I am sorry for myself, and I hope you are sorry for me,' he would write, when obliged by over-supply to return a friend's contribution. But his limitations in this respect may be measured by the fact that he frequently read some fifty poems a day—most of them of respectable merit—while, perhaps the office contained already some thousands of dollars worth of accepted manuscripts.

His hospitality was generous to overflowing. His charming summer home at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, commanding a glorious view of one of the loveliest stretches of the Thousand Islands—which was closely associated with the last years of his life—was a favourite resort of his many literary friends. He delighted to show them the beauties of a spot, which, under his tasteful hand seemed to become a little paradise, while the æsthetic interior of the house and the wide

old-fashioned fireplaces, were worthy of the position taken by *Scribner's Magazine* in elevating and guiding the national taste in house-planning and decoration. The hall at *Bonniecastle*, modelled on a small scale from the old English baronial mansion, was in itself a picture. Here he spent four happy months of the year—writing, reading, cruising in his swift steam-yacht among the island labyrinths, and planning and executing improvements in the village, where his bright and genial presence will long be sorely missed.

We do not concern ourselves here with discussing his purely literary merits or his rank as a poet. Enough, that he belonged to the order of true poets or *seers*, whose eyes have been touched to see the glorious spiritual realities that lie beyond the world of sight and sense. And as he saw he taught to the large audience he commanded. His most valued literary friends were writers who sought most to unfold the beauty of the spiritual—such as Jean Ingelow, George Macdonald, his guest when in New York—and the aged Quaker poet of Amesbury. He has been not unfitly styled the 'apostle of the commonplace,' because it was his *forte* to touch with the light of poetry the common ways of life, to show the beauty that, to the seeing eye, may lie about the humblest paths. But his intense conscientiousness, the high aim of all his work—the pure moral quality of his teaching, are what will give his writings their most enduring value. As catholic in sympathy as Dean Stanley, and as tolerant of opinions differing widely from his own, he was as earnestly desirous to separate the accidents of Christian faith from its essentials, and to include within the conception of the Church of Christ all who are animated by His Spirit and Life, however widely they might diverge from the current 'orthodoxy.' And the truth that Christianity has nothing to fear from the fullest investigation, was one for which he earnestly contended. An attached member of an orthodox Christian church himself, he remarked, in speaking of Professor Robertson Smith, that for any church to do anything to hinder the freest inquiry was, in his opinion, not only a *wrong* but a *sin!* And this principle he was never weary of contending for, frequently defending in his magazine, earnest men whom the church had hastily 'cast out.' He did not profess to be a theologian, and he had a profound sense of the mysteries that encompass human life, but his Christian faith was warm and strong, and pervades all his writings. Perhaps nowhere does it come out more touchingly than in a little poem written in the course of the past summer, concerning a favourite dog—a beautiful white setter—his constant companion. After a tender tribute to the loving fidelity of his dog, he closes thus—

'Ah Blanco! did I worship God,
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod,
With your humility.

'Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!'

His last poem, as has been said, was probably his sonnet in memory of President Garfield, the fluctuations of whose struggle for life he watched with the deep anxiety of a true patriot, and whose death he mourned with all the tenderness of a most loving heart. A few words quoted from a private letter, in reply to one of sympathy in the great national sorrow, will show how intensely he grieved for his fallen chief:

'It is very touching—this widespread grief over this terrible death. The effect in England and Canada touches us all very much. He was worthy, however, for whom you have done this. He was much the most brilliant man ever in our presidential chair, and he was as good as he was brilliant. Was ever man so loved and mourned?'

He, at least, was not left to mourn him long. Within a fortnight after these words were written, the malady which for two or three years had made his life a precarious one suddenly snapped the thread of his busy career, and he followed the ruler after his own heart behind this mortal veil into that larger life which we doubt not holds the key to the mournful mysteries that perplex us here. The country which within one short month has lost a President like Garfield and a popular and influential teacher of the stamp of J. G. Holland, has sustained a loss not to be weighed in earthly scales. But 'their works do follow them.' Their influence will live in the lives of others, and their memory will long be charged with the fragrance of a noble life, and the spiritual power of moral impulse and inspiration.

WAGES.

I.

IT was a merry brook that ran
Beside my cottage door all day;
I heard it as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song alway.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The Spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then Autumn came; the Summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wage in good red gold—

Red gold and fine. I turned me back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush, and heat,
The gold was red like minted blood,
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth,
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coinéd dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine,
And they who bought it can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

'SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.'

BY J. L. F., TORONTO.

THIS nineteenth century is accustomed to plume itself upon its marvellous advance in the exact sciences. So thoroughly has it probed to the roots the scientific principles and discoveries inherited from the past, so completely has it thus let in air and light upon the hidden and hitherto mysterious ramifications of material research and experiment, that a new outgrowth of scientific theory has been the result. This age points with pride to new and startling conclusions anent the reasons of things—conclusions claimed as lasting and substantial, because based upon a broader and more rock-bound basis of fact than has hitherto been available for building operations. Such noted men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Haeckel, have so brought their vast scientific researches to bear upon their theories of 'evolution,' as to compel the world of theological thought to cease attempts at refutation, and endeavour rather to bend Revelation into accordance with alleged scientific law.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, says, in his reply to Tyndall, 'Two great scientific *truths* have been established in this century. One is, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, &c., &c. The other great doctrine is that of *development*, acknowledged as having an extent not dreamt of till the researches of Darwin were published. We may discern a plan and purpose, means and end, in the way in which plants and animals are *evolved*, and in the forms they take,' &c.

That eminent, but somewhat shallow, defender of the faith, the Rev. Joseph Cook, in his work on 'Natural Science and Religion,' says, 'So the difference between pure Darwinism and more theistically expressed *evolution* is not so great as it seemed. Both agree in the opinion that species are evolved from species. I am unable to perceive that the idea of the evolution of one species from another, and all from an initial form of life, adds any new perplexity to theism.'

Again, in his lectures on Biology, he says, 'The question of chief interest to religious science is, whether the new philosophy (evolution) is to be established in its atheistic, its agnostic, or its theistic form.'

Nor are similar admissions either few or far between among liberal pulpit orators in this and other lands. It is assumed that science must be right, and theology which claims a Revelation must follow—not lead and guide—science.

Is it not conceivable that such extremely ready compliance with the demands of science may imply either some degree of laziness—a certain reluctance to hard study and mental effort—or else a lack of courage? Would it not have been wiser and more consistent first to test thoroughly the alleged scientific facts, before so readily admitting them to be facts? Do not the appointed custodians of theology seem to yield the citadel almost without a struggle?

It does not require any very intimate acquaintance with the writings of eminent evolutionists, nor a very weighty exercise of common sense, to enable any average intellect to perceive the hopeless contradictions in which these supposed 'exact scientists' involve themselves.

Since 'spontaneous generation,' as expounded by Professor Haeckel, of the University of Jena, means the origination, spontaneously, of organic life out of inorganic matter, 'not by supernatural creation,' one would naturally expect the orthodox theologian to trace with excessive care, and thrilling interest, the 'facts' alleged by this learned professor in confirmation of this theory. Yet not one of these defenders of the faith has taken sufficient pains to study out the self-evident contradiction in Professor Haeckel's description of his chosen initial form of life the 'moneron.' He says, in his 'History of Creation,' vol. i. pp. 327-329, 'In all living bodies, without exception, there is a certain quantity of water combined in a peculiar way with solid matter. All animals and plants, in fact all organisms, consist in great measure of fluid water which combines in a peculiar manner with other substances.' He has previously asserted that these monera are 'organisms of the utmost importance for the theory of the first origin of life, because their entire bodies, when completely developed, consist of nothing but a semi-fluid albuminous lump—a formless simple lump of albumen.'

Do not these two propositions utterly contradict each other? and demonstrate that the moneron is either not a living organism at all, or else that it is *not* composed of one single substance? For, few will care to assert that water is 'albumen.' He also contradicts both Darwin and Huxley, by alleging that any *living* organism can be, or is, composed of 'one single substance.' Then, in his further elucidation of progression from the moneron, Professor Haeckel deliberately stultifies himself by attributing development of the species to self-division. Be it remembered, Darwin's axiom that 'natural selection' can act 'only' on 'inherited' variations, is reiterated and confirmed by Haeckel. How, then, can 'inheritance' exist among monera, since their only means of propagation is by self-division? *i.e.* by each individual cutting itself into two equal parts, each of which becomes an exact duplicate of its former whole. Without 'inherited variations,' which are, of course, impossible in a living organism of but one simple substance divided into two equal segments, 'nothing can be effected by natural selection.' Both Darwin and Haeckel agree upon this, as the *only* method of evolution from lower to higher organisms; and as natural selection is thus shut out of operation as regards these monera, their evolution into any higher species is, by their own showing, an impossibility. But, further, Haeckel acknowledges, in his 'History of Creation,' nothing but 'matter.' Matter must, of course, be subject to the ordinary laws of geometry, and the moneron, consisting only of one simple substance, cannot be expected to grow and increase in size, even after it is divided into two segments, any more than a plank cut into two halves by a circular saw can be expected to expand into two planks of equal size with the original. This is a problem which Professor Haeckel never even attempts to solve.

But there is a still more distressing downfall in store for Professor Haeckel; and the side-thrust which causes it comes from his colleague, Darwin. These monera still continue to exist in enormous quantities, and still display the self-dividing process of propagation. But Darwin teaches most emphatically that 'new varieties continually take the place of and supplant the parent forms. New and improved varieties will inevitably supplant and *exterminate* the older.' The cause of this is that 'survival of the fittest' which is the result of the 'struggle for existence.' Hence, if 'natural selection' has been at all operative in evolving higher species from the moneron, not one solitary moneron ought now to be left alive to tell the tale. And, further, since it is a self-evident fact

that the difference between animals and men at birth is plainly this, that animals, from whatever reason, have while the power of transmitting to their offspring all their store of instinctive knowledge, man is born into the world absolutely devoid of all inherited knowledge, but has instead only the capacity of being taught. It is hence, then, a most *un*-natural selection which in a 'struggle for existence,' resulting in the 'survival of the fittest,' causes the first man evolved into the world without one iota of inherited instinctive knowledge to survive a day, or an hour, amid animals who possess such instinctive knowledge. Faith in miracles fades into nothingness before the scientific faith which gives ready credence to such an irrational conclusion as this.

In fine, to carry out these two principles of natural selection and survival of the fittest, as defined by Darwin, to their logical conclusion it is hardly possible that more than one, or perhaps two, species of living organisms could exist at any one time in the kingdom of nature. If man be, indeed, evolved from the moneron, man ought, surely long ere now, to have exterminated his parent form at least, and be well on his way towards exterminating a whole host of his intermediate progenitors. We may, indeed, as a race, look forward with calm scientific confidence to the early recurrence of cannibalism, unless evolution shall develop men in a vegetarian direction, since in our 'struggle for existence' and its result, the 'survival of the fittest,' there must soon be nothing for man to prey upon except 'man.' It is a cheerful prospect. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of those theologians who are disposed to accept the facts of science furnished to them by Messrs. Darwin, Haeckel & Company.

But Professor Darwin, not content with this self-contradictory theory of development by means of self-division, alleges that 'all organic units, besides having the power, as is generally admitted, of *growing* by *self-division*, throw off free and minute atoms of their contents, that is, "gemmules."' These 'gemmules' are invented by Professor Darwin, in order to account for reversions in individuals of a species to some characteristics of an earlier type. He says 'this reversion depends on the transmission, from the forefather to his descendants, of dormant gemmules, which occasionally become developed under certain known, or unknown, conditions.' These 'gemmules' he calls 'dormant,' i. e., sleeping or inactive. They are, by his theory, atoms of matter floating about within the corporeal frame of the man or animal. As matter, they are, of course, subject to geometric laws. They cannot propagate themselves by self-division, but are dormant, asleep, lifeless. Yet their presence in a descendant is alleged to be the cause of 'reversions' hundreds of generations after the formation of the original type or species. Now, if we grant a liberal allowance of these precious 'gemmules' to the parent animal of a tribe—say even 100 millions—and admit that even half of that quantity is transmitted bodily to the next descendant, half again to the next, and the next, &c., we ascertain by simple division that at the twenty-seventh generation only *one* 'gemmule' of all the one hundred millions would be found in the twenty-seventh descendant. The twenty-eighth and all succeeding generations would have to content themselves with fractions of a gemmule, which by the one-hundreth generation would be no 'vulgar' fraction, but quite exhaust our stock of decimals to express.

Nor must it be supposed that 'evolution' is always a change from the simple to the complex, as taught by Herbert Spencer. Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered in New York, asserts that according to the known and ascertained *facts* of evolution, it is quite natural to expect the

complex toes of the extinct 'orohippus' to evolve into the simple undifferentiated club-foot, or hoof, of the horse. Yet both Darwin, and Huxley himself, teach that all mammals, including the horse and the monkey, are evolved from the marsupial. Some ancient opossum or kangaroo, therefore, must have evolved its fingers and toes gradually into the feet and hands of a man by having each separated and developed, while some other, after going so far as to have 'four toes on the front limb and three toes on the hind limb complete,' as Professor Huxley says the orohippus had, must have grown weary of this distressing multiplication of toes, and *de*volved or *dis*solved them all back again into a hardened and concrete hoof. Aided by narrow toed boots, and the prevailing fashions, man may yet become a hoofed animal again, were it only to 'rile' the bootmakers.

These are but a hundreth part of the contradictions to be found in the works of these 'exact' scientists. The reader who desires to have his mind stimulated in the research for greater and more glaring scientific blindness and blundering, should peruse a volume entitled 'The Problem of Human Life,' by A. Wilford Hall, of New York. (Published by Hall & Co., 26 East Ninth street, New York.)

Herbert Spencer defines science as 'a higher development of common knowledge,' while Huxley says that 'the science of any subject is the highest and most exact knowledge upon that subject.' Judged then by these standards, Darwin and Haeckel would seem to have evolved from the depths of their moral consciousness, the science of contradictions — not exact knowledge, not a higher development of common knowledge, but a spurious science, a heterogeneous collection of alleged scientific laws to which common knowledge and common sense alike give the lie direct. Yet these men are both sincere and able, and worthy of all respect in their public and private life and character. How then comes it that their efforts to attain true scientific knowledge result in such total failure? The reason will be found in this fact, that they have devoted years of study and careful thought to appearances only—have set out to find in mere matter the origin and cause of those phenomena of life which exhibit only their *externals* in material form. Their course of study is exactly analogous to that of a man who, seeing a locomotive engine for the first time, should carefully observe and note every particle of the external mechanism, endeavouring thereby to ascertain how it put itself together, how each part must have grown out of the other, and in their growth developed capacities of harmonious rapid motion. Thus, occupied only with the external phenomena, it never dawns upon him to penetrate to the motive power of steam which is used to set the machinery in motion, nor to pursue his researches still further, till he becomes conscious of the living heart and brain of the man who discovered and adapted the motive power to the mechanism and the mechanism to the motive power. To judge and theorize from externals only, and to shut the mind from all possibility of rising to interior causes, is to miss all opportunity of true knowledge by ascribing to external appearances powers which may live and manifest themselves indeed within these, yet are not of them, but of an entirely different degree or quality. This is precisely the course adopted by Messrs. Haeckel and Darwin.

Probably their effort is a step in advance of those creed-makers who drove them to it by formulating the proposition that it pleased Jehovah 'in the beginning to create, or *make of nothing*, the world and all things therein.' Still this ought not to have worried them or driven them to seek in matter a 'something' out of which 'something' could be made. It is quite true that 'out of nothing, nothing

can be made;' and the initial chapter of Genesis nowhere contradicts that axiom. It is the Westminster Assembly of Divines who substitute the phrase 'out of nothing.' The Bible simply states the fact that 'in the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth,' and further speaks of the works which God 'created to make'—*i. e.*, caused and formed. God is there distinctly declared to be Himself the origin and source of all created things; hence the teaching, that if we would rightly understand their phenomena and operation, we must seek upwards and inwards from these externals, through the various subtler forms of matter, towards the Divine essence and form in and from whom they live and move and have their being.

But such a statement will at once arouse the alarmed cry of 'Pantheism,' 'Pantheist,' &c. It might be well, however, before clamorous ignorance gives the rein to such vituperation, to reflect upon the many forms of more and more rarified matter through which we must penetrate ere we discern the undoubted finality or Final Cause of the Universe, God. Science is yet but in its infancy as regards the potencies in Nature by which we are surrounded, which give form to our spiritual, mental, and physical life. Space forbids us to do more than touch upon the lines of thought suggested. What, for instance, do we know as yet of the actual, material (though rarified and imperceptible), substance called 'gravitation' which fills all known space, and, by attraction or repulsion, holds revolving worlds in their appointed orbits? Is gravitation similar to the substance we call magnetism? Is electricity corpuscular? If not, has it no form, no concrete actuality? Is not light an actual form of rarified matter emanating from the sun of our and other systems? The author to whom reference has already been made, A. Wilford Hall, devotes many of the most interesting pages of his volume to prove the fallacy of the **wave-theory** of sound and light; and he **does establish**, beyond the shadow of **a doubt**, that both 'sound' and light **are actual** *substances* and not a mere **wave-motion** of the air or ether.

Every rational man knows **perfectly**, if he permits himself to reflect **upon** the phenomena of his own **material** existence, that the matter of **which his** body is composed is, *of and in itself*, as dead and inert as any other **piece** of clay—that he, **the man, the inner** man, moves it. **His will and thought** consciously move and guide the pen with which he writes, the tool **with** which he works, the boots and **the** feet with which he walks. It were but the wild dream of a lunatic to suppose that the boots move the feet, the feet the muscles of the leg, and finally through other muscles and fibres *create* the thought and the desire to walk. Are not then this 'will' and 'thought' substantial?—far more substantial than the matter which they move at will as thought directs? The idea that 'matter' creates and moves 'mind' is as ridiculous as Lord Dundreary's celebrated scientific method of solving the problem why a dog wags its tail. 'If the tail were stronger than the dog of course the tail would wag the dog.' Not less ridiculous is the supposition that matter evolves, unaided by spirit, beings capable of will and thought, affection, reason, and consciousness—all faculties, which may be weighed and measured spiritually, or mentally, but not in scales or by measuring lines. True, that substance from which matter is evolved must be substantial, real material; but unlike; of different degree; of higher and separate degree; to those mere external forms which evolutionists call 'matter' and regard as the only 'substance.' Yet we find discrete (*i.e.*, separate) degrees of substance and form even in the little we have yet discovered of the substantial corpuscular forces and forms in Nature, varying from the solid mineral

to the subtle and as yet untraceable, invisible substances we call 'sound,' magnetism, gravitation, &c., and in animals that absolutely unknown substance which we see only in its effects and characterize as 'animal spirits.' Men even know what that is. Boys sometimes make us painfully acquainted with its effects; although it is probably a new idea to modern science to speak of 'animal spirits' as a substantial form of matter. It becomes entirely possible thus, to the rational mind, to conceive of the One Divine Being as Himself—Substance and Form, interior to, or within, all substances and forms emanating or thrown off from Him. These emanations are no longer Himself, any more than the things a man has made, from substances placed at his disposal, constitute the man himself, although they are his 'works;' or to come closer to the analogy as regards man's relation to God, the offspring of a father cannot correctly be said to continue to be an integral portion of that father's existence.

Only of *One* human form on earth could it be truly said that He and the Infinite Source of all Life were absolutely One, because that Human Form was, and is, 'Jehovah placed visibly before us.' As that Truth begins to be realized by us, a true science and a true religion will begin to dawn upon the mind and enliven the heart of humanity. In that fact we have the key-note to the science of Life. In studying the problem of the possibility of such a manifestation of God to man on the very external plane of man's external faculties, every problem of science will be gradually unfolded as we are able to bear it—as we are able to *use* it. By learning to understand Nature's God we shall grow into the knowledge of Nature and learn successively the successive degrees of our human and animal life and material surroundings. For we shall learn that while all life is from Him, yet the 'human' degree is *directly* of and from Him—indeed His in essence and form. And we are His children. He our Father in Heaven. Thus while He could, and did manifest Himself in a human life, in form as a man, He could not be seen as He is in any lower form of life. Thus we are drawn to the conclusion that all animal, vegetable, molluscous, and mineral life are degrees of life, discrete (*i.e.* separate) from the human; and each species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms a separate emanation, a distinct 'work' of the Creator—not a spontaneous outgrowth each from each, but a created outgrowth from those unseen and unknown causes which we call spiritual. As we learn more of the laws and qualities of those subtler *material* substances in Nature to which reference has been made, it will become possible even to explain scientifically the combinations of these which act into and upon the several organisms. We will be able to show the lines of demarcation which, by what we may call a spiritual chemistry, forbid any intermingling. We know now as a fact that it is so—that mules or hybrids cease to propagate. The spiritual causes for this we do not yet know, but we may justly infer their existence.

Thus rising above the merely material or natural, we perceive that within man's natural life there is the rational or mental life; within the rational or mental, the spiritual life, and form which lives within us, here and now in form as a man, and in exact correspondence with our present material form. When the material casket is cast off for ever at death, no atom of this inner man is destroyed or lost, nor is there any, even momentary, cessation of life; for within that spiritual and mental substance and form there exists the still more interior celestial life derived the most directly from the Divine Life, and, therefore, as eternal as its source. While ignorance so dense prevails, even amongst advanced (?) scientists,

as that exemplified in the theories of Tyndall, Helmholtz, and others, on sound and light, what can we expect to know of the nature and properties of those spiritual substances of which man's spiritual being and form are composed.

We call a truce to the arrogance alike of 'science' and 'orthodoxy.' Let us realize, in patience and humility of spirit, how little we know. Let us calmly study that one Infinite Life and Source of Life displayed to us in the human life lived on earth by our Lord Jehovah, that we may from Him learn wisdom by life from Him, lived out in accordance with His laws of life, in our relations to others. Practical religion and practical science, united in usefulness to humanity on the natural plane of daily and material existence, are the sure and certain paths to deeper or higher spiritual and scientific knowledge. Precisely as natural science is acquired from a desire to apply it to *uses*, and not to mere speculative philosophy, so will scientific knowledge become exact and reliable because tested in *use* on that natural plane which is the true domain of physical science. That science, so applied, *is* religion; for they are then one. As it is 'the life of religion to do good,' so is it the life of science to perform uses. Each, or both, are dead, if such aim or end be not their very life. Religious science so animated, whether conscious of the vigour of its life or not, receives this life-principle from Jehovah, our Lord, through His Divine Humanity; and as each ray of light from this 'Sun of Righteousness' is caught and fixed, by the will of man, into its appropriate ultimate in material usefulness, it forms a basis or continent for further knowledge, and opens new avenues within man for furthur influx of Light and Life from Him. Hence the reception of that Divinely-Human life of our Lord, along with the study of His works and the application of their laws and forces to uses, will eventually open the way to the true science of of religion. True science is simply unattainable without the religion of love to others as heart and motive; and this because the *will* is the inmost life of man. If the will be contrary to the Divine Will—bereft of any activity towards usefulness or service of others, which is the Divine Will—it perverts, blinds and obscures the intellectual faculties, and produces all those contradictions and almost ludicrous fallacies on questions of actual natural facts and right reason we find so prevalent at present amid advanced (?) scientists. The speculative science of the nineteenth century is as wildly astray as is that speculative theology of a former age, whose creeds and dogmas we are now beginning to view in their true light, which is darkness.

The will and thought of this new day are rapidly casting loose from the trammels alike of orthodox science and orthodox theology; and in the hunger for material progress—selfish though it be as yet—centre the hopes of the world for the influx and efflux of new life and light from above; for even in its mad insatiability and restlessness there is much of that true religion which seeks not material progress *for self only*, but for all; nay, more and better there are who seek progress for *others* even at the expense and sacrifice of *self*. This is that scientific religion which attains not only 'knowledge' but 'wisdom;' for it follows the words and deeds of Him who said 'if any man willeth to do My will, he *shall* know of the teaching' of Nature and of Nature's God.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER IX.

INDOOR PLEASURES. A NEW ARRIVAL.

NOTHING but rain; pelting, pitiless, ceaseless rain! Rain beating against the window panes, dripping from the eaves, rushing down the pipes, foaming from the mouths of the two quaint old gargoyles, whose grotesque visages leered at me from an angle in the wall high up under the roof, and dancing up in evanescent bubbles over the stone walk beneath my window! No variety in the drooping and dripping aspect of the landscape; no break in the dull, leaden clouds; and no prospect of putting one's head out of doors for the day. Such were the sights and sounds that greeted me, as I gazed through the blurred window-panes the following morning.

Harry had come into my room and assisted me to dress, for my arm was still painful, and one of the servants having brought me my breakfast, I sat dallying over it by the window, a prey to dispiriting reflections.

There was no farm-yard, dairy, or rustic little bridge for me this morning; and worse than all, no little arbour either; and the end of Helen's little history, and the beginning of my little 'story' would have to be indefinitely postponed. I had determined to have it out with her to-day; and my vexation at this delay was excessive, for I might not again have so favourable an opportunity as the one I had so faint-heartedly frittered away.

She sent kind inquiries to my room during the day, and Harry and De Villefort paid me several visits. Monsieur Trancher — De Villefort had mentioned his name to me the day before—the young surgeon, also came in to ascertain how his patient was getting on, and reiterated his advice that I should remain quiet for some little while longer.

It was while Harry and De Villefort were in my room that the former incidentally remarked with a laugh, 'By the way, Hastings, old fellow, you must have had a terrific tustle with some pretty large and refractory trout the other day, for the middle joint of my rod is badly split, and the upper one is entirely *non est inventus.*'

'Oh, I remember now,' I replied, with a strong effort to control my features, 'I left it by the brook (a cowardly falsehood) when I shortened my rod. How stupid it was of me; but I am sure I can find it.'

'Don't let it worry you,' said Harry; 'it can be replaced, only I imagined you must have had a serious time with one of your fish, that was all.'

'No, I didn't catch anything—that is nothing worth mentioning,' I said carelessly, but with a countenance of alternating red and white.

'By the bye,' said Harry, 'my man tells me that the trout in the breeding pond have been dying by the score. He thinks they must have been poisoned in some manner. It is a complete mystery; and I intend to have the matter fully investigated.'

'Did he examine their mouths particularly?' said De Villefort with a villainous grin and sly look at me. 'Perhaps if he had, he would have discovered that there was a hook at the bottom of the mystery.'

'I don't know that he did,' replied Harry, 'but of course no one would fish there.'

I tried to appear—not being of course in any way responsible for the fate of those unfortunate fish—as if the matter possessed for me merely a momentary interest; but I know it was a ghastly failure. I was conscious of turning red and white by turns, and of looking as thoroughly foolish and uncomfortable as I ever did in my life. That my tell-tale countenance betrayed me to De Villefort, who had been furtively watching me, I haven't a doubt; only I hoped Harry had not been equally observant of me.

'Are you suffering, Hastings?' the latter said suddenly. 'You're as pale as a ghost. Does your arm still pain you much?'

'Yes, the pain is intense (another despicable falsehood) and seems to be increasing,' I stammered, as if the acuteness of the agony I suffered had seriously affected my articulation.

'Perhaps Boucher had better see you again,' he suggested.

'No; I only need rest,' I replied, trying to assume a cheerful tone. 'In a day or two I shall be all right again, I know.'

After the termination of this pleasant little episode of the morning by the departure of my two callers, I bitterly reflected upon my want of manliness in not making a clean breast of the whole matter. I felt sure that I would, sooner or later, be discovered as the ruthless destroyer of those unlucky fish; and then what sort of an opinion would they have of me; and particularly Helen; what would she think of such moral cowardice?

I tried to divert my mind from these unpleasant reflections by reading, strolling about my room, which was quite wide and lofty; examining the few paintings which adorned its walls, one of them being the full length portrait of a grim-looking old knight, clad in complete armour, the ancestor, perhaps, I thought, of the old French Marquis or Baron who had been the former owner of the chateau; and by straining my eyes through the window in the hope of discovering some faint indication of returning sunshine; but none was visible.

I partook sparingly of lunch, as my head was beginning to ache, and afterwards lay down on my bed and was soon asleep. I awoke late in the afternoon, feeling so much refreshed that I decided to dress for dinner. Harry again looked in, and having finished my toilet, I accompanied him down stairs.

I was bored nearly to death by the kind congratulations and inquiries of the guests, especially the younger portion who wanted to know just exactly how it was my horse had come to run away with me; how in the world I ever managed to maintain my seat so long; whether I had ever been run away with before; how it felt to be run away with; just exactly when and where I had fallen off, and what became of the horse afterwards; whether I didn't feel quite like a hero; one young lady declaring how exciting it must have been, and another how romantic; and how fortunate that my arm had not been broken, and that I had not been killed outright, etc., etc.

Helen had preceded me to the dining-room, and when I entered, she was conversing with a young lady, a stranger to me, to whom I was forthwith introduced. Miss Ashton, the name of the new guest, took her seat next to Helen at the table, and being opposite to me I could not fail soon to become impressed with her appearance. She was strikingly handsome, even I had to admit, comparing favourably with Helen herself. Her manner and conversation were exceedingly vivacious; the former being at

times, I thought, decidedly coquettish. She had occasionally a peculiarly furtive way of glancing out of the corners of her eyes at me, with a sort of sly expression on her face that made me blush, and feel rather uncomfortable. I never in my life was able to flirt, and if Miss Ashton proposed to draw me into a flirtation she would find herself disappointed. I had hardly exchanged two words with her, and yet these glances became so pointed and frequent that I thought her behaviour almost immodest.

Helen warmly congratulated me upon my escape from any serious injury, and expressed her pleasure at my being able to leave my room so soon. Then regarding Miss Ashton, with an amused expression, she said,

'Do you know, Edward, Miss Ashton thinks you remind her so much of a friend of her's, a Mr. ——, what is his name, Julia?'

'Mr. Harcourt,' she replied.

'And the best of the joke is,' continued Helen laughing, 'that I can hardly convince her that you are not that gentleman himself. Indeed she actually accuses me of practising a little deception in trying to pass you off for somebody else.'

'Well,' I laughed, 'that *is* funny.'

'She saw you last evening with Monsieur de Villefort,' said Helen, 'and was convinced that you were her friend, Mr. Harcourt.'

'I assure you, Miss Ashton,' I said laughing, 'that I am myself and nobody else; that my name is Hastings and not Harcourt. But I had not the pleasure of seeing you last evening.'

'Perhaps not,' she replied, 'I was in the carriage that passed in as you and your friend went out.'

'Oh, then you were the major,' I said with a laugh, and rather thoughtlessly.

'Another case of mistaken identity,' said Helen laughing herself. 'Mr. Hastings will probably insist that you are the major, whoever that personage may be, while you will be equally positive that he is Mr. Harcourt.'

'Now, confess, Helen, at once,' said Miss Ashton with a shy smile, 'that you and Mr. Hastings, as you call him, have concocted a little plot between you to deceive me; to pass off the real Mr. Harcourt for the *soi-disant* Mr. Hastings. It was certainly very cleverly arranged; but I am not to be deceived. Now confess, Helen, that I have detected your little ruse.'

'I appeal to Mr. Hastings himself,' said Helen, 'to corroborate me when I say that you are really altogether mistaken, though possibly,' with a sly look at me, 'he may tell you that this is not the first time he has been mistaken for somebody else.'

I blushed, and laughingly remarked something to the effect that I was actually becoming myself a little doubtful about my own identity, but nevertheless I thought I was still sufficiently clear upon that point to be able to corroborate Miss Mowbray.

Miss Ashton, however was, or feigned to be, not entirely convinced yet, and several times afterwards addressed me as Mr. Harcourt. Miss Mowbray had offered no remark all this while, but appeared to be greatly amused by the conversation.

There was at times an intensely amused expression upon the faces of Helen and Miss Ashton, which I could hardly account for, and once or twice they burst out laughing, when for the life of me I could see no cause for it. The suspicion that I was in some way the cause of their merriment made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. It certainly could not be the rather awkward manner in which I used my left hand; they would be too polite to notice it. And yet what could I have unwittingly done or said to cause them this evident amusement, for the very peculiar way in which they both at times looked at me, was so unmistakable, that I was now convinced that I was in some way the object of their mirth.

I glanced down to see if any of the

buttons of my vest had got into the wrong hole; then felt with my hand to ascertain if my coat collar was down, and my cravat in proper position about my neck; but nothing was awry in these respects.

In the mean while the soup and fish had appeared and disappeared; Monsieur Bontemps was delivering himself of his apparently exhaustless fund of story and anecdote, to the intense enjoyment as usual of the company, while at times, from the other end of the table, the voluble tones of Madame McMahon's voice were audibly wafted to me. My attention, however, was so much absorbed by Helen and Miss Ashton, that I took but little notice of what was going on around me. The latter was now entertaining us with an animated description of her visit to the Paris Exhibition, and she expressed her surprise that I had passed through the city without seeing it; and urged Helen not to fail in doing so. The latter replied that as Harry had not expressed the least interest in it, she had not gone for want of an escort, whereupon, with conscious blushes, I gallantly offered to act in that capacity; and of course having friends in Paris, with whom she could stay, she said that perhaps she might avail herself of my kind offer.

Dinner over, I accompanied the ladies to the parlour, leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars. At Helen's request I went back to the library to fetch her a book she wished, and was about leaving the room with it, when Miss Ashton suddenly entered. Her whole appearance and manner were entirely changed. She regarded me with the most reproachful looks, and exclaimed in a disdainful way,

'I am astonished, sir, that you have the assurance to look me in the face, after what passed between us last, I resolved never to hold intercourse with you again; base, perfidious man! Think not that I can forget your conduct; or that I am to be deceived, sir, by your puerile attempt to pass yourself off for other than what you know yourself to be; the most ungrateful and heartless of men.'

She stood regarding me with flashing eyes, glowing cheeks and heaving bosom, while I, utterly dumbfounded at this unexpected accusation looked at her in quite a bewildered and helpless sort of way.

'In the presence of others, sir,' she continued, 'I was constrained to treat you with forbearance until I should have an opportunity of unmasking you. What *can* you think of yourself, sir?'

'Miss Ashton,' I at last managed to stammer, with flaming face, 'What do you mean? I am quite sure I never saw you before.'

'Oh,' she exclaimed, with a most scornful curl of the lip; 'so you add insult to injury by affecting ignorance. But it is no more than I might expect of you. It would be useless for me though to attempt to refresh your memory. None so blind, they say, as those who won't see, and no doubt it is equally true that none are so forgetful as those who *won't* remember.'

'Miss Ashton,' I exclaimed, quite desperately, whom do you take me for? You are quite mistaken, I assure you.'

'I take you, sir,' she replied, in a tone calmly scornful, and with a sudden change from her former excited manner to that of quiet, injured dignity, 'for a false, ungrateful, perjured man, whose most solemn promises are no more than trifles light as air; who makes deception the ruling conduct of his life, who—who—' she abruptly paused, and breaking out into an hysterical laugh, threw herself into a chair by the table, and began strumming upon it with her fan in the most violent and excited manner.

Goodness gracious! Was the woman going into hysterics, and perhaps faint on my hands. Indeed, I felt very faint myself at the thought.

'Believe me, my dear—Miss Ashton I mean'—I thought I would en-

deavour to soothe her, for her symptoms were most alarming—'that—that you are quite mistaken—I am really somebody else—that is, I mean to say, I am not myself—no—not exactly that either—what I do mean to assure you of is this'—quite desperately, and in a profuse perspiration, for the hysterics were certainly come on her—'that I am not Mr.—Mr.—I have forgotten his name,' in a most bewildered manner, 'Mr.—the person you think I am, I mean—indeed I am not—I have no doubt I am quite a villain—no, I don't mean that exactly—the person you think I am, I have no doubt is quite a villain, I mean to say'—yes, she was going to faint, I knew she was—perhaps I had better at once acknowledge my offences, as this persistent denial of them, I felt sure, would be attended by the most alarming consequences, and perhaps a frank confession might soothe and restore her; and then when she was again brought back to a tolerable degree of calmness, I would once more endeavour to undeceive her.

'Believe me, Miss Ashton,' I said, hurriedly, for I saw there was no time to lose, 'I am truly repentant, and I humbly ask——' but, as I feared, my contrition came too late.

Her head had been bent over the table resting upon one arm, while the other hung motionless at her side; her fan had fallen from her hand, and complete prostration seemed to have followed.

Yes, to my dismay, I saw she was slipping from her chair; I ran to her, and had just got my arms about her when, to my inexpressible relief, Helen entered the room. She paused—no wonder—with a look of blank amazement, and exclaimed, 'Why, Edward, I am astonished.'

No doubt she was; but not more so than I was, when the next moment she burst out laughing, and at the same instant Miss Ashton rose to her feet, looked me full in the face with an expression of intense amusement and sly humour, and said—

'Are you quite—quite sure, Edward, that you never saw me before?'

There was, just then, something in her voice; a not altogether unfamiliar tone that recalled a vision of a girlish face peeping merrily from between a profusion of auburn ringlets, two roguish blue eyes and a pair of red lips parted upon a double row of pearly white teeth; and as I scrutinized more closely the face that was turned towards mine, could I detect in it no faint resemblance to that same girlish countenance? I felt so sure that I could, that I exclaimed—

'Can it be possible that——I see Alice Lee?'

'Yes,' she said, with a merry laugh, 'none other than your old tease and torment, Alice Lee.'

'I see you have not yet forgotten how to be both,' I said, laughing myself, and warmly shaking her outstretched hand. 'You are a clever actress, Alice; but this is, indeed, a most unexpected and joyful surprise.'

'Yes,' she said, with a sly smile, 'Helen and I arranged it all, and I succeeded much better than I expected.'

'When two women put their heads together to plot,' I laughed, 'it is all up with their victim. No wonder I was imposed upon.'

We seated ourselves in a corner of the room, and spent an hour in delightful chat about the old times; our old friends and youthful experiences, bringing to mind many of our childish pranks and sports. And I learned from Alice that she had been visiting in Toulouse, and that Helen's letter conveyed an invitation to her to make her a visit, and that they had concocted this little plan between them, neither of them believing that I would at first recognise my old playfellow.'

As I was accompanying them back to the parlour, the young surgeon who had attended me after my accident chanced to pass us, and he stopped to inquire if I still suffered any pain from my arm.

'Very little,' I replied, 'and I must thank you, Monsieur Trancher, for your very kind attention.'

'Trancher!' he exclaimed, with a sudden change of manner, and in a somewhat excited tone of voice, 'vot you mean by zat, sare; ma foi! but I took you for vun gentilman; for just nussin at all, I vould pull your nose, sare.'

He regarded me with the most indignant looks; while utterly dumbfounded with astonishment at this sudden ebullition of anger, I at last managed to stammer—

'How have I offended you, Monsieur Trancher? If I have done so, I assure you, sir, it was entirely unintentional.'

'Trancher, Trancher,' he again exclaimed, in a tone of greater anger and excitement than before, 'ma foi, vot for you call me zat? Allow me, sare, to inform you that you are vary presuming; zat you are vun fâcheux, sare.'

What possible enormity lay concealed in the fact of my being a fâcheux I was utterly at a loss to imagine, and I said—

'I cannot perceive, sir, what I have said or done to offend you, and I beg to assure you, sir, that ——.'

'Trancher!' he again exclaimed angrily, and in a somewhat ironical tone, 'perhaps sare, you set up for vun farceur, but parmit me to say that our brief acquaintance does not varrant it sare —it is von big impertinence — you have grossly insulted me, sare,' and with these words he turned indignantly upon his heel and walked off, leaving me quite speechless with astonishment and mortification.

I had been vehemently accused by this irascible little Frenchman of being a fâcheux and a farceur; thus much I knew of the nature and extent of my offences, but no more; and I should have to ask Helen to explain their meaning.

Perhaps, after all, I had only mispronounced his name; but I knew these Frenchmen to be dreadfully sensitive; though why he should have flown into a passion over such a trifle, especially when he should have known that it was purely unintentional, I was at a loss to understand.

Helen and Alice had passed on to the parlour, and had heard nothing of this conversation, and shortly after joining them I asked the former, being decidedly curious to have the mystery elucidated, what a fâcheux and a farceur meant. She replied that one meant an impertinent, and the other a joker. But as this didn't help to explain the matter any, I was as puzzled as ever.

Presently she inquired why I had asked.

'Because Monsieur Trancher called me them,' I said.

'Monsieur who?' she exclaimed with a laugh.

'Monsieur Trancher,' I repeated. 'The surgeon.'

'What did you call him that for?' she said, with another hearty laugh.

'Why, because it's his name,' I replied, 'so De Villefort told me, though I don't see why he should have got so angry merely because I mispronounced it.'

'Trancher means to amputate,' said Helen, greatly amused at my mistake, 'and no doubt he thought the term rather more appropriate than polite.'

'Oh, does it?' I said. 'It seems to me, Helen, that my whole time here has been taken up in making mistakes and apologizing for them. You can score another point for De Villefort. But I must see Monsieur—what is his name?'

'Boucher,' she answered.

'Monsieur Boucher,' I continued, 'and apologize for my mistake, immediately, or he may request the pleasure of running me through; and I must also,' I added with a laugh, 'save De Villefort the trouble of writing me another challenge.'

So I went in search of the irascible little surgeon forthwith, not knowing

what hostile designs he might not at the moment be harbouring against me, dangerous alike to both life and limb.

I found him in the billiard-room watching a spirited game between De Villefort and Monsieur Bontemps; and as I approached him he regarded me with the most indignant and contemptuous looks. I said, in low tones, 'I greatly regret, Monsieur Bou—bou,' for the life of me I couldn't remember the other part of his name; but I continued in spite of my confusion, 'that owing to a mistake—'

'Monsieur Boubou,' he exclaimed, jumping up from his seat, and shaking his fist excitedly in my face, 'not vun other vord, sare; I vill not listen to you—do not presume to speak to me, sare.

'But I wish to explain, sir,' I said, 'I greatly regret that it was owing to a mistake, Monsieur Bou—'

'Not vun more vord, sare,' he almost shouted, 'I have tell you not von more vord;' gesticulating at me in the most vehement manner. 'Before zis whole company,' he continued in an excited tone (about ten ladies and gentlemen now concentrated their gaze upon us) 'I pronounce you to be un impertinent—un bouffon;' in his excitement he mixed his French and English somewhat—'von—von *fellow*—zare! Trancher! Boubou! ma foi! but I vill pull of ze nose, if you insult me vith von more vord. You shall hear from me, sare.'

I had tried hard to keep my temper, but now mortified with very shame and angered beyond control, I exclaimed, 'Very well, sir, if you will persist in making yourself ridiculous, and refuse to listen to me, perhaps Monsieur de Villefort will be kind enough to afford you the explanation I proposed doing, had you been amenable to reason.'

With these words I walked out of the room, thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the popularly conceived notion of French courtesy and politeness was the veriest humbug and delusion.

CHAPTER X.

HELEN'S LITTLE HISTORY IS FINISHED, AND MY LITTLE STORY IS BEGUN AND ENDED.

'HELEN,' I said, as I accompanied her and Alice from the breakfast table, the following morning, 'is there such a thing as a farm-yard, a dairy, or a rustic little bridge anywhere in the neighbourhood? All books that treat about the country mention such things as the most attractive and pleasant of rural sights; and delightful little brooks, such as Tennyson describes, you know.'

'Oh, are they all like that,' she remarked quite innocently, 'I didn't know it.'

'Ever since I have thought anything about the country,' I said, 'I have always had a great desire to see a farm-yard, a dairy, and a rustic little bridge, spanning just such a brook as Tennyson depicts. I have always imagined that these must be the most delightful of rural sights; especially the latter. Indeed, to see a rustic little bridge that spans one of the clearest, merriest, and most musical of brooks has been one of the dreams of my life.'

'I believe there is a bridge,' replied Helen, laughing, evidently amused at the simplicity of my tastes; 'but it is some distance away, and I cannot promise you that it is particularly rustic, or that the water which it spans is especially clear, merry or musical. I have only seen it once, and that was a long time ago—I had, indeed, entirely forgotten it.'

'If I only knew the way there,' I said, 'I should like to visit it this morning, and I could take the other two on my return. Indeed, Helen,' I added, 'I should hardly realize that

I had been in the country at all, should I return home without seeing a farm-yard, a dairy, and a rustic little bridge.'

'If you don't mind a long walk,' she said, 'perhaps we can make up a little party to go there this morning.'

'I should be delighted,' I replied, 'and Helen, you might bring a copy of Tennyson along with you; it would be so appropriate and delightful to read it—on the bridge, you know.' She promised not to forget it, and it was settled we should set out on our walk in the course of half an hour.

I was ready and waiting in the hall at the appointed time, when Helen appeared with Alice Lee and Monsieur Bontemps; which gentleman by the way seemed to have become quite smitten by that young lady's charms —and who proposed to join us. This was not at all what I wanted, as I had hoped to have Helen all to myself. Indeed it quite disconcerted a little purpose I had secretly harboured, and with which neither the bridge nor the brook—or the farm-yard and dairy either—had any very particular connection. I swallowed my discomfiture, however, and submitted with as good a grace as possible.

It had stopped raining the afternoon before; and the air being delightfully fresh and cool, and the weather clear, it was with a particular sense of pleasure that we followed for a short distance the path leading by the little arbour, and then turned off over the lawn towards a clump of woods upon our left hand.

'Helen,' I said, pausing, 'if perfectly agreeable to you, I should really like to have another peep at that dear little arbour. It will not take us a moment, and we can join our friends again before they have time to miss us.'

Undoubtedly we could, for they were but a little way ahead of us, and so completely absorbed in each other's society, that they appeared to have not only forgotten our presence, but everything else; and very naturally I thought our little digression might prove equally agreeable to them.

'It may be the last opportunity I shall have,' I said, 'and I should really not like to go home without seeing it once again.'

Helen acquiescing, we retraced our steps, and turning back into the path, soon came in sight of the arbour.

'What a really delightful little spot it is,' I exclaimed.

'I think I have heard you express that opinion before,' she remarked, with a sly smile.

'One cannot express it too often, Helen,' I said. 'It is as charming by day as it is in the evening? Don't you think so?'

As she expressed a like opinion, I then observed that I really should desire to see if it looked as beautiful inside by daylight as it did in the evening; and this wish was also gratified by Helen's accompanying me along the little flower-bordered path, and into the arbour itself.

'This is indeed charming,' I said, sitting down, and gazing about me with an interest and a rapt admiration as if I beheld it for the first time —and then after a few moments of silent and delighted contemplation, I said, somewhat suddenly, as if the idea had just struck me—but it hadn't, because it had been in my mind ever since we had left the house—'Oh! by the way Helen, wouldn't this be a favourable opportunity to finish that little history?'

'There is really not much more of it,' she replied, seating herself opposite to me, 'only to say that my father was accustomed to pass several hours here every day in pleasant weather, in reading and study.'

'I don't wonder at that,' I said. 'What a place for poetry this is, Helen, and that reminds me you have Tennyson with you. I don't know but this would be as appropriate a place to—to read the "Brook" as on the bridge—don't you think so, Helen.

We haven't of course the literal accompaniment of water, but—but—we—we have flowers and birds and—and—' I was getting out of my depth, as I usually did when I meddled too much with sentiment; or essayed the loftier flights of poetic fancy; but Helen rescued me from my embarrassment by taking the book from her pocket, opening it, and saying, 'here it is, the very place, "The Brook."'

She began to read. At first I paid close attention, but it soon would have been apparent to the most careless observer that the words fell upon unheeding ears; for I had in truth become completely absorbed in other thoughts.

Noticing my inattention, Helen suddenly laid the book upon her lap, and regarding me with an inquiring look, said,

'Edward, you're not listening. A penny for your thoughts.'

I roused myself, and replied, assuming a very tender and meaning look, 'they are worth far more than a penny to me, Helen.'

'Ah!' she remarked, with a sly smile; 'then as you find your own meditations so much more agreeable than Tennyson's poetry, I will not disturb them by continuing my reading.' She closed the book, and placed it upon the seat beside her, and then a moment after, as I remained silent, she added; 'as your wish has been gratified, perhaps we had better join Alice and Monsieur Bontemps.'

'Helen,' I said, 'there is a question I—I wish to ask you, as speaking of poetry reminds me of it (though it didn't, as it had been in my thoughts for some time); did—did De Villefort ever show you a little piece of—of poetry—I once wrote?' I blushed painfully, but I was determined to ask the question as I had a special motive for it.

'I believe he did—once,' she replied, blushing herself, 'but I have almost forgotten what it was.'

'What a fool you must have thought me, Helen,' I said. 'He told me that he didn't.'

'Really, Edward, you're quite complimentary—to yourself,' she said, with a laugh; 'but if I remember right, I thought it was quite a clever little composition.'

'Did you really, Helen?' I exclaimed in quite an elated tone; 'are you sure you are not only paying me a polite compliment?'

'I did really think it quite a creditable little piece of poetry.'

'And you were not offended?'

'Oh no,' with a most becoming smile and blush.

'Helen,' I exclaimed with a sudden burst of ardour, and emphasizing each word, 'I meant every word of it.'

Bravo! I had indeed made a courageous beginning, and all I had to do now was to stick to it. But that *all* was rather formidable; and I did rather wish now that I had fortified my nerves with a cup of coffee of extra strength, or a bottle of old Madeira, for without such nervine I feared it might be difficult, if not impossible, for me to pass successfully through the dreadful ordeal that awaited me.

Presently she remarked in a careless sort of tone, though with a slight blush and laugh, 'Oh! I didn't know that was customary with poets. I remember I once read in a paper a little piece of poetry—it was signed with your initials, and I always supposed you wrote it—entitled "The Poet Justified;" which was very cleverly written, though not particularly complimentary to our sex. As I remember it, I will repeat it. Below the title were the following lines—

'Respectfully inscribed to a certain "Fair" who once said that all men were deceivers, especially Poets.

"To believe that a poet must feel what he writes,
Is indeed a most grievous mistake;
For he who his sonnets to virtue indites,
May be at the best but a rake.

"'The lover who sighs at some fair maiden's feet
Like a furnace of flame, will cool off just as fast,
Till a chance may occur for the fool to repeat
To another the words that he breathed to the last.

"'Tis woman hath taught us these tricks of deceit;
From her we've the lesson learned only too well;
And man, but a mimic, is prompt to repeat
The tricks and the lies that she taught him to tell.

"'The smile on her lip but resembles the hue
Of the rose where the bee hath just pinioned his wing;
'Tis distance that lends all its charm to the view,
And distance it is that concealeth the sting.

"'Oh, constancy, *thou* art a jewel indeed,
And like thy twin sister exceedingly rare;
And of the two sexes, sure all must concede,
Thou art sadly deficient in that called the 'fair.'

"'And sure if the lover with words may deceive,
Why may not the poet do so with his pen;
What else have these damsels a right to believe,
When they do the same—of these 'treacherous men.'"'

Yes; in a moment of gloomy misanthropy I had penned those unlucky lines. How truly do our misdeeds return to plague us.

'There were several more lines equally complimentary to our sex,' she laughed, 'but I have forgotten them.'

'I heartily wish you had forgotten them all,' I said. 'I suppose I must plead guilty. But believe me, Helen,' in an anxiously persuasive tone, 'I didn't mean a word of it. All poets, you know, have their moments of gloom and despondency, and at such times are apt to write what they often afterwards bitterly regret.'

'Did you publish any more of your effusions?' she asked. 'I did not see any more though I looked for them.'

'Oh! a few more, I believe,' I replied. But all this was not to the point; and I was wasting invaluable moments. I must get back to the starting place again.

'Yes, Helen,' I said, 'you may believe me when I say that I meant every word,' with a firm resolve to say it or die, 'in that other little poem.'

'Let me try if I can repeat that,' she said, with a little blush and sly glance at me.

'I beg you won't,' I exclaimed, quite alarmed; 'because Helen, it—it falls far short of—doing the—the subject—justice.'

'Oh! is that your reason?' she said, with a furtive smile.

'Yes; indeed Helen,' with another burst of ardour, and a desperate determination to say it or perish in the attempt, 'nobody could—could do—such—such—a subject justice. It's—it's—simply impossible.' Bravo! again; I was getting on famously.

'You are quite complimentary,' she remarked, with another sly smile and blush.

'No, Helen,' I said, very seriously, 'compliments are mere expressions of—of the lips; often undeserved, and—often hollow and insincere. The—the heart—holds no such language; though of course we may compliment those whom we *esteem* and hold in high *regard*—but those whom we—we—,' why didn't I say love at once and be done with it; but I felt that the word would choke me; 'we—*more* than *esteem* and *regard*, we never compliment; because compliments would—would be weak indeed—addressed to those—whom we *more* than *esteem* and *regard*.'

'Oh! would they?' in the most naïve manner from her.

'Yes; I think so. Don't you?' in the most serious manner from me.

I approached a little nearer to her; for I felt I must speak a little more plainly. She evidently could not, or would not, understand me. But the thought of those awful words, 'Will you be my wife; or will you marry me,' was simply appalling. And yet I felt the dreadful question must be asked, just exactly in those words, or I should never get the answer, be it

for weal or woe, that I burned with impatience to hear.

I knew that the blushes mantled to the very roots of my hair; that they completely suffused my body, and even coloured the very tips of my toes, while a tingling sensation ran through my whole frame, as I said, in a stammering voice, 'Helen, why should I disguise the—the true state of my feelings—any longer—why—why,' as I made a painful pause here, she suddenly looked up and said, with an air of the most provoking naïveté.

'I'm sure I don't know. About what?'

Was her manner only artfully assumed; or did she really not understand me yet? I felt I must speak to the point or expire. Unless I was content to wait until she answered my question before I had asked it; as it might appear to an impartial observer I had made up my mind to do.

'Helen,' I said with a spirit of desperate and determined resolve, 'I was saying that we never compliment—I mean that we only compliment those for whom we entertain sentiments of high regard and esteem—but that we speak from the heart to those whom we—we—love.' The word escaped me at last almost involuntarily; but it afforded me the most infinite relief; though I must confess I did feel a little scared at the thought that I had now gone so far that I must finish, and that beating about the bush could avail me no longer.

Helen blushed, cast down her eyes and remained silent. Yes, I had broken the ice now, and it only remained for me to plunge in head and ears. She had more than an inkling of my meaning now, and I *must* speak the word that trembled upon my lips, ere my resolution wavered.

'Helen,' I said, with one last supreme effort to speak calmly and firmly, 'why should I hesitate to tell you that — that — I—I—love you? Will you,' I *must* say it now or die, 'will you—become my wife?'

The dread word was uttered at last. And how easy it seemed—after it *was* spoken. I can only compare the sense of infinite relief I experienced to the feelings of a drowning man suddenly snatched from death, just as he sees the last straw which he has clutched slipping from his grasp—a rather exaggerated, and perhaps not altogether appropriate simile; but I could think of no other.

From the slightly parted lips—whispered in the lowest and softest accents—with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks—came the one little word, 'Yes;' falling upon my eager and delighted ear, with far more exceeding sweetness than any tone of music had ever done. I took her hand and with my other arm encircled her waist—oh! the inexpressible ecstacy of the moment!—and I said, in tones tremulous in my new found happiness, 'Helen; you have made me the happiest of men. Why—oh why, have I deferred such inexpressible bliss to this moment? Why did my foolish fears keep me so long tongue-tied? Why did I pass so many years in vain regrets, not daring even to think that you could ever regard me other than as a friend?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' in the same low, soft, musical tones, and with the most demure air.

And then the delicious little confidences that followed. When I drew from her by degrees the blushing confession that she had always loved me; and how bitterly I reflected upon the bashful cowardice and unmanly diffidence of all those early years, when I might have wooed and won the lovely girl of eighteen, and felt so proud and happy in the possession of my inestimable treasure. But I was happy, inexpressibly happy now, and these thoughts cast no shadow over its brightness.

'And now,' said Helen, with a smile and a fond glance at me, 'perhaps we had better join Alice and Monsieur Bontemps—or—shall I finish the little poem about the brook—if you care to hear it.'

'The Brook, by all means, de—de—dearest,' I said, tenderly; and oh! the unspeakable rapture in the thought that I had now the right to call her, *her*, by so endearing an epithet. It didn't come altogether easy or natural to me yet, but I would soon get perfectly used to it.

So again that little brook babbled on to the tones of a voice far more melodious than its own ever were; over its pebbly bed and sandy shallows—on, forever, on to meet the brimming river; and I felt that I too could have gone on forever, drinking in the tones of her voice, and feasting my eyes upon the glowing cheeks, the dark expressive eye, and gently heaving bosom of the reader. And yet once more, at my urgent request—it was a very accommodating little book—it set forth upon its babbling course from away up among the haunts of coot and hern, and bickered down the valley; and so on merrily until it once again mingled its waters with those of the flowing river. But it declined a further repetition of the performance, in as much as Helen now rose from her seat with the remark, that by the time we returned home lunch would be ready.

'Lunch; how can you think of such a thing, Helen?' I exclaimed reproachfully. 'Love feeds upon far more ethereal nourishment than victuals.'

'Nevertheless,' she laughingly said; 'I must confess to feeling a little hungry.'

I suppose we did loiter a little on the way back; but I never before experienced how very short it was possible for a walk of half a mile to be.

Alice and Monsieur Bontemps had returned before us, and were in the hall when we entered. I endeavoured to assume a perfectly unconcerned look and manner, but that it was the most pitiable of failures, and that my tell-tale countenance and guilty air betrayed me to the former, I was just as sure as I was of my own existence. There was an arch look upon her face and a peculiar twinkle in her eye—I remembered them of old—which so unmistably indicated that she was on mischief bent, that I felt it was highly expedient for me to avoid her society at that very moment; or I should fall a victim to her artfulness, and irretrievably commit myself I knew; for that I should be as pliant in her hands as clay in those of the potter, and that she would cleverly draw my secret from me before I was five minutes older, I hadn't a doubt. So I pleaded a headache, and hastily excusing myself, I precipitately retreated to the solitude of my chamber to hold delicious and undisturbed communion with my own thoughts.

And it was doubtlessly this cowardly fear—though I didn't care to admit it to myself—that caused me to absent myself from the dinner-table, and to plead a wretched headache to Harry, and a total wreck of appetite, as the reason for my absence; when, in truth, I was really hungry, and could have enjoyed a sumptuous repast. So, as a just penalty for my absurd bashfulness, I was forced to make a solitary meal off a 'mouton chop,' a couple of slices of dry toast and a cup of tea, prepared expressly to meet the requirements of an invalid. But it was better so, for I felt I could not bear to be joked with about the matter, especially by De Villefort, who would be sure to hear of our sudden disappearance and late return, and he knew already, I feared, far more than was conducive to my entire comfort and peace of mind; and, as for Alice, no! I should not dare to trust myself in her company for three minutes at a time.

In the evening, however, I ventured quietly down into the library to get a book I wanted, and was about making my escape with it when I was confronted at the door by Helen, Alice, and Monsieur Bontemps, as my perverse luck would have it.

Appearing as unconcerned as pos-

sible—as there was no escape for me now—I said, pressing my hand to my forehead, 'Did you ever have a real sick headache, Alice? It's a terrible thing.'

'No, I never had,' she replied, and then added, with a sly expression, 'perhaps you walked too far this morning, and it was caused by fatigue. I hope you feel better.'

'A little, thank you,' I said. 'No, it couldn't have been that, for we didn't walk very far.'

'Then you must have walked very slowly,' she remarked, with another sly look, 'for you were a long while about it.'

'No, I don't know that we did,' I said, carelessly, though I was beginning to feel dreadfully uncomfortable. 'Did you go as far as the bridge,' I added, somewhat hastily.

'No; we couldn't find it,' she replied. 'We went as far as the fish-pond.'

'Oh, the aleyvinyair,' I remarked. 'Beautiful spot, isn't it?'

'Yes; and you got as far as the arbour, I suppose,' she said, with a meaning smile, 'and no doubt found it a very convenient halting-place. Now, confess Edward, you didn't go a step further. I have no doubt it is a most delightful place to while away *three hours* in.'

I blushed painfully, and glanced at Helen, though I tried hard not to do so, and as I saw that her own cheeks were more than ordinarily flushed, I suddenly said, again pressing my hand to my forehead—

'If you will excuse me I will return to my room as my head is getting worse.'

So, bidding them good-night, I left the room, but not before Helen had expressed the hope that I would sleep off my headache, and Alice had archly intimated that she knew more than I thought she did, and Monsieur Bontemps had laughingly called me a sly fellow.

Although thoroughly impressed with the conviction that love was not exactly an infallible panacea for the discomforts arising from an empty stomach—for what I had eaten was next to nothing—I nevertheless went to bed, feasting upon that etherial nutriment, and so, lost in the most blissful reveries, to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

A DULL DAY FOLLOWED BY A GRAND EVENING ENTERTAINMENT, IN WHICH MUSIC, DANCING, FLOWERS, SPEECHES, GENERAL CONVIVIALITY AND ENJOYMENT BECOME HOPELESSLY CONFUSED IN THE MIND OF A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL.

I AWOKE the next morning with a real headache; though it was a relief to my conscience, as it involved no falsehood, to be able to tell Harry that I was still feeling ill, and that I had better remain quiet in my room for the morning.

'You must get yourself in good trim, old fellow,' he said, 'for we are going to have a regular gala time of it to-night. Madame P—— and Signor R——, of the "Italiens," who are rusticating near Toulouse, are to be here, and Faure has also promised to run down from Paris. They are all particular friends of mine, and, I know, will not disappoint me, so I can promise you a rare musical treat. I intend the affair as a sort of fare well entertainment to my guests, who depart the day after to-morrow, and I shall then, old fellow, be able to devote myself exclusively to you.'

The latter part of this information afforded me far greater pleasure than did the foregoing portion of it. I should then have Helen all to myself, and enjoy, in blissful uninterruption, the charms of that delightful society which had now to be shared among so many others, a thought that made me absolutely jealous, and besides I didn't be-

lieve they properly appreciated such a privilege, and so didn't deserve it. And then, with her for my sole companion, how infinitely more enjoyable would be those little morning rambles to the farmyard, the dairy and the rustic little bridge; where, with the whispering leaves overhead and the musical little wavelets beneath us, I too, in dreamy blissfulness, could whisper soft murmurings of my heart's love and devotion. And then, in the afternoon, these rambles would be repeated, not, of course, forgetting the charming little arbour, which would henceforth be enshrined as a sacred spot in my memory. And then, in close sympathy of thought and feeling, in our love for the grand and beautiful in nature, we would together drink intoxicating draughts of her glories; the splendours of the southern sunsets, the more sombre beauty of the dark pine forests, and the majestic grandeur of the Pyrenees!

So completely absorbed was I in these blissful anticipations of the halcyon days to come, that I was unaware that some one had been rapping at my door, until in fact it was pushed open, and a servant, probably supposing the room to be empty, or that I was still asleep, made his appearance, carrying my breakfast. He said something in French, by way of apology I supposed, laid his tray upon the table, and, handing me a note, withdrew from the room. It bore my name, written in a small and rather feminine hand, and opening it with some curiosity I read as follows:—

'MR. HASTING,

'SIR,—As you have not see fit to make me one apologe for the insulte, you will do it or make me that reparation wich I shall demande of you, and if you are one gentilman you will not hesitate to make your choose of wich.

'F. BOUCHER.'

'The ridiculous little jackanapes,' I exclaimed, angrily, tossing the note aside. 'If he had listened to me he would have got all the apology he wanted.'

I had forgotten all about it, and supposed he had too, and that that was the last of the matter; but it appeared that he still bore resentment towards me, though it didn't trouble me in the least, as I was getting used to this sort of thing. A closer inspection, too, afterwards, of the writing led me to strongly suspect that De Villefort might also have been the inspiration of this little note, and as it was unmistakably in a woman's hand, though possibly somewhat disguised, I surmised that Alice Lee might likely have literally had a hand in it herself.

I relished my chops, toast and tea much more than I did the evening previous, and feeling much better afterwards, in the course of an hour or so, I finished dressing and went downstairs.

Helen and several of her lady guests, with De Villefort, Bontemps, and one or two other gentlemen, were just about to start forth upon a riding expedition, and the last-named person politely invited me to join the party. To his assurances that I would find it the most *exhileerating* of pleasures, and the surest way of getting rid of my headache, I could not help replying, with a laugh, though in a tone of some little asperity, that he must excuse me; though I was willing to admit that in one respect he was right, as I *had* found it *deucedly* exhilarating, but that there was not a horse, pony, mule, or jackass within the entire Republic of France that could tempt me forth upon such an excursion.

He shrugged his shoulders at this, with a look either of pity or contempt—I didn't trouble myself with surmizing which—at my lack of appreciation of this most 'exhileerating of pleasures,' and left me.

After they had departed, I roamed listlessly about the spacious mansion,

passed some time in the library in wrapt and delighted contemplation before Helen's portrait; then out around the house and about the gardens, where I loitered until the others returned and it was lunch time. I had afterwards an opportunity in private of making the *amende honorable* to Monsieur Boucher, whom I found considerably mollified in manner and much more tractable than the day before, and who expressed himself entirely satisfied with my apology and explanation. I made no allusion to the little note, as I was fearful of complicating the matter; and I had had a sufficient experience of that kind with Mr. Mortimer, and I did not care to make myself ridiculous a second time.

As Helen was occupied with several of the company in arranging a series of tableaux for the evening—in which they urged me to participate, Alice and Miss de Clerval being especially desirous that I should personate Romeo in a love scene with Juliet, Helen appearing as the latter, the former remarking to me, in a quiet under tone, that it would be so 'appropriate,' but which I firmly declined to do—I saw no opportunity of enjoying her society alone, so I retired to the solitude of my room, there to hold sweet communion with my own thoughts until dinner-time. When I descended again to the hall, some three hours later, I found a goodly company already assembled there. And again I had to resist the entreaties of Alice and Miss de Clerval that I would personate Romeo, for I was determined that any acting of that kind should be done strictly in private. So, making my escape from them, I joined Mr. Briarton and Miss Percival, who, with her sister, brother, and Mr. Mortimer —I wondered how the latter had ever had the energy to come—had arrived but a few moments before.

Of course I was presented to Mr. Henry Percival, and had at the same time to undergo several slyly pleasant allusions, upon the part of Mr. Briarton, to a matter that I would gladly have heard the last of some time before; and, of course, Mr. Percival laughed heartily, and I blushed and laughed too, or rather tried to, for the matter was becoming stale, I felt, and it required some little effort on my part to make them think it afforded *me* any amusement.

I was also introduced to Mr. Jack Morley and his charming sister, and, of course, the affair had to be gone over once more, and I had to blush and laugh again, and promise that I would dine with them the next day.

About an hour later the company assembled in the grand *salon* to listen to a concert, which was exquisitely rendered by Madame P——, Signor R——, and Monsieur Faure. Then tableaux followed, during which I was goaded almost to the very frenzy of jealousy by the curtains being withdrawn and discovering Monsieur Bontemps in the person of Romeo, standing in the most tenderly expressive attitude by the side of Helen (Juliet), and whom he was regarding with the most love-stricken looks, while he was supposed to be pouring into her only too-willing ears his fervent protestations of passionate love and eternal fidelity. I could have immolated that vile Frenchmen upon the altar of my wrath in a way that would even have struck pity into the heart of the most implacable of the Capulets; and I even felt that I could never again see that play performed with the slightest degree of complacency.

The tableaux over, dancing was about to begin, when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Mr. Briarton stood behind me, and with several mysterious winks and an action of his right forefinger towards the door, intimated that I should follow him. As I did not dance myself, and was becoming tired of sitting still so long, I followed him out of the room, and through the grand hall, which was fairly redolent with the perfume of

flowers of native growth and of rare exotics; and past several groups of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were occupied in admiring the pictures and the numerous articles of virtu which were displayed in different parts of the hall, or else sauntering in and out through the open outer doors, gaily chatting and laughing, for the evening was warm, and the cooling airs that from time to time stole in were exceedingly grateful.

We turned off down a side corridor, at the end of which my conductor opened a door, and ushered me into a room, whether large or small I could not tell, for the only visible object in it was the dense cloud of tobacco smoke, in which I all at once found myself completely enveloped.

'Help yourself, old fellow,' said Mr. Briarton, in husky tones, and whose form was fast fading into a mere nebulous outline.

This request was rather indefinite, for what there was beside the smoke to help myself to, I couldn't imagine. But he certainly couldn't mean that. I was blinking painfully, and rasping my throat with short, choking coughs, and it must have been apparent to him that I had already a sufficiency of that article. But by degrees, however, there loomed out before my straining vision from the smoky obscurity a table in the middle of the room, covered in a confused manner with bottles, glasses and cigar boxes. Some ten or twelve gentlemen were seated in various parts of the room, smoking, sipping their wine, talking and laughing. Mr. Mortimer, De Villefort, Boucher, De Clerval, and three or four other young English guests of the evening to whom I had been introduced, being among them.

'We're a set that don't dance,' said Mr. Briarton to me, 'and as you belong to that fraternity, I thought I'd give you a timely hint to effect your escape, as we did.'

'I don't know that I belong to the fraternity of smokers or drinkers either,' I replied, with a laugh, as he politely placed a decanter and glass before me, on the table.

'Upon *this* occasion, Mr. Hastings,' he said, 'you *must* participate.' There probably never was an occasion when he couldn't participate. 'When hilarity—let it not be mis-termed folly, sir—rules the hour, and jovial spirits are assembled under our distinguished friend and compatriot's hospitable roof—I of course allude to Mr. Henry Mowbray—to do honour, sir, to the occasion that brings us together, for the first, but I trust not for the last, time, gentlemen,' turning towards the others, 'let the feast of reason and the flow of soul be accompanied by copious libations to Bacchus in flowing bumpers, as is most befiting, which while they cheer—I think, gentlemen, there can be no doubt about that—I am constrained to admit, do perhaps at times slightly inebriate.'

There was much good-natured laughter at this very eloquent speech, and the advice contained therein was immediately followed by the re-filling of all glasses, the lighting of several fresh cigars, and also an increase of the rather noisy hilarity with which these social and polite occasions are usually attended.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Briarton, who seemed fairly to effervesce with an exuberance of good spirits, 'with your permission I have to propose the first toast of the evening;' filling himself out a flowing bumper, and elevating his arm, 'which must be drunk standing, gentlemen.'

The company rising to their feet, he continued—

'To that divinest of creatures—need I say, gentlemen, that I refer to—woman; but why propose so absurd a toast? as there cannot be but one divine being upon earth—and that *is* woman—may she long live to charm and delight us in our gayer and happier moments; to soothe and comfort and be a ministering angel to us when pain and anguish wring our manly

hearts—and may she, in good and in ill, long maintain her gentle but sovereign sway over the unruly and unmanageable passions of her stern liege lord and master, man.'

At this rather paradoxical conclusion there was much more laughter, clinking of glasses, loud talking and confusion. Poor Briarton—the fellow had some good ideas to be sure, but he never knew when he made a fool of himself.

Other toasts followed amid increasing noise and hilarity, for the wine was beginning to have a very marked effect upon the company, myself included, I blush to say, for I had imbibed much more champagne than was good for me, and had mixed it too with a little old madeira, and was of course feeling deliciously happy and enjoying myself immensely; and, the while, thinking ecstatically of Helen. Indeed so silly had I become that I believe I was actually about to so far forget myself as to propose her health in an affectionately maudlin' sort of way, when I was providentially saved from that disgrace by De Villefort's suddenly exclaiming,—

'Gentlemen, *I* have a toast to propose; and one which I know you will all be glad to honour. I rise to propose the health of our honoured and esteemed friend, Mr. Edward Hastings, whose sterling qualities of heart are only equalled by his rare intellectual endowments and his urbanity of manner.'

Noisy acclamations of approval followed these words, amid which Mr. Briarton slyly added 'and by the accuracy of his aim.'

'By Jove! that's capital,' drawled Mr. Mortimer, his face, as usual, languidly expressive of his enjoyment of his friend's humour.

Poor, poor Briarton—but I forgave him; he never *would* know when he made a fool of himself.

Had I been sober, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion; but, with deep shame I admit it, being far removed from that condition, I smiled benignantly upon De Villefort, gave him an approving nod, and said,

'It's all ri'—you do you'sef credit, o'boy.'

This toast having been drunk—I joining heartily in with the others—cries of 'speech, speech,' followed.

I rose to respond, still benignantly smiling; and, with an air of conscious dignity and importance, I began;

'Ladies and gentlemen—I—

'Leave out the ladies, old fellow, and begin again,' cried a voice from the further end of the room amid much laughter.

'I'm 'ware, gentlemen,' I said, slightly hesitating upon being thus corrected, 'that it's—qui' proper thing—to say (hic) ladies an' gen'elmen when there's any (hic) ladies—in the room—'

'You're right there, old fellow,' said another voice, 'but as there don't happen to be any at present, it's just as well, perhaps, to omit any mention of them.'

'You're qui' right, old boy,' I said; though I hadn't the least idea who had spoken. 'The ladies, firs' las' and always; thaz what I say.'

'And your sentiments do you credit, old fellow,' remarked some one else, whom I imagined was De Villefort.

'Genelum,' I again began 'I—'

'Now you're right; go ahead,' shouted another voice amid increased laughter.

'Genelumd—'

'We've heard that before; give us something else,' still another voice interrupted.

'If you'll permit—me speak—I'

'Certainly, certainly,' went up a chorus of voices.

Just at that moment the door was opened for a few moments, and I caught the sounds of Harry's voice—he had a superb basso baritone—in the concluding words of the lovely ballad from Maritana:—

Some thought, none other can replace,
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all.

'My sentiments, 'zactly, genelum,' I said, 'I s'pose every man (hic) has some—thought that—I have—thaz dearer—it's nothin' be 'shamed of, genelum, 'sure you.'

'What's he talking about? Be a little more lucid. Eh! what do you say, old fellow? Jerk it out,' were the rather disconcerting remarks and interrogatories that met me just at this moment.

'If you'll only permit me say, genelum,' I again commenced.

'Wouldn't think of interrupting you,' exclaimed another voice, 'go on.'

I had a much stronger inclination to go *under*, however; which I accordingly did, feebly muttering, with a farewell benignant smile, as I sank from sight beneath the table, 'thaz all got say, genelum.'

How long I lay unconscious I don't know, it must have been well on towards the wee sma' hours though, when I came to my senses, for I was alone in the room, and I could hear the sound of carriages bearing away some of the departing guests. I staggered to my feet in a thoroughly bewildered state, and out into the corridor, at the further end of which were still audible the sounds of music and voices. My former exhilaration of spirits was entirely gone, and to it had succeeded a sense of painful depression. I could hardly yet have known exactly what I was doing, otherwise I should scarcely have ventured back, in my disordered state, to the hall, and into the full glare of the lights. I could hear the sounds of dancing still going on in the grand salon, and the voice of the *maître de danse* calling out the different figures. As I passed unsteadily by the open door, about the first objects that I espied were Helen and Monsieur Bontemps leading down at the head of several other couples—the old-fashioned Sir Roger de Coverley, I imagined it to be—and the sight so inflamed me that I suddenly became seized with an uncontrollable impulse to wreak summary vengeance upon the offending Frenchman. The recollection, too, of Romeo only added fuel to the fire, and I knew I should pick a quarrel with the fellow before the night was over. I was just ripe for it.

Presently the dance stopped, the music ceased, and the dancers scattered. Monsieur Bontemps, offering his arm to Helen, conducted her to a seat. Now he was leaning over her, and whispering tender compliments in her ear—I was sure he was, for she was laughing and blushing, and looking pleased. I waited to see no more.

Hurrying, with unsteady gait and all unheeding, past the gay idlers in the hall, I turned into the corridor, and at the moment met Mr. Briarton coming, with equally unsteady steps, from the opposite direction. I seized him by the arm, whirled him about, and forced him along with me.

'I must have wine,' I articulated, in husky tones.

'Ha, ha, old fellow,' he laughed in a maudlin way, 'I—I—knew (hic) you'd prefer the rosy to—to the mazy, as our friend Dick Swiv—.'

'This is no time for unseemly jests, sir,' I exclaimed, cutting him short; 'I must have wine, I say.'

'With all my—my—(hic) heart—old fellow,' he said, approvingly, 'a drop or two—more—won't (hic) hurt us.'

'A drop or two more?' I exclaimed, contemptuously. 'A bottle more.'

'Oh, zertainly; I'm with you, old boy,' he replied. ''Nother toast, eh? What do you say (hic) to the divine (hic) Lucretia?'

'Toasts! No,' I exclaimed, savagely. In the warmth of my feelings I was thinking more of roasts.

I opened the door of the room I had recently quitted, and we entered.

Walking to the table, I seized hold of a bottle, poured what remained of

its contents into a tumbler, which nearly filled it, and drank it off.

'Well, I mus' zay; for a professing temperance man, you do credit to your principles,' said Mr. Briarton, with a laugh. 'Thez brandy too.'

'I'm not temperate, sir,' I exclaimed. 'I cannot be. I've been grossly insulted, sir, ——. Let's see what's left of this bottle.'

'Now, I say, old fellow,' said Mr. Briarton, in an admonitory tone, 'if you go on mixing (hic) things that way, you know—it'll be all—up (hic) with you.'

'It will be all up with somebody else,' I exclaimed, fiercely, tossing off a couple of glasses of Madeira.

Mr. Briarton was apparently so much astonished at this dire, but rather obscure threat, that he forgot to help himself, and stood regarding me with looks of wondering bewilderment.

'I'm ready for the scoundrel now,' I said, 'come along.'

'Oh, I begin to see,' said Mr. Briarton, with another maudlin laugh, 'another duel on the (hic) tapis, eh? and you've been (hic) workin' you' self up to (hic) the fightin' point, eh? Egad! I think you're a match (hic) now for a dozen (hic) scoundrels.'

'Come along,' I exclaimed again; but as he didn't come along, I abruptly left him, and strode wrathfully back towards the hall.

The brandy I had swallowed steadied my nerves sufficiently to enable me to reach the door of the salon without attracting any notice by my manner. Monsieur Bontemps was still leaning over the back of Helen's chair, and was fanning her. That the fellow was pouring his insidious compliments into her ear, I knew by her tell-tale blushes and smiles; perhaps, with an impudence unparalleled, he was bantering her about me. There was, at all events, a familiarity and freedom in his manner towards her which greatly exasperated me; and he should be made to know, by one who had a perfect right to afford him that information, that his conduct was highly objectionable.

Harry, Alice Lee, Miss de Clerval, De Villefort, and one or two others, were chatting together near the door, and as I approached them, with bold and determined step, the fires of jealousy raging within me, and fierce threatenings glaring in my eyes, the former exclaimed, 'Well, old fellow, where have you been hiding to-night?'

The frequency with which Harry was accustomed to apply that epithet to me was getting to be exceedingly disagreeable. I knew I was a sufficiently old fellow, but I didn't care to have it thrown in my face all the time, especially before Helen; and in my present bellicose state, I felt strongly inclined to resent it.

'I'm not 'ware that I've been hiding anywhere,' I retorted, rather angrily; at the same time glaring ominously upon Monsieur Bontemps, who, totally unconscious of the imminent peril in which he stood, was still persisting in his objectionable behaviour.

'Only enjoying yourself a little in a private way, eh! old fellow,' said Harry, with a laugh.

'Sir,' I exclaimed, heatedly, 'your language 's 'jectionable. The priv'leges of frien'ship may be 'bused; even it has limits, sir, which may be overstepped,' with a strong inclination to balance myself on one foot, and describe a circle in the air with the other.

'Why Hastings, old boy; what's the matter with you?' was Harry's decidedly surprised remark.

'Only a little indiscretion, I imagine,' observed De Villefort in an undertone, and with a look expressive of the most intense enjoyment. 'Had a little too much, I suspect.'

'Sir,' I exclaimed, turning angrily towards him, for that brandy had now worked its way sufficiently up into my head to render me thoroughly regardless of my words and acts. 'I've had too much—your—insolence—and 'low

me tell you sir—thaz highly 'fensive—I—'

Just at this moment Monsieur Bontemps quitted Helen, and went towards the door. I turned abruptly without another word, and strode after him into the hall. He paused a moment to exchange a few words with a lady, and then passed on. In another moment I had tapped him on the shoulder, and he stopped and turned towards me.

'Sir,' I said, 'can 'have word with you in private?'

'Certainly,' he replied politely. 'We are quite private here; there is no one within hearing.'

'Sir,' I said angrily, 'your conduct has been highly—'fensive, and I demand—'pology for it.'

'Ah!' he remarked calmly; 'in what way, sir?'

'In what way, zur?' I said. 'By your conduct in respect to—to certain young lady.'

He smiled blandly, and replied,

'I am not aware, sir, that—'

'But I'm 'ware, zur,' I exclaimed, interrupting him, 'thaz highly 'jectionable, if you are not, zur; and I demand 'pology.'

He regarded me intently for a moment, and then said, 'Mr. Hastings; you are intoxicated; when you are sober, sir, I will talk with you.' And with these words he turned on his heel, and walked away.

'No more 'toxicated than yourself, zur,' I exclaimed. 'Do you wish t'add insult t'injury?'

As he neither stopped nor took any notice of this remark, I was about to follow him, when my arm was suddenly taken by some one from behind, and a voice whispered in my ear. 'Hastings, you're not well; come with me.'

It was Harry who tried to lead me away, but I resisted him with some violence.

'I'm qui'well,' I said, 'but I've been 'sulted.'

'Oh! no; you haven't,' said Harry, 'you have been taking a little too much, that's all. Come with me,' he added, persuasively.

Oh; had I only been fully conscious of Helen's pained and anxious face just at that moment, as she stood near us, how overwhelmed with shame and sorrow I should have felt. But I only saw her in a confused, indistinct way, and I said, in tones, which seemed strangely unreal to me.

'I tell you,—have been 'sulted by Bontemps; and I demand 'pology,' I had a confused impression then that Helen said in a tone of anxious entreaty, 'Edward; you're not well; do go with Harry.'

Then I had a dim consciousness that Harry said to somebody else, 'Don't let's have a scene here; let's get him away;' then that some one took my other arm, and in my struggles to free myself, I nearly fell to the floor. Then that I was being hurried along, past groups of people and by open doors, from whence indistinctly issued sounds of music, loud talking and laughter. And then that I was going up stairs; and when a little way up, that I met a lady descending whom I imagined bore a resemblance to Madame McMahon, and that I snapped my fingers at her, and called her a dragon and an old Jezebel. And finally, the impression that I was carried to my room and there put to bed. Then all was a perfect blank to me, until I opened my eyes, undressed and in bed, with the broad sunlight streaming in through my chamber windows, and found myself staring vacantly about me, wondering in a vague, confused way, where I was and how I had got there.

CHAPTER XII.

A HASTY DEPARTURE. DOMUM, DULCE DOMUM!

OH, the raging headache with which I woke, and the overpowering

sense of shame and humiliation from which I suffered as a dim consciousness of my conduct of the previous night came back to me. I fairly groaned aloud in agony of spirit. How could I ever again face my fellow-guests? I never could; and I resolved that I never would.

Oh, how I racked my brain in the distressing effort to recall just what I had done and said. I could remember my angry talk with Monsieur Bontemps; the indistinct vision of Helen's pale and troubled face, and being taken away by some one—but this was all I could remember at the time. But this was enough; and no doubt when my brain became clearer, the full enormity of my conduct would plunge me into the very depths of an overwhelming sense of mortification and disgrace.

And then my behaviour, the early part of the evening. My childish refusal to take part in the tableaux; my absurd feelings about Bontemps—it was my own fault, as I might have personated Romeo myself, and, as of course, some one else had to be substituted, why not he? And then my foolish feelings of jealousy and resentment, at what had been nothing more probably than mere commonplace civilities that he had been showing Helen. And 'poor Briarton,' as I had called him in contemptuous pity, and with a lofty sense of self-superiority, I felt that his silliest words and behaviour would shine as the profoundest wisdom compared with my words and acts. And then Helen too, what *could she* think of my conduct? She, the perfect model and bright examplar of the most faultless propriety in language and deportment. Had I not forever forfeited all claim to her respect, not to speak of her love? Oh! the heightened sense of shame and disgrace I felt at the thought of the abject and pitiable spectacle I had made of myself in *her* eyes. Was not my behaviour indeed an insult, not only to her, but to her family and guests?

Why, oh! why, had I listened to the voice of the tempter? A question no doubt we often ask ourselves in our repentant moods, but to which probably there has yet been no satisfactory answer found. And I am sure I found none upon the present occasion.

I would depart that day for Paris. No persuasion or inducement should prevail upon me to remain one moment longer than necessary under a roof where ever since my arrival I had been subjected to nothing but one mortification after another. Not the fact that in a day or two all the other guests would have departed; no, not even the prospect of those delightful rambles alone with Helen to the farmyard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge, or even of acting as her escort to Paris, would suffice to detain me here another day. My whole spirit was roused within me, and I would depart that very afternoon by the first train that left Toulouse.

Tormented by these reflections, I rose, dressed myself, and began to get my things together, though the pain in my head compelled me from time to time to desist.

While thus occupied, Harry came into my room, and his first words were, observing what I was about:

'Why, what are you doing, old fellow?'

'I am going home, Harry,' I said, in a firm tone of voice.

'Nonsense!' he exclaimed; 'you'll do nothing of the kind.'

'I am resolved,' I said. 'Do you think I can stay after—after last night?'

'Of course you can,' he replied. 'You were only guilty of a little indiscretion. Briarton and Mortimer, and several others, were as tipsy as you,' he added, with a laugh.

'Yes; but they were used to it, I suppose, and had sufficient sense to keep themselves out of the way. At all events, they knew enough not to make imbeciles of themselves.'

'Take a little rest, and you'll be all right again.'

'No, Harry; my mind is made up. I am going away.'

At this moment De Villefort entered the room, carrying a bottle in his hand, and, looking at me with one of his characteristic grins, observed:

'I thought you might need this, old fellow; it's seltzer water. Take a draught; you'll find it a wonderful restorer. But how do you feel?'

'Oh! I have a slight headache,' I replied, indifferently.

'What! you are not going to deprive us of the pleasure of your company,' he remarked, noticing what I was doing.

'Yes,' I replied, curtly. 'My week is up; and I didn't intend to stay any longer.'

'Do you know,' laughed Harry, 'he has a guilty conscience, and proposes to ease it by absconding.'

'Ridiculous,' exclaimed De Villefort. 'You are only seeing a little of life,' old fellow; 'only, as you are not used to it, you know, it disagreed with you a little, that's all. Why, I helped to put Briarton and Mortimer to bed only a little while ago,' he continued, in an encouraging tone, 'and they were both so hopelessly unstrung that they looked as if they wouldn't leave it for a week; so you are not the only one who has been a little indisposed. And besides,' he added, in a low undertone to me, and with one of his meaning and diabolical grins, 'what will a certain fair lady think of such ungallant behaviour?'

'I am not to be persuaded,' I said, not noticing his last remark.

'But, for the life of me, I must say, old fellow,' he continued, with a droll wink at Harry, which did not escape my observation, 'it *was* rather ridiculous, you know, when you wanted to fight Bontemps in the hall, and politely told him you could thrash a dozen men of his size all at once; and when you called Boucher a contemptible little sawbones, and said you would like to cut his head off. And then, too, when you met Mrs. Mowbray on the stairs, and shook your fist at her, and called her a dragon and an old Jezebel, and other choice epithets. Now all this, my dear fellow, you must admit, yourself, *was* rather ridiculous.'

I groaned audibly at these words, and returned to my packing with increased vigour and determination.

'I have irretrievably disgraced myself, I know, and that is sufficient,' I said. 'After what has occurred, it is impossible for me to remain here.'

It was in vain that Harry urged, pleaded with, and entreated me to stay. Not all his efforts or persuasions, aided by those of De Villefort, could shake my resolution. It was in vain that the former suggested that I may remain quiet in my own room, and plead indisposition until the others had gone; equally in vain was it that the latter endeavoured to soothe the perturbed state of my mind by confessing that those little affairs in respect to Bontemps and Boucher, and Mrs. Mowbray, were pure fabrications. I didn't know whether they were or not. He had grossly deceived me once, and was not to be trusted. And it was quite likely that I had done just what he told me.

Vainly again, Harry urged upon me, how disappointed Helen would be. At any other time and under any other circumstances, this appeal would have been easily effectual; but now, even this was powerless to alter my resolve. So I went on packing up my things; and Harry continued expostulating with me; declaring what a great disappointment my departure would be, not only to himself, but to his wife and Helen, and painting in glowing colours the quiet, delightful little excursions he had planned for me after his other guests had gone, and numberless other things of an equally quiet and delightful nature. It was all in vain. I remained obdurate and deaf to his appeals.

'I am very sorry to disappoint you, Harry,' I said, after he had quite ex-

hausted all his persuasive eloquence, 'but my mind is quite made up.'

As he and De Villefort were about to leave the room, I called the former aside, and said in a low tone—

'Would you mind asking Helen to —to be alone in the library, in the course of half-an-hour—to—to—say good-bye to her?'

'Certainly,' he replied, 'I will tell her; and I hope her persuasions will be more effectual than mine. But you must have some breakfast before you go, of course.'

'Not a mouthful,' I said. 'I haven't the least appetite. Indeed I really feel too ill to eat anything.'

'But you must have a cup of tea and some dry toast, or you will be seriously ill,' remonstrated Harry. 'I will send them up to you—that is, if you still persist in your obstinacy. But believe me, old fellow, you are looking at your little slip through the biggest kind of a magnifying glass, and I hope you will change your mind yet. Second thoughts, you know, are often best.' With this last appeal he left me.

I finished packing, swallowed the tea and toast that the servant brought me, and then quietly descended with a throbbing and anxious heart, for I doubted of the reception that Helen might accord me, by a backstair to the library, where I found her fortunately alone.

With a sense of the deepest shame and contrition, I approached her, and said, in faltering tones, and with painful embarrassment,—

'Helen, it was not without an effort that I could bring myself to see you, to say good-bye. What must you think of me? But believe me, if—you only knew how much I have suffered from my indiscretion—and—from the thought that I—have given you pain, you would pity me—indeed you would; and not blame me too much.'

She was silent a moment from evident embarrassment, and then said, somewhat seriously, but with no reproach in her tones,—

'I admit, Edward, that I was—deeply pained—but—I know that it will never happen again.'

'It never shall, I solemnly promise you,' I said, 'and you forgive me, Helen?'

'With this promise I do,' she replied, 'But'—hesitating a moment, 'you are not going to leave us.'

'I must, Helen. After the unpardonable folly of which I have been guilty, can you ask me to remain? No; I feel that it would be too painful for me. But I shall ask permission to write to you upon my return. If I thought—but no; I cannot bear to refer to it again. Does Harry know of—of our—engagement?' I added, with a blush.

Helen replying, with a most becoming blush herself, that she had informed him, I said,

'And—he didn't seem displeased?'

'Well, not particularly, I thought,' she replied with a little laugh.

'I'm rejoiced to hear it,' I said, 'for I thought he might be, you know, Helen.' I continued, after a slight pause, and with conscious blushes, 'I trust you will not deem me importunate if—if—you know we have been old friends for a long time—and—and—of course—if we were younger a long engagement might be proper—but—as we are supposed to—as we do, in fact—know all about—as we understand each other—perfectly—why—would you think it premature if—if I were to ask you to—to name the—the happy day for the—the—the earliest practicable moment?'

She had been looking at me with a partly puzzled and partly amused expression, and she replied, with a slight trace of humour in her tone,

'Well, Edward, perhaps in a year or so we——'

'A year or so,' I exclaimed, interrupting her; 'Helen, you would not be so cruel. Remember, Helen,' I urged, with more truth than gallantry,

'we might both of us be considerably younger than we are, and, if not exactly in the halcyon days of life's young spring-time, let us at least seize its maturer moments, and quaff the intoxicating cup of—of matrimonial felicity before the advancing hours have exploded one bubble that sparkles upon its surface, or—or——'

I had aimed to be both poetical and matter of fact, but, as usual, when I attempted any flights of the kind, I became so inextricably involved amid the intricacies of an over-exuberant imagination, that I floundered hopelessly about in a sea of brilliant ideas in search of the proper words for a fitting peroration. For the trouble with me was not that I *lacked* ideas, but that the supply of words to properly express them usually became exhausted before I had been able to say all that I wanted to.

'Or, perhaps you would say,' added Helen, with one of her sly smiles, after a somewhat long and perplexed pause on my part, 'before the envious years, which steal from us, one by one, all our pleasures have quite drained the goblet dry.'

'Just what I was going to say,' I exclaimed admiringly, and feeling intensely relieved. 'Why you are quite a poet yourself, Helen.'

She acknowledged this graceful compliment with a most bewitching smile, and then informed me that Alice Lee had expressed the hope of seeing me to say good-bye. I said I certainly should do so, but I intimated that possibly it would not distress me very much if that little ceremony should be postponed just for the present. I could not spare a moment from Helen now.

There was one delicious privilege of every accepted lover of which I had not yet had the courage to avail myself. No; for the very idea of asserting such a right seemed too awfully audacious in respect to so divine a being as Helen—she whom I had distantly worshipped as a creature of more than earthly mould, and who had been the secret object of my most humble and respectful adoration. No—I had not yet had the temerity to—kiss her! I felt that I should have been struck dead upon the spot by some invisible and retributive power, for such sacrilegious presumption; that lips of mere human clay, redolent only of the vile odours of earth, should profane with their polluting touch those of an angelic being breathing forth a fragrance as pure as the perfume-laden airs of Heaven itself.

I began to think, however, that perhaps I had indulged in too high-flown notions upon the subject, and that possibly even my divinity herself might not think herself contaminated if I should presume to give her that little pledge of my affection. The temptation was irresistible, and, besides, it was no more than my right.

I was sitting down close beside her upon a little lounge in one corner of the room, and our relative positions would render it very easy for me—that is physically considered—to put my little purpose into execution; but morally, I might find it a little more difficult. However, I was determined I would not deny myself—upon this last occasion—this culminating and supreme gratification, even though, as I feared, my lips did yet retain some of the odours of my debauch, thereby aggravating the enormity of the profanation—but, alas! I fear that the reality of actual possession was already beginning to detract somewhat from the romance of the situation.

'Helen,' I said, tenderly, for the act must be prefaced by a proper and graceful approach, to give her an inkling of my intention, 'I regret that I have not provided myself with a'—ring seemed so dreadfully commonplace and prosaic to say, 'with a—with the usual—accompaniment that generally—is regarded as a pledge of—as sealing, in fact, the—the—engagement,' how dreadfully prosaic I seemed after all, 'but let—let *this* be my

pledge, my—my—dearest—my dar—darling—my heart's idol!'

I leaned over and tenderly drew her towards me; but whether I had miscalculated the proper angle of facial conjunction, or was brought into an injudicious haste by the sound of an approaching footstep in the hall, the humiliating fact remained the same, that I imprinted a fervent salute upon the tip of her nose, and hastily rose the next instant with the countenance and air of a criminal detected in some flagrant misdemeanor, to confront Alice Lee, whose ill-timed intrusion, whether intentional or not, was, to say the least of it, exasperating.

Helen arose too, and 'Red as a rose was She,' but, recovering herself possession, she said—the first little fib I ever knew her to be betrayed into uttering,—'Oh, Alice, I am glad you have come, for Edward was afraid he might not have an opportunity of bidding you good-bye.'

This apprehension, I must confess, was not very overpowering, and I managed to say, with a very good grace, 'Yes, Alice; I should not like to have gone without saying good-bye to you.'

'The light of *our* eyes, and the joy of *our* heart will have gone out with your departure, Edward,' she replied with a smile and glance at Helen, to to whom that little possessive pronoun was obviously directed, 'but can we not prevail upon you to alter your mind? You know with sudden resolves there is sometimes "more honour in the breach than in the observance!"'

'I am sorry,' I replied, 'but I must go.'

'And ruthlessly tear yourself away from happiness and——' She finished her sentence with a meaning smile and sly twinkle of the eye.

'From my friends you would say,' I added, quite innocently. 'Yes, even at that sacrifice, I must go.'

After a word or two more she had the good sense to depart, saying that she would see me again; but just as Harry made his appearance to say that the carriage was awaiting me, if I still persisted in going. Yes; how all too soon, after all, that moment had come when I stood, valise in hand, upon the door step, shaking hands with Harry, Mrs. Mowbray, Alice, De Villefort, and—Helen; the other guests fortunately all being away; and, bidding good-bye once more all round, and jumping into the carriage, I called Harry to the window, and said in low tones, just as the horses started off;

'Harry, *I* caught those fish.'

'I know you did, old fellow,' he shouted after me, as the carriage bore me rapidly away from Belmont.

It is now three months since I returned to London. From Helen I hear frequently. Her last letter, among other things, informed me that it looked very much as if Alice Lee and Monsieur Bontemps would make a match of it; at which I was not at all surprised; and here perhaps I may as well mention that I wrote a very humble apology to that gentleman for my rude behaviour to him, saying, 'were it not owing to a cause, the recollection of which would ever be a source of extreme pain and mortification to me, etc., etc.'

Helen and I are to be married early in the spring; and another piece of good fortune awaits me. The senior member of our firm, to whom I imparted in the strictest confidence, the fact of my approaching nuptials with Miss Mowbray, conveyed to me, early one morning soon after my return, the pleasing information, that, in consideration of my long and faithful service, and from their strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Mowbray and his father, who had had large transactions with the firm, and whose mutual business and social relations had always been of the most agreeable nature—I was to be taken into partnership upon the first of the year.

I now devote several hours of each evening to a diligent study of the French language, having purchased, for the purpose, at a street stall, a little volume, entitled 'French Made Easy,' or 'The Pupil his Own Teacher,' and I have already made gratifying progress therein. I may find it in the future very convenient, as I shall probably be present upon numerous festive occasions at Belmont, and especially so, if I should ever again go fishing in French streams.

In looking back to my six days' experience of rural felicity, I am forced to confess that some of the glowing ideals in regard thereto, that I was wont to paint in such delusively resplendent colours, were not realized precisely in the way I had hoped and anticipated—for I have become painfully convinced that there are pleasures pertaining to country life other than those immediately connected with farm yards, dairies, rustic little bridges and Tennysonian brooks—nevertheless I am not disposed to say that those experiences have been entirely devoid of pleasure or profit. And inasmuch as my visit to the country was at least productive of one great happiness—the greatest indeed that could have befallen me—I am disposed to regard with a very lenient and forgiving spirit all the annoyances and discomforts I suffered from other causes. I cannot resist the conviction however that I might have had a somewhat less disagreeable time of it altogether, had it not been for De Villefort.

THE END.

ONE FOOT ON SEA, AND ONE ON SHORE.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

'OH tell me once and tell me twice
And tell me thrice to make it plain,
When we who part this weary day,
When we who part shall meet again.

'When wind-flowers blossom on the sea
And fishes skim along the plain,
Then we who part this weary day,
Then you and I shall meet again.

'Yet tell me once before we part,
Why need we part who part in pain?
If flowers must blossom on the sea
Why we shall never meet again.

'My cheeks are paler than a rose,
My tears are salter than the main,
My heart is like a lump of ice
If we must never meet again.

'Oh weep or laugh, but let me be,
And live or die, for all's in vain;
For life's in vain since we must part,
And parting must not meet again.

'Till wind-flowers blossom on the sea
And fishes skim along the plain;
Pale rose of roses let me be,
Your breaking heart breaks mine again.'

A SKETCH OF THE TROUBLES OF THE LANCASTRIAN KINGS.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, B.D., TORONTO.

RICHARD II. was indeed the author, not only of his own troubles, but also, indirectly, of the misfortunes which befell England during the earlier part of the fifteenth century. Dark as loomed the political horizon at his accession, so soon as the Peasant Revolt was quelled there was a strong disposition on the part of the people for peace, a feeling which a wise ruler would have availed himself of. But Richard, though on some occasions he had evinced great personal bravery, was naturally weak and irresolute; more than that he was fond of flattery, show and parade. He was vain and frivolous. His extravagance was excessive. Never before his day had the Kings of England lived in such magnificence and splendour. Ten thousand persons formed his household; three hundred being in his kitchen alone. At a Christmas which he spent at Lichfield two hundred tuns of wine and two thousand oxen were consumed. Provoked as the people were at such reckless expenditure and at his frequent outbursts of temper, he managed to retain their good opinion up to about 1394, when the death of his queen, Ann of Bohemia, took place. The marriage, two years later, with Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, a mere child, was the turning point in his life, and formed an important factor in the causes that led to his loss of the crown.

The formal deposition of a king by his subjects, though an extreme measure, and only to be resorted to in the last instance, is, nevertheless, their inalienable right. The people do not exist for the king, but the king for the people. The king, as the etymology of the word itself shows, is most emphatically the 'cynning,' the son or creation of the tribe. The early English, as a rule, elected their kings, and even in times when the principle of hereditary succession was followed the form of election was invariably gone through with. Up to the reign of Edward the Sixth, no sovereign of England was crowned, not even the Conqueror, until the consent of the people had been asked for and obtained; nor has the fact that the king reigns by the will of the people lost any of its force, though the form of election is now omitted. The right of deposition necessarily follows from the right of choice. Moreover, the king, at his coronation, promises to govern according to the laws and customs of the realm. He is a conditional ruler. If he violate the covenant made between him and his subjects, then he is no longer entitled to their allegiance. They may proceed to eject them. This has actually been done five times within the last eight hundred years. Edward the Second, Richard the Second, Henry the Sixth, Charles the First and James the Second were, by the will of the people, deprived and dethroned. In each case there was no alternative but the ruin of the country.

From the very moment of his marriage with Isabella, Richard changed. The veil he had cast over himself for the past eight years was thrown aside, and men saw him grasping with all his might for imperial and autocra-

tic powers. The influx of French manners increased his extravagance. He filled his court with bishops and ladies. He governed with utter indifference to the wishes of the parliament. When remonstrated with and asked to reform his household he claimed the absolute right to do as he pleased. In 1397 he planned and successfully carried out the abduction and murder of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Others suffered either death or imprisonment. In the course of one short year Richard lost forever the affection of the people, and if they kept silence it was the silence of astonishment and consternation, the silence that immediately precedes the tornado. John of Gaunt died in January, 1399, and only one of the king's uncles, the Duke of York, remained. The Earl of March, grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward the Third, was, in default of royal issue, the heir to the throne, but Henry of Lancaster was the darling and hope of the Londoners, as well as of the advocates of reform. The king had disinherited and banished him, and confiscated his paternal estates, and this was the ostensible cause of the revolution of 1399. On the fourth of July in that year Henry landed in Yorkshire, and immediately many lords threw in their lot with him. The king was in Ireland at the time, and when he returned it was to find that his regent, the Duke of York, had gone over to Henry and Archbishop Arundel was acting as chancellor. The whole country was for the invader. All was lost, and Richard, after an interview with the Earl of Northumberland at Conway, offered to resign the crown. He accompanied Henry from Flint to London, where he was placed in the Tower, and in a few days signed the deed of resignation. The parliament was not content with merely accepting this, but proceeded to formulate their charges against him, and to solemnly depose him from all royal dignity and honour. Then, before the assembled barons of England, Henry rose and, signing himself with the cross on his forehead and breast, claimed the kingdom and crown. He based his right upon the three grounds of conquest, of Richard's resignation, and of the alleged fact that his ancestor Edmund, son of Henry the Third, was the elder brother of Edward the First and therefore should of right have been king. His mother, Blanche, was indeed the descendant of Edmund, but that Edmund was the heir to the crown had been refuted by the council only a week before. The claim of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, now about eight years old, was said to be false because his mother Phillipa, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, was illegitimate. The claims of the Duke of York and his two sons Edward and Richard, were also set aside. The assembly with one voice at once declared that Henry of Lancaster should be king. Then the Archbishops of Canterbury and York led him to the throne, and the choice of England received the homage of the lords and commons. Nor were signs wanting to show that Henry was the choice of heaven. Men remembered old prophecies which declared that the descendants of John of Gaunt should some day be Kings of England. They called him the Judas Maccabeus. The golden eagle and cruse of oil which the Blessed Virgin had confided to the care of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Sens, and which had long lain concealed at Poictiers until delivered by divine revelation to the grandfather of the new king, were to give to the House of Lancaster that miraculous unction which the House of Clovis had received from the holy dove. The sword which he had drawn on landing was to be placed beside the sceptre of the Confessor, one of the most sacred of relics. The coronation was performed on the festival of the saintly and royal Edward with fitting pomp and magnificence. Richard lay a prisoner in the Tower, but within

the Abbey of Westminster all was joy and gladness. The mass was sung, the vows were taken, the royal diadem was set upon the brow of the prince, and the acclamations of the populace greeted the freshly anointed sovereign as the saviour of his country. The Order of the Bath was founded and forty-six candidates for the honours of chivalry were knighted. And thus the dynasty of the Plantagenets came to an end, and the line of Lancaster reigned in its stead.

The character of Henry the Fourth was naturally influenced by the circumstances which surrounded him. The fear of losing the crown for which both he and his father had so long striven, made him suspicious and crafty. At times he became unscrupulous and cruel, removing without hesitation anyone or anything that threatened to endanger his position. Apart from this unhappy dread, he was a resolute, fair-dealing and merciful ruler, truly anxious to further the welfare of his people and to bring in the best constitutional mode of government. His skill in all military exercises was perfect; his political foresight great. The throne, however, upon which he sat was hedged about with difficulties. The old peasant troubles were far from settled. The effects of Richard's misgovernment, the debt he had inherited and enlarged, the concessions he had made to the French as the price of peace, irritated and disturbed the people. Scotland and Wales were as ever hostile and anxious for war. Charles the Sixth, of France, father of Isabella, the wife of the deposed Richard, refused to recognise him as king, and therefore peace was not to be expected from that quarter. The conflict of the Church and Lollardy was also alarming. Many of the lords were his bitter enemies. Nor had he been king more than a month before the peace was broken. Four earls who had been degraded by Henry, formed a plot to seize the king on Twelfth Night and replace Richard on the throne. The plot was discovered. The earls lost their lives at the hands of the people; and the fate of Richard was sealed. What became of him, whether he was murdered or starved to death, or whether he escaped to live in Scotland an idiot and a prisoner is hard to say, but from this time he disappears from the stage of history. A solemn funeral was celebrated for him at Langley, on St. Valentine's day, and in the reign of Henry the Fifth, his body was laid in Westminster Abbey.

War along the Welsh border and with Scotland soon broke out. Robert the Third refused to render homage for his kingdom, and Owen Glendower sought to strengthen and enrich himself out of England's weakness and poverty. The marches of both countries were in the charge of the brave Percies. The king was not successful in his expedition against Wales, but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, defeated the Scotch in the battle of Homildon Hill, September 14th, 1402. Many of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, including the Earl of Douglas and the Earl of Fife, nephew of Robert, were taken prisoners. From some cause or other the Percies, who had apparently been the most faithful of Henry's adherents, and had been richly rewarded by him, now revolted, and joined their forces to those of the Welsh prince, with the avowed intention of setting the boy Mortimer on the throne, or restoring Richard, who was reported to be still alive. Hotspur and his uncle the Earl of Worcester, raised the standard of rebellion in Shropshire, in the summer of 1403. With fourteen thousand men they laid siege to Shrewsbury. Henry advanced with a large army, and on the twenty-first of July, the battle of Hateley-field near that place, was fought, in which Hotspur was slain, and after a most desperate struggle the insurgents were defeated. The Earl of Worcester was beheaded and Northumberland submitted. The king acted

most generously towards the conquered. He built a little church on the spot, in memory of those who had died in battle, a memorial still in existence. It was on this day that his son Henry began his career of military glory.

But even these victories over revolt did not bring peace to Henry. His administration was held to be defective. The people had lost all confidence in the stability of the government. The French were threatening the southern coast, and the Welsh were gaining strength. The friars were preaching against him throughout the kingdom, and parties, similar to those which had so previously troubled Richard, were strong and active. Laws had been passed against the Lollards, and the royal household had been reduced, but dissatisfaction remained. In 1405, another rebellion broke out. Around the Earl of Northumberland, a strong party of disaffected lords, including Scrope, Archbishop of York, assembled. They issued their charges against the king, and assumed arms in May. After a parley with the royal forces at Shepton-moor, the insurgents dispersed leaving the archbishop and Mowbray, the earl marshal, in the king's hands. Against the advice of Arundel and Sir William Gascoigne, the chief justice, Henry determined to put them to death, and, on the eighth of June, they were beheaded. The archbishop's body began at once to work miracles. People considered him a martyr, equal to Thomas of Canterbury, and made pilgrimages to his shrine in York. The king's illness during the latter part of the year, they looked upon as a divinely-sent punishment for having murdered a sacred person, and one who was standing up for the nation's rights. Henry secured his position on the throne, but he lost the respect of the people. The death of thirty thousand of his subjects in 1407, by the plague, and the terrible poverty and destitution of the country, made them still more disaffected towards him. But no further attempts at rebellion on so large a scale were made during his reign.

The king was, however, from this time on a broken-down, unhappy man. Both mind and body were weakened. Civil war in Scotland, and the dissentions of the Burgundian and Armagnac parties in France made the foreign relations of England easier. The Earl of Northumberland, who had fled after the last revolt, returned in 1408, and tried once more to disturb the peace, but was defeated and slain by Sir Thomas Rokeby, at Bramham, in Yorkshire, in the February of that year. Whatever treason there was outside, there was none within the House of Commons. Arundel made a true and wise minister of state, and for the last few years of Henry's life, the constitutional harmony which had been sought and struggled for through so many years was fairly realized. But the king grew more and more an invalid. Domestic discord came in to embitter his days. His four sons, Henry, Thomas, John and Humfrey, and his three half-brothers, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; Henry, Bishop of Winchester; and Sir Thomas Beaufort, Knight; were clever, accomplished and ambitious. All held important state offices; Henry taking the lead in the council, and also being very popular in parliament. He had shown his prowess in war, not only when with his father at Shrewsbury, but in 1408, when he forced Glendower to retreat to Snowdon. The stories of his wild, youthful extravagance, perpetuated by Shakespeare, are unfounded, and most improbable. But with his father he was not on the best of terms. Rivalry and jealousy seems to have pervaded the whole royal family. The king, however, was fast approaching the state when these things could be no longer be a trouble to him. A prophecy that he was to die at Jerusalem seems to have given him hope that he would live until he had seen the Holy Land; but when recovery was hopeless, he had himself conveyed to the

Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey. At night he is said to have slept with the crown by his side, and tradition tells how Prince Henry, thinking his father was dead, once took it away. To his father's remonstrances, at his taking what did not belong to either of them, he replied, 'My liege, with your sword you won it, and with my sword I will keep it.' The end came on the twentieth of March, 1413. Soon after the dead monarch was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, near the tomb of his uncle, the Black Prince. His short reign of eleven years had been full of sorrow. His path to the throne and his seat upon it had been secured by blood. But he had been the people's choice, and he had, so far as lay in his power, sought to rule according to equity and constitutional right.

Henry was crowned in Westminster on April 16th. He was brilliant, religious, pure, temperate, truthful, and honourable. The people loved him. The parliament were one with him. His skill as a warrior, diplomatist and organizer was great. He restored glory to the English army and re-established the navy. But the difficulties that had tried his father descended to him, and new ones arose. The day after his father's death he removed Archbishop Arundel and Lord le Scrope, the treasurer, from their offices, and a week later the aged Sir William Gascoigne from the chief justiceship. Bishop Beaufort became the chief minister. The young Earl of March was received into the king's closest confidence. Then negotiations with France were begun, and two lords were sent to Charles the Sixth to arrange an alliance between his daughter, the Princess Catherine, and Henry, and to demand the restoration of the lands in that kingdom which belonged of right to the kings of England. The negotiations were unsuccessful in both instances, and in April 1415 war was proclaimed. Before Henry left the country a formidable conspiracy to place the Earl of March on the throne was discovered. Lord le Scrope and the Earl of Cambridge, the brother-in-law of Mortimer, were the chief spirits of the movement. These two lords and a knight were tried and executed, the only blood Henry shed to maintain the rights of his House. In August, leaving his brother John, Duke of Bedford, lieutenant of the realm, he crossed the Channel and landed at Havre on the 14th. Within five weeks Harfleur, about six miles distant, was taken, but the English suffered such losses from the enemy and from dysentery that Henry thought it prudent to retreat to Calais without advancing further towards the interior. On his way thither he was met at Agincourt by the united Chivalry of France. His army numbered but 9,000 men, weak, sickly and half-starved, while on the other side were 60,000 warriors, fresh and ready for battle. If, however, the odds were so great, and if the Dauphin of France thought Henry so much better fitted for sport than war—he had sent him in derision when at Harfleur a ton of tennis balls,—St. Crispin's day, October 25th, saw one of the greatest and most glorious victories that have ever attended the arms of England. The story is one of the best known in our annals. Henry may have painted his pennons with the blood of Harfleur; now he painted them with the blood of the noblest of France. Through the long, weary night—a cold and rainy night—both armies waited anxiously for the day-break; the French sure of victory, the English doubtful but determined to fight hard for dear life. In early twilight the battle began. A shower of arrows from the English army heralded Henry's onslaught. The French rushed from their vantage ground to meet them, plunging heavily into the miry ground that lay between the two hosts. Their men-at-arms charged valiantly, but the English archers poured their floods of arrows into their midst, doing terrible carnage. Henry, wearing the royal crown,

was in the thickest of the fight, at one time well nigh losing his life at the hands of the Duke of Alençon. Fierce and long the strife continued, war-cry and trumpet-blast and clash of armour and rush of arrows scarcely distinguishable in the wild roar of battle, but when the end came the English were masters of the field, and ten thousand Frenchmen, including three dukes, an archbishop, a hundred lords and fifteen hundred knights, lay dead before them. Two dukes and seven thousand barons, knights and gentlemen, were among their fourteen thousand prisoners, while the highest estimate makes the English loss but sixteen hundred men. A little later the army sailed from Calais to England, where a warm welcome and triumphal reception awaited the conquerors.

But the time for rest was short; the war was far from ended. Scarcely a year had passed when another army was being prepared, and in the July of 1417, Henry landed with forty thousand men near the mouth of the Touque in Normandy, and at once advanced and laid seige to Caën. The city surrendered September 4th, 1417, and then the march of conquest began —a march which placed Henry high in the rank of military commanders. Towns and castles, one after another, opened their gates to the English. Failaise, Argentan, Sees and Alençon were taken and invested. The Duke of Gloucester occupied the Cotentin; the royal standard waved over Cherbourg, Domfret and Avranches,—the last named noted as the place where the first of the Plantagenets received absolution for his part in the murder of Thomas of Canterbury. Having secured the whole of Lower Normandy, Henry turned his steps towards Rouen, at that time the largest and wealthiest of French towns. On his way thither Lisieux, Conches, Verneuil, Evreux and Louviers fell into his hands. Pont de l'Arche followed, and thus having cut off all hope of succour, Harfleur being already his, just one year after his landing in France, he crossed the Seine and surrounded Rouen. The city was walled in and strongly fortified. Its governor, the brave Alan Blanchard, was supported by a large garrison and fifteen thousand citizens in arms. The noblest and most determined patriotism reigned in every breast; but resistance was useless. Detachments of the English army, under experienced commanders, were placed before the eight gates. The king himself and the Duke of Gloucester lay at the gate of St. Hilary, the Duke of Clarence at the gate that led to the river, and the earl marshal, John Mowbray, at the castle gate. For six long months the seige continued. Within the city the most terrible distress prevailed. A contemporary record states that a dog was worth a franc, a cat two shillings, and a rat sixpence, to such straits were the starving inhabitants driven. Twelve thousand country people who had taken refuge in Rouen were at last thrust out of the city, and as Henry refused them passage they perished between the trenches and the walls. One half of the citizens also died of starvation. The summer and the autumn passed away, and the cold winter came with all its terrors. Christmas was joyless to the beseiged. The new year brought no hope. At last on January 19th, 1419, the gates were thrown open and the English entered in triumph. The poils were great, but of food there was none. Then Henry stained his escutcheon by causing the patriotic Alan Blanchard to be put to death.

Victory still attended the arms of England. Among other places, Pontoise surrendered in the following July, and thus the way to Paris was opened up. All Normandy was in the king's power when the French parties, the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, who by their bitter dissensions had so helped Henry, began to devise some united action. It was a splendid chance; the English were wearied, money was scarce, and all

Henry's brilliant successes failed to quiet the rising discontent at home at the heavy burden of the war; but the French lost it. At a conference, held on September 10th, 1419, at the Bridge of Montereau, between John, Duke of Burgundy, and the Dauphin, the former was treacherously murdered by the partizans of the latter, the immediate consequence of which was, that, out of revenge, the whole Burgundian faction went over to the English and aided them in the further humiliation and conquest of France. Henry now held, as the result of his second campaign, thirty-six towns with their castles, fifty-five other castles, and six abbeys; and Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, had in his power the French King, Charles VI., with his queen and daughters. A treaty was made between the two princes, by which Henry was to receive as his wife Catherine of Valois, and to be recognized as Regent of France and heir to the throne; he on his part relinquishing his title of King of France until the death of the then reigning sovereign. These articles were ratified by Charles at Troyes in May, 1420, the marriage took place June 3rd, and Henry proceeded to conquer the land yet held by the Dauphin. In a few months the towns of the Upper Seine were taken, and at Christmas in the same year Paris was entered, and the States-General of the realm confirmed the treaty of Troyes and received Henry as their Regent and future sovereign. On the 1st of February, 1421, after having held a parliament at Rouen, Henry returned to England, taking his wife with him. A magnificent reception, the coronation of the new queen, and a royal progress through the country, marked the close of this his second French expedition.

Henry had not been many weeks in England when bad news was received from France. The party which adhered to the Dauphin, feeling more than ever the disgrace involved in the treaty of Troyes, had continued the war with renewed vigour. On March 22nd, at the battle of Beauge, the English were defeated, the Duke of Clarence and 1,500 men slain, and three earls taken prisoners. This was the beginning of English reverses. A new army was immediately mustered, and on the 10th of June Henry landed for the last time on the shores of unhappy France. Once more the tide turned in his favour. Ere long the town of Dreux capitulated, and the seige of Orleans was begun. This was unsuccessful, but the surrender of Meaux, on June 5th made amends for failure there. In the spring the king had entered Paris, and there the queen and her infant son, afterwards the unhappy Henry the Sixth, were received in State. But the conqueror's days were numbered. In August, at the castle of Bois de Vincennes, near Paris, he was taken with a disease that baffled the skill of his physicians, and on the last day of that month he died. His last words were the words of a crusader, 'Good Lord, thou knowest that my mind was to re-edify the walls of Jerusalem.' His remains were carried with great pomp to England; magnificent funeral services were held in St. Paul's Cathedral, and when the body was laid in Westminster Abbey, tapers were lighted before his tomb, which were replenished day and night for nearly a hundred years. His contemporaries lamented him as 'the most Christian champion of the Church, the beam of prudence and example of righteousness, the invincible king, the flower and glory of all knighthood.' Beyond a doubt he merited all they said of him. He had led the armies of England to triumph. He had made France bow down at his feet. He had established, so far as he could, peace and law in his conquered dominions. He had given glory to his followers, and had taught them to love and trust him. Alas! he died when the highest height was reached; the day the minster-bell tolled forth his

death, it also tolled forth the downfall of English power in France.

The career of Henry the Fifth had, to a great extent, drawn the attention of the people of England from their home troubles, but the war had served the purpose of augmenting still more the nation's debt. The heir to the throne was a babe only nine months old. Edmund Mortimer died childless, in 1424, but his sister Anne had married Richard, the younger son of the Duke of York, brother of John of Gaunt, and their son, Richard, when eight years old inherited the Earldom of March, and the extensive Mortimer estates in Herefordshire. The death of his uncle, Edward of Agincourt, without issue, made him also heir to the Dukedom of York. He therefore united in himself two large family interests, and, as the descendant of Lionel, was the true hereditary heir to the throne. Nothing, however, was brought forward to interfere with the accession of Henry the Sixth. John, Duke of Bedford, was by the Lords and Commons appointed regent during his nephew's minority; his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man fond of learning but ambitious and restless, to be protector during his absence in France. Bishop Beaufort remained treasurer. From the very first it was evident that Bedford and Gloucester were divided. Gloucester brought about the alienation from the English of the Duke of Burgundy, quarrelled with Beaufort, and for his indiscretion was severely censured by the council. It is, however, needless to relate in detail the difficulties that tried the regency at this time.

Leaving Gloucester in England, the brave, noble and good Bedford assumed the governorship of France, and for some years more than held his country's own. He married the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, and thus cemented more closely his alliance with that great party. The death of Charles the Sixth, October 21st, 1422, enabled him to proclaim the infant Henry, of Windsor, King of France, in accordance with the treaty of Troyes. Some of the best warriors of England were still with him and followed him in the struggle with the Dauphin. That prince had been reinforced with Milanese and Scotch soldiers; the latter numbering four thousand men under the Earl of Douglass. He had also proclaimed himself Charles the Seventh of France, though but little of his father's dominions were at that time in his hands. The field was taken at once, and the victory near Auxerre made Bedford master of the Yonge. Other successes followed. The year 1424, particularly, is memorable for a battle which rivalled the glory of Crecy, Poictiers, and Agincourt. On August 17th, the two armies met at Verneuil; the English and Burgundians under the command of Bedford, the French, assisted by Lombards and Scots, under the Count of Narbonne. At the end of a prolonged struggle, the English began to give way; victory seemed secured to the French, but the Lombard auxiliaries, caring less for glory than for gain, commenced pillaging the English camp and thus left the battle. Then came fresh to the attack two thousand English archers —barefooted, ill-clad men, their best armour a rough hard leather cap, but for all that invincible—and soon the goose-winged arrows carried each its message of death into the host, and knights and men with bill and battle axe and sword and spear, rushed once more into the fray, and ere long the English flag of victory displayed its golden lion on the field. The enemy was utterly defeated, their leaders killed or taken prisoners, and the ground covered with the slain.

Owing to dissensions at home and the political folly of Gloucester, the next few years witnessed no decisive steps towards the further conquest of France. A desultory warfare was carried on throughout the northern part of that unhappy land. Maraud-

ing parties of English soldiers pillaged and burnt castles and villages until the country presented the aspect of a wilderness waste. Husbandmen ceased to toil for harvests of which they would be robbed, and therefore turned brigands; while the towns became the scenes of terrible miseries, a hundred thousand people dying from sickness and famine in Paris alone. At last, having received reinforcements from England under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, the army advanced to the siege of Orleans, the key to the Dauphin's position and fate. On October 12th, 1428, ten thousand men were drawn up around its walls; but the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy soon after, left but three thousand Englishmen in the trenches. The city was bravely defended by Gaucour, and held out. The sufferings of the English through the long dreary winter, were only exceeded by the sufferings of the people within the walls. Early in the course of the siege, the Earl of Salisbury died of his wounds, and many other brave men were also lost. An army under the Duke of Bourbon harrassed the invaders and sought to cut off their supplies, but so great was the terror the English had inspired in the French, that when that general attempted at Bouvray, on February 12th, 1429, to intercept a convoy of provisions under the charge of Sir John Fastolf and a band of archers, he was defeated and driven off by that valiant knight. As the provisions consisted of salt fish, the fight obtained the title of the 'Battle of the Herrings.'

The English, however, were not destined to enter Orleans. A leader, unique in history, a mere girl of eighteen, arises to rekindle the patriotism and martial spirit of her countrymen, and to recover the honour of the land which the enemy had trampled in the dust. Joan of Arc, a maiden whom the French regarded as a very messenger of God, the English, as an emissary of Satan, at this time leaves her native home in the woods of the Vosges, and presented herself to the Dauphin. It was a critical moment. Orleans had already made offers of capitulation. At her cry men rallied once again to the conflict. Mounted on a charger, clothed with white armour, the great white banner covered with *fleur-de-lys* waving over her head, she led them to the assault. The awe-stricken English beheld her enter the city on the 29th of April. Her irresistible enthusiasm compelled the French to attack the English forts. One after another was taken, and at last the little band of Englishmen, having fought desperately against fearful odds, withdrew. On May 18th, the gates of the city were opened, and Orleans had rest as of old.

The victorious army, urged on by Joan, did not neglect to profit by this signal success. They followed the English to their retreat at Targeau, and in the battle of Patay, fought June 18th, defeated them with great loss. The ablest warrior in the English army, the noble Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was taken prisoner. A month later Charles entered Rheims in triumph, and was crowned King of France. The English, however, were far from conquered, and the north of France yet remained in their hands. The league between Bedford and Burgundy was renewed; fresh troops also arrived from England. It was, therefore, necessary that no time should be lost in attacking them. The army accordingly moved on in the direction of Paris, while Bedford, leaving but a small garrison there, retreated to Rouen. No more remarkable successes attended Joan of Arc, and little of importance occurred until she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians before the walls of Compiegne, May 23rd, 1430. The French made no attempt to release the noble girl who had done so much for her country, and she remained in the custody of the Duke of Burgundy till October, when he sold her to the English. When the

ecclesiastical authority claimed her as guilty of heresy and sorcery, she was delivered up to the Bishop of Beauvais, an unscrupulous priest, and devoted to the English interest. She was taken to Rouen and immured for several months in prison, where she was treated with great severity. Her trial was a mere mockery. The grossest indignities and insults were heaped upon her. She was deprived of all religious aid. At last, as might have been expected, she was condemned to die for witchcraft. The charge was no doubt one that the great mass of people, perhaps in France, certainly in England, believed to be true. She was compelled to recant her alleged sins, and on the morning of May 30th she was led to her death. Going along the streets the girlish lips could not repress the cry, 'Rouen! Rouen! must thou be my last abode!' A stake was erected in the market-place, and there, to the lasting shame of either England or France, one scarcely knows which to blame, perhaps both, the unfortunate, but patriotic, pure and brave maiden of nineteen summers was burnt. Her last word was 'Jesus!' It was a barbarous and unjustifiable death. A statue now marks the spot on which she suffered, a poor monument to one of the noblest heroines the world has ever known. There is, however, an opinion rife among French antiquarians, and supported by some documentary evidence, that the whole story of her death is legendary. It is said that she lived until after the death of Bedford, in 1435, and was then liberated and afterwards happily married. The opinion and evidence may be true, but probably relates to some impostor who successfully personated Joan. We may not here attempt any further solution of the difficulty.

It was soon apparent even to Bedford that the power of England in France was hopelessly gone. Henry was crowned King of France in Paris, December 17th, 1431, by Bishop, now Cardinal, Beaufort, but he was forced to withdraw to Rouen and hold his Court there. Little by little the ties between Bedford and Burgundy were weakened. Little by little all that Henry the Fifth had gained was lost. By 1435, when the Duke of Bedford died, nothing remained south of Paris, hardly anything indeed beyond Normandy; and Burgundy had gone over to Charles the Seventh. Paris was lost in 1436; even Harfleur, the first of Henry's conquests, was freed from the foreign yoke by one hundred and four of the inhabitants opening the gates of the town to a band of insurgents from the district of Caux, and though between 1445 and 1449 the English were again in possession, the memory of the deed was long perpetuated by one hundred and four strokes on the bells of St. Martin's. In the meantime affairs in England were in a most unfortunate state. In 1431, the Lollards, under the leadership of Jack Sharp, made a bold attempt at rebellion, but it was speedily suppressed. The war in France, the repayment of heavy loans advanced to the State by Cardinal Beaufort, and the rapacity of Gloucester, exhausted every source of national revenue. A long and open quarrel between Gloucester and Beaufort, and another between Gloucester and Bedford, had only served to make matters worse. It was only at the request of the king, a lad of eleven, that the breach between Gloucester and Bedford was healed; with Beaufort no lasting settlement was ever made. On Bedford's death, Richard, Duke of York, was made Regent of France, but was recalled at the end of his first year. A few years later he was sent back again. In 1439, the queen-mother died, leaving Henry without a single true-hearted friend in the world. The king had developed into a pious youth, devoted to the interests of the Church, an encourager of learning, mild, patient, merciful and inoffensive in all his dealings, but utterly unfit to govern a people such as the

English of his generation, and to set to rights the wrongs of a hundred years. His poor health and fastidious conscientiousness would alone have hindered him from being a successful ruler; his attempts when but fifteen years of age, and liable to personal chastisement at the will of the council, to grapple with questions of state that had tried the greatest of his predecessors displayed great precocity, but left him, as such premature forcing would almost necessarily do, with little or no powers of mind at all. The monk's tonsure would have better become him than the royal crown. Of all the Kings of England he was the most unfortunate and unhappy, and yet, when dead, the people of Yorkshire and Durham worshipped before his statue and sung hymns in his honour. In 1442, he came of age, but the Bishop of Winchester remained virtual ruler. John Beaufort was made Duke of Somerset in 1443, but died the next year, leaving as his heiress the little Lady Margaret, who afterwards married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and became mother of Henry the Seventh. The Duke of Gloucester remained on the council, but was suspected of treasonable thoughts; his wife, Eleanor Cobham, having burnt a wax image of the king, a sign that she was endeavouring to compass his death by necromantic art, had been tried, in 1441, for witchcraft, and condemned to imprisonment for life. A new minister, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and grandson of Richard the Second's Chancellor, now comes into prominence. He negotiated a marriage between his royal master and Margaret, daughter of Réné of Anjou, titular King of Naples, which was solemnized April 22nd, 1445, when that princess was sixteen years old. In this and the following years the plague devastated the country, and in 1447 the Duke of Gloucester was arrested and died in prison. The mystery of his death will probably never be cleared up, but the guilt of it is laid upon his great rival, Suffolk. Six weeks later Cardinal Beaufort passed away, not as Shakespeare describes, but in the most matter-of-fact and business-like manner. When dying, he had the burial service and mass of requiem performed in his presence; he had his will read before his household, and then bidding farewell to all, he died. Suffolk became chief minister, and held his office, through many vicissitudes, till 1450, when all France being lost, with the exception of Calais and some parts of Guienne, he was impeached, tried, and ordered to leave the kingdom. Having written a most beautiful and affecting letter to his infant son, in which he urged him to obedience to God, loyalty to the king, reverence to his mother, and to avoid evil companions, he set sail for France. On the way, two days after, his vessel was intercepted by some ship waiting for that purpose. His sailors gave him up, and one of the men took an old rusty sword and, with half a dozen strokes, smote off his head. Then they laid his body on the sands of Dover and set his head on a pole beside it. This lawless act robbed the king of another great and faithful counsellor.

Again rebellion broke out, and, as in the reign of Richard II. so now, Kent, the great manufacturing district of the day, was the centre of the movement. It found the king and his chancellor, Cardinal Kemp, Archbishop of York, entirely helpless. It found all England angry at the loss of France, and in despair at the long-continued distress. A manifesto was set forth describing the demands of the insurgents. It stated that they purposed to obtain possession of the king and queen, and to remove from them all evil counsellors. Villainage since the rebellion of Wat Tyler had died out, but the old gloom remained. Twenty thousand men from Kent, Sussex, and Surrey gathered round Jack Cade, an Irishman, who assumed the name of John Mortimer and called himself the cousin of the Duke of

York. On the 1st of June, 1450, he encamped at Blackheath, but retreated on the approach of the king with a force equal to his own. On the 18th, a part of the king's army met the rebels at Sevenoaks, but was cut to pieces by them, and Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother William were slain. Mutiny broke out in the remaining part of the royal force, and the unhappy king retired to Kenilworth, having no faith in the promises of the Londoners to stand byhim. On the 3rd of July Cade entered London, took Lord Say and Sele, the treasurer, and beheaded him; but on the 5th the citizens closed London bridge against him, and in the struggle which ensued defeated him. A conference between Cardinal Kemp and Bishop Waynfleete, of Winchester, and Cade followed, in which the alleged wrongs were promised to be redressed, and pardons were offered to the rebels and accepted. Most of them dispersed and went to their homes. Cade, however, proceeded to plunder and ravage, and a reward was set upon his head. Soon after he was discovered by Iden, a newly appointed sheriff of Kent, in a garden at Heathfield, and by him was made prisoner, but in the scuffle Cade who had been mortally wounded, died on the way to London. His body was cut up and sent to be impaled at four different parts of the kingdom. Other rebels were similarly dealt with, and parts of their remains placed on exhibition for the intimidation of the disaffected in many of the principal towns in the realm. Their heads were set up on London-bridge; in this one year twenty-three being thus exposed to the gaze of the populace and to the winds and storms of heaven.

Another insurrection in August under one William Parminter, and a third in September under one John Smyth, took place in the same county, but were soon put down. In Wiltshire, also, a more serious revolt took place, the Bishop of Salisbury being murdered in his alb and stole immediately after the celebration of Mass. Another rising the same year, in that county, numbered nine or ten thousand men. Neither succeeded in accomplishing much. The whole country, however, saw the incapacity of the king and his ministers. They also saw that there was but one man in the country competent to deal with the situation, and that man was Richard, Duke of York, the hereditary, though not the legal, heir to the throne. He was experienced in statecraft, and had, as regent of France and lieutenant of Ireland displayed great wisdom. He had not been treated fairly by Henry, though there had been no open breach between them. But now he took the position of reformer of the public wrongs, and eventually assembled an army around him. He brought charges against several of the men near Henry, but was himself declared loyal by the king, though his ulterior designs seem to have been suspected. The Earl of Somerset was imprisoned, and soon after Cardinal Kemp, a man of great experience and fidelity and respected by all, who would have been the duke's next victim, died at the age of seventy-four. In 1453 the king was ill, and York was appointed regent the spring following, and to hold that office during the king's indisposition or the minority of the Prince of Wales. Everything thus played into the hands of the Yorkist faction. Richard appointed his brother-in-law, the Earl of Salisbury, chancellor, and Bourchier to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Somerset was kept in prison. Calais was now all that the English owned on the continent of Europe. The nation's greatest general, the brave Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, fell in the battle of Châtillon, July 20th, 1453. He was brought home and buried in the parish church of Whitchurch in Shropshire. A few years ago, his tomb was opened, and, strange satire on all earthly greatness! his head in which great thoughts had been born and military expeditions planned, had be-

come a cradle for mice, and the gash which terminated his career their means of ingress and egress.

The king recovered his senses by Christmas, 1454, and then he dismissed the protector and reinstated his old ministers. Open feud followed. Everywhere men began to take one side or the other. The contest began to involve more than was apparent on the surface. The Duke of York began to speak of his right to the throne as the descendant, through his mother, of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. At last the two parties met at St. Alban's on May 22nd, 1455. Negotiations were useless, and a battle followed. It lasted but half-an-hour, and was nothing more than a mere skirmish; but the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford and the Lord Clifford, all on the king's side, were killed, and the king himself wounded and taken prisoner. Henceforth the fate of England was sealed. The white rose had triumphed over the red. Again York knelt before the king and professed his loyalty, and again, on the return of the king's malady, was appointed protector. Again, too, on the recovery of the king, in the spring of 1456, the duke was removed from office and for two years the parties did little more than watch each other. Queen Margaret now comes into the foreground and plays her part all through the struggle with dignity, determination, and wisdom. But her attempt in 1458 to arrest Nevilles led to a fresh outbreak of the war. The Earl of Salisbury met Lord Audley at Bloreheath in Staffordshire, September 25th, 1459, and in the battle the Lancastrians were defeated, and their leader, Lord Audley, and many Cheshire gentlemen slain. Salisbury then joined the Duke of York, at Ludlow in Herefordshire, but on the king's approach with a stronger army, part of the Yorkists deserted, the others were disbanded, and the Duke and his companions fled. Fifteen months later the Duke of York fell in the battle of Wakefield Green, and on June 29th, 1461, his son was crowned king in Westminster with the title of Edward the Fourth. The unfortunate Henry remained in prison for ten years, when he was ruthlessly murdered, it is supposed, though by no means certain, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the new king's brother. In the course of those ten years the conflict between the two factions went on, and led to many battles, the last being that of Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, May 4th, 1471. Here the Lancastrians were defeated, and a scene of terrible butchery followed. The poor fugitives made for the sanctuary of the Abbey, but the pursuers followed them even to the church doors, slaughtering hundreds by the way. Then the Abbot came forth from the altar, where he had been celebrating Mass, and with the consecrated Sacrament in his hand, and standing like Aaron between the dead and the living, he forbade the king to shed more blood within the sacred precincts. Fifteen years later Henry the Seventh, the grandson of Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, half-brother of Henry the Fourth, by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth, united the houses of Lancaster and York, but then the fair fields of England had been dyed with the blood of a hundred thousand of her sons, and many of the noblest of the ancient families had perished.

THE SPANISH GIRL'S SONG.

BY ESPERANCE.

YE sing of love in your Northern land,
Your land of ice and snow,
Where the waves are frozen upon the strand,
And fierce winds wildly blow;
The love that burns in a Southern heart,
Ah, *this*—ye *cannot* know!

Your hearts are tuned to your frozen clime;
Ye call love by its *name;*
Ye sing its praise in a pleasant rhyme;
Your words are cold and tame!
Our Southern tongue is a tongue of fire,
Our love a living flame.

Our breezes, borne on the scented air,
Are soft as maiden's sigh;
Our sunlit heavens are ever fair;
Our roses never die;
The waves sing over the golden shore
A whispered lullaby.

Your hearts are chilled by your bitter wind
And storms of sleet and snow;
But our perfumed breezes leave behind
A warm and fervid glow,
That fans to life in the beating heart
The spark that waits below.

Ah! go your way! ye have *dreamt* of love;
The dream no doubt was sweet;
'Twas a shadow cast from the realms above,
Where the passion is complete;
But the perfect thing ye shall never know
Till your heart has ceased to beat.

Then shall ye fathom the depth and strength
Of love that grows to pain,
That knows no barrier, bound, or length;
Seeks but one earthly gain;
And the hopeless woe of the Southern heart
That has spent such love in vain.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S DEATH.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE following desultory remarks have come into existence in the following manner. In the first week of October, the writer was spending the evening at the house of a friend. Most of those present were politicians: Grits and Conservatives. Garfield's death was the chief topic of conversation and the writer was silent. His host rallied him on his silence, whereupon he gave his opinion on what might be called the Garfield situation. It was suggested he should write down and publish his views, but he pleaded want of time. The reply was that Thanksgiving Day and All Saints' Day were near at hand, on neither of which days he might be sure would any persons who were working for him turn up. He rejoined that he did not see why he should not go to church on these days as well as other people; whereupon a distinguished statesman who was present said he would like to see in print the doctrines of party allegiance as stated. On this point conversation went forward, and I then became convinced that perhaps some good might be done by publishing the few thoughts which grew naturally out of the career and death of President Garfield — especially it seemed that some need existed of placing before the public mind such a view of political action, in connection with a party, as is alone consistent with preserving moral principle from crumbling to ruins. Garfield's life, too, was such that all men would be the better for dwelling on it. So far as memory serves me, the following preserves as nearly as possible the sequence with which I spoke on the evening in question. The interruptions which helped me along are omitted, and unfortunately the clever things said by one of the wittiest and youngest of our rising statesmen, no longer light up the discussion of an event, whose influence on the government of half this continent will, centuries hence, furnish a subject for disquisition.

On the death of the late President of the United States, all has been said that grief and sympathy could desire; but much that should be said could find no place in condolences and threnodies. The printing press and the telegraph have given to the doctrine of human brotherhood a deeper significance, as well as the means of practical expression. A Greek historian put in the mouth of an Athenian statesman the fine hyperbole: that of dead men, who, living were great, the whole earth is the mausoleum. To-day, what was a flight of rhetoric in the time of Thucydides, the newsboy makes almost a literal fact. A few years ago Charles Kingsley, when lecturing in Toronto, advised the young men of Canada to aspire to Westminster Abbey. It would seem that an ambition for funerael pomp may be realized without sending the hearse across the Atlantic; and for the fond hope of being remembered by our race, not pyramid, nor temple, nor column, nor the breathing marble, but the heart and memory of humanity are the enduring shrines of the benefactors of mankind, and these are monuments which are circumscribed to no spot,

belong to no one hemisphere, nor do their doors open or close at the bidding of interest or power. It is true, a man may write his name indelibly on this earth in the blood of his fellows, but the time is at hand when men will neither honour nor covet the renown of a destroyer. High gifts, even when they do not bear the hallmark of the immortals, if conscientiously used, may henceforth look for recognition in the esteem of good men wherever civilization reaches, and this is the only element in an apotheosis a really great man would value. The spectacle, if the word may be used, of nations—not merely rulers, but the peoples of the earth—crowding as mourners round Mr. Garfield's coffin, without escutcheon or crest, was well calculated to move and fill the imagination. It has been misunderstood and misinterpreted by writers, who in grief or joy must beat what Lord Salisbury calls the 'Tom-tom of Free Trade.' So far as it had any bearing on the future of international politics, not increased friendliness between any two nations, except as an incidental result, was portended, but the advent of a democratic consciousness in which social ideas will count for as much as political, and which, finding nothing to feed its enthusiasm in the past, will inevitably turn to the future and unknown.

It is, of course, possible to overestimate the importance of such a wave of emotion, and the reaction has already set in. It may be said that the cosmopolitan consensus of sorrow yields to analysis only a commonplace scientific fact: the annihilation of space by the telegraph, which placed the residents of London or Melbourne in the same position, as to knowledge of the President's sufferings, as the inhabitants of Washington. Had he been the humblest labourer, or a soldier who had done nothing, but for forcing an account of whose sufferings on public attention an excuse could have been found, there would, when death arrived, have been world-wide sorrow. But in nature and depth, it would have been very different from that we are discussing. That Garfield had a mission; that he had been a poor struggling lad; that he had gained the position of a great potentate; that he had no title; that no circumvallation of courtiers interposed between the sick room and the public; all this, vaguely in some instances, more defined in others, was present to the mind, and, while mighty interests seemed to hang upon his fate, brought him near the very poorest. From daily reading of his sufferings, pathetic associations clustered every morning more thickly and closely around his name, and the fountains of feeling flowed as by habit of sympathy at its sound. 'We felt,' said a poor gardener, 'almost as if he had been one of ourselves.'

On such a theme as the present, perhaps one ought to be above a sneer at human generosity, the eager desire—the pen hesitates to write the noble desire—to do full justice to the claims of one who can no longer compete with us. When a man achieves supreme power, he is in a sense as much removed from conditions which excite envy as if he were dead. Fear, hope, hatred, love, admiration, loyalty, such are the sentiments men entertain to their rulers or leaders; and when one who has attained to this height is struck down, pity and imagination are unrestrained. The mind fills up a broken career with great deeds, and finds a pleasure in doing this, because they are no longer within anybody's reach. So different are the feelings with which we contemplate the deeds of the living and the dreams of what the dead would have done. Had the young Marcellus lived, Virgil might have lampooned him.

When we pass away from the personal to the national aspect of the tragedy, we think that the achievements which would have done Garfield honour would have conferred blessings on a country in which, as in our own, the hopes of the world are largely bound up.

Since the war, most people would give a policy on its life. Even those who look on it with far other regards than are cherished by the unprivileged children of poverty, feel that it is best for the world that its government should be honest and enlightened. The Queen, in sending a floral wreath to Mrs. Garfield, did an act the beauty of which no vulgar analysis can mar. We may be sure she was only thinking of doing something graceful, womanly, kind, and that there were no mercenary calculations in the motives which presented themselves to her mind, when the woman bent over a sister, prostrated by a grief she could well understand, and the ruler expressed an Empire's sympathy. In an article entitled 'England and America over the President's grave,' the editor of the *Contemporary Review* reminds one of a gossip at a wake, shedding copious tears, and expressing a hope that the bereaved, with whom she has not been on good terms, will henceforth buy their groceries at her shop. This apostle of humanity demands special room in the funeral procession for England, as represented by the Queen, in order to appeal to the people of the United States, over the open grave of their ruler, and in the midst of their sorrow —to do what?—the reader will not believe me—to open their ports to the English manufacturer. This is to be accomplished by 'the logic of emotion,' and the barriers which have withstood the assaults of great economists are to fall before the tear-vial and red eyes of the editor of the *Contemporary Review!* The 'prejudices' of the commercially unregenerate people of the United States 'have shown themselves steel proof against the exactest reasoning.' That this hardness of conviction is due to the heart rather than the head is evident because 'it has been proved to us in quite a variety of ways long since that Yankee wits are not really suffering any dulness.' He despairs of syllogisms, however neatly constructed; 'but for ourselves,' he says, 'we are not wholly without faith that they may in the end fall in quite another manner.' And this is the way they are to fall:

'But the key-note meant to be sounded in this paper utterly forbids the making of any *ad misericordiam* appeal. The only way in which we could here reason from merely English grounds would be to try and convict the States of *shabbiness*—if such a word may be allowed—in respect of our grievances. Nor do we think it would be difficult to do that *if only our transatlantic brethren were in the right emotional mood for listening.* We claim for our own country that she, a small island in the corners of the seas, has really adopted the cosmopolitan ideal of universal intercourse and free exchange, the propagation of which fitly should devolve, as a first duty, upon the gigantic mistress of the New World. . . . *Is it quite worthy of big America to show this fear of little England's industrial competition, meantime sending us not only wheat by millions of bushels, pork by the ship-load, and other things in corresponding quantities, down even to machine-made horse-shoe nails, reckoned by hundreds of tons; the latter, perhaps, as a charm on her own part against her fright becoming a panic. This shall be considered "cuteness" if our big and timorous cousins so wish, and we will be sympathetic with them over it, for are we not in the present article avowedly relying on the logic of emotion?*'

It is hard to express oneself in terms sufficiently restrained of such writing as this. Scorn and mirth are alike stirred. The humour of that allusion to the horse-shoe nails is of the finest sort, and even the seriousness is irresistibly comic when one remembers who those are whose commercial affairs are to be revolutionized by a little maudlin gush. But the matter is too grave for laughter, for the *Contemporary Review*, to which the editor seldom contributes, has a position in English periodical literature; and, therefore, one cannot pass by with the contempt it deserves a sickening preachment insulting to the affliction of the United States and a desecration of the noble grief of the English nation. We are sorry, cries this politico-economic Werther, sorry for your great loss. Observe our emotion, but pray observe how much

pork you send us, and that you are shabby enough to put duties on goods you import from England. No logic would convince you you are wrong. Your intellect is bright enough. Yet you will persist in believing that if we send you what manufactures you want you will not require to manufacture for yourself. You are a big nation and England is a little one. It is all a mistake to suppose that England is a mighty Empire. I, and such as I, have found out her pettiness. Don't you see how shabby you are in your dealings with such a little country? Behold those tears for your dead President, and remember you send us pork by the ship-load!

Is there no man in England who has inherited Chatham's faith in her destiny to rebuke writers of this class? Her great poet said she was never to lie at the foot of a proud conqueror. These grovellers would make her bury her forehead in the dust before a few million customers. They may spare their tears. If they think to impress shrewd Yankees with 'the logic of emotion' they will find they have to deal with men who do not believe in whimpering anywhere, but above all in matters of business; who, however, we may be sure, have no objection to see degenerate Englishmen crouching at their feet, but it won't move them, as they say, 'worth a cent.' There is no attitude in the world so sure to get more kicks than half-pence from the Ministers at Washington. The editor of the *Contemporary Review* is well known not to be a very hard-headed person, and, notwithstanding the position of the magazine, he would not be worth noticing were it not that similar Uriah-Heapisms have appeared in the London papers, weekly and daily. It is almost pathetic in its imbecility—the desire to 'produce a favourable impression' on all parts of the Republic, as though this favourable impression would have some practical result, or the English Empire was at the mercy of, or had cause to fear, any nation however powerful. The salute of the English flag ordered by President Arthur is said to have touched the English nation very deeply; but the way it was received in certain quarters proves that among the fifty millions there are Anglo-phobists, besides Fenians, and that underbred rudeness will find rails to carry it far in commercial jealousy and ambition. It was not by the logic of emotion that England became great. Neither a nation nor an individual can hold a position of eminence except by right of superior strength. Hanging on by the skin of the teeth is an easy process compared with hanging on by human charity or sufferance, but staying oneself on the 'favourable impressions' of a commercial rival, and that rival 'Brother Jonathan,' is a triumph of self-mockery which has never been surpassed since the soldier who sat on the point of his bayonet because he said, he liked a soft thing. Mr. Froude, going outside his own country to plead her cause at the bar of the public opinion of another nation, and driven from his 'mission' by the Irish servant-maids of Boston, was sufficiently undignified. But he is outdone by this trafficker in tears, this international bagman who welcomes humiliation provided he can take an order. Not one word from these gentlemen about Canada, except to misrepresent and contemn her. While the States contained but a few millions no such language was held; and men of the same class, who deigned to speculate on her future, cast her horoscope with a sneer. But to-morrow, as time goes with a nation, Canada will be fifty millions. If what such men as Mr. William Clarke desired, namely annexation, took place, what would the trade of England with this Continent be worth? English exports hither would at once fall to the extent of all those articles which Canada imports from England, and the like of which are manufactured in the United States, whose merchant

marine would be reinforced by that which is now the fourth in the world, and whose population would be swelled by five millions who would then have every reason to hate a country which had been at once feeble and false. These men, I know, do not speak for England. There is no sign of her decay. But her people and leaders cannot too narrowly watch the influences which make and modify national character. Her burden of Empire, easy for self-denial, for such men as raised the name of England above that of Rome is

> 'heavy to carry
> For hands overflowing with gold,'

Naturally the grief within the Republic was greater than among other nations, however sympathetic. An English friend, himself the scion of a noble house, who has travelled much in the United States, tells me that on first making the acquaintance of its people he thought there were only two things for which they had any reverence—a dollar and a lord; but that after more intimacy he saw they also reverenced their President. He adds that, to-day, we are face to face with this dual paradox: in Europe, kings without loyalty; on this continent, loyalty without kings. The moment a man is elected President he receives, though the head of a party, a genuine homage even from those in the ranks of his enemies. Peculiar circumstances inspired towards Garfield feelings of a deeper and more special character than those with which a President is ordinarily regarded. The people of all grades felt that great dangers threatened the State, and that they had found the man to weather the ship through the storm. Kings and aristocracies have been properly branded for making men admirals and generals who knew nothing of seamanship or war. After hundreds of lives and millions of money had been lost, and the honour of the country tarnished, the king or his mistress would be gracious enough to allow the appointment of ability. A shrewd observer, writing to a man of genius and character who had just become Prime Minister of England, while congratulating him, said his being entrusted with the formation of a Government was a proof of the miserable state of the country; for if it was possible to go on without integrity and ability they would never be thought of. If any one supposes the virus of the Spoils System has made its appearance within recent years, he is very ignorant of the history of the United States: nor is Mr. William Clarke, who writes about affairs on this continent with all the dogmatism of studious and erudite ignorance, right in his contention that Aaron Burr was the dark spirit who introduced corruption. Aaron Burr, himself, was a fruit of the system, and the conscienceless profligate, whose chief object was to destroy the free play of healthy public opinion by skill in manipulating organizations, has never since been without a representative in the counsels of both parties. But a large number of circumstances connected with President Grant's administration excited alarm, and when a determination to force a third term was manifested, alarm deepened into terror. The evils of the Spoils System, of the rule of the 'bosses,' of the thimble-rigging of the managers, were fully realized, and perhaps some shame was felt that no better type of man could be had in the whole fifty millions, than after, and some time before, Lincoln had filled the Presidential chair. When Garfield was nominated, it was felt that a man wholly different from the typical United States statesmen had been found; and when, on becoming President, he broke with Conkling the contrast was made more striking.

The breach with Conkling was a proof of his courage and sincerity. It is doubtful whether it was wise or even justifiable. But this is a point which must be deferred for the moment.

Garfield belonged to that class of great men whose greatness cannot be separated from their personality—the breadth, charm and magnetism of their character; nor is it likely that twenty years hence anything he has spoken or written will ever be referred to. His military genius was not of a high order. He was a highly educated man, but the conditions under which he studied made it it impossible that he could be a great scholar. His mastery over the English language was considerable, but by no means extraordinary. A life's devotion is the price a man must pay to be a great lawyer, and that price was not within Garfield's power. But in whatever he did we see sincerity, the fire of noble purpose, great fertility of resource, fearlessness, and a leader-like tone. All this, combined with truthfulness and a capacity for inspiring attachment in the hearts of good men, mark him as the possessor of some of the choicest elements of greatness.

His life gives countenance to the theory that 'great men are the sons of great mothers.' The theory is fallacious, men inheriting ability from the father as often as from the mother, and the mothers of some great men having no more in common with their sons than the earth has with the rose it has nourished in its womb, or the cloud with the bolt which bursts from its heart of mist, and lights up the landscape with beauty and terror, and carries ruin where it strikes. But the theory flatters the modern worship of women which is specially strong in generous hearts, and, therefore, adds to the interest with which we follow the career of any man whose distinction can be traced to a source so tender. Garfield's mother is undoubtedly a woman of a noble fibre. Her face has aristocratic features, with all the will and energy which made her, when necessary, a rail splitter. She came of a French stock, and the French brightness, clearness of resolve, and the beautiful French gaiety lit up the valuable but less fiery qualities her son derived from his father's family. The sentiment of woman worship is also appealed to by the need he experienced, in common with so many forceful natures of female sympathy, and the happy relations which existed between him and his wife. Of Miss Booth, whose influence on him seems to have been of the happiest description, he says: 'I never met the man whose mind I feared to grapple with; but this woman could lead where I found it hard to follow.' A lady who was fellow student with him at Hiram College describes him as 'repeating poetry by the hour.' 'He is,' she added, she having kept up her acquaintance with him after college days were over, 'a man who, in the belief of any one who ever knew him, could not be corrupted, and who considers his honour above his life.' 'I formed an intimate acquaintance with him,' says the Rev. T. Brooks, 'and admired his genial, manly and pleasant ways.' He is described as witty and quick at repartee.

When he became president of the college of which he had once swept the floor, he was sympathetic, full of kindness, yet a most stout disciplinarian, who 'enforced the rules like a martinet.' He was one of the most practical of men, though his Tennyson was as often as possible in his hands. His strong literary turn appealed to the imagination of the people of the United States, among whom education has made sufficient progress to enable them to realize that there is nothing antagonistic between culture and practical ability. Perhaps they had had enough of statesmen of defective education. It is, however, a popular fallacy which is not yet dead, that your practical man is best if he is ignorant—above all if he has no sympathy with poetry—and if his gifts are as far as possible from genius. The truth, however, is there is a close relation between literary capacity and

practical power in all matters requiring thought—as for instance statesmanship or war, or the higher walks of commerce. Both Lord Beaconsfield and Canning were men of business power. The one was a poet and novelist; the other a poet and journalist. David, whose name is one of the greatest in Jewish history, was a poet as well as a warrior and statesman; Moses, a poet as well as a lawgiver and leader. The greatest among the Greek poets were soldiers—Æschylus drinking in the fiery light of battle on the fields of Marathon and Platæa, and across the victorious waves of Salamis. Sophocles commanded a division in the Samian war.

With frowning brow o'er Pontiff kings elate
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great:

an eager Florentine politician, the reputation of the author of the 'Divine Comedy' overtops the renown of the diplomatist and statesman. Chaucer, the father of English song, was a successful soldier, ambassador, and minister. Petrarch was an eager politician. In Milton's case the reputation of Cromwell's secretary and adviser is lost in the glory flooding the head of the author of 'Paradise Lost.' Alexander the Great was a man of enthusiastic literary taste. Cæsar, the greatest of captains, a politician and statesman, was, after Cicero, the first literary man in Rome; nor can he be seen in a more beautiful and heroic light than reading, writing, and making extracts in his carriage on his long journeys from battlefield to battlefield. The hard Frederick the Great composed verses in the intervals of battles. The political wisdom of Burke is proverbial. Yet he is, before all things, a poet, though writing in prose. The mind of the most successful and the most practical of all our own statesmen is saturated with English song.

No one can come in contact—into intimate communion with the highest minds—which are among the highest manifestations we have of God Himself without the study of the poets, which enlarges and liberalizes, and humanizes the ideal a man forms for himself. Cruelty and literary culture seem exclusive terms, and the first blow struck for the slave was struck by a literary man, pure and simple. When a fugitive slave ran into Garfield's camp, and an order was sent him by his superior officer, telling him to hunt up the negro and deliver him to his owner, Garfield wrote on the order that he positively declined to allow his command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. His friends were alarmed, but the spirit of his generous conduct was afterwards embodied in a general order.

Garfield opposed the salary grab, but when it was forced on an appropriation bill by a decided vote, the appropriation bill being a measure in the fate of which he was deeply interested, he felt bound to acquiesce. This vote took his constituents 'in the pit of the stomach.' Garfield went west to recapture the district, and did it, not by management for he was no manager, nor flattery, nor appeals to popular passions, but, as President Hinsdale testifies, by 'the earnest, straightforward exposition of solid doctrine;' by the high bearing of the man; by the 'impact of his mental and moral power upon intelligent and honest minds.' He stood by 'honest money,' and his speeches on this subject are models as popular expositions of financial principles. He never had a 'machine,' and his aspirations for the nation were struck in a key of high moral feeling. But he was a trained politician, and his career would exemplify the teaching of Mr. Longley, in his excellent paper on 'Politics considered as a Fine Art.' It may be added at a time when there are such misconceptions regarding Freemasonry abroad, that this good and noble man was a Mason.

He was a true Christian politician—not using his Christianity as a means to cloak political infamy and

catch pious but unperspicuous voters. Belonging to a sect in which the greatest simplicity prevails, and in which free utterance is allowed to all, he would preach to-day with the fervency of a Potts or a Rainsford, and to-morrow would, from the stump advocate the cause of the Republican party. It need hardly be said that though he hit hard blows he never hit below the belt, and never condescended to billingsgate or mendacity. And here, perhaps, we touch on the most potent key of those that called forth the threnody of universal sorrow—a sorrow which revealed a fund of feeling that only awaits the electric touch to wrap all nations in one flame of enthusiasm — issuing in some great united deed, compared with which the Crusades and even the great Reformation will seem small things. There is at present no preacher, no teacher to touch it; no new doctrine, no old dogma made fresh by human thought and feeling, to emit the enkindling spark. But the fund of unselfish emotion is there. Evolution cannot touch it. I doubt if the tens of millions who sorrowed for Garfield, and the tens of thousands who subscribed to the Garfield fund, would have sorrowed and subscribed, if they were sufficiently advanced to believe that heaven and God are mere subjective illusions, that the anthropoid ape is our grandfather, and the marine ascidian the head of the house.

Nor perhaps if Garfield had been so scientific as to expunge God from the universe, would he have looked first, as he always did, for the approval of his conscience. The reason why 'the self-approving hour' gives so much strength and peace, is that conscience proclaims the Great Contriver to be on our side, and all the forces of the universe therefore with us. In one of Garfield's speeches in the Ohio Senate, there is a passage which every young politician should learn by heart. It had been, he says, the plan of his life, to follow his convictions. He greatly desired the approbation of the district he represented in Congress, but he desired still more the approbation of one person, 'and his name was Garfield.' This was the only man he was compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with, and if he could not have had his approbation, he would have been in a bad way. This habit of mind is the only one which can keep a politician erect in the slippery paths of politics.

In his address after nomination, he struck the key-note of Civil Service Reform. One of his first acts, however, was to carry out the doctrine of spoils. But here we must travel back a little.

The Roman historians and orators became transcendent liars the moment they spoke about their ancestors and the relations of their country with other nations. They were eloquent about Punic faith; it would be interesting to know what Carthage thought of Roman perfidy. The half-educated mediocrity to which pure democracies must always offer so wide a field, has nowhere had such scope as in the United States, and confident ignorance has never flaunted in such outrageous disregard of truth as in Fourth of July orations. The favourite rhetorical ruse, or flight of fancy, on those occasions is to picture the Fathers assembled in Council, Providence presiding, the Constitution emerging like some inspired result, and hailed with discriminating rapture by the American people. Anything more at variance with truth than this could not well be conceived. The Constitution was the outcome of wrangling and difficulty, and was wrung by necessity from an unwilling people. Indeed the doctrine of State sovereignty never bit the dust until the close of the bloodiest and most costly civil war on record. Everything is exaggerated in the United States, and the evils which always follow great wars, and those evils which are the peculiar heritage of civil wars, manifested themselves

on an unprecedented scale. Though Grant took the first step in Civil Service Reform, he was, and is, a friend of the Spoils System. His disregard of republican simplicity, his readiness to compromise the independence of his great office by taking presents from all sides, the scandals and peculations brought home to some of his prominent supporters, his readiness to stand by them, even after their character took the complexion of infamy, forced on the minds of the best citizens the truth that all human institutions will have peculiar weaknesses characteristic of the structure, and marking the way in which they act on, and are influenced by, human passions. So wildly have poets and orators spoken of freedom that men have not unnaturally attributed to it the power of a true divinity, whose ark would wither the hands which touched it profanely, whereas liberty is only a mood of human society wholly impossible in certain stages of human development, and which cannot exist once the majority of a people have grown corrupt. Nothing can therefore be more absurd than the optimist views expressed by certain writers in regard to the United States. Propositions affirming by implication the approach of a political millenium are introduced by such phrases as 'it is felt,' 'it must be,' 'the needs of the race require it,' and the like, and curiously enough are placed side by side with chronicles of corruption. But democracy, we are told, is not responsible for any of the evils in the Democracy, which are due to some external and malign power; as if every form of government was not an outgrowth of human conditions practically co-extensive with the people to which it may belong, though capable of acting back with formative power on the conditions from which it emerged, with ever newly modified results. The mass of men can see no distinction which is not made tangible, and equality, therefore, while teaching them the priceless lessons of independence, after some time makes men consider the power of money-getting the one thing needful. There is no time for self-culture—culture is therefore meagre; and all men being equal, the greatest ambitions are, without shame, entertained by small capacities. Every man is his own standard; and the tendency is to resent intellectual eminence. There being but one or two great social and political forces, and no variety in the motives of conduct and ideals of life, men become as like each other as peas; real individuality fades, while individual aggressiveness becomes universal. There is more general comfort than under aristocratic conditions, and for the absence of great men there is a compensation in the shape of widely diffused material happiness. But though forests of steeples point to heaven, and no sun rises without glittering on ten thousand crosses, the tendency in such a society is to make a god of Mammon.

The hope for popular institutions is in the intelligence of the people; their danger that the people, even though intelligent, allow themselves, when not in the face of a menacing crisis or not stirred by some great excitement, to act on low motives. The proposition that any people is too intelligent to be robbed of freedom is one which must be qualified in every case. It is not rational to believe that men can constantly go near the brink of the cataract, yet always escape going over the falls. On the eve of the late election the danger was great, and an effort, almost superhuman was made to fling off the system which had the Republic by the throat. But the powers of darkness, as represented by Conkling, Cameron and Logan, and their machines, were strong, and they bent all their resources to secure the prize for Grant. The Republican party in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois wished to give what the French would call the imperative mandate to the delegates to the nominating conven-

tion. The delegates are chosen by Congressional districts, but at the State Conventions resolutions were passed pledging the States to vote each one as a unit for Grant. This was a good instance of how far the tyranny of organization will aspire to go, and shows how completely after a time it throws aside all respect for constitutional procedure, and what an enemy it is of deliberation—its constant aim being to make deliberative assemblies elaborate frauds. The first question raised in the convention was whether the delegates from Republican States should be bound by the resolutions of the State Conventions, or whether the district rule should prevail and the delegates vote as they thought best. Robertson, of New York, was the leader of the party which broke away from the daring usurpation of dictatorial power by the machines. The man he and his friends tried for was Blaine, Garfield himself being for Sherman, of Ohio. The opposition to Grant was shared between Blaine, Sherman, and Edmunds. Garfield, from the first, 'divided the honours' with Conkling, that is to say, he was received with demonstrations of respect as enthusiastic as those which greeted the great wire-puller. His speech in favour of Sherman made a profound impression on the Convention, and when vote after vote was taken and no progress made, and the followers of no one of the Republican opponents of Grant would give way to those of the other, and three hundred standing each time solid by Grant, a cry rose as it were, spontaneously, 'would it were Garfield!' and the flags of the various States moved up amid loud cheers round what then became the banner from Ohio.

The Constitution is framed on the principle, that the people may be trusted to do what is really best for themselves—that is, what is best for the nation at large. But this principle, as we have seen, takes for granted a great deal for which unfortunately there is no foundation in fact. The individuals who compose a people may be trusted to do what seems to each one the best for himself. Many generations will have passed away before men rise to the height—if they ever will—of looking at what is best for themselves, individually, in a manner which would make that glance coincident with what is best for the nation. The instant the fear of oppression is over, egotism is allowed full play, and when a man cannot get an important position for himself, he wants it for his cousin; and when he cannot get it for his cousin, he wants it for his fellow-townsman; when his fellow-townsmen are out of the question, he wants it for some one in his section of the province. The Constitution decrees that the President and Vice-President shall be elected at the same time and by the same body, and that should the President for any cause be no longer able to discharge the duties of President, these shall devolve on the Vice-President. In, therefore, electing a Vice-President, a possible President is chosen. But this contingency being remote, is never allowed any influence; and the candidate for President once fixed on, the candidate for Vice-President is chosen with the view of throwing a sop to sectional jealousy. Accordingly, Garfield being from the west, Arthur was chosen from the east, and also because he was a follower of Conkling. The necessity of propitiating Conkling, the price paid, furnishes a measure of his power. The Stalwarts were beaten, but they might fairly hope to have considerable influence; and Conkling evidently expected to be allowed to rule in New York.

How did Garfield act? He was daring but not consistent. He appears as the champion of Civil Service Reform, but the act which probably led to his death, was one which carried out to its utmost length the Democratic doctrine, that he had himself denounced: 'to the victors belong the

spoils.' The man he removed from the collectorship at the port of New York was a Republican and a reformer. He did not belong to either the section which opposed or supported Garfield, who was not therefore displacing the member of an opposing party or faction. He was in favour of Civil Service Reform, but he displaced a man in all points fit for the position and placed there a supporter of his own. Conkling is no friend to Civil Service Reform. What then was Garfield's offence? He made an appointment in New York State without consulting the Duke of New York—as Conkling is sometimes called — the person appointed, moreover, as the leader of those who broke away from the unit scheme being personally offensive to the bold machinator.

What occurred, instead of affording a text for a sermon against party, illustrated in reality the confusion following on a disregard of the duties which arise from party relations. In fact, Garfield, Conkling and Guiteau were all bad party men. Had the unhappy assassin been a good party man he would have crushed down his personal predilections and acquiesced in the decision of the Republican Party. His act was the extreme expression of faction, all the conditions of which were fulfilled by Grant and his junto; faction being distinguished from party by this—that one pursues its ends on personal, the other on public grounds; the aim of the former is individual aggrandizement, of the latter the welfare of the country.

Unfortunately, the President of the United States remains the leader of a party. If he is not the leader before election he is at once elevated into that position. The relation between leader and follower implies reciprocal duties. Conkling belongs to that dangerous type of politician who gains power, not by learning or wisdom, not by statesmanship or greatness in any walk, but solely by reason of cunning and a capacity for organization. He is a manager, a boss, a runner of the machine—that is all. His claims to greatness rest largely on his control of party organization. Now party organization is a good thing. But good things may be abused, and party organization when grasped by bad men of narrow ideas and ungenerous aspirations becomes a silent, stealthy garotter of opinion, a means whereby designing knaves may slay freedom under the dome of her chosen sanctuary. Conkling proved himself a bad, unpatriotic man. Nor had he, according to some, great provocation, for it is contended that the collectorship at the Port of New York, at which most of the customs duties for the entire country are collected, is a national office, the appointment to which should not be confined by State lines. But even taking the strongest view of its local character that could be taken, still, the true course, from our point of view of allegiance to party, was to submit, and wait for redress from time, and from the sense of justice in the entire party, all whose interests and instincts are opposed to endorsing snubbing a man of sterling services. This is the course which prudence, which proper pride, which party honour, which patriotism, all suggested. Because it is not possible that the principles of a party can be carried out if everybody who has, or who thinks he has, a personal grievance, begins to kick and bolt, and a proud man will make it clear that he has not joined a party for personal ends. It is, of course, possible to conceive a case where self-respect and party allegiance clash. Now the claims of self-respect are paramount. If a man's self-respect will no longer permit him to follow the leader, his duty, as self-respect itself will suggest, is, temporarily or finally, to retire from politics, not to go over to the other side or to seek to create mutiny in the camp. If a man gives a leader support, it ought not to be like the purring of a cat, endowed with no

longer existence than while he is rubbed the right way; it should be a consistent and generous support, which bad treatment even could not impair, always understanding that the bad treatment is not of a character the endurance of which is inconsistent with self-respect. This is the only dignified course—this the only course which will save a party man from demoralization. Praising your leader to-day because he has done something you admire, abusing him to-morrow because he has thought fit not to take you into his confidence, this is a process of rapid moral decline. It is fatal to success. A squealer is not only weak, but his squealing proclaims his weakness, and in no sphere are the words of Milton so true as in politics —'to be weak is miserable.' A politician who is worth anything to the country will be well content if the principles he has adopted are being carried out; if he is to be worth much to his party, he ought to be able to put a bearing-rein on his indignation, even when he has cause to be angry. A mutinous party man developes a habit of requiring to be soothed by his leader until he becomes at once as weak and as annoying as a spoiled, querulous child. If he was ever resolute he becomes irresolute, and all the motions of his mind have the flabbiness of a broken will; each morning hears him swear he will fire the camp, but night inevitably falls without his striking a match. He makes it palpable to the world that egotism, not principle, is the guide of his actions, and becomes an object of as much moral interest as a hangman who, having fallen out with his employers, proceeds to avenge himself by joining the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment; on his lips a jibe at the sheriff, his hands twitching for a job.

But though this strong view of party allegiance is the true view, it is impossible to acquit President Garfield of all blame. The principles by which a man who has attained supreme power should be guided in making appointments are clear. 1st. He should appoint the most efficient men. 2nd. When there are two or more men equally efficient, he should appoint that one who has given most help to himself in attaining to supreme power. No one has a right to aspire to any position, still less to the first position in a State, unless he thinks himself the man among the candidates likely to prove most useful to the people. It is this which makes the 'machine' business so iniquitous and all underhand political intrigue, because thereby forces are put in operation which prevent men being chosen on their merits. It is assumed that the reason a good and wise man wishes to have himself elected for any trust, is because of his opinions and principles, and his views as to the carrying them out. In proportion as his convictions are strong, in the same proportion he must feel the persons who have helped him to power have to the measure of their capacity served the State. Now the State is not exempt, any more than an individual, from the law of gratitude. If the person supporting you, and securing your success, is opposed to you personally, but, nevertheless, gives you assistance rather then see his party —that is a certain body of principles of government—beaten, he really deserves better of his country than if his sentiments towards you personally were friendly.

In the late presidential election it would have been a most disastrous thing had power passed into the hands of the Democratic party. That party is not yet fit to have the destinies of the country placed in its grasp. Had Mr. Conkling unpatriotically resented being baffled in fixing on Grant, and showed anything like the bull-in-a china-shop spirit he showed afterwards, he could have prevented Garfield's election. Therefore, some consideration was due to him, and it

should have been made perfectly clear, that when the Senator from New York was not consulted, only the interests of the country, apart from any shade of personal feeling, were considered.

Now Robertson undoubtedly did Garfield great service, and therefore, on the principle laid down, great service to the State. But Conkling had also done him great service. Let it be granted that the services of Robertson outweighed Conkling's. The appointment on which the gage of battle was thrown down, was the collectorship at the Port of New York. The occupant, Mr. Merritt, was a member of the Republican party. He was a Civil Service reformer. The public service had grown more efficient under his hand. He had been appointed by President Hayes in spite of the opposition of Mr. Conkling, whose nominee Mr. Arthur was. In 1879, he bore emphatic testimony to the benefit resulting from admissions to the service by examination and removals only for cause.

Now, if Garfield was prepared to ignore the claims of Conkling, it is clear he ought to have left Merritt where he was. This would have shown the world that he was acting solely in the interest of Civil Service Reform, and that if he was shutting down on Conkling's predilections, if predilections he had, he had previously shut down on his own. This would have deprived Conkling of all moral support among the best spirits in the Stalwart ranks; it would have soothed the worst; and it would have challenged universal admiration. It is true the blue ribbon of the spoils would not have fallen to Robertson, who had done great services. But in this case a higher interest of the State was opposed to a lower. Merritt being efficient—a Republican—the embodiment of civil service reform—leaving him in his post was the very strongest step which could be taken in favour of the new and better departure. The appointment of Robertson, who was equally honest, no doubt, only carried out one good principle—that of rewarding those who have served the State. The same principle, and others equally valuable, would have been honoured by keeping Merritt where he was.

If the Spoils System was to be acted on, then the just and wise course was to come to some understanding with Conkling, and it is easy to conceive as possible—though the cogency of the present reasoning does not depend on this—such an understanding as would have induced Conkling to have enrolled himself amongst the reformers. In politics, as in all other fields of action, we may be sure, the best thing is to make complete justice—no maimed or partial divinity—our guide. A politician, moreover, by his very fession, is bound to be politic, and in aiming at any great change, he will seek to offend as few susceptibilities as possible. How, had Garfield not fallen by the hand of an assassin, he would have gone forward, it is not possible to doubt. He would probably, after two terms, have left the White House, having brought the Civil Service to a condition by which corruption was fenced off, and the maximum of efficiency secured. He would have thrown the weight of his character and office on the side of temperance, would have given an example of Republican simplicity, and in the most emphatic way—namely, by his acts—marked his disapproval of any public officer, above all the head of the State, taking bribes under the name of presents. His whole political conduct betrays the refinement which scholarship imparts to character, and the dignity which is given to a politician by having open to him more than one field of achievement, and such a man would not have surrounded himself with gamblers and trotting masters, but with those who prove, by their deeds, that they think the cultivation of the mind the noblest work in which energy can be consumed;

the anecdotes which would have emerged from the presidential circle would not have had reference to draw poker and cigars and blood horses; his children would have been saved by his culture and good sense from behaving with indecent social aggressiveness; while Mrs. Garfield's influence would have been against the reign of social queens, whose idea of good *ton* is extravagance, and in whose sight character counts for nothing and costly drapery is all. We can follow him into dignified retirement, which his literary attainments and gifts would have redeemed from obscurity; which, moreover, would have saved him from hankering after such political activity as is incongruous and injurious for an ex-President, and would have enabled him to rest his claims to recognition and reverence and gratitude on support not wholly drawn from the past. He had the faculty of growth, and it is morally certain his mind had not registered the highest water-mark of its possible development; and in order to realize what the United States may have lost by his death, we must think what a different estimate the world would have formed of Beaconsfield, of Thiers, of Palmerston, of Chaucer, of Gladstone, had they died at fifty years of age. He might, like some of these men, have done his greatest works after his shoulders had bowed to the first touch of old age, and, like others of them, have raised a standard by which politicians and statesmen could test themselves and be tested by others. In any case he would have left behind him a reputation which a generous ambition would covet above all others, that of a man who had arrested his country in a downward career, and called from latency into vigorous action moral forces that paralyzed principles which were striking at her life, and under whose blows she had begun to totter to her fall.

No doubt it is easier to picture such a career on paper than to have made it a fact. That he was hardly sufficiently alive to the need in which a great ruler of men stands of compromise, not with principle—never for one moment with principle—but in details of administration, is evident; and it is equally clear that as sure as the waves which beat themselves white against the cliffs are composed of the same chemical elements as the great mass of less angry sea which presses from behind, the pitiful assassin, in his sense of injustice and resentment, though not in his mode of expressing these, was representative of hundreds, amongst whom are remarkable and powerful men. Forces the magnitude of which at this hour it is not easy to measure would have had to be coped with and crushed. It is not permitted to doubt that crushed they would have been, because but a small portion of the people is interested in corruption, and corruption can flourish only while the people are listless or sleep in security, and there was abundant evidence that the people were not only awake, but active in the cause of reform. Still heroic footsteps sometimes falter on the ridge of power, and it may be that Garfield's sufferings and death have done more for his country than would have been accomplished by two terms of his rule. His tragic end stimulated the reflection and awakened the conscience of the people, and woe to them if they do not act on the good resolves made in the hour of national affliction and bereavement. President Arthur evidently means to do well. Arthur, the follower of Conkling, and Arthur, the President of the United States, are two very different individuals in their liberty and opportunities. It is the curse of such political organization as exists in New York, that a man of spirit cannot give his services to his country without being brought in contact with some unholy machinery. But the President is free—not from a sense of obligation to Mr. Conkling—he would be a bad man were he not grateful to the great

wire-puller—but free to break away from Conkling's traditions, perhaps his trammels, and to place himself at the head of the upward and better movement of which his predecessor was the embodiment. It would be unjust to the President to say he played the part of Saul to the Stephen of political purity; but, without impropriety, he may be urged to prove himself the Paul of the cause, to which at the time he was certainly no friend, and for which Garfield fell a protomartyr. His Irish blood and Protestant antecedents ought to have given him qualities equal to the occasion. Should he fail, he will be remembered in history as the dark foil of the pure spirit whose inspiration he could not catch, as a man at whose feet chance placed the opportunities of a world, but who proved himself only fit to be a minor wheel in a provincial donkey-engine. Whether he fails or succeeds, the responsibility of the people remains. There is a warning for them, not merely in Guiteau's guilt, but in the violence and guilt of presumptious scoundrels, some of whom wore the uniform of the country, who would have taken the unhappy murderer out of the arbitrament of law. In those eager passions, in that desire to take justice into private hands, in the readiness to resort to a pistol in a row, and to mendacious scandal in argument, there is peril. But the power is with the people, and therefore, the remedy, if they have the moral and intellectual qualities to apply it. They need to be reminded, as do their eulogists in England, who, we may be sure, were, a few years ago, among their most irrational and cynical critics, that the vast unoccupied country to the west has hitherto prevented the Republic being subjected to the strain which will come when it is thickly peopled; that history and revelation would both suggest a law of ethnic subdivision; that up to the present peoples who have shown the greatest mastery of the art of government have been those whose characters were formed, not under the influence of one or two great principles, but of many. Let monuments and statues rise to Garfield, but let his countrymen beware lest they swell the category of those who build the tombs of prophets whose teaching they ignore or outrage. The true monument to Garfield will be the inauguration of a new era both as regards methods and men. On the day of the solemn services at Washington, amid dark scarf and drooping banner, a rainbow appeared. Like that bow of promise, sentiments, regrets, hopes, resolves, aspirations, sorrow, during the weeks immediately succeeding his death, spanned the Republic, giving to it a strange, tender grandeur, and genuine moral beauty. It is to the spiritual forces thus indicated we must look to stay and strengthen the confidence that corruption will not be allowed to overwhelm the achievements of the past and all the hopes which look for fruition to the future.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON, OTTAWA.

WHO will sing the Christ?

Will he who rang his Christmas chimes
  Of faith and hope in Gospel ray,
  That pealed along the world's highway
And woke the world to purer times—
    Will he sing the Christ?

Or that new voice which gladly gives
  One day its song for Rome—the next,
  In soul-destroying strife perplext,
For England's faith and future lives—
    Shall he sing the Christ?

Or the sweet children in the schools,
  Who hymn their carols hand-in-hand
  All purely—can they understand
The wisdom that must make us fools—
    Can they sing the Christ?

Or yearning priest who to his kind
  From carven pulpit gives the Word,
  Or praying mother who has erred,
And blindly led her erring blind—
    Have they not *sung* the Christ?

And where is answer—where relief?
  O, sitting by our Christmas fires,
  We hear the bells from distant spires,
And hang our heads in unbelief—
    We cannot sing the Christ!

The sacred mystery uprose,
  It left our earth its ancient throne,
  And with it peace and prayer have flown,
Yet if He be, at least He knows
    That all *would* sing the Christ.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(V.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE TORIES OF REBELLION TIMES.

EDWARD G. O'BRIEN.

MY first introduction to this gentleman was on the day after I landed at Barrie, in 1833. He was then living at his log cottage at Shanty Bay, an indentation of the shore near the mouth of Kempenfeldt Bay, at the south-west angle of Lake Simcoe. I was struck with the comparative elegance pervading so primitive an establishment. Its owner was evidently a thorough gentleman, his wife an accomplished lady, and their children well-taught and courteous. The surrounding scenery was picturesque and delightful. The broad expanse of the bay opening out to Lake Simcoe—the graceful sweep of the natural foliage, sloping down from high banks to the water's edge—are impressed vividly upon my memory, even at this long interval of forty-eight years. It seemed to me a perfect gem of civilization, set in the wildest of natural surroundings.

I was a commissioner of the Court of Requests at Barrie, along with Captain O'Brien, in 1834, and in that capacity had constant opportunities of meeting and appreciating him. He had seen service as midshipman in the Royal Navy; afterwards entered the army, and served in the West Indies; was an expert yachtsman of course; and had ample opportunities of indulging his predilection for the water, on the fine bay fronting his house. At that time it was no unusual thing in winter, to see wolves chasing deer over the thick ice of the bay. On one occasion, being laid up with illness, the captain was holding a magistrate's court in his dining room, overlooking the bay. In front of the house was a wide lawn, and beyond it a sunken fence, not visible from the house. The case under consideration was probably some riotous quarrel among the inhabitants of a coloured settlement near at hand, who were constantly at loggerheads with each other or with their white neighbours. In the midst of the proceedings, the Captain happened to catch sight of a noble stag dashing across the ice, pursued by several wolves. He beckoned a relative who assisted on the farm, and whispered to him to get out the dogs. A few seconds afterwards the baying of the hounds was heard. The unruly suitors caught the sound, rushed to the window and door, then out to the grounds, plaintiff, defendant, constables and all, helter skelter, until they reached the sunken fence, deeply buried in snow, over which they tumbled *en masse*, amid a chorus of mingled shouts and objurgations that

baffles description. Whether the hearing of the case was resumed that day or not, I cannot say, but it seems doubtful.

His naval and military experience naturally showed itself in Captain O'Brien's general bearing; he possessed the polished manners and high-bred courtesy of some old Spanish hidalgo, together with a sufficient share of corresponding hauteur when displeased. The first whispers of the rebellion of 1837 brought him to the front. He called together his loyal neighbours, who responded so promptly that not a single able-bodied man was left in the locality; only women and children, and two or three male invalids, staying behind. With his men he marched for Toronto; but, when at Bond Head, received orders from the Lieutenant-Governor to remain there, and take charge of the district, which had been the head quarters of disaffection. When quiet was restored, he returned to Shanty Bay, and resided there some time as stipendiary magistrate. On the erection of the County of Simcoe into a municipality, he removed with his family to Toronto, where he entered into business as a land agent; was instrumental in forming a company to construct a railroad to Lake Huron *via* Sarnia, of which he acted as secretary; afterwards organized and became manager of the Provincial Insurance Company; which position he occupied until 1857.

In the year 1840, Mr. Thos. Dalton, proprietor and editor of the *Toronto Patriot* newspaper, died; the paper was continued by his widow until 1848, when Colonel O'Brien, through my agency, became proprietor of that journal, which I engaged to manage for him. The editor was his brother, Dr. Lucius O'Brien, a highly educated and talented, but not popular, writer. Colonel O'Brien's motive in purchasing the paper was solely patriotic, and he was anxiously desirous that its columns should be closed to everything that was not strictly—even quixotically—honourable. His sensitiveness on this score finally led to a difference of opinion between the brothers, which ended in Dr. O'Brien's retirement.

At that time, as matter of course, the *Patriot* and the *Globe* were politically antagonistic. The *Colonist*, then conducted by Hugh Scobie, represented the Scottish Conservatives in politics, and the Kirk of Scotland in religious matters. Therefore, it often happened, that the *Patriot* and *Colonist* were allied together against the *Globe;* while at other times, the *Patriot* stood alone in its support of the English Church, and had to meet the assaults of the other two journals—a triangular duel, in fact. A spiteful correspondent of the *Colonist* had raked up some old Edinburgh slanders affecting the personal reputation of Mr. Peter Brown, father of George Brown, and joint publisher of the *Globe*. These slanders were quoted editorially in the *Patriot*, without my knowledge until I saw them in print on the morning of publication. I at once expressed my entire disapproval of their insertion; and Col. O'Brien took the matter so much to heart, that, without letting me know his decision, he removed his brother from the editorship, and placed it temporarily in my hands. My first editorial act was, by Col. O'Brien's desire, to disavow the offensive allusions, and to apologize personally to Mr. Peter Brown therefor. This led to a friendly feeling between the latter gentleman and myself, which continued during his lifetime.

As Mr. N. F. Davin, in his 'Irishman in Canada,' has well said of the Colonel, 'He hated whatever was false and mean. . . . . If there was a blemish in his character, it was of the most superficial nature, while his sterling qualities were such, that no one ever knew him without loving him.'*

*Mr. Davin is in error when he says that Col. O'Brien had an interest in the *Colonist*, which was never the case.

On the 25th of May, 1849, the great fire occurred in Toronto, which consumed the *Patriot* office, as well as the cathedral and many other buildings. Soon afterwards, Col. O'Brien sold his interest in the *Patriot* to Mr. Ogle R. Gowan.

Somewhere about the year 1857, Col. O'Brien retired from business to his beloved homestead at Shanty Bay, where he devoted himself entirely to the cultivation of his farm, and the welfare of his neighbours. He was all his life a zealous member of the Church of England; in whose service he had aided in the erection of a church on part of his own land, which he had devoted to that purpose. On his death in 1875, he was buried there, amid the tears of his family and friends.

JOHN W. GAMBLE.

'Squire Gamble'—the name by which this gentleman was familiarly known throughout the County of York—was born at the Old Fort in Toronto, in 1799. His father, Dr. John Gamble, was stationed there as resident surgeon to the garrison. The family afterwards removed to Kingston, where the boy received his education. It was characteristic of him, that when about to travel to York, at the age of fifteen, to enter the store of the late Hon. Wm. Allan, he chose to make the journey in a canoe, in which he coasted along by day, and by night camped on shore. In course of time, he entered extensively into the business of a miller and country merchant, in which he continued all his life with some intervals.

In manner and appearance, Mr. Gamble was a fine specimen of a country magistrate of half a century ago. While the rougher sort of farming men looked up to him with very salutary apprehension, as a stern represser of vice and evil doing, they and everybody else did justice to his innate kindness of heart, and his generosity towards the poor and suffering. He was, in the best sense of the phrase, a popular man. His neighbours knew that in every good work, either in the way of personal enterprise, in the promotion of religious and educational objects, or in the furtherance of the general welfare, Squire Gamble was sure to be in the foremost place. His farm was a model to all others; his fields were better cleared; his fences better kept; his homestead was just perfection, both in point of orderly management and in an intellectual sense—at least, such was the opinion of his country neighbours, and they were not very far astray. Add to these merits, a tall manly form, an eagle eye, and a commanding mien, and you have a pretty fair picture of Squire Gamble.

As a member of parliament, to which he was three times elected by considerable majorities, Mr. Gamble was hard-working and independent. He supported good measures, from whichever side of the House they might originate, and his vote was always safe for progressive reforms. His toryism was limited entirely to questions of a constitutional character, particularly such as involved loyalty to the throne and the Empire. And in this, Mr. Gamble was a fair representative of his class. And here I venture to assert, that more narrowness of political views, more rigidity of theological dogma, more absolutism in a party sense, has been exhibited in Canada by men of the Puritan school calling themselves Reformers, than by those who are styled Tories.

Perhaps the most important act of Mr. Gamble's political life, was the part he took in the organization of the British American League in 1849. Into that movement he threw all his energies, and the ultimate realization of its views affords the best proof of the correctness of his judgment and foresight. About it, however, I shall have more to say in another chapter.

Mr. Gamble, as I have said, was foremost in all public improvements. To his exertions are chiefly due the opening and construction of the Vaughan plank road, from near Weston, by St. Andrews, to Woodbridge, Pine Grove, and Kleinburg; which gave an easy outlet to a large tract of country to the north-west of Toronto, and enabled the farmers to reach our market, to their and our great mutual advantage.

He was a man who made warm friends and active enemies, being very outspoken in the expression of his opinions and feelings. But even his strongest political foes came to him in full confidence that they were certain to get justice at his hands. And occasionally his friends found out, that no inducement of personal regard could warp his judgment in any matter affecting the rights of other men. In this way he made some bitter adversaries on his own side of politics.

Of the strong sense of humour which underlaid Mr. Gamble's rather stern aspect, amusing stories are in circulation. One day, a toll-gate keeper on the Vaughan plank road was accosted by a tramp, who begged for alms so piteously, that the gate keeper compassionated his distress, gave him food, and allowed him to lie down to sleep in his inner room, and on his own bed. After some time, happening to go into the room, he found that the man had departed through the window, and had carried off the money received that day for tolls.

Mr. Gamble was sitting in his office at Pine Grove, when a little Dutchman, named Kaiser, as broad as he was long, rolled into the office in a state of profuse perspiration, to demand a warrant for the arrest of the thief, which was granted, and a constable despatched in pursuit. In about an hour, a buggy was seen approaching, containing three men, and again the little Dutchman rushed in, shouting out: 'Mister Gamble, Mister Gamble, we've caught the gentleman. Here he is!'

'Bring the gentleman in, by all means,' was the dry reply; which was done accordingly. And in due course, the 'gentleman' was very ceremoniously provided with the papers necessary for his commitment to gaol.

Among Mr. Gamble's public acts, was the erection of the church at Mimico, and that at Pine Grove; in aid of which he was the chief promoter, giving freely both his time and means to their completion. For years he acted as lay-reader at one or other of those churches, travelling some distance in all weathers to do so. His whole life, indeed, was spent in benefitting his neighbours in all possible ways.

He died in December, 1873, and was buried at Woodbridge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHOICE OF A CHURCH.

I HAVE mentioned that I was educated as a Swedenborgian, or rather a member of the New Jerusalem Church, as the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg prefer to be called. As a boy, I was well read in his works, and was prepared to tilt with all comers in his cause. But I grew less confident as I became more conversant with the world, and with general literature. At the age of fifteen, I was nominated a Sunday-school teacher in a small Swedenborgian chapel in the Waterloo Road, and declined to act, because the school was established with the object of converting from the religion of their parents the children of poor Roman Catholic families in that neighbourhood, which I thought an insidious, and therefore an evil, mode of disseminating religious doctrine. Of course, this was a sufficiently conceited proceeding on the part of so young a theologian. But the same feeling has grown up with me in after life. I hold that Christians are ill-em-

ployed, who spend their strength in missionary attempts to change the creed of other branches of the Christian Church, while their efforts at conversion might be much better employed in behalf of the heathen, or, what is the same thing in effect, the untaught multitudes in our midst who know nothing whatever of the teachings of the Gospel of Christ.

It will perhaps surprise some of my readers to hear, that Swedenborg never contemplated the founding of a sect. He was a civil engineer, high in rank at the Swedish Court, and was ennobled for the marvellous feat of transporting the Swedish fleet from sea to sea, across the kingdom and over a formidable chain of mountains. He was also what would now be called an eminent scientist, ranking with Buffon, Humboldt, Kant, Herschel and others of the first men of his day in Europe, and even surpassing them all in the extent and variety of his philosophical researches. His 'Animal Kingdom' and 'Physical Sciences' are wonderful efforts of the human mind, and still maintain a high reputation as scientific works.

At length Swedenborg conceived the idea that he enjoyed supernatural privileges—that he had communings with angels and archangels—that he was permitted to enter the spiritual world, and to record what he there saw and heard. Nay, even to approach our Saviour himself, in His character of the Triune God, or sole impersonation of the Divine Trinity. Unlike Mahomet and most other pretenders to inspired missions, Swedenborg never sought for power, honour or applause. He was to the day of his death a quiet gentleman of the old school, unassuming, courteous, and a good man in every sense of the word.

I remember that one of my first objections to the writings of Swedenborg, was on account of his declaring the Church of France to be the most spiritual of all the churches on earth; which dogma immensely offended my youthful English pride. His first 'readers' were members of various churches—clergymen of the Church of England, professors in universities, literary students, followers of Wesley, and generally, devout men and women of all denominations. In time, they began to assemble together for 'reading meetings'; and so at length grew into a sect—a designation, by the way, which they still stoutly repudiate. I remember one clergyman, the Rev. John Clowes, rector of a church in Manchester, who applied to the Bishop of Lichfield for leave to read and teach from the works of Swedenborg, and was permitted to do so on account of their entirely harmless character.

When still young, I noticed with astonishment, that the transcendental virtues which Swedenborg inculcated, were very feebly evidenced in the lives of his followers; that they were not by any means free from pride, ostentation, even peculation and the ordinary trickery of trade—in fact, that they were no better than their fellow-Christians generally. When I came to Toronto, I of course mixed with all sorts of people, and found examples of thoroughly consistent Christian life amongst all the various denominations—Roman Catholics, English Churchmen, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and many others—which taught me the lesson, that it is not a man's formal creed that is of importance, so much as his personal sincerity as a follower of Christ's teachings and example.

I was at the same time forcibly impressed with another leading idea—that nowhere in the Scriptures have we any instance of a divinely regulated government, in which the worship of God did not occupy a chief place. I thought—I still think—that the same beneficent principle which makes Christianity a part of the Common Law of England and of all her colonies, including the United States, should extend to the religious instruction of every soul in the community, gentle

or simple, and more especially to what are called the off-scourings of society.

Looking around me, I saw that of all the churches within my purview, the Church of England most completely met my ideal—that she was the Church by law established in my mother-land—that she allowed the utmost latitude to individual opinion—in fine, that she held the Bible wide open to all her children, and did her best to extend its knowledge to all mankind. Had I been a native of Scotland, upon the same reasoning I must have become a Presbyterian, or a Lutheran in Holland or Germany, or a Roman Catholic in France or Spain. But that contingency did not then present itself to me.

So I entered the Church of England; was confirmed by Bishop Strachan, at St. James's Cathedral, in the year 1839, if I remember rightly, and have never since for one instant doubted the soundness of my conclusions.

In explanation of my having become, in 1840, printer of the *Church* newspaper, I must go back to the date of Lord Sydenham's residence in Toronto. The Loyalist party, as stated already, became grievously disgusted with the iron grasp which that nobleman fastened upon each and every person in the remotest degree under government control. Not only the high officers of the crown, such as the Provincial Treasurer and Secretary, the Executive Councillors, the Attorney-General and the Sheriff, but also the editors of newspapers publishing the government advertisements, in Toronto and elsewhere, were dictated to, as to what measures they should oppose, and what support. It was 'my government,'—'my policy'—not 'the policy of my administration,' before which they were required to bow down and blindly worship. There were, however, still men in Toronto independent enough to refuse to stoop to the dust; and they met together, and, taking up the *Toronto Herald* as their mouth-piece, subscribed sufficient funds for the payment of a competent editor, in the person of George Anthony Barber, English Master of Upper Canada College, now chiefly remembered as the introducer and fosterer of the manly game of cricket in Toronto. He was an eloquent and polished writer, and created for the paper a wide reputation as a Conservative journal.

About the same time, Messrs. Henry and William Rowsell, well-known booksellers, undertook the printing of the *Church* newspaper, which was transferred from Cobourg to Toronto, under the editorship of Mr. John Kent,—a giant in his way—and subsequently of the Rev. A. N. Bethune, since, and until lately, Bishop of Toronto.

Being intimate friends of my own, they offered me the charge of their printing office, with the position of a partner, which I accepted; and made over my interest in the *Herald* to Mr. Barber.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.

I HAVE lately astonished some of my friends with the information, that William Lyon Mackenzie was originally an advocate of the Clergy Reserves—that is, of a state endowment for religious purposes—a fact which makes his fatal plunge into treason the more to be regretted by all who coincide with him on the religious question.

In Lindsey's 'Memoirs' we read (vol. 1, p. 46):

'A Calvinist in religion, proclaiming his belief in the Westminster Confession of Faith, and a Liberal in politics, yet was Mr. Mackenzie at that time, no advocate of the voluntary principle. On the contrary, he lauded the British Government for making a landed endowment of the Protestant clergy in the Provinces, and was shocked at the report that, in 1812, voluntaryism had robbed three millions of people of all means

of religious ordinances. "In no part of the constitution of the Canadas," he said, "is the wisdom of the British Legislature more apparent than in its setting apart a portion of the country, while yet it remained a wilderness, for the support of religion."

. . . 'Mr. Mackenzie compared the setting apart of one-seventh of the public lands for religious purposes to a like dedication in the time of the [early] Christians. But he objected that the revenues were monopolized by one church, to which only a fraction of the population belonged. The envy of the non-recipient denominations made the favoured Church of England unpopular.

. . . 'Where the majority of the present generation of Canadians will differ from him, is that on the Clergy Reserves question, he did not hold the voluntary view. At that time, he would have denounced secularization as a monstrous piece of sacrilege.'*

How much to be regretted is it, that instead of splitting up the Clergy Reserves into fragments, the friends of religious education had not joined their forces for the purpose of endowing all Christian denominations with the like means of usefulness. We are now extending across the entire continent what I cannot help regarding as the anti-Christian practice of non-religious popular education. We are, I believe, but smoothing the road to crime, in the majority of cases. Cannot something be done now, while yet the lands of the vast North-West are at our disposal? Will no courageous legislator raise his voice to advocate the dedication of a few hundred thousand acres to unselfish purposes? Have we wiled away the Indian prairies from their aboriginal owners, to make them little better than a race-course for speculating gamblers?

Even if the jealousy of rival politicians—each bent upon self-aggrandizement at the expense of more honourable aims—should defeat all efforts in behalf of religious endowments through the Dominion Legislature, cannot the religious associations amongst us bestir themselves in time? Cannot the necessity for actual settlement be waived in favour of donations by individuals for Church uses? Cannot the powerful Pacific Railway Syndicate themselves take up this great duty, of setting apart certain sections in favour of a Christian ministry?

The signs of the times are dark—dark and fearful. In Europe, by the confession of many eminent public writers, heathenism is overspreading the land. In the United States, a community of the sexes is shamelessly advocated; and there is no single safeguard of public or private order and morality, that is not openly scoffed at and set at nought.

Oh, men! men! preachers, and dogmatists, and hierarchs of all sects! see ye not that your strifes and your jealousies are making ye as traitors in the camp, in the face of the common enemy? See ye not the multitudes approaching, armed with the fell weapons of secular knowledge—cynicism, self-esteem, greed, envy, ambition ill-regulated, passions unrestrained!

One symptom of a nobler spirit has shown itself in England, in the understanding lately suggested, or arrived at, that the missions of any one Protestant Church in the South Sea Islands shall be entirely undisturbed by rival missionaries. This is right; and if right in Polynesia, why not in Great Britain? why not in Canada? Why cultivate half-a-dozen contentious creeds in every new township or village? Would it not be more amiable, more humble, more self-denying, more exemplary—in one word, more like our Master and Saviour—if each Christian teacher were required to respect the ministrations of his next neighbour, even though there might be some faint shade of variety in their theological opinions; provided always

* Mackenzie afterwards drew up petitions which prayed, amongst other things, for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, but I judge that on that question these petitions rather represented the opinions of other men than his own, and were specially aimed at the Church of England monopoly.

that those ministrations were accredited by some duly constituted Branch of the Christian Church.

I profess that I can see no reason why an endowment should not be provided in every county in the North-West, to be awarded to the first congregation, no matter how many or how few, that could secure the services of a missionary duly licensed, be he Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Disciple—aye, even Anglican or Roman Catholic. No sane man pretends, I think, that eternal salvation is limited to any one, or excluded from any one, of those different Churches. That great essential, then, being admitted, what right have I, or have you, dear reader, to demand more? What right have you or I to withhold the Word of God from the orphan or the outcast, for no better reason than such as depends upon the construction of particular words or texts of Holy Scripture, apart from its general tenor and teaching?

Again I say, it is much to be deplored that Canada had not more Reformers, and Conservatives too, as liberal-minded as was W. L. Mackenzie, in regard to the maintenance and proper use of the Clergy Reserves.

It was not the Imperial Government, it was not Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lords Durham and Sydenham, that were answerable for the dispersion of the Clergy Reserves. What they did was to leave the question in the hands of the Canadian Legislature. It was the old, old, story of the false mother in the 'Judgment of Solomon,' who preferred that the infant should be cut in twain rather than not wrested from a rival claimant.

I would fain hope that the future may yet see a reversal of that disgrace to our Canadian Statute Book. Not by restoring the lands to the Church of England, or the Churches of England and Scotland—they do not now need them—but by endowing all Christian Churches for the religious teaching of the poorer classes in the vast North-West.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A POLITICAL SEED-TIME.

FROM the arrival of Sir Charles Bagot in January, 1842, up to the departure of Lord Metcalf in November, 1844, was a period chiefly remarkable for the struggles of political leaders for power, without any very essential difference of principle between them. Lord Cathcart succeeded as Administrator, but took no decided stand on any Canadian question. And it was not until the Earl of Elgin arrived in January, 1847, that anything like violent party spirit began again to agitate the Provinces.

In that interval, some events happened of a minor class, which should not be forgotten. It was, I think, somewhere about the month of May, 1843, that there walked into my office on Nelson Street, a young man of twenty-five years, tall, broad-shouldered, somewhat lantern-jawed, and emphatically Scottish, who introduced himself to me as the travelling agent of the New York *British Chronicle*, published by his father. This was George Brown, afterwards publisher and editor of the *Globe* newspaper. He was a very pleasant-mannered, courteous, gentlemanly-young fellow, and impressed me favourably. His father, he said, found the political atmosphere of New York entirely hostile to everything British, and that it was even personally dangerous to give expression to any British predilections whatever (which I knew to be true). They had, therefore, thought of transferring their publication to Toronto, and intended to continue it as a thoroughly Conservative journal. I, of course, welcomed him as a co-worker in the same cause with ourselves; little

expecting how his ideas of conservatism were to develop themselves in subsequent years. The publication of the *Banner*—a religious journal, edited by Mr. Peter Brown—commenced on the 18th of August following, and was succeeded by the *Globe*, on March 5th, 1844.

About the same time, there entered upon public life, another noted Canadian politician, Mr. John A. Macdonald, then member for Kingston, with whom I first became personally acquainted at the meeting of the British American League in 1849, of which I shall have occasion to speak more fully in its order; as it seems to have escaped the notice of Canadian historians, although an event of the first magnitude in our annals.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

IT was in the year 1841, that the Rev. Dr. John McCaul entered upon his duties as Vice-President of King's College, after having been Principal of Upper Canada College since 1838. With this gentleman are closely connected some of the most pleasurable memories of my own life. He was a zealous promoter of public amusement, musical as well as literary. Some of the best concerts ever witnessed in Toronto were those got up by him in honour of the Convocation of the University of Toronto, October 23rd, 1845; and at the several public concerts of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was president, in that and following years. As a member of the managing committee, I had the honour of conducting one of the Society's public concerts, which happened, being a mixed concert of sacred and secular music, to be the most popular and profitable of the series, greatly to my delight.

In 1846, 1847 and 1848, Dr. McCaul edited the *Maple Leaf, or Canadian Annual*, a handsomely illustrated and bound quarto volume, which has not since been surpassed, if equalled, in combined beauty and literary merit, by any work that has issued from the Canadian press.

Each volume appeared about Christmas Day, and was eagerly looked for. The names of the writers were not given at the time, but I trust that there can be no impropriety in naming them now. I was then a member of the printing firm of Rowsell & Thompson, and myself superintended the workmanship.

I heartily wish I could lay the whole contents of the book before my readers, as it is long since out of print, and is not likely to be re-published. But I must content myself with giving a few specimens of the poetry, with the authors' names appended. Several admirable poems, copied from the *Maple Leaf*, have been reprinted in one of the series of books published by the Council of Public Instruction. These I omit. The principal contributors were:—Dr. McCaul himself; the Hon. Chief Justice Hagarty; the late Rev. R. J. McGeorge, then of Streetsville, since of Scotland; the late Hon. Justice Wilson, of London; Miss Page, of Cobourg; the Rev. Dr. Scadding; the late Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie; the late Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron; the Rev. Canon Dixon, of Guelph; the Rev. Walter Stennett, of Cobourg; C. W. Cooper, Esq., now of Chicago; the late T. C. Breckenridge; the late Judge Cooper, of Goderich; and myself; besides a few whose names are unknown to me.

THE LAY OF THE EMBLEMS.

Oh! beauty glows in the island-rose,
The fair sweet English flow'r—
And memory weaves in her emblem-leaves
Proud legends of fame and power!

The thistle nods forth from the hills of the north
O'er Scotia free and fair—

And hearts warm and true, and bonnets blue,
And prowess and faith are there!

Green Erin's dell loves the shamrock well!
As it springs to the March sun's smile—
'Love—valour—wit' ever blend in it,
Bright type of our own dear Isle!

But the fair forest-land where our free hearths stand—
Tho' her annals be rough and brief—
O'er her fresh wild woods and her thousand floods
Rears for emblem 'the maple-leaf.'

Then hurrah for the leaf—the maple-leaf!
Up, foresters! heart and hand;
High in heaven's free air waves your emblem fair—
The pride of the forest-land!

ANON.

THE RIVER.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
The River to the Sea,
The leap and dash of youth are gone,
Its course is calm and free;
The sunlight sleeps upon its wave,
The white sail lends its gleam,
A thousand rills from hill and cave
Swell on its lordly stream.

Hushed its wild song—the fresh'ning sound,
That filled its mountain home,
The torrent's dash—the rapid's bound,
The small wave's mimic foam;
And the fresh wild wreaths of wayward flow'rs
That o'er its crystal hung,
When flashing thro' the forest bowers,
From its early fount it sprung.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
Aye widening in its track,
The bold green hills of youth are gone,
To them it flows not back.
Yet some would give the lordly sweep,
The fair and cultured shore,
For the young wave's dash—the torrent's leap,
Of the fount in the hills, once more.

—J. H. H.

My own connexion, as a writer, with the 'Maple Leaf' originated thus. While printing the first volume, I had ventured to send to Dr. McCaul, through the post-office, anonymously, a copy of my poem entitled 'Emmeline,' as a contribution to the work. It did not appear, and I felt much discouraged in consequence. Some months afterwards, I happened to mention to him my unsuccessful effusion, when he at once said that he had preserved it for the second volume. This was the first ray of encouragement I had ever received as a poet, and it was very welcome to me. He also handed me two or three of the plates intended for the second volume, to try what I could make of them, and most kindly gave me carte-blanche to take up any subject I pleased. The consequence of which was, that I set to work with a new spirit, and supplied four pieces for the second and five for the third volume. Two of the prose pieces—'A Chapter on Chopping,' and 'A First Day in the Bush'—with two of the poems, I have already introduced in these 'Reminiscences'; of the others I would have liked, had space permitted, to have given specimens. After this explanation, the reader will not be surprised at the affection with which I regard the 'Maple Leaf.' I know that the generous encouragement which Dr. McCaul invariably extended to even the humblest rising talent, in his position as head of our Toronto University, has been the means of encouraging many a youthful student to exertions, which have ultimately placed him in the front rank among our public men. Had I met with Dr. McCaul thirty years earlier, he would certainly have made of me a poet by profession.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

MY new partner, Mr. William Rowsell, together with Mr. Geo. A. Barber, are entitled to be

called the founders of the St. George's Society of Toronto. Mr. Barber was appointed secretary at its first meeting in 1835, and was very efficient in that capacity. But it was the enthusiastic spirit and the galvanic energy of William Rowsell that raised the society to the high position it has ever since maintained in Toronto. Other members, especially George P. Ridout, William Wakefield, W. B. Phipps, Jos. D. Ridout, W. B. Jarvis, Rev. H. Scadding, and many more, gave their hearty co-operation then and afterwards. In those early days, the ministrations of the three national societies of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, were as angels' visits to thousands of poor emigrants, who landed here in the midst of the horrors of fever and want. Those poor fellows, who, like my companions on board the *Asia*, were sent out by some parochial authority, and found themselves, with their wives and half-a-dozen young children, left without a shilling to buy their first meal, must have been driven to desperation and crime but for the help extended to them by the three societies.

The earliest authorized report of the Society's proceedings which I can find, is that for the year 1843–4, and I think I cannot do better than give the list of the officers and members entire :—

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF TORONTO.

Officers for 1844.

PATRON—His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES T. METCALFE, Bart., K.G.B., Governor-General of British North America, &c.

PRESIDENT—William Wakefield.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—W. B. Jarvis, G. P. Ridout, W. Atkinson.

CHAPLAIN—The Rev. Henry Scadding, M.A.

PHYSICIAN—Robt. Hornby, M.D.

TREASURER—Henry Rowsell.

MANAGING COMMITTEE—G. Walton, T. Clarke, J. D. Ridout, F. Lewis, J. Moore, J. G. Beard, W. H. Boulton.

SECRETARY—W. Rowsell.

STANDARD BEARERS—G. D. Wells, A. Wasnidge, F. W. Coate, T. Moore.

List of Members, March, 1844.

E. H. Ades, E. S. Alport, Thos. Armstrong, W. Atkinson.

Thos. Baines, G. W. Baker, Jr.; G. A. Barber, F. W. Barron, Robert Barwick, J. G. Beard, Robt. Beard, Edwin Bell, Matthew Betley, J. C. Bettridge, G. Bilton, T. W. Birchall, W. H. Boulton, Josh. Bound, W. Bright, Jas. Brown, Jno. Brown, Thos. Brunskill, E. C. Bull, Jas. Burgess, Mark Burgess, Thos. Burgess.

F. C. Capreol, W. Cayley, Thos. Champion, F. C. Chapman, Jas. Christie, Edw. Clarke, Jno. Clark, Thos. Clarke, Thos. Clarkson, D. Cleal, F. W. Coate, Edw. Cooper, C. N. B. Cozens.

Jno. Davis, Nath. Davis, G. T. Denison, Sen., Robt. B. Denison, Hon. W. H. Draper.

Jno. Eastwood, Jno. Elgie, Thos. Elgie, Jno. Ellis, Christopher Elliott, J. P. Esten, Jas. Eykelbosch.

C. T. Gardner, Jno. Garfield, W. Gooderham, G. Gurnett.

Chas. Hannath, W. Harnett, Josh. Hill, Rich. Hockridge, Joseph Hodgson, Dr. R. Hornby, G. C. Horwood, J. G. Howard.

Æ. Irving, Jr.

Hon. R. S. Jameson, W. B. Jarvis, H. B. Jessopp.

Alfred Laing, Jno. Lee, F. Lewis, Henry Lutwych, C. Lynes, S. G. Lynn.

Hon. J. S. Macaulay, Rich. Machell, J. F. Maddock, Jno. Mead, And. Mercer, Jas. Mirfield, Sam. Mitchell, Jno. Moore, Thos. Moore, Jas. Moore, Jas. Morris, W. Morrison, J. G. Mountain, W. Mudford.

J. R. Nash.

Thos. Pearson, Jno. E. Pell, W. B. Phipps, Sam. Phillips, Hiram Piper, Jno. Popplewell, Jno. Powell.

M. Raines, J. D. Ridout, G. P. Ridout, Sam. G. Ridout, Edw. Robson, H. Rowsell, W. Rowsell, F. Rudyerd.

Chas. Sabine, J. H. Savigny, Hugh Savigny, Geo. Sawdon, Rev. H. Scadding, Jas. Severs, Rich. Sewell, Hon. Henry Sherwood, Jno. Sleigh, I. A. Smith, L. W. Smith, Thos. Smith (Newgate Street), Thos. Smith (Market Square), J. G. Spragge, Jos. Spragge, W. Steers, J. Stone.

Leonard Thompson, S. Thompson, Rich. Tinning, Enoch Turner.

Wm. Wakefield, Jas. Wallis, Geo. Walton, W. Walton, Alf. Wasnidge, Hon. Col. Wells, G. D. Wells, Thos. Wheeler, F. Widder, H. B. Williams, J. Williams, Wm. Wynn.

Thos. Young.

I was asked by Mr. Wm. Rowsell to furnish an introduction to the new Constitution and Laws, then recently adopted, and wrote the following, which gives a fair idea of the spirit and objects of the Society:—

'The united suffrages of the wisest and greatest of men, in every age, have placed the love of our country as the first of social virtues—producing as it has so many elevated and disinterested examples for the admiration of the world. Englishmen, above all others, have reason to cherish this ennobling feeling, for in the foremost rank of philanthropy has their beloved native land advanced to the civilization of mankind, extending Christianity, and liberty, and peace to regions where those inestimable blessings must otherwise, apparently, have been altogether unknown.

'To those who have left their homes for other lands, most endearingly does the memory of England—ever beautiful, ever honourable, and we trust ever merry England—warm the heart with filial love and gratitude. And were she—our dear Island Mother—to command from us some token of the duty which it is our pride to render her, in what manner could we more strongly evidence our affection than in protecting, and cherishing, and aiding Englishmen, whom misfortune has cast upon our compassion, and who must suffer the deepest misery, unless we, their brethren—children of the same mighty and benevolent parent—bestow a portion of the means with which Providence has entrusted us, to rescue them from their distress.

'It was for this object—to console the afflicted—to comfort the wanderer—to succour the widow and the orphan—to encourage the despairing—and to relieve the sick and dying—that the St. George's Society of Toronto was established, that Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen, might never forget the sacred obligations they owe to the land of their sires—might never lose those noble memories of the past which must prove their surest safeguard against degeneracy and dishonour—might never neglect the delightful privilege of soothing the woes of their less fortunate brethren from

'THE OLDE COUNTRIE.'

The list of Englishmen thus reproduced, may well raise emotions of love and regret in us their survivors. Most of them have died full of years, and rich in the respect of their compatriots of all nations. There are still surviving some three-and-twenty out of the above one hundred and thirty-seven members.

To satisfy myself, and inform my readers, of the amount of charitable aid to emigrants distributed by the St. George's Society since its first meeting, I have, by the courtesy of the Secretary, Mr. J. E. Pell, examined the Society's books, and find that the average number of persons and families assisted directly by the Committee, has been about five hundred yearly, or a total of nearly twenty-three thousand Englishmen and their families. The amount so expended appears to have been $843 per annum, on the average, or in round numbers $20,000, besides $12,000 in the shape of Christmas supplies within the last twenty-three years, or $531 per annum. Altogether these figures add up to $32,000 and upwards. In addition to all this, the Society has paid its current expenses, and had on hand, on the 1st of January, 1881, no less than $7,328.65 in the shape of investments, chiefly from money contributed by life members, of

whom it has 207; also 16 honorary life members and 335 ordinary members. Last year the expenditure for weekly relief was $1,111.74, and the Christmas distribution expenditure $760.10, making $1,871.84 in all.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

THE year 1849 was marked by many striking occurrences. The passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill; the burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal; the consequent removal of the seat of Government to Toronto; the annexation movement in Montreal; and the assembling of the British-American League, in Kingston, all occurred during this year. As the most important in its character and results, I give precedence to the latter event, not only because I took part in it myself, but also because it seems to have escaped the attention of Canadian historians of our day.

The union of all the British American colonies now forming the Dominion of Canada was discussed at Quebec as long ago as the year 1815; and at various times afterwards it came to the surface amid the politics of the day. The Tories of 1837 were generally favourable to union, while many Reformers objected to it. Lord Durham's report recommended a general union of the five Provinces, as a desirable sequel to the proposed union of Upper and Lower Canada.

But it was not until the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill, on April 25th, 1849, that the question of a larger confederation began to assume importance. The British population of Montreal, exasperated at the action of the Parliament in recognising claims for compensation on the part of the French Canadian rebels of 1837—that is, on the part of those who had slain loyalists and ruined their families—were ready to adopt any means—reasonable or unreasonable—of escaping from the hated domination of an alien majority. The Rebellion Losses Bill was felt by them to imply a surrender of all those rights which they and theirs had fought hard to maintain. Hence the burning of the Parliament buildings by an infuriated populace. Hence the demand in Montreal for annexation to the United States. Hence the attack upon Lord Elgin's carriage in the same city, and the less serious demonstration in Toronto. But wiser men and cooler politicians saw in the union of all the British-American Provinces a more constitutional, as well as a more pacific, remedy.

The first public meetings of the British American League were held in Montreal, where the movement early assumed a formal organization; but auxiliary branches rapidly sprang up in almost every city, town and village throughout Upper Canada, and the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. In Toronto, meetings were held at Smith's Hotel, at the corner of Colborne Street and West Market Square, and were attended by large numbers, chiefly of the Tory party, but including several known Reformers. In fact, from first to last, the sympathies of the Reformers were with the League; and hence there was no serious attempt at a counter-demonstration, notwithstanding that the Government and the *Globe* newspaper—at the time—did their best to ridicule and contemn the proposed union.

The principal speakers at the Toronto meetings were P. M. Vankoughnet, John W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, David B. Read, E. G. O'Brien, John Duggan and others. They were warmly supported.

After some correspondence between Toronto and Montreal, it was arranged that a general meeting of the League, to consist of delegates from all the town and country branches, formally

accredited, should be held at Kingston, in the new Town Hall, which had been placed at their disposal by the city authorities. Here, in a lofty, well-lighted, and commodiously-seated hall, the British American League assembled on the 25th day of July, 1849. The number of delegates present was one hundred and forty, each representing some hundreds of stout yeomen, loyal to the death, and in intelligence equal to any constituency in the Empire or the world. The number of people so represented, with their families, could not have been less than half a million.

The first day was spent in discussion (with closed doors) of the manner in which the proceedings should be conducted, and in the appointment of a committee to prepare resolutions for submission on the morrow. On the 26th, accordingly, the public business commenced.

The proceedings were conducted in accordance with parliamentary practice. The chairman, the Hon. George Moffatt, of Montreal, sat on a raised platform at the east end of the hall; at a table in front of him were placed the two secretaries, W. G. Mack, of Montreal, and Wm. Brooke, of Shipton, C. E. On either side were seated the delegates, and outside a rail, running transversely across the room, benches were provided for spectators, of whom a large number attended. A table for reporters stood on the south side, near the secretaries' table. I may add, that I was present both as delegate and reporter.

The business of the day was commenced with prayer, by a clergyman of Kingston.

Mr. John W. Gamble, of Vaughan, then, as chairman of the committee nominated the previous day, introduced a series of resolutions, the first of which was adopted unanimously as follows:—

'That it is essential to the prosperity of the country that the tariff should be so proportioned and levied, as to give just and adequate protection to the manufacturing and industrial classes of the country, and to secure to the agricultural population a home market with fair and remunerative prices for all descriptions of farm produce.'

Resolutions in favour of economy in public expenditure, of equal justice to all classes of the people, and condemnatory of the Government in connexion with the Rebellion Losses Bill, were proposed in turn, and unanimously adopted, after discussions extending over two or three days. The principal speakers in support of the resolutions were J. W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, P. M. Vankoughnet, Thos. Wilson, of Quebec, Geo. Crawford, A. A. Burnham — Aikman, John Duggan, Col. Frazer, Geo. Benjamin, and John A. Macdonald.

At length, the main object of the assemblage was reached, and embodied in the form of a motion introduced by Mr. Breckenridge, of Cobourg,

THAT DELEGATES BE APPOINTED TO CONSULT WITH SIMILAR DELEGATES FROM NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK, CONCERNING THE PRACTICABILITY OF A UNION OF ALL THE PROVINCES.

This resolution was adopted unanimously after a full discussion. Other resolutions giving effect thereto were passed, and the meeting adjourned.

On the 1st November following, the League re-assembled in the City Hall, Toronto, to receive the report of the delegates to the Maritime Provinces, which was altogether favourable. It was then decided, that the proper course would be to bring the subject before the several legislatures through the people's representatives; and so the matter rested for the time.

In consequence of the removal of the seat of Government to Toronto, I was appointed secretary of the League, with Mr. C. W. Cooper as assistant secretary. Meetings of the Executive committee took place from time to time. At one of these, Mr. J. W.

Gamble submitted an address which he proposed to adopt, pledging the League to join its forces with the extreme radical party represented by Mr. Peter Perry and other Reformers, who were dissatisfied with the action of the Baldwin-Lafontaine-Hincks administration, and the course of the *Globe* newspaper in sustaining the same. This proposition I felt it my duty to oppose, as being unwarranted by the committee's powers; it was negatived by a majority of two, and never afterwards revived.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RESULTS OF THE B. A. LEAGUE.

THE very brief summary which I have been able to give in the preceding chapter, may suffice to show, as I have desired to do, that no lack of progressiveness, no lack of patriotism, no lack of energy on great public occasions, is justly chargeable against Canadian Tories. I could produce page after page of extracts, in proof that the objects of the League were jeered at and condemned by the Reform press, led by the *Globe* newspaper. But in that instance, Mr. George Brown was deserted by his own party. I have spoken with numbers of Reformers who entirely sympathized with us; and it was not long before we had our revenge, which was in the year 1864, when the Hon. George Brown and the Hon. John A. Macdonald clasped hands together, for the purpose of forming an administration expressly pledged to effect the union of the five Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

In the importance of the object, the intelligence of the actors, and, above all, in the determined earnestness of every man concerned, the meetings of the British American League may well claim to rank with those famous gatherings of the people, which have marked great eras in the world's progress both in ancient and modern times. In spite of every effort to dwarf its importance, and even to ignore its existence, the British American League fulfilled its mission.

By the action of the League, was Canada lifted into a front rank amongst progressive peoples.

By the action of the League, the day was hastened, when our rivers, our lakes, our canals, our railroads, shall constitute the great highway from Europe to Eastern Asia and Australasia.

By the action of the League, a forward step was taken towards that great future of the British race, which is destined to include in its heaven-directed mission, the whole world—east, west, north and south!

THE END.

IS IT A DREAM?

AN UNFINISHED POEM, BY THE LATE SAMUEL J. WATSON.

HOPE, like the arch of a rainbow springs
'Twixt Calvary and the present time;
Though the dust of two thousand years,
The mists of blood, the rain of tears,
Rise up like a veil 'twixt our sight and the cross,
It still is there.

Hermon lifts up his altar-crest
Where the lightnings burn and the cloud-incense rest;
And the sage of Egypt, dreaming alone
By the mystic Nile, or the figured stone,
Sent back his thoughts to the times that hid
The builders and guests of the pyramid.
In vain he questioned the old brown roll,
Mute as the tomb was the yellow scroll.
Faded all knowledge, barren and bare
As the Cheops' pyramid, when the glare
Of the summer solstice burns the sands,
And the parched priest vainly with lifted hands
Prays to the Nile stealing past.

The Cæsars have clotted with blood and burned with flame
The place where Freedom found only a name;
Truth, like a vestal, her lamp now dead
From the sighs of the grovelling nation had fled,
And the scourged slave toiled in the earth's caverns
To the whip and the fetters' clang,
Or was tossed for the brutal Roman's sport
To the tiger's fang.
When the virgin was sold in the market,
And the matron was made the prey
Of the cruel Roman soldier
After some disastrous day.
Then the moments sent up to Heaven
Humanity's hopeless moan,
And the wail 'How long, O Lord,'
Burst o'er the great white Throne.

Christ taught that the purple was nothing,
That the kings were as dross,*

* * * * * *

[* To the readers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY the above fragment of what no doubt was intended, according to the author's wont, as a Christmas hymn for the pages of this magazine, will come home with sad significance, as it has come to the present writer, and to those who have seen the manuscript copy of the author's unfinished lines, and know how much they lose in him from whose hand the pen has just fallen. Though the lute strings are broken on earth, the soul that once vibrated through them has found voice in the hither land, to sing that Christmas song it faltered over in this world; and what is incomplete here will have found its completion yonder. Happy singer! the dreams of earth are now for thee the realities of Heaven!

In Mr. Watson's death, this magazine loses an ardent friend and a valued contributor. He was an enthusiastic *litterateur*, fond of the Muses, yet given to serious historical research, and was ever a hearty sympathizer with all enterprises of a national character, in either journalism or literature. In early days, as a member of the press, and one of the best of short-hand reporters, he saw much in the old Province of Canada

Legislatures of the country's constitutional development, and subsequently became its historian. If we are not mistaken, he was the principal reporter of the Confederation Debates; and he was well read in constitutional questions and the political history of the country. As Librarian of the Ontario Parliament this acquired knowledge was of much service to the Members of the House and others who had occasion to consult him on points of history. To many of those his large stores of information, and ready offer of assistance in a difficulty, will be gratefully remembered; while his genial, unassuming manners, though of late years much affected by infirmity, will be largely testified to. He had an Irishman's warm heart, which ever went freely out to those who understood him; and he never forgot a kindness. An old letter to the present writer lies before us as we pen these lines. It is as follows: 'I return you my best thanks for the review of my little work ("The Legend of the Roses;" and "Ravlan, a Drama,") which appears in THE MONTHLY, for January, 1876 (see also page 147 of the following number). 'I do not know if I deserve as much as you have been good enough to say about me: but this much I do know, that I shall never forget it. I hope that if ever I publish another Drama I may have the same generous and appreciative critic to whom to submit it.' Our last talk recalled the above letter, for the author of it spoke of shortly submitting for review in THE MONTHLY the continuation, to the period of Confederation, of his manual on the 'Constitutional History of Canada.' We trust that this important work, on which we know that Mr. Watson spent much and intelligent labour, will speedily find its way into print, in the service of Canadian literature, and for the benefit of the widow and the children who mourn his loss.—ED. C. M.]

In Memoriam.

SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

We keep the feast, but miss the wonted strain
Of that mute voice so tuned to Christmas cheer,
Of him, our friend, as large of heart as brain,
Who leaves us lonelier for the vanished year.

Courteous and kind and cultured, who can tell
His loss to our too scanty author band?
'*Ave et Vale!*' brother, so Farewell!
Pass, not ungreeted, to the Silent Land!

—CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

IN starry beauty falleth the snowflake,
As if it caught from heaven's bright host the form,
And, helplessly, upon the winter storm
Is earthward swept—a brief abode to make.
O soul of heaven-born beauty! out of space
And time, thou, too, dost drift unto the earth
Awhile to dwell; and, fading, leaves no trace
Unknowing aught or of thy end or birth.
Thy friends forsaking—tho' a chosen band;
Alone departing—and perchance for aye;
Ah, ruthless fate! What is thy stern command—
That henceforth each pursue a separate way?
Or do the paths divide but to unite?
E'en as the darkness alternates with light.

DIDEROT AND MATERIALISM.

BY C. W. PARKIN, MONTREAL.

THAT corner of our earth must be indeed obscure, where, in these days, a man can manage to be in the world and not of it. He may have passed the outskirts of civilization and have left far behind him the last snake-fence, he may have raised his shanty by some solitary stream, so lonely that the splash of a rising trout almost awakes echoes in the forest-brush around him, and yet if you should find him in his crusoe-like isolation, the chances are that you will also find within easy reach of his hand half a score of newspapers, with their 'latest telegrams,' not so very many days old, and with their scattered spoonfuls of the cream of the latest works, with here an extract from the last popular novel, there a hint of some new and startling discovery, and there again the latest — to date—modern interpretation of some thought of the moral (or immoral) philosopher. What village so remote as to enjoy immunity from the book agent? Where do not the lucubrations of 'Own Correspondents' penetrate? To what hiding place could a genuine hermit betake himself, where the busy hum of the outer world would not reach him, and where his fondest hopes and highest aspirations might be free from the assault of modern philosophy or of modern developments of ancient doctrine?

If there be no such accessible spot, much less can those who have to live the every day life, and especially those, whose very business lies with books and with all connected with books, avoid facing those important questions which are now so constantly presented—questions dealing with the mysteries of life, death and futurity, in regard to which they may any day be asked to give an opinion, to explain, accept or refute them. And so we imagine it might be well if there were more intercommunication of ideas upon such subjects, for amid much chaff there might be no lack of precious grain, and particularly if an intellectual economy were practised, and 'happy thoughts' were not allowed to slide away into the limbo of the forgotten. Most men have moments of vivid inspiration when gems of thought and great ideas flash out a transitory radiance too often only to vanish in a meteoric flight. Great thoughts of little men perish, while even the little thoughts of great men are preserved. Why should not a combination of minor intelligences produce something that may advance the cause of truth, and be of service to man in the highest sense, and so deserve some little niche in the temple of fame?

Let these considerations be our apology for traversing an unfrequented track in the educational field, for it is one which the educator cannot have failed to observe, along which he too, sooner or later, may have to stray.

Those readers who interest themselves in the higher periodical literature of these days of searching inquiry and daring speculation will scarcely have failed to notice the brilliant critique which appeared in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century* upon a late edition of the works of the philosopher Diderot, who was in the zenith of his literary career between the years 1760—1770. The article in question is in the French language,

and comes from the pen of Paul Janet, a member of the Institute of France. The style is admirable, the reasoning logically acute, and we gladly welcome it as affording one of the clearest expositions of the philosophy of the materialist which has fallen under our notice.

The reviewer, so far as we can judge from the evidence that appears in the limited space that may be allotted to an article, is no disciple of that philosophy in any of its aspects, and we therefore do not hesitate to place before our readers some of the arguments, or, perhaps, we should rather give them a less dignified title, and say, some of the thoughts which arise from the perusal of the main points of these very ancient theories.

That we are the decided opponents of any system that may tend, however remotely, to shake the old-established faith of our forefathers we need not affirm, for in this faith lies, we believe, the very highest philosophy; but yet, let us not be understood as presuming to speak lightly of many noble intellects whose devotion to science, and patient research after the good and the true has led them as yet only into the twilight of a mysticism, from which we devoutly hope they may eventually emerge into the broad light of that truth from whose advent we have nothing to fear.

The literary importance of these works of Diderot may be estimated by the amount of interest which this new publication has awakened, and also by the fact that no less than twenty octavo volumes were compiled by M. J. Assezat, and published by Garnier Brothers, of Paris, in 1875.

If one may judge of the bulk by the samples of M. Janet, these works will well repay the reader, if not with an abundant harvest of interest and information, yet with a plentiful gleaning of curious ideas, smart retorts, explosions of error, flashes of inspiration, scintillations of wit, while throughout all appear glimpses of a higher nature working to shake itself free from a system which could only make it, of the earth, earthy. What a pity that with such higher nature we have in Diderot but another instance of the impotence of lofty intellect and high-flown sentiment to lift a man above the influence of the vilest passions! Here was one born to soar amid the stars, yet descending to the Inferno of vices which must for ever brand his name with infamy while the actual memory of the facts cannot but ever be an ingredient of the unpalatable in the pleasure which the reading of his best works might bestow.

But the miserably melancholy tale of the degradation of such an one is happily not for us. He has received his meed of chastisement from a far loftier pen. All we propose to ourselves is to learn from this *Nineteenth Century Review* the first 'articles of belief' of the materialist.

Let us hear then what M. Janet says. 'One may assert then that, in effect, Diderot was one of the precursors of this philosophy. Many of the ideas enlarged and developed with éclat in our time by modern masters find their germ in his works. . . . . His was indeed one of the most *suggestive* intellects of his day. Do not expect in him works deeply meditated, composed with art, skilfully connected in their parts. Nothing with him comes to maturity; all is thrown down with profusion, but without order or rule. You find in him, as it were, but fragments, brilliant but transitory lights, admirable improvisations; but logical sequence of reasoning, connection of ideas, systematic linking of propositions, are unknown to this misty spirit where all is ceaseless effervescence and fermentation. Diderot then, in spite of many eminent qualities closely allied to genius, has left no *chef-d'œuvre*.'

(Has M. Janet ignored 'Rameau's Nephew'?)

'Although richer in ideas than Voltaire or Rousseau, he can only

come after them among the great names of his time, and still less is he the equal of Montesquieu or Buffon. He is, in a word, a sublime improvisator. Such is the sentence that has been pronounced upon him by his most sympathetic and enlightened judges, and this new edition of his works will, we believe, in no way modify this opinion.'

M. Janet then proceeds very happily to seize the occasion of this republication to inform us what the philosophy of Diderot seems to have been. His philosophy, he says, at three different periods seems to have undergone three important changes. First he is the opponent of Christianity merely, he is still a deist, and defends very sincerely the principles of natural religion. Later he undergoes a change of opinion; 'he hoists the flag of materialism, but of a materialism singular, with pantheistic tendencies; and finally there seems to commence a reaction against this former belief' (if we may call the feeling by so high a name), 'and, in at least a moral point of view, he separates himself very decidedly from it, and seems to approach the moralists of the Scottish school.' Here, then, we see three modifications, nay, three very decided and fundamental changes, in the opinions of one who has been regarded as 'the exponent of the materialism of the eighteenth century. If three changes, why not more, and if more, how near are we to the truth?'

And what then is materialism? In its true type it is, we are told, 'the atomism of Democritus and Epicurus.' It is the supposition that all the changes of the Universe, all the phenomena of the natural and of what *we* may call the spiritual world, are due to the combination of primordial atoms whose 'essential properties are extension and solidity.' Such is one of the results of the collision of the wits of the Academics, Stoics, Cynics, Cyrenaics, Epicureans; such the spark struck from the impact of Stoic flint and Peripatetic steel after one hundred and fifty years of patient and impatient effort from 450 B.C. to 300 B.C., when polished Athens was the brilliant nucleus of the world's learning and art, the citadel of the philosopher and the wit, the sublime centre of oratory, poetry and politics.

And how far have the intermittent lights of genius, travelling in this path for 2,000 years, guided us? In reality, but little farther. *Now* it would appear that atoms are endowed with, or are the ultimate depositaries of, sensibility. They have desire, aversion, memory, intelligence. They have, moreover, an 'automatic inquietude,' by which each atom is driven 'to find that situation most suitable to itself,' and this, we suppose, means much the same thing as the process of natural selection advocated by some of the truly eminent writers of our own day. Surely then, this is but a very meagre advance for the combined philosophy of so long a period, and moreover, Revelation apart, it seems to us open to objection. If the atom has desire and intelligence, what is desire, what is intelligence? Is the atom desire, or is desire the atom? Was there ever a first atom? Of what had it the memory? 'First chaos was created.' Who created it? Here is the old question, and our philosophy helps us no nearer to its solution.

Yet Democritus in one century, and Epicurus in the next, the latter some 300 years before Christ, and Maupertuis, Diderot, and perhaps Leibnig, of the eighteenth century, following in their wake, give us to conclude that all the wonders of natural law and order, of feeling and of thought, from the perfectly regulated intricacies of the stellar machinery to the arrangement and continuation of physical organisms, all existing things, whether the patriot's heroism, or the poet's flight of fancy, or the sublime conception of the painter, are but the results of the 'automatic inquietude of atoms.'

And here, we presume, come in those 'pantheistic tendencies' which showed themselves to the acute observation of the reviewer. Is the sun after all a god, and is the earth a goddess? Do the myriads of tons of sentient intelligent atoms which go to the combination of 'benign Demeter,' enable her to clothe *herself* with all the beauties of still and moving life? Is it *she* who has adorned her person with silver threads of winding river, and gemmed it with azure lake and emerald mountains? Or is she but the high priestess of the million times mightier sun, who keeps all terrestrial phenomena moving in their regular cycles, and is he too the slave of the automatic inquietude of atoms?

If this be the materialism of the nineteenth, as it appears to have been of the eighteenth, century, we cannot accept its teaching. We cannot but think we have a sounder, a higher, a nobler philosophy, one which gives us an enduring hope both here and hereafter, a philosophy, which, if its truth be but granted, will we believe be found to have its root and its fruit in Revelation.

And it seems to us there is nothing illogical in our belief; for putting Revelation on one side, and humanly speaking, if we ask, in relation to the affairs of earth merely, what is the great producer, the great inventor, the great improver, the great discoverer —may not the answer fairly be, *mind*? Is it not to mind that we owe everything which enlightens our understanding and contributes to our comfort, from the manufacture of a needle to the composition of an epic, from the discovery of gravitation to the invention of the telegraph, from the clock which indicates the passing of the hours, to the imprisonment of that force which is ere long to drive our locomotives? If then it is to finite mind we owe the grandest discoveries of finite research, may we not fairly and with reasonable analogy assert that an infinite mind alone can be the producer of all the infinite creation; that an infinite mind, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, has produced the machinery of animal life so infinitely superior to any of man's mechanisms?

Have you ever watched the actions of a spider? Did the automatic inquietude of atoms supply the creature with that wonderful machine which enables it both to produce the thread and make the web? Is it the 'automatic inquietude' of atoms which gives the root-petals their fragrance and tint, which rounds the perfect contour of the tulip, and clothes the butterfly with iridescent wings? Can it be this, too, that, working with atomic sensibility, gave Homer his marvellous inventions and rolling hexameters, tuned Milton's divine harp, wrought in the fingers of Turner and Landseer, guided the hands of Canova and Flaxman, and which, too, poured the hemlock for Socrates, broke up Nero's ship, sent the shaft into Philip's eye, and will the 'inquietude of atoms' ever realize for us the poet's wish, and give us wings to fly away and mix with the eternal ray of those stars which their inquietude has set glittering in the empyrean?

Ah! philosophers, surely you are laughing at us, or if not, pray try, out of the profundity of your learning, to evolve a plain story in plain words, for plain men, which may give them something more cheery than this melancholy tale, which it seems to us tends to an end that may rob them of their comfort under bereavements, their patience under the trials and toils of this life, and their fairest hopes for the life hereafter.

I. H. S.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY W. T. HERRIDGE, MONTREAL.

THE light was fading in the sacred courts,
And ghost-like shadows from the gathering night
Went sweeping through the aisles. I sat me down
Before the altar rich in cunning work,
And read the gilded symbols, which declare
That Jesus is the Saviour of mankind.
The darkness came, and like a far-off scene
Dimly discovered through the misty air,
The solemn organ rose amid the gloom
Which fast enshrouded all the wide expanse.
Yet still, as if by some fair seraph's hand
Touched with a living fire, the mystic sounds
Grew brighter.
In the snowy streets without
Hunger and want wended their toilsome way,
And shiv'ring sought a momentary rest
From the rude wintry blast; and blackened vice
In forms Protean sped to deeds of sin,
Or hurried from the vengeful Nemesis
Which ever crossed its path with gleaming sword.
From casement windows fell a stream of light
Upon each passing traveller, and the shout
Of merry laughter echoed through the halls
In joyous holiday.
Within the church
These earthly sounds scarce broke the silent calm;
And other thoughts poured in upon my soul
Like music, as those golden characters
Beamed down upon me like an evening star.
I felt the peace of that Judæan night,
When in the sky the glory of the Lord
Shone round about the shepherds; and I heard,
Or so it seemed, the sweet-voiced angel choir
Which sang the joyous pæan of a world.
The murmur of that tide of harmony
Adown the ages, fell upon my ear:—
'To you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'
And as again the wave of human care
O'erflowing, rolled in currents through the aisles,

And like a dreary sigh, borne on the wind,
Struck the glad anthem of my grateful heart,
And joined it to a sorrowful refrain,
I wondered why the echo of that song
Which I had seemed to hear within the church,
Did not make music in those other souls
All desolate and sad.
And as I mused,
Methought an angel touched me with his wing,
And taught me how that Christ must save the soul
Through faith, and how our impious, rebel pride
Would fain, like Herod, slay the infant King,
Because He is the Saviour of mankind!
And as I listened to the strange, sad tale,
And still beheld the solemn darkness, riven
By those bright signs of flame, which ever grew
To fuller lustre in the deep'ning night,
With rev'rent lips I breathed a silent prayer:—
'O Son of man, the meaning of whose work
Burns full upon me from this radiant glow
Amid the darkness; be the Light of all
Through the o'ermastering gloom of woe and sin;
Subdue the evil which with serpent's guile
Lurks in our hearts, and guide our trembling feet,
Dear, tender Shepherd of the erring fold,
Beyond all signs which but distort the gaze,
To the strong refuge of Thy loving arms.
O make perpetual Christmas in our lives
By Thine indwelling there!'

ANOTHER VIEW OF CHESS.

BY S. H. MANCHEE, YORKVILLE.

IT seems as if nothing in this age of progress is to escape the despoiling hand of some would-be reformer. We have reformers (?) of religion, of science, of politics, and last month developed, in the person of Mr. John White, a reformer (?) of amusements.

Mr. White, in his anxiety to save poor fallen humanity, as represented by chess players, from the lunatic asylum or something worse, assails, in an article contained in the October number of the MONTHLY, the game of chess with a virulence that must have astonished its readers. He could not content himself with trying to deprive the game of its well-won reputation as a game of science, but accuses it of unfitting its players for any 'useful' or 'honourable' calling. He says:

'An ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health, and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of the game, are all necessary to the achievement of fame in the annals of chess. Many of its votaries possessing all the above enumerated qualifications, but lacking the elements requisite for the pursuit of some more useful calling, have yielded to the fascination of the game, devoting to its practice all their energies, giving up all their best days to that which should, at least, be merely a temporary recreation.' It must have been news to all chess players, that a man possessing 'an ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health, and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of chess,' is thereby unfitted for any 'higher or more useful calling.' What are the qualifications requisite for a man who wishes to push his way in the world, and to reach the topmost rung of the ladder? Does he not require, above all things, to be bold and sanguine, lively in imagination, ardent in the pursuit of his calling, and of sound health? How, then, is it possible for a man to be possessed of the qualities enumerated by Mr. White and yet not be fit for any 'more useful or honourable' calling than that of playing chess? We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Mr. White means to imply that there is no profession or calling more honourable than that of chess-playing!

Mr. White further tells us that the professionals of the game are those 'who endeavour to improve their limited or scanty finances by a mild species of gambling, playing chess with novices or amateurs for a small stake, wagered on each game.' No one, we presume, unless Mr. White himself, will have the temerity to say that the game of chess is a game of chance, and such being the case, the fallacy of Mr. White's assertion, must be patent to the veriest novice. The game is eminently a game of skill, and few would be so foolish as to risk money on a game with the certainty of losing it; which would almost invariably be the result of playing with a superior player. The true professionals of the game are such men as Blackburn, Morphy, Cochrane, Staunton, Michaelis, Herren Anderssen and Lowenthal, Prince Ourousoff, Van der Lasa, Lord Lyttleton, Judge Meek, and an unlimited number of scholars and professional men, many of whom, were it necessary, we could enumerate. True, some of these occasionally play for money; but the games are merely trials of skill upon which large sums of money are staked, as in many other amusements. Hanlan risks large sums of money on the issue of his races, are we therefore to give up boating? or shall we, because horses are trotted on the race-course, in the hope that they may win the prize offered the fastest trotter, give up riding on horseback? If not, then why, even admitting it were used as a medium for gambling, should we give up the game of chess? No one, we venture to think, having a practical knowledge of chess, would say that 'it forms the pitiful resource from dejection or despair of minds which have become unfitted for higher and nobler pleasures and pursuits;' for, of all games, as those best acquainted with it can attest, the game of chess is the one least likely to be resorted to as the panacea of 'oppression, weakness or misfortune.'

Mr. White's chess-playing acquaintances must have been very limited, or he would surely never have committed himself so far as to say that the '*great majority*' of the devotees of chess 'are men whose habits have become vitiated, depraved or debased, and whose peculiarities and eccentrities become more marked as they advance in years; whatever talent or ability they may have becoming warped or blunted by its misdirection.' We have enumerated above a few eminent players, and might, were it necessary to disprove this assertion, add hundreds to the list; but it is well known that

the 'devotees' of chess comprise many of the most eminent men in the various professions — professors, judges, lawyers, doctors, journalists, clergymen, statesmen and soldiers.

Another objection advanced by Mr. White is, 'that triumph is a ways bought at the expense of an opponent. The conclusion of a game frequently leaves the victor elated and jubilant, but the vanquished suffers a humiliating mortification.' Will Mr. White tell us what game or trial of skill, from a game of marbles in the playground to a struggle on the field of battle, does not result in the victory being bought at the expense of an opponent? Are we to give up all games, because our opponent runs the risk of being vanquished? Of what value would be the prize, if there were no competition? and how could we have competition without some one having to suffer the mortification of defeat?

The writer has seen many games of chess played, but has never seen any of the 'angry and violent wrangling or dispute,' on the part of the vanquished, spoken of by Mr. White. That some players are unable to control their tempers when defeated is quite true; but their bad temper is not reserved for chess alone, as they are equally ill-tempered whether their failure be in business or pleasure. As a rule, a more gentlemanly party cannot be found than that forming our clubs, and, if Mr. White wishes to find 'angry and violent wrangling or dispute' over games, we would advise him to steer clear of the chess room.

Speaking of blind-fold playing, Mr. White says: 'It will not appear so wonderful or difficult when we reflect that there are but few regular "openings" or ways of beginning a game generally recognized and adopted as best; and that each of these has its distinctive features, peculiar to itself, and to a player of good memory and constant practice, so familiar, that it becomes comparatively easy for him to recall the answering moves either in attack or defence.' We do not think that the memory has as much to do with blind-fold playing as would appear from the passage quoted. It is true that the 'openings' of games, *i. e.*, those generally used, are few; but, as no two games are ever played alike, the memory of the player would not serve him for many moves. For example, given the first eight moves of the 'Evan's Gambit' (*i. e.*, the eight moves of that gambit as played by Morphy and Anderssen, which have been proved by competent analysts to be the eight best moves both of attack and defence), blind-fold playing black, and white has thirty-five possible moves from which to select his ninth move. Now, though many of these moves would, in ordinary play, be considered bad, white might make a bad move and easily thwart his blind-folded opponent, if he were trusting solely to his memory; because being unable to recall the position of all the pieces on the board, he could not readily tell what effect his next move would be likely to have. To play blind-folded, the player needs first to get the positions of all the pieces on the board firmly fixed in his mind's eye, as a school boy does a map he may have to draw at an examination, and then, after a little practice, he will find no difficulty in seeing (mentally) each piece as it is moved out.

The real evil to be avoided by chess players is obviously playing to excess. Mr. White makes the same mistake that temperance advocates make, viz., that of abusing the *article* instead of the *abuse* of the article. We may eat beef-steak for our dinner, and derive much benefit from it; but overload the stomach, and immediately the good is converted into an evil. We may play chess and derive much benefit from the game; for, when not played to excess, it proves of great benefit to the player by strengthening the analytical and mathematical powers of his mind. On the contrary, when

played excessively, it produces *inertia* —the brain becomes weakened by the constant strain to which it is subjected, and incapacitates the player from playing at all. By studying too assiduously the student, in like manner, incapacitates himself for study. Are we to abolish all study because some students are foolish enough to make an evil of what should be but a blessing?

In concluding, we would recommend to any who desire a pastime which can be indulged with equal facility, whether at home or abroad, on the cars or boat, in the club-room or parlour, the 'king of games,' Chess.

LOVE.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

COME! Holy Love, eternal love,
Exalt my spirit to the sky,
That hidden joys of life above
May pass before the inner eye;
Oh shed thy radiance round the heart,
And hold o'er all a living reign,
Bid every taint of Earth depart,
And Eden bloom for man again.

Dear wondrous love, immortal born,
And heirloom of the human breast,
To raise the soul and even warn
The pilgrim to his higher rest;
Who know thee best, would never yield
Remembrance of thy subtle power,
For all the anguish Doubt can wield,
When absence sways each dreary hour.

Sweet human love, the living link,
Of vanished years and time to be,
Thy triumph comes when troubles sink
Oblivious in Eternity;
And all thy glory bloomed to life,
When first the kiss awoke desire,
And slowly grew the title, 'wife,'
Above the flame of passion's fire.

Love longs to see that day arise,
When radiant as the brilliant sun
Each soul shall mount to glowing skies,
The goal of life's ambition won;
To rest in peace o'er shades of night,
Where swiftest eagle dares not soar,
Beyond each orb of blazing light,
All safe on the Eternal shore.

ROUND THE TABLE.

ON THE LEGAL DEGREES OF MARRIAGE IN CANADA.

THE talented editor of the *Canadian Law Times*, I observe, in his issues for September, October and November, has written a series of most interesting articles on the actual condition of the law of Canada, on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Such marriages came under the head of the 'Prohibited Degrees,' first enforced by a statute of King Henry VIII., whom Mr. Armour most justly terms 'that noted expert in matrimonial matters.' It appears from the exhaustive statement of the facts of the case given in the *Law Times*, that the duty of enforcing the invalidity of marriages within the prohibited degrees in England fell into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Courts; that the Common Law of England viewed marriage from a wholly different standpoint to that of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and that the English Civil Courts which administered the Common Law took no cognizance whatever of objections to a marriage within the 'Prohibited Degrees.' In England the Ecclesiastical Courts have a special jurisdiction based on the fact that England has a State Religion and an Established Church. But in Canada, which recognises neither the one nor the other, the Ecclesiastical Courts and their 'Prohibited Degrees' can have no status whatever. All marriages are legal in Canada when the parties are legally competent to marry, *i. e.* when neither is incapacitated by being married already, by idiocy, or by being under the age fixed by law. And if it be asked what security exists in Canada against the existence of marriages such as all civilized nations have regarded as incestuous, such as that of a brother with that of a sister, the answer is that such security is given in the certainty that ministers of all denominations would refuse to sanction such marriages, and in the certainty, equally strong, of the disapproval of public opinion.

This question is an important one, not only as concerning the status of the children of such marriages with a deceased wife's sister, but as relating to an attempt on the part of the advocates of reactionary ecclesiasticism to foist into the legislation of a country, where all sects and churches are equal before the law, a shred and survival of church authority which, so far as this country is concerned, is, and ought to be, as dead as the Star Chamber.

It is remarkable that in the last debate on the subject in the English House of Lords, the bishops, who, true to the reactionary traditions which afford the only *raison d'être* for an ecclesiastical peerage, opposed the removal of marriage disabilities, abandoned altogether the argument from Leviticus. This is remarkable because a certain amount of appeal to the dead weight of ignorant prejudice is still made by those who ground their opposition to legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister on its being forbidden in the old Testament. On the same authority they might just as reasonably enforce circumcision, or make penal enactments against splitting wood on the Saturday Sabbath.

As to argument derived from social expediency, 'the abolition of aunts' and the like, such arguments, if any exist which can be shown to be valid, may be very good grounds for parents, friends, or ministers, dissuading by every moral means at their command parties intending to contract such marriages. But it must be remembered that there is a large class of marriages which is morally, socially, or even physically objectionable, but which it is no business of the state to prevent. It might indeed be conceivable in some greatly altered phase of society when the socialist idea of paternal supervision on the part of the State was carried into effect, that the law of marriage might undergo important modifications, and that such impediments as under the law of heredity would tend to deteriorate the race, would be

accepted as a ban to legal marriage. But if that were so, *a fortiori*, the marriage with a deceased wife's sister would hold good, since under the law of heredity what was lawful and expedient marriage with one member of a family would be so with another. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, some of the guests of the 'Round Table' would discuss this matter.

M.

DIDEROT A BENEFACTOR TO MANKIND.

'THE Round Table' of this Review is meant to carry out what Mr. Parkin, in an article in the present number, shown to us by the editor, so justly desiderates, the free communication of what thought may occur to us in our studies. As Mr. Parkin has drawn attention to the position of Diderot in literary history, it may be worth while to remind readers of a few facts in the biography of that remarkable man, a new edition of whose works is now attracting attention, just a century after his death, and concerning whom the interesting article to which Mr. Parkin has referred, appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Diderot was a Parisian Oliver Goldsmith. He had somewhat the same misadventures in early life, received, like Goldsmith, a good education, like him, vexed and disappointed his friends by turning away again and again from respectability and respectable callings, and finally, and for the rest of his days as a literary Bohemian, being so much worse off than Goldsmith, inasmuch as the Parisian Grub Street was under the ban of the Church, and of the Police as well as of Society. The tone of society at this time was deplorably lax, and Diderot was no better than his neighbours; but one fails to see why Mr. Parkin should make that an argument against his philosophical opinions, as he does when he talks of 'the impotence of lofty intellect to lift a man above the influence of the vilest passions?' Why, Mr. Parkin, what do you make of the 'vilest passions' of the Cardinal de Rohan or the Abbé Perigard? Do they disprove or discredit Christianity? Is it not notorious that the French Church in Paris was at that time steeped in the worst profligacy? Argue against Materialism if you will, but do not argue against it on account of Diderot's amours, for that argument cuts both ways, and the average Christian of Diderot's time was, we fear, not much better than he.

And it may be truly said that the evil that Diderot did was interred with his bones, while the good lives after him, in the social and political fruits of his Encyclopædia. In this, the great engine for overturning the Feudal oppression of France, there is no irreligion, no atheism, only passionate pleading for equal rights of man with man; for the poor, for the oppressed; for the doctrine then so abhorrent to men in power, now so generally accepted that it seems trite; the doctrine that the common people ought to have a voice in government, and be the main object of governmental care. At this great work Diderot laboured incessantly, over many years, suffering constant persecution. But the Encyclopædia spread its influence far and wide. All classes read it. It took the place of a modern liberal newspaper of the highest class in a day when, in our sense of the word, there was no newspaper. Joined with other kindred forces, it made possible the Great Revolution whose thunders shook so many strongholds of evil, when lightnings cleared the air of so much that was noxious. This debt of gratitude modern society owes to Diderot.

Like Goldsmith, Diderot had a ready, facile and clear style. He is rather a brilliant and forcible writer of political pamphlets and leading articles, than a deep-thinking philosopher. As Rosenkrantz, the Hegelian, said of him: 'Diderot is a philosopher in whom *all the contradictions* of the time struggle with one another.' His mind is the echo of a chaos. His opinions did indeed incline to the crude and rough-shod Materialism of D'Holbach, but of argument or logical system he built up nothing, and contributed to the literature of Materialism only a few pages of declamatory eloquence.

Mr. Parkin imagines that he is seriously reasoning with Materialists when he asks—'*What is the Great Producer? Is it not the mind?*' As if any so-called Materialist from Epicurus on would deny the superiority of the phenomenon *which we call mental*. Let us reason against Materialism, by all means, but let us not suppose that Materialists are so childish as to consider mental results to be of less value than those which are more obviously what we *call* material.

The true author of French eighteenth century Materialism was not Diderot but his friend D'Holbach, who taught a very ill-digested and rough-and-ready form of the doctrine in his 'Système de la Nature.' He took, no doubt, his idea of their being nothing in the universe but matter in spontaneous motion from Lucretius, and there does seem to be a resemblance between that theory and the modern scientific truth of molecular motion. But there is this difference. The ancient Epicurean attributed the motion to a desire, a volition, a spontaneous agency in the atom, just as the ancients attributed the motion of a star to a spirit residing there and urging it on. Modern Science knows nothing of volition or desire in molecular motion.

In D'Holbach and Diderot's sense, as in that of Lucretius and Epicurus, there are now no Materialists. Those to whom that name is applied by men who do not take the trouble to examine their writings acknowledge, in the phenomena called mental, as also in the phenomena called material, the same inscrutable mystery. It is with the phenomena only that Science deals.

C. P. M.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Volcanoes: What they are and what they teach. By JOHN W. JUDD, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co.

In this instructive volume of the *International Scientific Series*, we have presented what may be called 'the theory and the practice of Volcanoes.' According to the revised definition a volcano is *not* 'a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flame.' A volcano is in strictness not an elevation at all but essentially the very reverse, a hole in the ground; even the lofty cones of Etna and Teneriffe are but the accumulated ash-heaps of Platonic furnaces. There is little or no burning or combustion strictly so-called; the vent occurs no oftener at the summit than on the sides or at the base of the cone: the supposed smoke is really condensing steam; the raging flames are nothing more than the glow of the interior molten mass on the vaporous cloud above. In fact the volcano is a mighty steam-engine of the high pressure kind. Some of these engines, like Stromboli, have without a moment's rest for repairs worked continuously for at least 2,000 years, and it may be for many times two thousand. More usually the action is spasmodic, and while the fit is on, the convulsive energy is almost inconceivable. The eruptions of Vesuvius impress us with awe; but they are inconsiderable when compared with many others. A hundred years ago, Java witnessed a volcanic *mitrailleuse* which, in a single night, discharged literally a whole mountain of ammunition, amounting by measurement to *thirty billion* cubic feet, and buried out of sight no less than forty villages. The motive force is evidently steam of extreme tension, and earthquakes are simply vibrations occasioned by some violent change of pressure. The lightning that adds so much to the awful grandeur of a volcanic eruption is generated by the friction of the steam vapour against the sides of the vent; while the rain floods, that so often follow great eruptions, are fed by the same vapour condensed. When a severe and sudden fall occurs in barometric pressure, we almost infallibly hear of disastrous explosions in coal mines; for the reduction of atmospheric pressure

has disturbed the balance of forces and let loose imprisoned vapours. At such times also Euceladus the Titan, on whom Sicily was flung by Minerva, becomes aweary of his load, and Vulcan kindles his forge-fires in Ætna.

Volcanic energy like every other force becomes finally exhausted, and in its decadence it often passes through the stage of geyser or mud volcano, and at last reaches senility in a bubbling overflow of tepid water. These thermal springs are gentler manifestations of volcanic energy, but the total loss of heat from such leakages far exceeds the heat thrown off by the 350 ever-active volcanoes and the still larger number of intermittent.

The source of all this internal heat is here discussed in a philosophical and judicial manner. On a balance of the evidence now accumulated we should lean to the early suggestion of Sir Humphrey Davy, that the heat is produced by the chemical action of water when admitted to the uncombined metals and their proto-salts which certainly exist in vast stores a few miles beneath our feet.

The illustrations of the volume are bright and appropriate. By means of instantaneous photography (for the first time employed in 1872), Vesuvius is being now portrayed whenever his features are convulsed. By measurement of these instantaneous photographs it can easily be shown that some of the missiles caught by the camera in their flight were flung four miles high by this steam artillery of the *inferno*.

The Educational Chart: being a comparative abstract of two antagonistic systems of education, the mathematical and the æsthetic. By Angus Dallas. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1881.

This *brochure* is evidently the result of considerable reading, and no little hard thinking. The author has put in forcible language much that is new, and has insisted on a rational instead of a merely empirical method of education. Of American systems of education he remarks:—

'On this side of the Atlantic where majorities rule, we reasonably expect to find corresponding consequences; and so it has uniformly happened that education signifies the erection and number of showy and expensive buildings, the amount of money expended, the organization of boards of school trustees, the training of swarms of youthful teachers, the appointment of Inspectors, the awarding of contracts and supplies, and every other conceivable device wherein money is the chief ingredient, and the handling of that money the chief employment.'

But Mr. Dallas has allowed himself to become so saturated with the teachings of his favourite Plato as to be often unintelligible to the many. He has a way, too, of using words in a sense peculiar to himself, as, for instance, the important word 'æsthetic,' which he defines, p. 81, 'the unfixed, because its sensuous faculty does not measure.' This word, as generally understood, is used only in the senses, first, that in which it is employed by Ruskin, and in ordinary popular use, to signify the artistic faculty; and, secondly, in the sense in which Kant employs it in the first part of the 'Kritik,' as equivalent to our faculty of receiving ideas in general. Now we hold that a new writer has no legitimate right thus to change the accepted meaning of words. We have also to complain of Mr. Dallas as an innovator in spelling—he spells intellect, 'intelect'—possibly he is ambitious of becoming an Inspector of Schools in the good City of Toronto, for to no other class of mortal man is it permitted to take these liberties with the Queen's English! Also, he has not the fear of Collector Patton before his eyes sufficiently to keep him from stating such heretical doctrine as that of 'the soul of the world,' the very point on which the Philosopher Giordano Bruno was condemned, and by some of Collector Patton's predecessors, publicly burned at Rome in the year 1660. But we are bound to say that Mr. Dallas has always the courage of his opinions, and is an original and intrepid thinker.

Boyhood Hours. By Archibald M'Alpine Taylor. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co, 1881.

In this little volume we welcome another indication of that increased love of poetical literature which, as Mr. Bourinot has so truly pointed out, as we mentioned last month, has been so marked of late years in Canada. Mr. Taylor's verses are somewhat unequal, but display abundant marks of

good taste, a correct ear for the melody of verse, and not a little original power as a writer. 'Mabel,' the first considerable poem, is cast in narrative form, and the scene is laid in America; it is a simple story, simply and unaffectedly told. Still better is 'Hector and Alice,' a tale of Brock's warfare on Queenston Heights. The shorter lyrics are marked by great facility of expression, and range in all manner of themes 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' As a specimen we quote the following :—

'CANADA'S SONS TO THEIR SIRES.

'Toll the bell, and toll it slowly; let the echoes mournful rise :
Sound the dead march of the battle, while the swelling requiem dies!
From the homes so fondly cherished, from the dear ones, fair and bright;
From the scenes and recollections, that have filled them with delight;
Lo! our fathers, martyrs, heroes, daily passing from our view,
From the world of false and fleeting, to the realms of bright and true.

'From the deep unbroken forest, they have hewn our happy homes;
From the giants of the forest, they have reared our glittering domes.
Still we see the axe uplifted; still we hear the woodland ring;
See the thundering hemlocks falling prostrate to their sturdy king:
Still we hear their native chorus ling'ring, dying in the grove;
See the sickles strongly wielded; see the brawny muscles move.'

* * * * * *

'Chose the murmur of the forest for the murmur of the wave;
Left on shore their friends forsaken, dear ones sleeping in the grave;
Chained their beauty and their laughter, in the bondage of their strength:
Fought with hardships, dangers, trials: conquered all, and won at length.
Where the blue smoke of their shanties curled above the western wood,
There the smiling fields and pastures bask in evening's purple flood.'

'PICTURESQUE CANADA.'*

WHAT a leap to the front Canada has taken in the arts connected with illustrated book manufacture, by the publication of this elaborate serial work which the enterprise of the Art Publishing Co., of Toronto, has projected for the delineation, by pen and pencil, of Canadian life and scenery. We employ no extravagant language when we say, that no publication of its kind has anywhere appeared of higher artistic merit, and that no undertaking promises to be of greater value to 'this Canada of ours,' or is likely to be more highly prized by every patriotic Canadian. At one stride we seem to have passed from the callow to the golden era of book illustrating, as any one will say who not only sees the initial parts of this magnificent work, about to be published, but who may have the good fortune to have a look at what the publishers have in preparation for subsequent issues of the book. Its publication, we do not hesitate to say, will mark a great artistic epoch in the intellectual progress of our people, which must have an immense influence upon the present and future of Canadian art and Canadian literature. The design of the work is two-fold: first and mainly, to portray whatever is picturesque in the life, the industries, the sports, and other national characteristics of the Dominion, and of the wealth and variety of the beauty with which nature and art have invested it; and secondly and incidentally, to weave into the narrative whatever of historic lore is associated with the sights and scenes to be successively described in its pages. What scope all

* 'Picturesque Canada: Our Country as it was and is, described by the best writers and artists,' edited by Principal Grant, D.D., Queen's University, Kingston, and illustrated under the supervision of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts; Mr. George F. Smith, chief of the Engraving department. Parts 1 & 2, 4to. Art Publishing Co., Toronto, Publishers. [First notice from advance sheets.]

this will give to both artist and writer few among us, it is feared, have any adequate notion. The truth is, that as the country is only now arriving at manhood, the individual Canadian is just beginning to have an appreciative sense of the grandeur of his inheritance, and of the potentialities that are now quickening into life in the womb of the nation. In this connection, the glowing words of Lord Dufferin will no doubt recur to many of our readers, and will the more readily be recalled as the superb pages of 'Picturesque Canada' are turned over and its many beauties arrest and delight the eye. 'Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world,' says his Excellency, 'Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations.' And it is this virgin beauty of our fair Dominion, from the ancient domain of *Acadie* and the fishing waters of the early Normans, Bretons, and Basques, that first whitened their surface with the sails of their crafts, to the hither ocean on the west, whose tides have daily sported for eons in flowing up and down the estuaries and fiords of its wild and rugged coast, that the work before us is to depict, and to heighten the sense of possession in our fair heritage in the breast of every one who looks upon the beauties which art has gathered up for picture-posies to decorate our national literature and enrich our national life. But it is not the natural scenery alone of the Dominion, as we have said, that 'Picturesque Canada' is to portray, but its growth in settlement and civilization, with all the features of its social, intellectual, and religious life, of the present and a bye-gone age. Summer with its husbandry and vintages, its traffic on land and river, and winter with the play and movement which it gives to the industry which has hitherto been its chief source of wealth—are all to find treatment, recounting the varied facts of their historical development and statistical increase, and portraying whatever picturesque features may belong to them.

To the execution of this great work, which would have been a huge undertaking for the nation itself to engage in, the publishers have manifestly brought an amount of energy, a degree of art enthusiasm, and a command of resource, which are at once the inspiring forces in the prosecution of their enterprise and the best guarantee of its satisfactory fulfilment. In the literary direction of the work the publishers have had the good fortune to secure Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, as its Editor-in-Chief, a gentleman eminently fitted, by a rich endowment of gifts of intellect and temperament, to do justice to the duties that fall to him. Equally fortunate have they been in securing the services of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, and one of the most accomplished members of the profession, to undertake the supervision of the Art department; and, as chief of the staff of engravers they have been similarly fortunate in enlisting in their service Mr. George F. Smith, a gentleman of high repute in metropolitan art circles for his technical skill and felicitous touch in the delicate art of wood-engraving. With these combined advantages, the projetors of 'Picturesque Canada' have begun their work, and are already far advanced with its execution. At the beginning of the year the first two numbers will appear, to be followed by monthly instalments thereafter, to the extent of some thirty-four or thirty-six parts—the price of which, we understand, is to be sixty cents each. The plan of the work, we learn, is first, to start with Quebec, whose historic past is summarized in a bright narrative by Principal Grant, and the modern topography of which is given by Miss Machar, of Kingston; secondly, two parts are to be devoted to describing, by a competent writer, French Canadian life and character, as depicted in village scenes on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal; then come descriptions of the latter, the commercial metropolis of Canada, and the route between that city and the capital of the Dominion, then the Capital itself, and the water-way above it to Mattawa, with an interesting description, and an elaborate embellishment, of lumbering operations on the Upper Ottawa. Following this, and proceeding by the old trapper's route to the Western Lakes, the artist and the writer will conduct the reader, *via* Lake Nipissing and the French River, to the Georgian Bay, thence to the Sault Ste Marie and the head of Lake Superior. From this point Manitoba, the

North-West territories, and the Mountain Province beyond are to be reached and described, with all that pen and pencil can catch of the vast, unfolding panorama *en route*. This, in all probability, will complete one section of the work, after which a return will be made to Ontario. Toronto will now be illustrated and described; then will follow the Niagara section, the Welland Canal and the shipping trade connected with it, the peach and vine growing districts, with Hamilton, and the series of towns, their industries, &c., situate in the peninsula of the Province. Following upon this, come descriptions of the Muskoka Lakes, those lying back of the frontier towns on the line of the Grand Trunk, the frontier towns themselves, the region of the Thousand Islands, and the run down the rapids by steamer to Montreal again, completing the second section of the work. The third and last will be devoted to the Eastern Townships, the Saguenay, the Lower St. Lawrence, and finally the Maritime Provinces, with illustrations of the mining operations and the fishing industries that pertain to the locality.

In our present notice we cannot do more than take a cursory glance at the opening number, deferring to a subsequent issue further criticism upon the work. The frontispiece consists of a fine steel engraving of Quebec, from the picture painted for Her Majesty by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the Art Director of 'Picturesque Canada.' It is a faithful and painstaking study, with some fine light and shade effects, recalling, in its style and execution, the best specimens of the palmy days of English graphic art. The vignette title-page is a steel engraving of the bluff overlooking the Ottawa, on which stand the Parliament Buildings and the buttressed rotunda of the library. This is from the pencil of Mr. F. B. Schell, an artist of rare ability, and one of the chief illustrators of the highest class of modern American periodical work well known in Canada. The first page of the work proper opens with a graceful head piece, giving a glimpse of the St. Lawrence at Quebec, with shipping in the foreground, and the 'great red rock' of the Citadel looming in the distance. This and the two following wood-cuts are from the drawings of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, and are typical examples of the high degree of art taste and technical skill, in artist and engraver, secured by the publishers. The 'Arrival of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona' is a charming little study, full of poetic feeling, and effectively yet delicately rendered by the artist-engraver. 'The Triumph of the Snow Plough' is one of those compositions, more suggested than realized, which puts the engraver's art to the test, in bringing out every line of the artist's pencil and, as it were, even the conception in his mind.

The other illustrations in the part, exclusive of a portrait of Champlain, consist of characteristic views of street scenes in the City of Quebec, two of which—the view in front of the Church of 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' and 'At the Gate of Laval University,'—are capital studies of the class of sight seers and loungers peculiar to the old historic Capital. A fine instance of Mr. F. B. Schell's light and dexterous touch appears in the picture, 'In the Gardens of the Ursuline Convent.' It is excellent both in subject and *technique*, and has been daintily engraved and admirably printed. Other picturesque scenes in and about the city complete the illustrations of the first number, the whole appearance of which is a favourable augury of the high excellence of that which is yet to come. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the literary character of the number, which, however, is of notable excellence, being in Dr. Grant's most felicitous vein. The narrative so far is bright and entertaining, with that dash of warm and ardent feeling, yet held in the check of good sense, which has won for the writer his high position among Canadian *litterateurs*. The paper and press-work deserve special commendation, the latter being an exceptionally good specimen of Canadian printing, so essential in a work of this character. The cover of the number is also specially noticeable, the design being chaste and effective, and the engraved medallions of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne being faithful portraits, and 'brought up' in excellent relief. We congratulate the country and all concerned in this undertaking on the spirited character of the enterprise, and on what it will accomplish in creating and diffusing a love of art, and an appreciation of its value as a means of national culture and refinement. On this ground alone it deserves well of the Canadian press and the Canadian people.

CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CARDS.

NO greater proof could be given of the recent wide-spread interest in art and art education, on both sides of the Atlantic, than the development of the prolific trade in Christmas Cards, and the impetus it has given to art designing in every branch of manufacture. The growth of a cultivated art taste in recent years is something quite unparalleled. It shows itself in a thousand departments of industry, sometimes, it is feared, in a too profuse display of uneducated and undisciplined effort, but on the whole, with a success and pleasure-giving effect which must exercise a refining influence on the coming generation. Elsewhere in the present number we have referred to a great native enterprise, in the publication of 'Picturesque Canada,' the production and dissemination of which, at home and abroad, must secure for Canadian literary and art culture a more than respectful consideration—we had almost said, an enthusiastic one. We could wish that in the department of Christmas Card designing and execution it were possible to show such results as Canada will have the credit of producing, in the work we have referred to, in the black and white effects of a wood engraver's block. But colour work is proverbially, we won't say, a higher achievement, but undoubtedly a more difficult one; and success in colour-printing, we must yet wait to see come to us in after years. However, if the execution of the work attempted in Canada in Christmas card production is not all that we would wish it to be, in its composition, drawing, and colouring, what has been produced is at least our own—and that is something—and, moreover, the subject of most of the work that has come under our observation is peculiarly and distinctively Canadian. Here again, however, there may be room for regret, as the conventional treatment of Canadian art-subjects is apt to run exclusively into the old ruts of winter representation, with the concomitants of furs and sleighs. Nevertheless, they make pretty pictures, and suggest a hearty social life, with unlimited opportunities for romantic love-making, and, in the skating and tobogganing scenes, for that physical development and healthfulness which the bracing atmosphere and active out-door exercise do much to secure. Another thing, moreover, in favour of our Canadian Christmas cards is this, that their designs are an agreeable change from the sickly medievalism, and the tiresome repetitions of religious art, of which we have long had a surfeit from the Old World. We may have gone, in this recoil, to the other extreme, and left out all the significance which belongs to the season of Advent, and forgotten that a Christmas card should have some relation to Christmas. Still, for the purposes for which in the main they are used, viz., as tokens of remembrance and regard at a festive, holiday season, they 'fill the bill,' and as souvenirs from Canada to friends in the Mother land, their local colour is an especial charm and their picturesque scenes a wonder and delight. Of the cards of the present season that specially deserve notice, and that have had a most successful sale, the series published by Messrs. James Campbell & Son, of Toronto, from water-colour drawings by Canadian artists, may first be spoken of. They consist of some twelve designs, lithographed in colours, all but two of them representing Canada in winter. The two exceptions are autumn scenes, one of a sheet of water, with a back ground of trees in their autumnal foliage, the undulating line of some distant hills, and an Indian encampment in the foreground. The other is a spirited scene of a number of picturesquely-dressed *voyageurs* in a bark canoe running the rapids. Two others deal with Niagara in winter: one portraying the rapids above the Falls, and the other a moonlight scene of the Falls themselves—both of them artistic in execution, and faithfully depicting the scenes they represent. Four of the series are devoted to sleighing subjects, suggesting happy drives to some family gath-

ering, with the hearty welcome and bright cheer awaiting the guests in the frank hospitality of a Canadian home. The remainder of the series deal with the fascinating subjects of Canadian winter sports, a snow-shoe tramp, tobogganing, and skating. These are bright, picturesque compositions, well grouped, and fairly harmonious in colour. The series as a whole is exceedingly good, and indicates gratifying progress in Canadian enterprise. Of the figure drawing a word may be said, viz., that Canadians are not giants, nor are our people accustomed, to any great extent, to appear in the many-coloured blanket costumes depicted, no doubt for effect, by the fancy of the artists. It is time that people abroad should get the notion that our country is not an Arctic one, and that the everyday costume, in country and town, of Canadians does not differ much from that of old country people.

A series of larger designs, also exceedingly well executed, and produced in gold and colours, appears from the lithographic establishment of Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., of Toronto. In some respects the designs are more ambitious than those we have above dealt with, one of the cards introducing a grouping of the national emblems in a pretty and effective, though perhaps over-crowded, picture. The two we like best are those representing the 'Crossing of the St. Lawrence at Quebec' in winter, with the little drawing, entitled 'Snowed up,' imposed in the setting of maple leaves in the corner; and the other represents a forest scene, also in winter, with a portion of a snake fence, some fir trees, and the gable end of a log house in the centre of the picture, and imposed on the side the figure of a woodman on snow-shoes, with his gun on his shoulder, making off no doubt for deer. The others we have seen of the series deal with tobogganing, snow-shoe tramping, and skating. These are bright, animated pictures, and have a pretty setting of leaves and evergreens. Of the host of imported Christmas cards, it is not our purpose here to speak, though the variety and richness of some of the designs might well be dwelt upon. Perhaps the finest series we have seen, of those from abroad, are the productions of Messrs. Thomas De La Rue & Co., of London and Paris, imported by the Canada Publishing Company of Toronto, and no doubt for sale by all booksellers. To our readers, let us quote, in this the closing issue of THE MONTHLY for 1881, the motto and wish inscribed on each of these pretty compositions of the Canadian artists—'A Merry Christmas to you all!'

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DR. HOLLAND'S LAST POEM.

[The recent death of Dr. J. G. Holland gives a new interest to his last poem.]

If life awake and will never cease
On the future's distant shore,
And the rose of love and the lily of peace
Shall bloom there forevermore,—

Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea;
For, whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me.

If old wine is good, is elder wine better?—*Vanity Fair.*

It is the clean tablecloth that catches the early grease spots.

The maiden of thirty who paints and puffs herself to look like twenty is merely making up for lost time.

The farmer that 'ran rapidly through his property' wore a red shirt and had his brindled bull behind him.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is that pretty does;
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Strut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

—ALICE CARY.

'Mine, miner, minus!' This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

A little girl, in answer to the question, 'What is patience?' said, 'It is wait a wee bit, and dinna get tired.'

'Write *foregoes* on your slates,' said the teacher to the juvenile class in spelling, and a little girl wrote, 'Go, go, go, go.'

'Isn't the world older than it used to be?' said a young hopeful to his senior. 'Yes, my son.' 'Then, what do folks mean by old times?'

'It strikes me that our roast beef is always off the neck,' said one lodger to another. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'it is always neck or nothing here.'

'I declare,' said Julia, 'you take the words right out of my mouth.' 'No wonder; they are so sweet,' said Henry. The day was set that evening.

A lawyer asked a woman in the witness-box her age, and she promptly replied, 'I sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet'

Revenge is a momentary triumph, in which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

The Abbé Boileau said of the Jesuits, very epigrammatically. 'They are the people who lengthen the Creed and shorten the Decalogue.'

A wit says: 'In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed for two hundred years.'

The difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

'Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?' 'Course I did.' 'Then why don't you go to her at once?' 'Well, you see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful if I should go too sudden.'

A debating society having dismissed the question, 'Where does fire go to when it goes out?' have got a new and more exciting one—'When a house is on fire, does it burn up or does it burn down?'

An old man-of-war sailor, who had lost a leg in the service of his country, became a retailer of peanuts. He said he was obliged to be a retailer, because, having lost a leg, he could not be a whole sailor.

CONTUMACIOUS.— Magistrate (in an undertone to his colleague): This man has been so often before us for poaching, I think we should fine him five pounds. Prisoner (overhearing): 'You needn't pench yourselves, gentlemen, for deil a penny ye'll get!'

An inquisitive old gentleman of a botanical turn of mind inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade, 'Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the "arbutus" family?' when he received for a reply: 'No, sir, it doan't. It belongs to the Corporation.'

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY J. E. G. ROBERTS, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Some bird's faint piping stirs the scented gloom
Languidly, through the heat:
The honeysuckle droops its mass of bloom,
And all the air is sweet.

The laggard swallows flurry to the eaves,
The bats in circles sweep;
A little shiver trembles through the leaves;
And nature lies asleep.

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MAY AGNES FLEMING.

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11½	9½	7½	5½	3½	1½	Mls.	DECEMBER, 1880.	10	2	4	6	8	12
P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
11 45	5 55	3 30	12 50	9 55	7 10	0	TORONTO,	9 15	10 20	1 15	4 30	6 45	10 35
11 50	6 00	3 35	1 00	10 00	7 15	0	" (Union Station)	9 10	10 15	1 10	4 25	6 40	10 30
						2	Queen's Wharf,				4 22		
12 17	6 18				7 31	7	Mimico,	8 44		12 53			
	6 34	4 00	1 32		7 45	14	Port Credit,	8 28		12 38		6 04	9 55
	6 53	4 16	1 50		8 03	22	Oakville,	8 08		12 20		5 46	9 48
	7 03		1 59		8 13	26	Bronte,	7 38		12 08		5 36	9 30
	7 18	4 37	2 13		8 27	32	Burlington,	7 17	9 20	11 53	3 25	5 22	9 16
	7 25		2 20		8 35	35	Waterdown,	7 05		11 46		5 15	9 09
1 45	7 35	4 50	2 30	11 15	8 45	39	HAMILTON,	$6 45	$9 05	$11 35	3 10	$5 05	9 00
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		Arr. Lve.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

WESTWARD. MAIN LINE. EASTWARD.

19½		11½	3½	1		7½ ¶		M.			2	4	40	14	12	8	6
A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
12 50		7 05	9 55	1 05		3 20	9 50	0	SUSPEN. BRIDGE,	7 20	10 55	1 15			6 40	10 55	3 40
1 15		7 20	10 10	1 25		3 30	10 05		Niagara Falls,	7 15	10 50	12 55			6 30	10 45	3 30
1 40		7 45	10 32	1 50	5½	3 56	10 30	11	St. Catharines,		10 19	12 28			6 06	10 16	3 00
		8 15			P.M.	4 23		27	Grimsby,		9 44		P.M.		5 33	9 43	
2 55		9 00	11 30	2 55	3 30	5 10	11 35	43	Hamilton,	6 05	9 10	11 30	7 15	10 50	5 00	9 08	2 00
		9 20			3 48	5 25	11 52	50	Dundas,		8 40	11 07	6 55	10 37	4 33	8 40	
3 39		10 00	12 10	3 50	4 23	6 00	12 30	62	Harrisburg,	5 30	8 09	10 41	$6 10	10 05	4 05	8 09	1 12
8 45		10 35		5 00		6 30		70	Brantford,			9 32	P.M.		3 00	5 30	
4 00		10 18	12 27	4 11		6 25	12 55	72	Paris,		7 43	10 18		A.M.	3 38	7 43	12 50
4 34	13½	11 13	1 01	4 48		7 17	1 45	90	Woodstock,		6 58	9 39			2 53	6 57	12 13
4 54	A.M.	11 35	1 18	5 06		7 39	2 04	101	Ingersoll,		6 39	9 19	16		2 31	6 33	11 56
5 40	6 10	2 10	2 10	6 00	6 35	8 25	2 55	119	London,	3 40	6 00	8 40	4 10		1 45	$5 45	11 20
	6 52	2 31	2 31		7 04			129	Komoka,		A.M.		3 32		1 03	5 12	
	8 45	3 11	3 11		8 00			150	Glencoe,			7 28	1 50		12 18	4 31	
6 45	9 15	3 25	3 25		8 17			156	Newbury,			7 15	1 22		12 03	4 20	
6 55	10 00	3 36	3 36		8 32		4 23	161	Bothwell,				12 55		11 51	4 09	9 57
	10 30	3 51	3 51		8 57			168	Thamesville,				12 18		11 35	3 55	
						A.M.											
7 50	12 35	4 25	4 25	8 00	9 40	6 30	5 15	183	Chatham,	1 55		6 25	11 10		11 05	3 25	9 20
9 05	4 00	5 50	5 50	9 20		8 53	6 45	229	Windsor,	12 50		5 00	7 30		9 30	1 45	8 00
A.M.	P.M.	6 20	6 30	10 00			7 15		Detroit,	12 05		4 00	A.M.		8 35	12 45	7 05
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.			P.M.					A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
		7 30	7 30	8 00			6 50		CHICAGO,	3 30		5 15			9 10		9 00
												P.M.			P.M.		A.M.

ORTHERN, HAMILTON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect Thursday, October 20th, 1881.

North — NORTHERN RAILWAY. — South

Miles from Toronto	STATIONS.	Mail.	Mixed.	Exp.
	TORONTO*	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
	City Hall ..... Dep	7.50	12.45	4.50
	Union Station	7.53	12.52	4.58
	Brock Street	8.05	1.00	5.05
	G. W. Junction.....	.....	1.05	.....
2.7	Parkdale	8.13	1.10	5.13
5.1	Davenport	8.18	.....	5.20
8	Weston.....	8.27	.....	5.26
4.5	Thornhill.....	8.50	1.55	5.50
8.5	Richmond Hill	9.02	2.08	6.00
2.9	King	9.15	.....	6.15
0.2	Aurora	9.40	2.52	6.38
4.5	Newmarket.....	9.52	3.06	6.50
8.1	Holland Landing	10.00	.....	7.00
1.7	Bradford	10.11	3.30	7.11
4.5	Scanlons	10.15	.....	7.20
9.2	Gilford	10.25	.....	7.27
2.1	Lefroy	10.35	4.03	7.38
7.7	Craigvale	10.50	.....	7.50
33.2	Allandale.. { Arr.	11.05	4.40	8.05
	Allandale.. { Dep.	11.25	5.05	8.25
.....	Barrie	11.10	4.50	8.10
.....	Orillia	12.35 P.M.	6 35	.....
.....	Gravenhurst	2.10	8.30	.....
.....	Penetang	2.00	.....	10.35
68.7	Colwell.....	11.40	5.25	8.40
71.2	Utopia	11.45	.....	8.47
73.6	Angus	11.55	5.42	8.55
76.6	Brentwood	12.00	.....	9.00
78.7	New Lowell.....	12.08	6.00	9.08
85.9	Stayner	12.27	6.22	9.27
91.3	Batteaux	12.38	.....	9.40
94.5	Collingwood.. { Arr.	12.50	6.50	9.50
	Collingwood.. { Dep.	1.00	7.10	P.M.
100.2	Craigleith	1.18	7.30	.....
107	Thornbury	1.45	8.00	.....
115	Meaford..... Arr	2.15	8.30	.....

Miles from Meaf'd.	STATION.	Exp.	Mixed.	Mail.
				P.M.
	Meaford ..... Dep.	.....	6.30	3.15
8	Thornbury	.....	7.05	3.45
14.8	Craigleith.....	.....	7.27	4.05
20.5	Collingwood.. { Arr.	A.M.	7.50	4.30
	Collingwood.. { Dep.	5.20	8.15	4.45
23.7	Batteaux	5.25	.....	4.53
29.1	Stayner	5.45	8.40	5.08
36.3	New Lowell.....	6.03	9.05	5.28
38.4	Brentwood	6.07	.....	5.32
41.4	Angus	6.16	9.20	5.42
43.8	Utopia	6.20	.....	5.45
46.3	Colwell	6.30	.....	5.55
.....	Penetang	.....	7.30	3.20
.....	Gravenhurst	.....	6.30	3.20
.....	Orillia	.....	8 25	4.55
.....	Barrie	7.00	10.05	6.25
51.8	Allandale.. { Arr.	6 45	9.55	6.10
	Allandale.. { Dep.	7.05	10.20	6.30
57.3	Craigvale	7.20	.....	6.45
62.9	Lefroy	7.35	11.03	7.00
65.8	Gilford	7.40	.....	7.04
70.5	Scanlons	7.50	.....	7.20
73.3	Bradford	8.00	11.40	7.27
76.9	Holland Landing	8.10	.....	7.37
80.5	Newmarket.....	8.20	12.03	7.47
84.8	Aurora	8.35	12.17	8.00
92.1	King	8.50	12.40	8.20
96.5	Richmond Hill	9.02	12.55	8.32
100.5	Thornhill	9.15	1.08	8.45
107	Weston	9.25	.....	8.57
109.9	Davenport	9.37	1.40	9.08
112.3	Parkdale	9.45	1.48	9.16
115	TORONTO* G. W. June	9.58	.....	.....
	Brock St	9.55	2.00	9.25
	Union Station..	10.03	2.08	9.33
	City Hall..Arr	10.10	2.15	9.40

North — NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. — South

Exp.	Mail.	Exp.	Stations.	Mail.	Accom.	Exp
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
5.50	10.00	6.40	Dep..... Port Dover * .....Arr	9.40	4.00	7.00
6.15	10.30	7.05	..... Jarvis	9.15	3.20	6.35
6.50	10.47	7.35	..... Hagersville *	9.00	2.30	5.55
7.20	11.15 P.M	8.30	.....Caledonia *	8.30	1.45	5.25
8.15	12.10 P.M	9.35	Arr..... Hamilton * ..... Dep	7.30	12.30	4.30

Exp.	Mixed.	Mail.		Exp.	Mixed.	Mail.
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
3.10	7.00	6.30	Dep..... Hamilton * .....Arr	11.25	5.10	8.40
4.12	9.20	7.35	..... Milton.....	10.27	3.10	7.30
5.05	10.50 P.M	8.20	..... Georgetown	9.45	1.15	6.45
6.50	1.30 P.M	9.55	..... Beeton	8.10	10.55	5.05
9.00	.....	12.10 A.M	Arr..... Collingwood .....Dep	6.00	.....	3.00
8.20	.....	11.20 A.M	Arr..... Allandale. .....Dep	6.50	.....	3.35
8.35	.....	11.35 A.M	Arr..... Barrie .....Dep	6.35	.....	3.15
.....	.....	12.35	Arr..... Orillia .....Dep	.....	.....	8.25
.....	.....	2.10 P.M.	Arr.....Gravenhurst.....Dep	.....	.....	6.30
9.50	.....	12.50	Arr..... Collingwood .....Dep	5.20	.....	8.15
.....	.....	2.15	Arr..... Meaford .....Dep	.....	.....	6.30
10.35	.....	2.00 P.M	Arr..... Penetang .....Dep	.....	.....	7.30

* GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Toronto for E. at 7.35 am., 5.30, 7.15, 11.35 p.m. " " W. at 7.30 a.m., 12.15, 3.45, 5.25, 11.45 p.m

Trains Leave } Georgetown for E. 5.05, 9.57, 11.46 a.m. 5.00, 9.45 p.m " " W. 12.47, 8.55 a.m, 1.25, 5.00, 6.30 p.m

Trains Leave } Caledonia for E. at 5.05, 7.47 a.m, 4.31 p.m " " W. at 2.43, 11.00 a.m, 5.50, 9.05 p.m

* CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Hagersville for W. 2.16, 8.59, 10.18 a.m, 3.22 p.m " " E. 5.31, 10.18 a.m, 1.57, 6.15 p.m

* GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Trains Leave } Toronto for Hamilton at 7.10, 9.55 a.m, 12.50, 3.30 5.55, 11.45 p.m

Trains Arr } Toronto from Hamilton at 9.15, 10.20 a.m, 1.15, 4.30, 6.45, 10.35 p.m

Trains Leave } Hamilton for W. 2.55 9.00 11.30 a.m, 2.55, 3.30 5.10 11.35 " " E. 2.00, 6.05, 9.10, 11.30 a.m, 5.00, 9.05 p.m

Trains Leave } Jarvis for West at 10.40, 11.50 a.m, 6.30 p.m " " East at 9.25 a.m, 4.12, 6.30 p.m

* PORT DOVER & LAKE HURON RAILWAY.

Leave P. Dover 6.15 a.m, 2.17 p.m | Arr. 10.45 a.m, 7.40 p.m

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Dear Sir,—I consider Hydroleine a valuable preparation, and I have shown my estimation of it by prescribing it to some thirty or more of my patients, instead of ordinary Cod Liver Oil. Many of them continue to take it and have been greatly benefitted by its use. Very truly yours,

J. J. DUGDALE, M. D.

Hastings, 15th Sept., 1880.

Sir,—We are so well satisfied with the trial bottle of Hydroleine, having put it to a severe test in an extreme case where we really did not expect the girl to live a week, (she is now able to walk about the house), that we would like a dozen bottles.

Most truly yours,

Drs. CLARK and O'GORMAN.

32 Beaver Hall, Montreal, May 15, 1880.

DEAR MR. MORSE,

My experience with Hydroleine has been more than satisfactory, and I know no remedy like it in cases of a scrofulous or tubercular diatheses. In some of my cases the effects of this remedy have been really marvellous. Now I wish you to send through Lewis & Co., a half dozen for my own personal use, as I wish to continue taking the Hydroleine myself.

Yours truly, E. H TRENHOLME, M.D.

Richmond Ont., Nov. 25, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I have to-day made arrangements with Mr. McElroy (the merchant of our village), to keep in stock a quantity of Hydroleine. It is the best thing I have ever used in all Wasting Diseases.

I remain, yours etc., D. BEATTY, M.D.

STATEMENT FROM A LEADING CHEMIST AND ANOTHER PROMINENT MAN.

144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, Nov. 18, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ., Toronto.

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Truly yours,

HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing Chemist.

Montreal Telegraph Co., Superintendent's Office, Toronto, Nov. 26, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I sent a dozen bottles of Hydroleine to a relative of mine, to whom it had been recommended by a physician. The result has been most beneficial and satisfactory, my relative's health being greatly improved, with every prospect of perfect restoration.

Yours truly,

H. P. DWIGHT,
Superintendent M. T. Co.

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CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

Edited by G. MERCER ADAM.

TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME, JAN-JUNE, 1882

TEN years ago the present writer in forecasting, in an early prospectus, the future of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, which had just then been launched, ventured to express the hope that the day would come when its *twenty-first* volume would be reaching reading communities in the valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan, by express trains on a Canadian Pacific Railway. Such has been the material progress of the Dominion within the past decade that the prediction, in regard to the settlement of the region and the facilities the railway would afford, is in a fair way to be literally fulfilled. Gratifying as this fact is, may not that of the existence, throughout the period, of a national periodical, which may be taken as a fair expression of Canadian thought and culture, be hailed with equal satisfaction? It is true, that it has been the fashion to speak lightly of the product of Canadian intellect, and to scout its aspirations and ambitions. Talk so flippant and unpatriotic as this, has, indeed, too long stuck like a dart in the flanks of the country. But we are happily now growing out of this habit of self-depreciation, and are beginning to be assured that the era of intellectual production has at length dawned for Canada. How instrumental THE CANADIAN MONTHLY has been in advancing this era, and in infusing the literary spirit among the people, neither the patrons of the Magazine nor the discerners of the nation's intellectual life require to be told. It is not, of course, claimed that THE MONTHLY has done all that it might have done for Canadian literature or for our native writers. Within the measure of its ability, and so far as public support has permitted, it has however endeavoured to be helpful to the cause it set out to serve, viz.: that of stimulating the higher thought of the country and of providing a fitting vehicle for the expression of native contemporary opinion. In prosecuting this work, a restiveness, in some quarters, has occasionally betrayed itself, in respect to the latitude given to writers on religious and political subjects, which we were of the opinion that it was not the business of the dispassionate conductor of a professedly national Magazine in any degree to restrict. This matter, it is feared, has hardly been rightly understood, and we take occasion to say that while it is alike the aim of the Editor and the Publishers that the Magazine shall preserve a high religious tone, and, in the broad interests of our common country, foster an elevating and helpful national sentiment, it is desired that this shall be maintained, as in the case of the leading English and American Reviews, by giving a large hospitality to every shade of tolerant opinion. Continuing to observe this neutrality in the conduct of the Magazine, we shall at the same time seek discreetly to exclude everything likely to give serious offence to any portion of the community, and aim to devote its columns to the instruction and entertainment of all classes of the people. In this work, it is hoped that THE CANADIAN MONTHLY will, in an increasing degree, receive the support and favour of the Canadian people, and be enabled to go on in another decade of useful activity, with growing vigour, and that measure of success most helpful to the cause of Canadian letters.

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THE EDITOR.